

THE CHIEF ELIZABETHAN DRAMATISTS



FRANCIS BEAUMONT

THOMAS MIDDLETON

GEORGE CHAPMAN

BEN JONSON

JAMES SHIRLEY

JOHN FLETCHER

PHILIP MASSINGER

THE CHIEF ELIZABETHAN DRAMATISTS

EXCLUDING SHAKESPEARE

Select d Play

BY

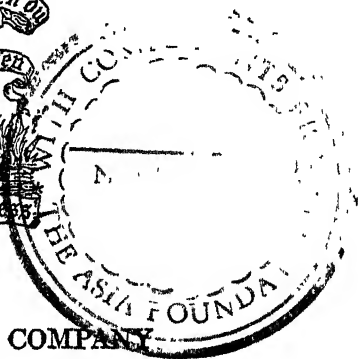
LYLY, PEELE, GREENE, MARLOWE, KYD, CHAPMAN, JONSON
DEKKER, MARSTON, HEYWOOD, BEAUMONT, FLETCHER
WEBSTER, MIDDLETON, MASSINGER, FORD, SHIRLEY

EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL QUARTOS AND FOLIOS
WITH NOTES, BIOGRAPHIES, AND BIBLIOGRAPHIES

BY

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PREFACE

THE aim in the selection of the plays in this volume has been twofold : first, to present typical examples of the work of the most important of Shakespeare's contemporaries, so that, read with Shakespeare's own writings, they might afford a view of the development of the English drama through its most brilliant period ; secondly, to present, as far as it was possible in one volume, the most distinguished plays of that period, regarded merely from the point of view of their intrinsic value. It is clear that these two purposes could not always be perfectly combined ; but it is hoped that each has been in good measure achieved without undue sacrifice of the other, and that the interests of the academic student and the general reader have been fairly harmonized.

In the treatment of the text, the same principles have been followed as in the editor's edition of Shakespeare's works in the Cambridge Poets Series. Each play has been printed from the most authentic text accessible, and emendations have been adopted sparingly. Modern stage directions, and divisions into scenes and acts which do not appear in the original editions, have been distinguished by square brackets; modern notes of place at the beginning of scenes have been relegated to the footnotes; and indications given by the early copies of the authors' intentions with regard to the reading of the metre have been carefully preserved, especially in the matter of elided vowels. It is probable that, in the case of most of the present plays, the final *-ed* of verbs was intended to be pronounced as a separate syllable whenever it is spelled in full. The spelling and punctuation have been modernized throughout, except when the older spelling implied a different pronunciation.

The footnotes give the most important variant readings, and explanations of obsolete expressions ; and the Additional Notes at the end of the volume supply information with regard to the circumstances of publication, date, and sources of each play. In accordance with the plan of the Chief Poets Series, to which the volume belongs, there have been added concise biographical sketches and a selected bibliography of the dramatic work of each author. In view of the full bibliographies printed recently in Professor Schelling's *Elizabethan Drama* and in *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, vols. v and vi, it has not seemed advisable to attempt to give exhaustive bibliographies at the expense of reducing the number of dramas. All collected editions of the dramatists concerned are, however, mentioned ; all separate editions of the plays here printed ; a complete list of each author's dramas, with the dates of the original editions ; and a selection of the more important critical and biographical articles and books. Attention may also be called to the complete index of all the *dramatis personae* who have speaking parts, and to the index of songs.

In the selection of the thirty plays to be included I have received valuable advice from many friends and colleagues on the faculties of many colleges and universities; so many that a complete acknowledgment would be impracticable, a partial one invidious. For all such help I am deeply grateful. I have also received courtesies from the authorities of

the Boston Public Library, the Boston Athenaeum, and the Harvard College Library, which have enabled me to add to the authority of my texts by a first-hand collation of a number of the original quartos.

Printing from so great a variety of sources and from so many different authors, I have found it difficult to preserve perfect uniformity of treatment, and have doubtless at times failed of accuracy. Any corrections which may occur to students of the Elizabethan drama who use the volume will be warmly welcomed.

W. A. N.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, January, 1911.

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ENDYMION

THE MAN IN THE MOON

BY
JOHN LYLY

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ENDYMION, in love with Cynthia
EUMENIDES, his friend, in love with Semele.
CORINTHES, a Captain, in love with Tellus.
PANELION, } Lords of Cynthia's Court.
ZONTES, }
PYTHAGORAS, the Greek Philosopher.
GYPTES, an Egyptian Soothsayer
GERON, an old man, husband to Dipsas.
SIR TOPHAS, a Braggart. *
DARES, Page to Eumenides.
SAMIAS, Page to Endymion
EPITON, Page to Sir Tophas.

Master Constable.
First Watchman.
Second Watchman.

CYNTHIA, the Queen.
TELLUS, in love with Endymion.
FLOSCULA, her friend.
SEMELE, loved by Eumenides.
SCINTILLA, } Waiting-maids.
FAVILLA, }
DIPSAS, an old Enchantress.
BAGOA, her servant.

Watchmen; Fairies, Three Ladies and an Old Man in the Dumb Show.]

THE PROLOGUE

MOST high and happy Princess, we must tell you a tale of the Man in the Moon, which, if it seem ridiculous for the method, or superfluous for the matter, or for the means incredible, for three faults we can make but one excuse. It is a tale of the Man in the Moon.

It was forbidden in old time to dispute of Chimæra because it was a fiction: we hope in our times none will apply pastimes,¹ because they are fancies; for there liveth none under the sun that knows what to make of the Man in the Moon. We present neither comedy, nor tragedy, nor story, nor anything but that whosoever heareth may say this: Why, here is a tale of the Man in the Moon.

ACT I

SCENE I.²

[Enter] ENDYMION and EUMENIDES.

Endymion. I find, Eumenides, in all things both variety to content, and satiety to glut, saving only in my affections, which are so staid, and withal so stately, that I can neither satisfy my heart with love, nor mine eyes with wonder. [⁵ My thoughts, Eumenides, are stitched to the stars, which being as high as I can see, thou mayest imagine how much higher they are than I can reach.

Eum. If you be enamoured of anything [¹⁰ above the moon, your thoughts are ridiculous, for that things immortal are not subject to affections; if allured or enchanted with these transitory things under the moon, you show yourself senseless to attribute such lofty [¹⁵ titles to such [^{low}]³ trifles.

End. My love is placed neither under the moon nor above.

* Interpret the play as referring to political or other events.

² In the Gardens of Cynthia's Palace.

³ So Bond. Old edd. *love*.

Eum. I hope you be not sotted⁴ upon the Man in the Moon. ²⁰

End. No; but settled either to die or possess the moon herself.

Eum. Is Endymion mad, or do I mistake? Do you love the moon, Endymion?

End. Eumenides, the moon. ²⁵

Eum. There was never any so peevish⁵ to imagine the moon either capable of affection or shape of a mistress; for as impossible it is to make love fit to her humour, which no man knoweth, as a coat to her form, which con- [³⁰ tinueth not in one bigness whilst she is measuring. Cease off, Endymion, to feed so much upon fancies. That melancholy blood must be purged which draweth you to a dotage no less miserable than monstrous. ³⁵

End. My thoughts have no veins, and yet unless they be let blood, I shall perish.

Eum. But they have vanities, which being reformed, you may be restored.

End. O, fair Cynthia, why do others te [⁴⁰ thee unconstant whom I have ever found unmovable? Injurious time, corrupt manners, unkind men, who, finding a constancy not to be matched in my sweet mistress, have christened

⁴ Infatuated with.

⁵ Foolish.

her with the name of wavering, waxing, and [45] waning! Is she inconstant that keepeth a settled course, which, since her first creation, altereth not one minute in her moving? There is nothing thought more admirable or commendable in the sea than the ebbing and flowing; [50] and shall the moon, from whom the sea taketh this virtue, be accounted fickle for increasing and decreasing? Flowers in their buds are nothing worth till they be blown, nor are blossoms accounted till they be ripe fruit; and shall [55] we then say they be changeable for that they grow from seeds to leaves, from leaves to buds, from buds to their perfection? Then, why be not twigs that become trees, children that become men, and mornings that grow to evenings, termed wavering, for that they continue not at one stay? Ay, but Cynthia, being in her fullness, decayeth, as not delighting in her greatest beauty, or withering when she should be most honoured. When malice cannot object [60] anything, folly will, making that a vice which is the greatest virtue. What thing (my mistress excepted), being in the pride of her beauty and latter minute of her age, that waxeth young again? Tell me, Eumenides, what is he that [70] having a mistress of ripe years and infinite virtues, great honours and unspeakable beauty, but would wish that she might grow tender again, getting youth by years, and never-decaying beauty by time; whose fair face neither the [75] summer's blaze can scorch, nor winter's blast chape, nor the numbering of years breed altering of colours? Such is my sweet Cynthia, whom time cannot touch because she is divine, nor will offend because she is delicate. O Cynthia, [80] if thou shouldst always continue at thy fullness, both gods and men would conspire to ravish thee. But thou, to abate the pride of our affections, dost detract from thy perfections, thinking it sufficient if once in a month [85] we enjoy a glimpse of thy majesty; and then, to increase our griefs, thou dost decrease thy gleams, coming out of thy royal robes, wherewith thou dazzlest our eyes, down into thy swathe clouds,¹ beguiling our eyes; and then — [90]

Eum. Stay there, Endymion, thou that comittest idolatry, wilt straight blaspheme, if thou be suffered Sleep would do thee more good than speech the moon heareth thee not, or if she do, regardeth thee not. [95]

End. Vain Eumenides, whose thoughts never grow higher than the crown of thy head! Why troublest thou me, having neither lead to conceive the cause of my love or a heart to receive the impressions? Follow thou thine own [100] tunes, which creep on the earth, and suffer me to fly to mine, whose fall, though it be desperate, yet shall it come by daring. Farewell. [*Exit*]

Eum. Without doubt Endymion is bewitched; otherwise in a man of such rare virtues there [105] could not harbour a mind of such extreme madness. I will follow him, lest in this fancy of the on he deprive himself of the sight of the sun.

Exit.

SCENE II.²

[*Enter*] TELLUS and FLOSCULA.

Tellus. Treacherous and most perjured Endymion, is Cynthia the sweetness of thy life and the bitterness of my death? What revenge may be devised so full of shame as my thoughts are replenished with malice? Tell me, Floscula, [5] if falseness in love can possibly be punished with extremity of hate? As long as sword, fire, or poison may be hid, no traitor to my love shall live unrevenged. Were thy oaths without number, thy kisses without measure, thy sighs [10] without end, forged to deceive a poor credulous virgin, whose simplicity had been worth thy favour and better fortune? If the gods sit unequal beholders of injuries, or laughers at lovers' deceits, then let mischief be as well [15] given in women as perjury winked at in men.

Flosc. Madam, if you would compare the state of Cynthia with your own, and the height of Endymion his thoughts with the meanness of your fortune, you would rather yield than [20] contend, being between you and her no comparison; and rather wonder than rage at the greatness of his mind, being affected with a thing more than mortal.

Tellus. No comparison, Floscula? And [25] why so? Is not my beauty divine, whose body is decked with fair flowers, and veins are vines, yielding sweet liquor to the dullest spirits; whose ears are corn, to bring strength; and whose hairs are grass, to bring abundance? [30] Dost not frankincense and myrrh breathe out of my nostrils, and all the sacrifice of the gods breed in my bowels? Infinite are my creatures, without which neither thou, nor Endymion, nor any, could love or live. [35]

Flosc. But know you not, fair lady, that Cynthia governeth all things? Your grapes would be but dry husks, your corn but chaff, and all your virtues vain, were it not Cynthia that preserveth the one in the bud and nourisheth the [40] other in the blade, and by her influence both comforteth all things, and by her authority commandeth all creatures. Suffer, then, Endymion to follow his affections, though to obtain her be impossible, and let him flatter himself in his [45] own imaginations, because they are immortal.

Tellus. Loath I am, Endymion, thou shouldst die, because I love thee well; and that thou shouldst live, it grieveth me, because thou lovest Cynthia too well. In these extremities, [50] what shall I do? Floscula, no more words; I am resolved. He shall neither live nor die.

Flosc. A strange practice,³ if it be possible.

Tellus. Yes, I will entangle him in such a sweet net that he shall neither find the means [55] to come out, nor desire it. All allurements of pleasure will I cast before his eyes, insomuch that he shall slake that love which he now voweth to Cynthia, and burn in mine, of which he seemeth careless. In this languishing, be [60] tween my amorous devices and his own loose desires, there shall such dissolute thoughts take

¹ Swaddling-clothes.

² The a.

³ Plot.

root in his head, and over his heart grow so thick as skin, that neither hope of preferment, nor fear of punishment, nor counsel of the wisest, nor company of the worthiest, shall alter his humour, nor make him once to think of his honour.

Flosc. A revenge incredible, and, if it may be, unnatural.

Tellus. He shall know the malice of a woman to have neither mean nor end; and of a woman deluded in love to have neither rule nor reason. I can do it; I must; I will! All his virtues will I shadow with vices; his person (ah, sweet person!) shall he deck with such rich robes as he shall forget it is his own person; his sharp wit (ah, wit too sharp that hath cut off all my joys!) shall he use in flattering of my face and devising corners in my favour. The prime of his youth and the best of his time shall be spent in melancholy passions, careless behaviour, untamed thoughts, and unbridled affections.

Flosc. When this is done, what then? Shall it continue till his death, or shall he dote forever in this delight?

Tellus. Ah, *Floscula*, thou rendest my heart in sunder in putting me in remembrance of the end.

Flosc. Why, if this be not the end, all the rest is to no end.

Tellus. Yet suffer me to imitate *Juno*, who would turn *Jupiter's* lovers to beasts on the earth, though she knew afterwards they should be stars in heaven.

Flosc. Affection that is bred by enchantment is like a flower that is wrought in silk, — in colour and form most like, but nothing at all in substance or savour.

Tellus. It shall suffice me if the world talk that I am favoured of *Endymion*.

Flosc. Well, use your own will; but you shall find that love gotten with witchcraft is as unpleasant as fish taken with medicines¹ unwholesome.

Tellus. *Floscula*, they that be so poor that they have neither net nor hook will rather poison dough than pine with hunger; and she that is so oppress'd with love that she is neither able with beauty nor wit to obtain her friend, will rather use unlawful means than try intolerable pains. I will do it.

Flosc. Then about it. Poor *Endymion*, what traps are laid for thee because thou honour'st one that all the world wondereth at! And what plots are cast to make thee unfortunate that the stoutest of all men to be the faithfulest! *Exit.*

SCENE III.²

[Enter] *DARES* and *SAMIAS*.

Dares. Now our masters are in love up to the ears, what have we to do but to be in knavery up to the crowns?

Samias. Oh, that we had *Sir Tophas*, that brave squire, in the midst of our mirth, — *et ecce autem*, "Will you see the Devil", —

Enter *SIR TOPHAS* [and *EPITON*].

Top. *Epi*!

Epi. Here, sir.

Top. I brook not this idle humour of love; it tickleth not my liver, from whence the love-mongers in former ages seemed to infer they should proceed.

Epi. Love, sir, may lie in your lungs, — and I think it doth, and that is the cause you blow and are so purry.

Top. Tush, boy, I think it but some device of the poet to get money.

Epi. A poet? What's that?

Top. Dost thou not know what a poet is?

Epi. No.

Top. Why, fool, a poet is as much as one should say — a poet [Noticing *DARES* and *SAMIAS*.] But soft, yonder be two wrens; shall I shoot at them?

Epi. They are two lads.

Top. Larks or wrens, I will kill them.

Epi. Larks! Are you blind? They are two little boys.

Top. Birds or boys, they are both but a pittance for my breakfast; therefore have at them, for their brains must as it were embroder my bolts.³

Sam. Stay your courage, valiant knight, for your wisdom is so weary that it stayeth itself.

Dar. Why, *Sir Tophas*, have you forgotten your old friends?

Top. Friends? *Nego argumentum.*

Sam. And why not friends?

Top. Because *amicitia* (as in old annals we find) is *inter pares*. Now, my pretty companions, you shall see how unequal you be to me, but I will not cut you quite off, you shall be my half-friends for reaching to my middle; so far as from the ground to the waist I will be your friend.

Dar. Learnedly. But what shall become of the rest of your body, from the waist to the crown?

Top. My children, *quod supra vos nihil ad vos*; you must think the rest immortal, because you cannot reach it.

Epi. Nay, I tell ye my master is more than a man.

Dar. And thou less than a mouse.

Top. But what be you two?

Sam. I am *Samias*, page to [Eumenides].

Dar. And I *Dares*, page to [Endymion].

Top. Of what occupation are your masters?

Dar. Occupation, you clown! Why, they are honourable and warriors.

Top. Then are they my prentices.

Dar. Thine! And why so?

Top. I was the first that ever devised war, and therefore by Mars himself given me for my arms a whole armory; and thus I go, as you see, clothed with artillery. It is not silks, milk-sops, nor tissues, nor the fine wool of *Seres*,⁴

¹ Blunt arrows.

⁴ Wool of *Seres*, Chinese silk. Old edd. read *Cer* Bond *Seres*.

¹ Caught with poisoned dough-balls.

² The same.

but iron, steel, swords, flame, shot, terror, clamour, blood, and ruin, that rocks asleep my thoughts, which never had any other cradle [70] but cruelty. Let me see, do you not bleed?

Dar. Why so?

Top. Commonly my words wound.

Sam. What then do you blows?

Top. Not only [wound],¹ but also confound. 75

Sam. How darest thou come so near thy master, Epi? Sir Tophas, spare us.

Top. You shall live — you, Samias, because you are little; you, Dares, because you are no bigger; and both of you, because you are but [80] two; for commonly I kill by the dozen, and have for every particular adversary a peculiar weapon.

Sam. May we know the use, for our better skill in war?

Top. You shall. Here is a bird-bolt for the [85] ugly beast the blackbird.

Dar. A cruel sight.

Top. Here is the musket for the untamed or, as the vulgar sort term it, the wild mallard.²

Sam. O desperate attempt!

Epi. Nay, my master will match them. 90

Dar. Ay, if he catch them.

Top. Here is a spear and shield, and both necessary, the one to conquer, the other to subdue or overcome the terrible trout, which although he be under the water, yet tying a string to the top of my spear and an engine of iron to the end of my line, I overthrow him, and then herein I put him.

Sam. O wonderful war! [*Aside.*] Dares, [100] didst thou ever hear such a dolt?

Dar. [*Aside.*] All the better; we shall have good sport hereafter, if we can get leisure.

Sam. [*Aside.*] Leisure! I will rather lose my master's service than his company! Look [105] how he struts. [*To Sir TOPHAS.*] But what is this? Call you it your sword?

Top. No, it is my simitar; which I, by construction often studying to be compendious, call my smiter. [110]

Dar. What, are you also learned, sir?

Top. Learned? I am all Mars and Ars.

Sam. Nay, you are all mass and ass.

Top. Mock you me? You shall both suffer, yet with such weapons as you shall make choice [115] of the weapon wherewith you shall perish. Am I all a mass or lump; is there no proportion in me? Am I all ass; is there no wit in me? Epi, prepare them to the slaughter.

Sam. I pray, sir, hear us speak! We call [120] you mass, which your learning doth well understand is all man, for *mas*, *maris* is a man. Then as (as you know) is a weight, and we for your virtues account you a weight.

Top. The Latin hath saved your lives, the [125] which a world of silver could not have ransom'd. I understand you, and pardon you.

Dar. Well, Sir Tophas, we bid you farewell, and at our next meeting we will be ready to do you service. [130]

Top. Samias, I thank you: Dares, I thank you: but especially I thank you both.

Sam. [*Aside.*] Wisely. Come, next time we'll have some pretty gentlewomen with us to walk, for without doubt with them he will [135] be very danty.

Dar. Come, let us see what our masters do; it is high time. *Exeunt* [SAMIAS and DARES]

Top. Now will I march into the field, where, if I cannot encounter with my foul [140] enemies, I will withdraw myself to the river, and there fortify for fish, for there resteth no minute free from fight.

Exeunt [TOPHAS and EPIPHON.] 145

SCENE IV.³

[*Enter at one side*] FLOSCULA and TELLUS, [*at the other*] DIPASAS.

Tellus. Behold, Floscula, we have met with the woman by chance that we sought for by travel. I will break my mind to her without ceremony or circumstance, lest we lose that time in advice that should be spent in execution.

Flosc. Use your discretion; I will in this case neither give counsel nor consent, for there cannot be a thing more monstrous than to force affection by sorcery, neither do I imagine [10] anything more impossible.

Tellus. Tush, Floscula, in obtaining of love, what impossibilities will I not try? And for the winning of Endymion, what impieties will I not practise? Dipsas, whom as many honour for [15] age as wonder at for cunning, listen in few words to my tale, and answer in one word to the purpose, for that neither my burning desire can afford long speech, nor the short time I have to stay many delays. Is it possible by herbs, [20] stones, spells, incantation, enchantment, exorcisms, fire, metals, planets, or any practice,⁴ to plant affection where it is not, and to supplant it where it is?

Dipsas. Fair lady, you may imagine that [25] these hoary hairs are not void of experience, nor the great name that goeth of my cunning to be without cause. I can darken the sun by my skill and remove the moon out of her course; I can restore youth to the aged and make [30] hills without bottoms; there is nothing that I cannot do but that only which you would have me do: and therein I differ from the gods, that I am not able to rule hearts; for were it in my power to place affection by appointment, I [35] would make such evil appetites, such inordinate lusts, such cursed desires, as all the world should be filled both with superstitious heats and extreme love.

Tellus. Unhappy Tellus, whose desires are [40] so desperate that they are neither to be conceived of any creature, nor to be cured by any art!

Dipsas. This I can: breed slackness in love, though never root it out. What is he whom [45] you love, and what she that he honoureth?

Tellus. Endymion, sweet Endymion is he that hath my heart; and Cynthia, too, too fair

¹ Old edd. *confound*.

² Drake.

³ The same.

⁴ Plot.

Cynthia, the miracle of nature, of time, of fortune, is the lady that he delights in, and [50] dotes on every day, and dies for ten thousand times a day.

Dipsas. Would you have his love either by absence or sickness asked? ¹ Would you that Cynthia should mistrust him, or be jealous [55] of him without colour?

Tellus. It is the only thing I crave, that, seeing my love to Endymion, unspotted, cannot be accepted, his truth to Cynthia, though it be unspeakable, may be suspected. ⁶⁰

Dipsas. I will undertake it, and overtake ² him, that all his love shall be doubted of, and therefore become desperate but this will wear out with time that treadeth all things down but truth. ⁶⁵

Tellus. Let us go.

Dipsas. I follow.

Exeunt.

ACT II

SCENE I.³

[Enter] ENDYMION.

Endymion. O fair Cynthia! O unfortunate Endymion! Why was not thy birth as high as thy thoughts, or her beauty less than heavenly; or why are not thine honours as rare as her beauty, or thy fortunes as great as thy deserts? Sweet Cynthia, how wouldst thou be pleased, how possessed? Will labours, patient of all extremities, obtain thy love? There is no mountain so steep that I will not climb, no monster so cruel that I will not tame, no action [10] so desperate that I will not attempt. Desirest thou the passions of love, the sad and melancholy moods of perplexed minds, the not-to-be-expressed torments of racked thoughts? Behold my sad tears, my deep sighs, my hollow [15] eyes, my broken sleeps, my heavy countenance. Wouldst thou have me vow'd only to thy beauty and consume every minute of time in thy service? Remember my solitary life almost these seven years. Whom have I entertained [20] but mine own thoughts and thy virtues? What company have I used but contemplation? Whom have I wond'ring at but thee? Nay, whom have I not contemned for thee? Have I not crept to those on whom I might have trodden, [25] only because thou didst shine upon them? Have not injuries been sweet to me, if thou vouchsafest I should bear them? Have I not spent my golden years in hopes, waxing old with wishing, yet wishing nothing but thy love? [30] With Tellus, fair Tellus, have I dissembled, using her but as a cloak for mine affection, that others, seeing my mangled and disordered mind, might think it were for one that loveth me, not for Cynthia, whose perfection allow- [35] eth no companion nor comparison. In the midst of these distemp'ring thoughts of mine thou art not only jealous of my truth, but careless, suspicious, and secure; which strange humour mak-

eth my mind as desperate as thy conceits are [40] doubtful. I am none of those wolves that bark most when thou shinest brightest, but that fish (thy fish,⁴ Cynthia, in the flood Araris) which at thy waxing is as white as the driven snow, and at thy waning as black as deepest dark- [45] ness. I am that Endymion, sweet Cynthia, that have carried my thoughts in equal balance with my actions, being always as free from imagining ill as enterprising; that Endymion whose eyes never esteemed anything fair but thy [50] face, whose tongue termed nothing rare but thy virtues, and whose heart imagined nothing miraculous but thy government; yea, that Endymion, who, divorcing himself from the amiableness of all ladies, the bravery of all courts, [55] the company of all men, hath chosen in a solitary cell to live, only by feeding on thy favour, accounting in the world — but thyself — nothing excellent, nothing immortal: thus mayest thou see every vein, sinew, muscle, and artery of [60] my love, in which there is no flattery, nor deceit, error, nor art. But soft, here cometh Tellus. I must turn my other face to her, like Janus, lest she be as suspicious as Juno.

Enter TELLUS, [FLOSCULA, and DIPAS].

Tellus. Yonder I espy Endymion. I will [65] seem to suspect nothing, but soothe him, that seeing I cannot obtain the depth of his love, I may learn the height of his dissembling. Floscula and Dipsas, withdraw yourselves out of our sight, yet be within the hearing of our [70] saluting. [FLOSCULA and DIPAS withdraw.] How now, Endymion, always solitary? No company but your own thoughts, no friend but melancholy fancies?

End. You know, fair Tellus, that the [75] sweet remembrance of your love is the only companion of my life, and thy presence, my paradise; so that I am not alone when nobody is with me, and in heaven itself when thou art with me. ⁸⁰

Tellus. Then you love me, Endymion?

End. Or else I live not, Tellus.

Tellus. Is it not possible for you, Endymion, to dissemble?

End. Not, Tellus, unless I could make me [85] a woman.

Tellus. Why, is dissembling joined to their sex inseparable, as heat to fire, heaviness to earth, moisture to water, thinness to air?

End. No, but found in their sex as common as spots upon doves, moles upon faces, caterpillars upon sweet apples, cobwebs upon fair windows.

Tellus. Do they all dissemble?

End. All but one. ⁹⁵

Tellus. Who is that?

End. I dare not tell; for if I should say you, then would you imagine my flattery to be extreme, if another, then would you think my love to be but indifferent. ¹⁰⁰

Tellus. You will be sure I shall take no van-

¹ Abated.

² Overcome.

³ The same.

⁴ "The fish *Scolopndus* in the flood *Araris*." — *Anat. of Wit*, p. 89, Arber. (Baker.)

tage of your words. But, in sooth, Endymion, without more ceremonies, is it not Cynthia?

End. You know, Tellus, that of the gods we are forbidden to dispute, because their deities come not within the compass of our reasons; and of Cynthia we are allowed not to talk but to wonder, because her virtues are not within the reach of our capacities.

Tellus. Why, she is but a woman. 110

End. No more was Venus.

Tellus. She is but a virgin.

End. No more was Vesta.

Tellus. She shall have an end.

End. So shall the world. 115

Tellus. Is not her beauty subject to time?

End. No more than time is to standing still.

Tellus. Wilt thou make her immortal?

End. No, but incomparable.

Tellus. Take heed, Endymion, lest like [120] the wrestler in Olympia, that striving to lift an impossible weight catch'd an incurable strain, thou, by fixing thy thoughts above thy reach, fall into a disease without all recure. But I see thou art now in love with Cynthia. 125

End. No, Tellus, thou knowest that the stately cedar, whose top reacheth unto the clouds, never boweth his head to the shrubs that grow in the valley; nor ivy, that climbeth up by the elm, can ever get hold of the beams of the sun. Cynthia I honour in all humility, whom none ought or dare adventure to love, whose affections are immortal, and virtues infinite. Suffer me, therefore, to gaze on the moon, at whom, were it not for thyself, I would [135] die with wondering. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.¹

[Enter] DARES, SAMIAS, SCINTILLA, and FAVILLA.

Dar. Come, Samias, didst thou ever hear such a sighing, the one for Cynthia, the other for Semele, and both for moonshine in the water?

Sam. Let them sigh, and let us sing. How [5] say you, gentlewomen, are not our masters too far in love?

Scint. Their tongues, haply, are dipp'd to the root in amorous words and sweet discourses, but I think their hearts are scarce tipp'd on [10] the side with constant desires.

Dar. How say you, Favilla, is not love a lurcher,² that taketh men's stomachs away that they cannot eat, their spleen that they cannot laugh, their hearts that they cannot fight, [15] their eyes that they cannot sleep, and leaveth nothing but livers to make nothing but lovers!

Favil. Away, peevish boy; a rod were better under thy girdle than love in thy mouth! It will be a forward cock that croweth in the [20] shell.

Dar. Alas, good old gentlewoman, how it becometh you to be grave!

Scint. Favilla, though she be but a spark, yet is she fire. 25

¹ The s. a.

² A thief.

Favil. And you, Scintilla, be not much more than a spark, though you would be esteemed a flame.

Sam. [Aside to Dares] It were good sport to see the fight between two sparks. 30

Dar. [Aside to Samus] Let them to it, and we will warm us by their words.

Scint. You are not angry, Favilla?

Favil. That is, Scintilla, as you list to take it. 35

Sam. That, that!

Scint. This it is to be matched with girls, who coming but yesterday from making of babies,³ would before to-morrow be accounted matrons.

Favil. I cry your matronship mercy. Because your paintables⁴ be higher, with cork, therefore your feet must needs be higher in the insteps. You will be mine elder because you stand upon a stool and I on the floor.

Sam. Good, good! 45

Dar. [To Samus] Let them alone, and see with what countenance they will become friends.

Scint. Nay, you think to be the wiser, because you mean to have the last word. 50

Sam. [To Dares] Step between them lest they scratch. — In faith, gentlewomen, seeing we came out to be merry, let not your jarring mar our jests, be friends. How say you?

Scint. I am not angry, but it sputed me to [55] see how short she was.

Favil. I meant nothing till she would needs cross me.

Dar. Then, so let it rest.

Scint. I am agreed. 60

Favil. And I. Yet I never took anything so unkindly in my life. [Weeps.]

Scint. 'Tis I have the cause, that never offered the occasion. [Weeps.]

Dar. Excellent, and right like a woman. 65

Sam. A strange sight to see water come out of fire.

Dar. It is their property to carry in their eyes fire and water, tears and torches, and in their mouths honey and gall. 70

[Enter [at the opposite side] Sir TOPHAS [and EPIRON].

Scint. You will be a good one if you live. But what is yonder formal fellow?

Dar. Sir Tophas, Sir Tophas, of whom we told you. If you be good wenches, make as though you love him, and wonder at him. 75

Favil. We will do our parts.

Dar. But first let us stand aside, and let him use his garb,⁵ for all consisteth in his gracing. [The four retire.]

Top. Epi!

Epi. At hand, sir. 80

Top. How likest thou this martial life, where nothing but blood besprinkleth our bosoms? Let me see, be our enemies⁶ fat?

Epi. Passing fat: and I would not change this life to be a lord; and yourself passeth all [85]

³ Dolls.

⁴ Loose shoes.

⁵ Show his style.

⁶ The trout which Epiton is carrying.

comparison, for other captains kill and beat, and there is nothing you kill, but you also eat.

Top. I will draw out their guts out of their bellies, and tear the flesh with my teeth, so mortal is my hate, and so eager my un-⁹⁰ stanch'd stomach.

Epi. [*Aside.*] My master thinks himself the valiantest man in the world if he kill a wren; so warlike a thing he accounteth to take away life, though it be from a lark.⁹⁵

Top. Epi, I find my thoughts to swell and my spirit to take wings, insomuch that I cannot continue within the compass of so slender combats.

Favil. This passeth!

Scint. Why, is he not mad?

Sam. No, but a little vainglorious. } [*Aside.*]¹⁰⁰

Top. Epi!

Epi. Sir.

Top. I will encounter that black and cruel¹⁰⁵ enemy that beareth rough and untew'd¹ locks upon his body, whose sire throweth down the strongest wall⁴, whose legs are as many as both ours, on whose head are placed most horrible horns by nature as a defence from all harms.¹¹⁰

Epi. What mean you, master, to be so desperate?

Top. Honour inciteth me, and very hunger compelleth me

Epi. What is that monster?

Top. The monster *Ovis*. I have said, — let thy wits work.

Epi. I cannot imagine it. Yet let me see, — a "black enemy" with "rough locks." It may be a sheep, and *Ovis* is a sheep. His sire so¹¹⁵ strong: a ram is a sheep's sire, that being also an engine of war. Horns he hath, and four legs, — so hath a sheep. Without doubt, this monster is a black sheep. Is it not a sheep that you mean?¹²⁰

Top. Thou hast hit it: that monster will I kill and sup with.

Sam. [*Aside.*] Come let us take him off. [*SAMIAS, DARES, FAVILLA, and SCINTILLA come forward.*] Sir Tophas, all hail!¹³⁰

Top. Welcome, children; I seldom cast mine eyes so low as to the crowns of your heads, and therefore pardon me that I spake not all this while.

Dar. No harm done. Here be fair ladies¹³⁵ come to wonder at your person, your valour, your wit, the report whereof hath made them careless of their own honours, to glut their eyes and hearts upon yours.

Top. Report cannot but injure me, for that¹⁴⁰ not knowing fully what I am, I fear she hath been a niggard in her praises.

Scint. No, gentle knight, report hath been prodigal, for she hath left you no equal, nor herself credit, so much hath she told, yet no¹⁴⁵ more than we now see.

Dar. A good wench.

Favil. If there remain as much pity toward women as there is in you courage against your enemies, then shall we be happy, who, hear-¹⁵⁰

ing of your person, came to see it, and seeing it are now in love with it.

Top. Love me, ladies? I easily believe it, but my tough heart receiveth no impression with sweet words. Mars may pierce it,¹⁵⁵ Venus shall not paint on it.

Favil. A cruel saying.

Sam. [*Aside.*] There's a girl.

Dar. Will you cast these ladies away, and all for a little love? Do but speak kindly.¹⁶⁰

Top. There cometh no soft syllable within my lips; custom hath made my words bloody and my heart barbarous. That pelting² word love, how waterish it is in my mouth, it carrieth no sound. Hate, horror, death, are¹⁶⁵ speeches that nourish my spirits I like honey, but I care not for the bees; I delight in music, but I love not to play on the bagpipes; I can vouchsafe to hear the voice of women, but to touch their bodies, I disdam it as a¹⁷⁰ thing childish and fit for such men as can digest nothing but milk.

Scint. A hard heart! Shall we die for your love and find no remedy?

Top. I have already taken a surfeit.¹⁷⁵

Epi. Good master, pity them.

Top. Pity them, Epi? No, I do not think that this breast shall be pest'ied with such a foolish passion. What is that the gentlewoman carrieth in a chain?¹⁸⁰

Epi. Why, it is a squirrel.

Top. A squirrel? O gods, what things are made for money!

Dar. Is not this gentleman over-wise?

Favil. I could stay all day with him, if¹⁸⁵ I feared not to be shent.³

Scint. Is it not possible to meet again?

Dar. Yes, at any time.

Favil. Then let us hasten home.

Scint. Sir Tophas, the god of war deal¹⁹⁰ better with you than you do with the god of love.

Favil. Our love we may dissemble, digest we cannot; but I doubt not but time will hamper you and help us.¹⁹⁵

Top. I defy time, who hath no interest in my heart. Come, Epi, let me to the battle with that hideous beast. Love is pap, and hath no relish in my taste because it is not terrible.

[*Exeunt* Sir TOPHAS and EPITON.]

Dar. Indeed a black sheep is a perilous²⁰⁰ beast; but let us in till another time.

Favil. I shall long for that time. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.⁴

[*Enter*] ENDYMION.

End. No rest, Endymion! Still uncertain how to settle thy steps by day or thy thoughts by night! Thy truth is measured by thy fortune, and thou art judg'd unfaithful because thou art unhappy. I will see if I can beguile⁵ myself with sleep, and if no slumber will take hold in my eyes, yet will I embrace the golden thoughts in my head, and wish to melt by mus-

¹ Uncombed.

² Paltry.

³ Reproached.

⁴ In a Grova.

ing; that as ebony, which no fire can scorch, is yet consumed with sweet savours, so my heart, [10 which cannot be bent by the hardness of fortune, may be bruised by amorous desires. On yonder bank never grew anything but lunar, and hereafter I will never have any bed but that bank. O Endymion, Tellus was fair. But [15 what availeth beauty without wisdom? Nay, Endymion, she was wise. But what availeth wisdom without honour? She was honourable, Endymion; behe her not. Ay, but how obscure is honour without fortune. Was she not fortunate whom so many followed? Yes, yes, but base is fortune without majesty. thy majesty, Cynthia, all the world knoweth and wondereth at, but not one in the world that can imitate it or comprehend it. No more, Endymion. Sleep [25 or die. Nay, die, for to sleep, it is impossible; —and yet I know not how it cometh to pass, I feel such a heaviness both in mine eyes and heart that I am suddenly benumbed, yea, in every joint. It may be weariness, for when [30 did I rest? It may be deep melancholy, for when did I not sigh? Cynthia! Ay, so, — I say, Cynthia! *He falls asleep.*

[Enter DIPSAS and BAGOA.]

Dipsas. Little dost thou know, Endymion, when thou shalt wake, for hadst thou placed [35 thy heart as low in love as thy head lieth now in sleep, thou mightest have commanded Tellus, whom now, instead of a mistress, thou shalt find a tomb. These eyes must I seal up by art, not nature, which are to be opened neither by [40 art nor nature. Thou that layest down with golden locks shalt not awake until they be turned to silver hairs; and that chin on which scarcely appeareth soft down shall be filled with bristles as hard as broom. Thou shalt sleep [45 out thy youth and flowering time, and become dry hay before thou knewest thyself green grass; and ready by age to step into the grave when thou wakest, that was youthful in the court when thou laidest thee down to sleep. [50 The malice of Tellus hath brought this to pass, which if she could not have intreated of me by fair means, she would have commanded by menacing, for from her gather we all our simples to maintain our sorceries. [To BAGOA.] [55 Fan with this hemlock over his face, and sing the enchantment for sleep, whilst I go in and finish those ceremonies that are required in our art. Take heed ye touch not his face, for the fan is so seasoned that whoso it toucheth with [60 a leaf shall presently die, and over whom the wind of it breatheth, he shall sleep forever.

Bagoa. Let me alone; I will be careful. [Exit DIPSAS.] What hap hadst thou, Endymion, to come under the hands of Dipsas? O fair Endymion, how it grieveth me that that fair face must be turned to a withered skin and taste the pains of death before it feel the reward of love!

¹ Moonwort. "I have heard of an herb called Lunarj that being bound to the pulses of the sick cause nothing but dreams of weddings and dances." Act III, Sc. 3, *Sapho and Phao*. (Baker.)

I fear Tellus will repent that which the heavens themselves seemed to rue. But I hear Dipsas [70 coming! I dare not repine, lest she make me pine, and rock me into such a deep sleep that I shall not awake to my marriage.

Re-enter DIPSAS.

Dipsas. How now, have you finished?

Bagoa. Yea. [75

Dipsas. Well then, let us in; and see that you do not so much as whisper that I did this, for if you do, I will turn thy hairs to adders and all thy teeth in thy head to tongues. Come away, come away. *Exit [DIPSAS and BAGOA].* [80

A DUMB SHOW² [representing the dream of Endymion].

Music sounds. Three ladies enter: one with a knife and a looking-glass, who, by the procurement of one of the other two, offers to stab Endymion as he sleeps, but the third wrings her hands, lamenteth, offering still to prevent it, but dares [85 not. At last, the first sadly looking in the glass, casts down the knife. *Exit.*

Enters an ancient man with books with three leaves; offers the same twice. Endymion refuseth. He rendeth³ two, and offers the third, [90 where he stands awhile, and then Endymion offers to take it. *Exit [the Old Man].*

ACT III

SCENE I.⁴

[Enter] CYNTHIA, TELLUS, [SEMELE, EUMENIDES, CORSIUS, PAMELION, and ZONTES.]

Cynthia. Is the report true, that Endymion is stricken into such a dead sleep that nothing can either wake him or move him?

Eum. Too true, madam, and as much to be pitied as wondered at. [5

Tellus. As good sleep and do no harm as wake and do no good.

Cynth. What maketh you, Tellus, to be so short? The time was Endymion only was.

Eum. It is an old saying, madam, that a [10 waking dog doth afar off bark at a sleeping lion.

Sem. It were good, Eumenides, that you took a nap with your friend, for your speech beginneth to be heavy. [15

Eum. Contrary to your nature, Semele, which hath been always accounted light.

Cynth. What, have we here before my face these unseemly and malapert overthwarts! [16 I will tame your tongues and your thoughts, [20 and make your speeches answerable to your duties, and your conceits fit for my dignity, else will I banish you both my person and the world.

Eum. Pardon, I humbly ask; but such is my unspotted faith to Endymion that whatsoever [25

² Dumb show Omitted in first edition. Given by Blount in 1632

⁴ In the Gardens of the Palace.

³ Blount reads *rendeth*

⁵ Wrangling.

seemeth a needle to prick his finger is a dagger to wound my heart.

Cynth. If you be so dear to him, how hap-peneth it you neither go to see him, nor search for remedy for him? ^[30]

Eum. I have seen him to my grief, and sought recure with despair, for that I cannot imagine who should restore him that is the wonder to all men. Your Highness, on whose hands the compass of the earth is at command, though ^[35] not in possession, may show yourself both worthy your sex, your nature, and your favour, if you redeem that honourable Endymion, whose ripe years foretell rare virtues, and whose unmel-lowed conceits promise ripe counsel. ^[40]

Cynth. I have had trial of Endymion, and conceive greater assurance of his age than I could hope of his youth.

Tellus. But timely, madam, crooks that tree that will be a cammock,¹ and young it pricks ^[45] that will be a thorn; and therefore he that began without care to settle his life, it is a sign without amendment he will end it.

Cynth. Presumptuous girl, I will make thy tongue an example of unrecoverable dis-^[50] pleasure. Corsites, carry her to the castle in the desert, there to remain and weave.

Cors. Shall she work stories, or poestries?

Cynth. It skilleth ² not which. Go to, in both; for she shall find examples infinite in either ^[55] that punishment long tongues have. Eumenides, if either the soothsayers in Egypt, or the enchanters in Thessaly, or the philosophers in Greece, or all the sages of the world can find remedy, I will procure it; therefore, dispatch ^[60] with all speed. you, Eumenides, into Thessaly; you, Zontes, into Greece, because you are acquainted in Athens; you, Panelion, to Egypt; saying that Cynthia sendeth, and if you will, commandeth. ^[65]

Eum. On bowed knee I give thanks, and with wings on my legs, I fly for remedy.

Zon. We are ready at your highness' command, and hope to return to your full content.

Cynth. It shall never be said that Cynthia, ^[70] whose mercy and goodness filleth the heavens with joys and the world with marvels, will suffer either Endymion or any to perish, if he may be protected.

Eum. Your Majesty's words have been al-^[75] ways deeds, and your deeds virtues. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.³

[Enter] CORSITES and TELLUS.

Cors. Here is the castle, fair Tellus, in which you must weave, till either time end your days, or Cynthia her displeasure. I am sorry so fair a face should be subject to so hard a fortune, and that the flower of beauty, which is honoured ^[5] in courts, should here wither in prison.

Tellus. Corsites, Cynthia may restrain the liberty of my body, of my thoughts she cannot; and therefore do I esteem myself most free, though I am in greatest bondage. ^[10]

Cors. Can you then feed on fancy, and subdue the malice of envy by the sweetness of imagination?

Tellus. Corsites, there is no sweeter music to the miserable than despair; and therefore ^[15] the more bitterness I feel, the more sweetness I find; for so vain were liberty, and so unwelcome the following of higher fortune, that I choose rather to pine in this castle than to be a prince in any other court. ^[20]

Cors. A humour contrary to your years and nothing agreeable to your sex; the one commonly allured with delights, the other always with sovereignty.

Tellus. I marvel, Corsites, that you being ^[25] a captain, who should sound nothing but terror and suck nothing but blood, can find in your heart to talk such smooth words, for that it agreeth not with your calling to use words so soft as that of love. ^[30]

Cors. Lady, it were unfit of wars to discourse with women, into whose minds nothing can sink but smoothness; besides, you must not think that soldiers be so rough-hewn, or of such knotty mettle, that beauty cannot allure, ^[35] and you, being beyond perfection, enchant.

Tellus. Good Corsites, talk not of love, but let me to my labour. The little beauty I have shall be bestowed on my loom, which I now mean to make my lover. ^[40]

Cors. Let us in, and what favor Corsites can show, Tellus shall command.

Tellus. The only favour I desire is now and then to walk. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.⁴

[Enter] SIR TOPHAS and EPIION.

Tophas. Epi!

Epi. Here, sir.

Tophas. Unrig me. Heigho!

Epi. What's that?

Tophas. An interjection, whereof some are ^[5] of mourning; as *eho, vah*.⁵

Epi. I understand you not.

Tophas. Thou seest me.

Epi. Ay.

Tophas. Thou hearest me. ^[10]

Epi. Ay.

Tophas. Thou feelest me.

Epi. Ay.

Tophas. And not understand'st me?

Epi. No. ^[15]

Tophas. Then am I but three-quarters of a noun substantive. But alas, Epi, to tell thee the troth, I am a noun adjective.

Epi. Why?

Tophas. Because I cannot stand without ^[20] another.

Epi. Who is that?

Tophas. Dipsas.

Epi. Are you in love?

Tophas. No; but love hath, it were, ^[25]

⁴ In the Gardens of the Palace.

⁵ Here, and below, the allusions are to W. Lilly's Grammar.

¹ A crooked tree. ² Matters. ³ Before a castle.

milk'd my thoughts and drained from my heart the very substance of my accustomed courage; it worketh in my head like new wine, so as I must hoop my scone with iron, lest my head break, and so I bewray¹ my brains. But, I [30] pray thee, first discover me in all parts, that I may be like a lover, and then will I sigh and die. Take my gun and give me a gown: *Cedant arma togæ.*²

Epi. Here.

Tophas. Take my sword and shield and give me beard-brush and scissors: *Bella gerant alii, tu Pari semper ama.*³

Epi. Will you be trimm'd, sir?

Tophas. Not yet; for I feel a contention [40] within me whether I shall frame the bodkin beard or the bush. But take my pike and give me pen: *Dicere quæ puduit, scribere jussit amor.*⁴

Epi. I will furnish you, sir.

Tophas. Now, for my bow and bolts give [45] me ink and paper, for my smiter a pen-knife; for

*Sculpellum, calama, atramentum, charta, libella,
Sunt semper studius arma parata meis.*⁵

Epi. Sir, will you give over wars and play [50] with that bauble called love?

Tophas. Give over wars? No, *Epi. Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido.*⁶

Epi. Love hate made you very eloquent, but your face is nothing fair.

Tophas. *Non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Ulysses.*⁷

Epi. Nay, I must seek a new master if you can speak nothing but verses.

Tophas. *Quicquid conabar dicere, versus* [55] *erat.*⁸ *Epi.* I feel all Ovid *De Arte Amandi* lie as heavy at my heart as a load of logs. Oh, what a fine, thin hair hath Dipsas! What a pretty low forehead! What a tall and stately nose! What little hollow eyes! What great [60] and goodly lips! How harmless she is, being toothless, — her fingers fat and short, adorned with long nails like a bittern! In how sweet a proportion her cheeks hang down to her breasts like dugs and her paps to her waist like bags! [70] What a low stature she is, and yet what a great foot she carrieth! How thrifty must she be in whom there is no waist! How virtuous is she like to be, over whom no man can be jealous!

Epi. Stay, master, you forget yourself.

Tophas. O *Epi.*, even as a dish melteth by the fire, so doth my wit increase by love.

Epi. Fithily, and to the purpose! But what, begin you to nod?

Tophas. Good *Epi.*, let me take a nap; for [80] as some man may better steal a horse than another look over the hedge, so divers shall be sleepy when they would faintest take rest.

He sleeps.

¹ Disclose

² Cicero, *De Officiis*, i. 22, 76.

³ Adapted from Ovid, *Heroides*, xvii. 254.

⁴ Ovid, *Her* iv. 10

⁵ These lines seem to be Lylly's o .

⁶ Ovid, *Amores*, i. 9. 1

⁷ Ovid, *Ars Amatoria*, ii. 1 .

⁸ Ovid, *Tristia*, iv. 10. 26.

Epi. Who ever saw such a woodcock! Love Dipsas! Without doubt all the world will [90] now account him valiant, that ventureth on her whom none durst undertake. But here cometh two wags.

Enter DARES and SAMIAS.

Sam. Thy master hath slept his share
Dar. I think he doth it because he would [95] not pay me my board-wages.

Sam. It is a thing most strange: and I think mine will never return, so that we must both seek new masters, for we shall never live by our manners.

Epi. If you want masters, join with me and serve Sir Tophas, who must needs keep more men, because he is toward marriage.

Sam. What, *Epi.*, where's thy master?

Epi. Yonder, sleeping in love.

Dar. Is it possible?

Epi. He hath taken his thoughts a hole lower, and saith, seeing it is the fashion of the world, he will vail [100] bonnet to beauty.

Sam. How is he attired?

Epi. Lovely.

Dar. Whom loveth this amorous knight?

Epi. Dipsas.

Sam. That ugly creature? Why, she is a fool, a scold, fat, without fashion, and quite [105] without favour.

Epi. Tush, you be simple; my master hath a good marriage.

Dar. Good! As how?

Epi. Why, in marrying Dipsas he shall [110] have every day twelve dishes of meat to his dinner, though there be none but Dipsas with him: four of flesh, four of fish, four of fruit.

Sam. As how, *Epi.*?

Epi. For flesh these: woodcock, goose, [115] bittern, and rail.

Dar. Indeed, he shall not miss, if Dipsas be there.

Epi. For fish these: crab, carp, lump, and pouting.

Sam. Excellent, for of my word she is both crabbish, lumpish, and carping.

Epi. For fruit these: fritters, medlars, hartichokes, and lady-longings. Thus you see he shall fare like a king, though he be but a [120] beggar.

Dar. Well, *Epi.*, dine thou with him, for I had rather fast than see her face. But see, thy master is asleep; let us have a song to wake this amorous knight.

Epi. Agreed.

Sam. Content.

THE FIRST SONG ¹¹

Epi. Here snores Tophas,
That amorous ass,
Who loves Dipsas,
With face so sweet,
Nose and chin meet.

All three. { At sight of her each Fury skips
And flings into her lap their whips.

⁹ Simpleton.

¹⁰ Take off.

¹¹ The Song appears first in Blount's edition.

Dar Holla, holla in his ear 145
Sam The witch, sure, thou'st her fingers there
Epi Clamp him, or wing the fool by th' nose,
Dar Or clap some burning flax to his toes.
Sam What music 's best to wake him?
Epi Bow-wow, let bandogs shake him! 150
Dar Let adders hiss in 's ear,
Sam Else earwigs wriggle there.
Epi No, let him batten¹, when his tongue
 Once goes, a cat is not worse string
All three { But if he ope nor mouth nor eyes, [155
 { He may in time sleep himself wise.

Top. Sleep is a binding of the senses, love a loosing.

Epi [*Aside.*] Let us hear him awhile.

Top. There appeared in my sleep a goodly [160
 owl, who, sitting upon my shoulder, cried
 "Twit, twit"; and before mine eyes presented
 herself the express image of Dipsas. I mar-
 velled what the owl said, till at the last I per-
 ceived "Twit, twit," "To it, to it," only [165
 by contraction admonished by this vision to
 make account of my sweet Venus.

Sam. Sir Tophas, you have overslept your-
 self.

Top. No, youth, I have but slept over [170
 my love.

Dar. Love? Why, it is impossible that into
 so noble and unconquered a courage love
 should creep, having first a head as hard to
 pierce as steel, then to pass to a heart [175
 arm'd with a shirt of mail.

Epi. Ay, but my master yawning one day in
 the sun, Love crept into his mouth before he
 could close it, and there kept such a tumbling
 in his body that he was glad to untruss² [180
 the points of his heart and entertain Love as a
 stranger.

Top. If there remain any pity in you, plead
 for me to Dipsas.

Dar. Plead! Nay, we will press her to it. [185
 [*Aside to SAMIAS.*] Let us go with him to Dip-
 sas, and there shall we have good sport. — But,
 Sir Tophas, when shall we go? For I find my
 tongue voluble, and my heart venturous, and
 all myself like myself. 190

Sam. [*Aside to DARES.*] Come, Dares, let us
 not lose him until we find our masters, for as
 long as he liveth, we shall lack neither mirth
 nor meat.

Epi. We will traverse.³ Will you go, sir? 195

Top. I pray, sequar.⁴ *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.⁵

[*Enter*] EUMENIDES and GERON.

Eum. Father, your sad music being tuned on
 the same key that my hard fortune is, hath so
 melted my mind that I wish to hang at your
 mouth's end till my life end.

Ger. These tunes, gentleman, have I been [5
 accustomed with these fifty winters, having no
 other house to shroud myself but the broad
 heavens; and so familiar with me hath use
 made misery that I esteem sorrow my chiefest

¹ Grow fat.

³ So Baker. Old edd. *Travice.*

² To untie the laces

⁴ Terence, *Andria*, I. i 144.

⁵ A desert place, with a fountain.

solace, and welcomest is that guest to me [10
 that can rehearse the saddest tale or the blood-
 iest tragedy.

Eum. A strange humour. Might I inquire the
 cause?

Ger. You must pardon me if I deny to tell [15
 it, for knowing that the revealing of griefs is,
 as it were, a renewing of sorrow, I have vowed
 therefore to conceal them, that I might not only
 feel the depth of everlasting discontentment,
 but despair of remedy. But whence are you? [20
 What fortune hath thrust you to this distress?

Eum. I am going to Thessaly, to seek remedy
 for Endymion, my dearest friend, who hath
 been cast into a dead sleep almost these twenty
 years, waxing old and ready for the grave, [25
 being almost but newly come forth of the cradle.

Ger. You need not for recure travel far, for
 whoso can clearly see the bottom of this foun-
 tain shall have remedy for anything.

Eum. That methinketh is impossible. Why, [30
 what virtue can there be in water?

Ger. Yes, whosoever can shed the tears of a
 faithful lover shall obtain anything he would.
 Read these words engraven about the brim.

Eum. Have you known this by experience, [35
 or is it placed here of purpose to delude men?

Ger. I only would have experience of it, and
 then should there be an end of my misery; and
 then would I tell the strangest discourse that
 ever yet was heard. 40

Eum. Ah, Eumenides!

Ger. What lack you, gentleman; are you not
 well?

Eum. Yes, father, but a qualm that often
 cometh over my heart doth now take hold of [45
 me. But did never any lovers come hither?

Ger. Lusters, but not lovers; for often have
 I seen them weep, but never could I hear they
 saw the bottom.

Eum. Came there women also? 50

Ger. Some.

Eum. What did they see?

Ger. They all wept, that the fountain over-
 flowed with tears, but so thick became the
 water with their tears that I could scarce [55
 discern the brim, much less behold the bottom.

Eum. Be faithful lovers so scant?

Ger. It seemeth so, for yet heard I never of
 any.

Eum. Ah, Eumenides, how art thou per- [60
 plexed! Call to mind the beauty of thy sweet
 mistress and the depth of thy never-dying affec-
 tions. How oft hast thou honoured her, not only
 without spot, but suspicion of falsehood! And
 how hardly hath she rewarded thee without [65
 cause or colour of despite. How secret hast
 thou been these seven years, that hast not, nor
 once darest not to name her, for discontenting
 her. How faithful, that hast offered to die for
 her, to please her! Unhappy Eumenides! [70

Ger. Why, gentleman, did you once love?

Eum. Once? Ay, father, and ever shall.

Ger. Was she unkind and you faithful?

Eum. She of all women the most froward,
 and I of all creatures the most fond. [75

Ger. You doted then, not loved, for affection

is grounded on virtue, and virtue is never peevish; or on beauty, and beauty loveth to be praised.

Eum. Ay, but if all virtuous ladies should yield to all that be loving, or all amiable gentlewomen entertain all that be amorous, their virtues would be accounted vices, and their beauties deformities; for that love can be but between two, and that not proceeding of him that is most faithful but most fortunate.

Ger. I would you were so faithful that your tears might make you fortunate.

Eum. Yea, father, if that my tears clear not this fountain, then may you swear it is but a mere mockery.

Ger. So saith every one yet that wept.

Eum. Ah, I faint, I die! Ah, sweet Semele, let me alone, and dissolve, by weeping, into water. [*He gazes into the fountain.*]

Ger. This affection seemeth strange. if he see nothing, without doubt this dissembling passeth, for nothing shall draw me from the belief.

Eum. Father, I plainly see the bottom, and there in white marble engraven these words: *Ask one for all, and but one thing at all.*

Ger. O fortunate Eumenides, (for so have I heard thee call thyself,) let me see. I cannot discern any such thing. I think thou dreamest.

Eum. Ah, father, thou art not a faithful lover, and therefore canst not behold it.

Ger. Then ask, that I may be satisfied by the event, and thyself blessed.

Eum. Ask? So I will. And what shall I do but ask, and whom should I ask but Semele, the possessing of whose person is a pleasure that cannot come within the compass of comparison; whose golden locks seem most curious when they seem most careless; whose sweet looks seem most alluring when they are most chaste; and whose words the more virtuous they are, the more amorous they be accounted? I pray thee, Fortune, when I shall first meet with fair Semele, dash my delight with some light disgrace, lest embracing sweetness beyond measure, I take a surfeit without recure. Let her practise her accustomed coyness that I may diet myself upon my desires; otherwise the fullness of my joys will diminish the sweetness, and I shall perish by them before I possess them.

Why do I trifle the time in words? The least minute being spent in the getting of Semele is more worth than the whole world; therefore let me ask. What now, Eumenides! Whither art thou drawn? Hast thou forgotten both friendship and duty, care of Endymion, and the commandment of Cynthia? Shall he die in a leaden sleep because thou sleepest in a golden dream? Ay, let him sleep ever, so I slumber but one minute with Semele. Love knoweth neither friendship nor kindred. Shall I not hazard the loss of a friend for the obtaining of her for whom I would often lose myself? Fond Eumenides, shall the enticing beauty of a most disdainful lady be of more force than the

rare fidelity of a tried friend? The love of men to women is a thing common and of course; the friendship of man to man infinite and immortal. Tush! Semele doth possess my love. Ay, but Endymion hath deserved it. I will help Endymion. I found Endymion unspotted in his truth. Ay, but I shall find Semele constant in her love. I will have Semele. What shall I do? Father, thy gray hairs are ambassadors of experience. Which shall I ask?

Ger. Eumenides, release Endymion, for all things, friendship excepted, are subject to fortune. Love is but an eye-worm, which only tickleth the head with hopes and wishes; friendship the image of eternity, in which there is nothing movable, nothing mischievous. As much difference as there is between beauty and virtue, bodies and shadows, colours and life, so great odds is there between love and friendship.

Love is a chameleon, which draweth nothing into the mouth but air, and nourisheth nothing in the body but lungs. Believe me, Eumenides, desire dies in the same moment that beauty sickens, and beauty fadeth in the same instant that it flourisheth. When adversities flow, then love ebbs; but friendship standeth stiffly in storms. Time draweth wrinkles in a fair face, but addeth fresh colours to a fast friend, which neither heat, nor cold, nor misery, nor place, nor destiny, can alter or diminish. O friendship, of all things the most rare, and therefore most rare because most excellent, whose comforts in misery is always sweet, and whose counsels in prosperity are ever fortunate! Vain love, that, only coming near to friendship in name, would seem to be the same or better in nature!

Eum. Father, I allow your reasons, and will therefore conquer mine own. Virtue shall subdue affections, wisdom lust, friendship beauty. Mistresses are in every place, and as common as hares on Athos, bees in Hybla, fowls in the air; but friends to be found are like the phoenix in Arabia, but one; or the philadelphia in Arays, never above two. I will have Endymion. Sacred fountain, in whose bowels are hidden divine secrets, I have increased your waters with the tears of unspotted thoughts, and therefore let me receive the reward you promise. Endymion, the truest friend to me, and faithfullest lover to Cynthia, is in such a dead sleep that nothing can wake or move him.

Ger. Dost thou see anything?

Eum. I see in the same pillar these words: *When she whose figure of all is the perfectest, and never to be measured; always one, yet never the same; still inconstant, yet never wavering; shall come and kiss Endymion in his sleep, he shall then rise, else never.* This is strange.

Ger. What see you else?

Eum. There cometh over mine eyes either a dark mist, or upon the fountain a deep thickness, for I can perceive nothing. But how am I deluded, or what difficult, nay possible, thing is this?

¹ Foolish.

Ger. Methinketh it easy.

Eum. Good father, and how? 210

Ger. Is not a circle of all figures the perfectest?

Eum. Yes.

Ger. And is not Cynthia of all circles the most absolute? 215

Eum. Yes.

Ger. Is it not impossible to measure her, who still worketh by her influence, never standing at one stay?

Eum. Yes. 220

Ger. Is she not always Cynthia, yet seldom in the same bigness, always wavering in her waxing or waning, that our bodies might the better be governed; our seasons the dailier give their increase; yet never to be removed from her 225 course, as long as the heavens continue theirs?

Eum. Yes.

Ger. Then who can it be but Cynthia, whose virtues being all divine must needs bring things to pass that be miraculous? Go, humble thyself to Cynthia; tell her the success, of which myself shall be a witness. And thus assure thyself, that she that sent to find means for his safety will now work her cunning.

Eum. How fortunate am I, if Cynthia be 235 she that may do it!

Ger. How fond¹ art thou, if thou do not believe it!

Eum. I will hasten thither that I may entreat on my knees for succour, and embrace in 240 mine arms my friend.

Ger. I will go with thee, for unto Cynthia must I discover all my sorrows, who also must work in me a contentment.

Eum. May I now know the cause? 245

Ger. That shall be as we walk, and I doubt not but the strangeness of my tale will take away the tediousness of our journey.

Eum. Let us go.

Ger. I follow.

Exeunt. 250

ACT IV

SCENE I.²

[*Enter*] *TELLUS.*

Tellus. I marvel *Corsites* giveth me so much liberty, — all the world knowing his charge to be so high and his nature to be most strange, — who hath so ill entreated ladies of great honour that he hath not suffered them to look out [5 of windows, much less to walk abroad. It may be he is in love with me, for (*Endymion*, hard-hearted *Endymion*, excepted) what is he that is not enamour'd of my beauty? But what respectest thou the love of all the world? *Endymion* hates thee. Alas, poor *Endymion*, my malice hath exceeded my love, and thy faith to Cynthia quenched my affections. Quenched, *Tellus*? Nay, kindled them afresh; inasmuch that I find scorching flames for dead embers, [15 and cruel encounters of war in my thoughts instead of sweet parleys. Ah, that I might once

again see *Endymion*! Accursed girl, what hope hast thou to see *Endymion*, on whose head already are grown gray hairs, and whose life [20 must yield to nature, before Cynthia end her displeasure. Wicked *Dipsas*, and most devilish *Tellus*, the one for cunning too exquisite, the other for hate too intolerable! Thou wast commanded to weave the stories and poetries [25 wherein were showed both examples and punishments of tattling tongues, and thou hast only embroidered the sweet face of *Endymion*, devices of love, melancholy imaginations, and what not, out of thy work, that thou shouldst [30 study to pick out of thy mind. But here cometh *Corsites*. I must seem yielding and stout; full of mildness, yet tempered with a majesty; for if I be too flexible, I shall give him more hope than I mean; if too froward, enjoy less liberty [35 than I would. Love him I cannot, and therefore will practise that which is most contrary³ to our sex, to dissemble.

Enter *CORSITES.*

Cor. Fair *Tellus*, I perceive you rise with the lark, and to yourself sing with the nightin- 40 gale.

Tellus. My lord, I have no playfellow but fancy; being barred of all company, I must question with myself, and make my thoughts my friends. 45

Cor. I would you would account my thoughts also your friends, for they be such as are only busied in wondering at your beauty and wisdom; and some such as have esteemed your fortune too hard; and divers of that kind [50 that offer to set you free, if you will set them free.

Tellus. There are no colours so contrary as white and black, nor elements so disagreeing as fire and water, nor anything so opposite as [55 men's thoughts and their words.

Cor. He that gave *Cassandra* the gift of prophesying, with the curse that, spake she never so true, she should never be believed, hath I think poisoned the fortune of men, [60 that uttering the extremities of their inward passions are always suspected of outward perjuries.

Tellus. Well, *Corsites*, I will flatter myself and believe you. What would you do to en- [65 joy my love?

Cor. Set all the ladies of the castle free, and make you the pleasure of my life: more I cannot do, less I will not.

Tellus. These be great words, and fit your [70 calling; for captains must promise things impossible. But will you do one thing for all?

Cor. Anything, sweet *Tellus*, that am ready for all.

Tellus. You know that on the lunar bank [75 sleepeth *Endymion*.

Cor. I know it.

Tellus. If you will remove him from that place by force, and convey him into some obscure cave by policy, I give you here the [80

¹ Foolish.

² Before *Corsites'* Castle.

³ Bond emends to *customary*.

faith of an unspotted virgin that you only shall possess me as a lover, and in spite of malice have me for a wife.

Cor. Remove him, Tellus! Yes, Tellus, he shall be removed, and that so soon as¹ thou shalt as much commend my diligence as my force, I go.

Tellus. Stay, will yourself attempt it?

Cor. Ay, Tellus; as I would have none partaker of my sweet love, so shall none be²⁰ partners of my labors. But I pray thee go at your best leisure, for Cynthia begetteth to rise, and if she discover our love, we both perish, for nothing pleaseth her but the fairness of virginity. All things must be not only without²⁵ lust but without suspicion of lightness.

Tellus. I will depart, and go you to Endymion.

Cor. I fly, Tellus, being of all men the most fortunate. *Exit.*³⁰⁰

Tellus. Simple Corsites, I have set thee about a task, being but a man, that the gods themselves cannot perform, for little dost thou know how heavy his head lies, how hard his fortune; but such shifts must women have to deceive³⁰⁵ men, and under colour of things easy, entreat that which is impossible; otherwise we should be cumb'rd with importunities, oaths, sighs, letters, and all implements of love, which to one resolved to the contrary are most loath-³¹⁰ some. I will in, and laugh with the other ladies at Corsites' sweating. *Exit.*

SCENE II.³

[Enter] SAMIAS and DARES.

Sam. Will thy master never awake?

Dar. No; I think he sleeps for a wager. But how shall we spend the time? Sir Tophas is so far in love that he pineth in his bed and cometh not abroad.⁵

Sam. But here cometh Epi in a pelting chafe.⁸

[Enter] EPIRON.]

Epi. A pox of all false proverbs, and were a proverb a page, I would have him by the ears!

Sam. Why art thou angry?

Epi. Why? You know it is said, "The¹⁰ tide tarrieth no man."

Sam. True.

Epi. A monstrous lie; for I was tied two hours, and tarried for one to unloose me.

Dar. Alas, poor Epi!

Epi. Poor! No, no, you base-concoited slaves, I am a most complete gentleman, although I be in disgrace with Sir Tophas.

Dar. Art thou out with him?

Epi. Ay, because I cannot get him a lodg-²⁰ ing with Endymion. He would fain take a nap for forty or fifty ye

Dar. A short sleep, considering our long life.

Sam. Is he still in love?

Epi. In love? Why he doth nothing but²⁵ ke sonnets.

¹ That.

² In the Gardens of the Palace.

³ Irritable h our.

Sam. Canst thou remember any one of his poems?

Epi. Ay, this is one:—

The beggar, Love, that knows not where to lodge,³⁰
At last within my heart, when I slept,

He crept,
I wak'd, and so my fancies began to fodge.⁴

Sam. That's a very long verse.

Epi. Why, the other was short. The first³⁵ is called from the thumb to the little finger; the second from the little finger to the elbow; and some he hath made to reach to the crown of his head, and down again to the sole of his foot. It is set to the tune of the black⁴⁰ Saunce⁵; *ratio est*, because Dipsās is a black saint.

Dar. Very wisely. But pray thee, Epi, how art thou complete; and being from thy master, what occupation wilt thou take?⁴⁵

Epi. Know,⁶ my hearts, I am an absolute *Microcosmus*, a petty world of myself my library is my head, for I have no other books but my brains; my wardrobe on my back, for I have no more apparel than is on my body;⁵⁰ my armory at my fingers' ends, for I use no other artillery than my nails, my treasure in my purse. *Sic omnia mea mecum porto.*⁷

Dar. Good!

Epi. Know,⁸ sirs, my palace is pav'd with⁵⁵ grass, and tiled with stars, for *Cælo tegitur qui non habet urnam*,⁹—he that hath no house must lie in the yard.

Sam. A brave resolution! But how wilt thou spend thy time?⁶⁰

Epi. Not in any melancholy sort; for mine exercise I will walk horses.

Dar. Too bad!

Epi. Why, is it not said, "It is good walking when one hath his horse in his hand"?⁶⁵

Sam. Worse and worse! But how wilt thou live?

Epi. By angling. Oh, 't is a stately occupation to stand four hours in a cold morning, and to have his nose bitten with frost before his⁷⁰ bait be mumbled with a fish.

Dar. A rare attempt! But wilt thou never travel?

Epi. Yes, in a western barge, when with a good wind and lusty pugs,¹⁰ one may go ten⁷⁵ les in two days.

Sam. Thou art excellent at thy choice. But what pastime wilt thou use? None?

Epi. Yes, the quickest of all.

Sam. What, dice?

Epi. No, when I am in haste, one-and-twenty games at chess, to pass a few minutes.

Dar. A life for a little lord, and full of quickness.

⁴ Move.

⁵ Black Sanctus, a hymn to Saint Satan.

⁶ So Baker Old edd. read *No*.

⁷ Quoted by Cicero in *Paradoxa Stoicorum*, i. 1, from Bias (Baker).

⁸ So Baker. Old edd. read *Now*.

⁹ Lucan, vii. 819.

¹⁰ Fellows.

Epi. Tush, let me alone! But I must [as needs see if I can find where Endymion lieth, and then go to a certain fountain hard by, where they say faithful lovers shall have all things they will ask. If I can find out any of these, *Ego et magister meus erimus in tuto*, I [50 and my master shall be friends. He is resolved to weep some three or four pailfuls to avoid the rheum of love that wambleth¹ in his stomach.

Enter [Master Constable and Two] Watchmen].

Sam. Shall we never see thy master, Dares?

Dar. Yes, let us go now, for to-morrow [55 Cynthia will be there.

Epi. I will go with you; — but how shall we see for the Watch?

Sam. Tush, let me alone! I'll begin to them. Masters, God speed you. [100

1 *Watch.* Sir boy, we are all sped already.

Epi. [Aside.] So methinks, for they smell all of drink, like a beggar's beard.

Dar. But I pray, sirs, may we see Endymion? [105

2 *Watch.* No, we are commanded in Cynthia's name, that no man shall see him.

Sam. No man! Why, we are but boys.

1 *Watch.* Mass, neighbours, he says true, for if I swear I will never drink my liquor by [110 the quart, and yet call for two pints, I think with a safe conscience I may carouse both.

Dar. Pithily, and to the purpose.

2 *Watch.* Tush, tush, neighbours, take me with you.² [115

Sam. [Aside.] This will grow hot.

Dar. [Aside.] Let them alone.

2 *Watch.* If I say to my wife, "Wife, I will have no raisins in my pudding," she puts in currants; like a raisins are raisins, and boys [120 are men: even as my wife should have put no raisins in my pudding, so shall there no boys see Endymion.

Dar. Learnedly.

Epi. Let Master Constable speak; I think [125 he is the wisest among you.

Master Constable. You know, neighbours, 't is an old said saw, "Children and fools speak true."

All. True. [130

Mast. Const. Well, there you see the men be the fools, because it is provided from the children.

Dar. Good.

Mast. Const. Then, say I, neighbours, that [135 children must not see Endymion, because children and fools speak true.

Epi. O wicked application!

Sam. Scurvily brought about!

1 *Watch.* Nay, he says true, and therefore [140 till Cynthia have been here, he shall not be uncovered. Therefore, away!

Dar. [Aside to Sam. and Epi.] A watch, quoth you! A man may watch seven years for a wise word, and yet go without it. Their wits [145 are all as rusty as their bills. — But come on,

Master Constable, shall we have a song before we go?

Mast. Const. With all my heart.

THE SECOND SONG³

Watch. Stand! Who goes there?

We charge you appear

'Fore our constable here,

In the name of the Man in the Moon.

To us billmen relate

Why you stagger so late,

And how you come drunk so soon. [155

Pages. What are ye, scabs?

Watch.

This the Constable. The Watch;

Pages.

A patch.⁴

Const. Knock 'em down unless they all stand: [160

If any run away,

'T is the old watchman's play,

To reach him a bill of his hand.

Pages. O gentlemen, hold,

Your gowns freeze with cold,

And your rotten teeth dance in your head; [165

Epi. Wime, nothing shall cost ye,

Sam. Nor huge fires to roast ye;

Dares. Then soberly let us be led.

Const. Come, my brown bills, we'll roar, [170

Bounce loud at tavern door,

Omnes. And i' th' morning steal all to bed. [175

Ezeunt.

SCENE III.⁵

CORSITES solus. [ENDYMION lies asleep on the lunar bank.]

Corsites. I am come in sight of the lunar bank. Without doubt Tellus doth upon me, and cunningly, that I might not perceive her love, she hath set me to a task that is done before it is begun. Endymion, you must change [5 your pillow, and if you be not weary of sleep, I will carry you whereat ease you shall sleep your fill. It were good that without more ceremonies I took him, lest being espied, I be entrapt, and so incur the displeasure of Cynthia, who [10 commonly setteth watch that Endymion have no wrong. [He tries to lift Endymion.] What now, is your mastership so heavy, or are you nail'd to the ground? Not stir one whit! Then use all thy force, though he feel it and wake. [15 What, stone-still? Turn'd, I think, to earth with lying so long on the earth. Didst not thou, Corsites, before Cynthia, pull up a tree that forty years was fast'ned with roots and wreathed in knots to the ground? Didst not [20 thou, with main force, pull open the iron gates which no ram or engine could move? Have my weak thoughts made brawn-fallen my strong arms, or is it the nature of love, or the quaintness of the mind, to breed numbness or [25 litherness,⁶ or I know not what languishing in my joints and sinews, being but the base strings of my body? Or doth the remembrance of Tellus so refine my spirits into a matter so subtle and divine that the other fleshy parts [30 cannot work whilst they muse? Rest thyself, rest thyself; nay, rend thyself in pieces, Cor-

³ This song appears first in Blount's edition.

⁴ Fool.

⁵ Swagger.

⁶ In the Grove. till v.

⁷ Lanowor

¹ Rumbles.

² Let me understand

sites, and strive, in spite of love, fortune, and nature, to lift up this dulled body, heavier than dead and more senseless than death. 55

Enter Fairies.

But what are these so fair fiends that cause my hairs to stand upright and spirits to fall down? Hags,—out alas, nymphs, I crave pardon. Ay me, out! what do I hear!

[*The Fairies dance, and with a song pinch him, and he falleth asleep. They kiss Endymion and depart.*]

THE THIRD SONG¹ BY FAIRIES

Omnes. Pinch him, pinch him, black and blue, 40
Saucy mortals must not view
What the Queen of Stars is doing,
Nor pry into our fairy wooing.

1 *Fairy.* Pinch him blue, 45

2 *Fairy.* And pinch him black;

3 *Fairy.* Let him not lack

Sharp nails to pinch him blue and red,

Till sleep has rock'd his addle head,

4 *Fairy.* For the trespass he hath done, 50

Spots o'er all his flesh shall run.

Kiss Endymion, kiss his eyes,

Then to our midnight heidegyes² *Exeunt* [Fairies]

[*Enter, at the side of the stage³ opposite CORSITES,*]
CYNTHIA, FLOSCULA, SEMELE, PANELION,
ZONTES, PYTHAGORAS, and GYPTES. [CORSITES sleeps still.]

Cynth. You see, Pythagoras, what ridiculous opinions you hold, and I doubt not but you are now of another mind. 55

Pythag. Madam, I plainly perceive that the perfection of your brightness hath pierced through the thickness that covered my mind; inasmuch that I am no less glad to be reformed than ashamed to remember my [60 grossness.

Gyptes. They are thrice fortunate that live in your palace where truth is not in colours but life, virtues not in imagination but execution.

Cynth. I have always studied to have rather [65 living virtues than painted gods, the body of truth than the tomb. But let us walk to Endymion; it may be it lieth in your arts to deliver him; as for Eumenides, I fear he is dead. 70

Pythag. I have alleged all the natural reasons I can for such a long sleep.

Gyptes. I can do nothing till I see him.

Cynth. Come, Floscula; I am sure you are glad that you shall behold Endymion. 75

Flosc. I were blessed, if I might have him recovered.

Cynth. Are you in love with his person?

Flosc. No, but with his virtue.

Cynth. What say you, Semele? 80

Sem. Madam, I dare say nothing for fear I offend.

Cynth. Belike you cannot speak except you be spiteful; but as good be silent as saucy. Panelion, what punishment were fit for [85

Semele, in whose speech and thoughts is only contempt and sourness?

Panel. I love not, madam, to give any judgment, yet, sith Your Highness commandeth, I think to commit her tongue close prisoner [90 to her mouth.

Cynth. Agreed. Semele, if thou speak this twelvemonth, thou shalt forfeit thy tongue. Behold Endymion!⁴ Alas, poor gentleman, hast thou spent thy youth in sleep, that once [95 vowed all to my service! Hollow eyes, gray hairs, wrinkled cheeks, and decayed limbs! Is it destiny or deceit that hath brought this to pass? If the first, who could prevent thy wretched stars? If the latter, I would I [100 might know thy cruel enemy. I favoured thee, Endymion, for thy honour, thy virtues, thy affections; but to bring thy thoughts within the compass of thy fortunes, I have seemed strange, that I might have thee staid; and [105 now are thy days ended before my favour begin. But whom have we here? Is it not Corsites?

Zon. It is, but more-like a leopard than a man.

Cynth. Awake him. [*Zontes wakens Corsites.*]
How now, Corsites, what make you here? [110 How came you deformed? Look on thy hands, and then thou seest the picture of thy face.

Cors. Miserable wretch, and accursed! How am I deluded! Madam, I ask pardon for my offence, and you see my fortune deserveth pity. [115

Cynth. Speak on; thy offence cannot deserve greater punishment: but see thou rehearse the truth, else shalt thou not find me as thou wishest me.

Cors. Madam, as it is no offence to be in [120 love, being a man mortal, so I hope can it be no shame to tell with whom, my lady being heavenly. Your Majesty committed to my charge fair Tellus, whose beauty in the same moment took my heart captive that I undertook to carry [125 her body prisoner. Since that time have I found such combats in my thoughts between love and duty, reverence and affection, that I could neither endure the conflict, nor hope for the conquest. 130

Cynth. In love? A thing far unfitting the name of a captain, and (as I thought) the tough and unsmoothed nature of Corsites. But forth!

Cors. Feeling this continual war, I thought [135 rather by parley to yield than by certain danger to perish. I unfolded to Tellus the depth of my affections, and framed my tongue to utter a sweet tale of love, that was wont to sound nothing but threats of war. She, too fair to be [140 true and too false for one so fair, after a nice denial, practised a notable deceit, commanding me to remove Endymion from this cabin, and carry him to some dark cave; which I, seeking to accomplish, found impossible; and so by [145 fairies or fiends have been thus handled.

Cynth. How say you, my lords, is not Tellus always practising of some deceits? In sooth, Corsites, thy face is now too foul for a lover, and thine heart too fond for a soldier. You [150

¹ Appears first in Blount's edition.

² A co try dance.

³ Now the Gardens.

⁴ Ag in the Grove.

see when warriors become wantons how their manners alter with their faces. Is it not a shame, Corsites, that having lived so long in Mars his camp, thou shouldst now be rocked in Venus's cradle? Dost thou wear Cupid's [155] quiver at thy girdle and make lances of looks? Well, Corsites, rouse thyself and be as thou hast been; and let Tellus, who is made all of love, melt herself in her own looseness.

Cors. Madam, I doubt not but to recover [160] my former state, for Tellus's beauty never wrought such love in my mind as now her deceit hath despite; and yet to be revenged of a woman were a thing than love itself more womanish.

Gyptes. These spots, gentleman, are to be [165] worn out, if you rub them over with this lunary; so that in place where you received this maim you shall find a medicine.

Cors. I thank you for that. The gods bless me from love and these pretty ladies that [170] haunt this green.

Flosc. Corsites, I would Tellus saw your amiable face. [SEMELE laughs.]

Zont. How spitefully Semele laugheth, that dare not speak. [175]

Cynth. Could you not stir Endymion with that doubled strength of yours?

Cors. Not so much as his finger with all my force.

Cynth. Pythagoras and Gyptes, what [180] think you of Endymion? What reason is to be given, what remedy?

Pyth. Madam, it is impossible to yield reason for things that happen not in compass of nature. It is most certain that some strange en- [185] chantment hath bound all his senses.

Cynth. What say you, Gyptes?

Gyptes. With Pythagoras, that it is enchantment, and that so strange that no art can undo it, for that heaviness argueth a malice unre- [190] movable in the enchantress, and that no power can end it, till she die that did it, or the heavens show some means more than miraculous.

Flosc. O Endymion, could spite itself devise a mischief so monstrous as to make thee dead [195] with life, and living, being altogether dead? Where others number their years, their hours, their minutes, and step to age by stairs, thou only hast thy years and times in a cluster, being old before thou rememb'rest thou wast young. [200]

Cynth. No more, Floscula; pity doth him no good: I would anything else might; and I vow by the unspotted honour of a lady he should not miss it. But is this all, Gyptes, that is to be done? [205]

Gyptes. All as yet. It may be that either the enchantress shall die or else be discovered; if either happen, I will then practise the utmost of my art. In the mean season, about this grove would I have a watch, and the first living [210] thing that toucheth Endymion to be taken.

Cynth. Corsites, what say you, will you undertake this?

Cors. Good madam, pardon me! I was overtaken too late. I should rather break into [215]

the midst of a main battle than again fall into the hands of those fair babies.

Cynth. Well, I will provide others. Pythagoras and Gyptes, you shall yet remain in my court, till I hear what may be done in this [220] matter.

Pyth. We attend.

Cynth. Let us go in.

Exeunt.

ACT V

SCENE I.²

[Enter] SAMIAS and DARES.

Samias. Eumenides hath told such strange tales as I may well wonder at them, but never believe them.

Dar. The other old man, what a sad speech used he, that caused us almost all to weep. [2] Cynthia is so desirous to know the experiment of her own virtue, and so willing to ease Endymion's hard fortune, that she no sooner heard the discourse but she made herself in a readiness to try the event [10]

Sam. We will also see the event. But whist! here cometh Cynthia with all her train. Let us sneak in amongst them.

Enter CYNTHIA, FLOSCULA, SEMELE, [EUMENIDES,] PANELION, etc.

Cynth. Eumenides, it can't sink into my head that I should be signified by that sacred fountain, for many things are there in the world to which those words may be applied.

Eum. Good madam, vouchsafe but to try; else shall I think myself most unhappy that I asked not my sweet mistress. [20]

Cynth. Will you not yet tell me her name?

Eum. Pardon me, good madam, for if Endymion awake, he shall; myself have sworn never to reveal it.

Cynth. Well, let us to Endymion. I will [25] not be so stately, good Endymion, not to stoop to do thee good; and if thy liberty consist in a kiss from me, thou shalt have it; and although my mouth hath been heretofore as untouched as my thoughts, yet now to recover thy life, [30] though to restore thy youth it be possible, I will do that to Endymion which yet never mortal man could boast of heretofore, nor shall ever hope for hereafter. *She kisseth him.*

Eum. Madam, he beginneth to stir. [35]

Cynth. Soft, Eumenides; stand still.

Eum. Ah, I see his eyes almost open.

Cynth. I command thee once again, stir not. I will stand behind him.

Pan. What do I see? Endymion almost [40] awake?

Eum. Endymion, Endymion, art thou deaf or dumb, or hath this long sleep taken away thy memory? Ah, my sweet Endymion, seest thou not Eumenides, thy faithful friend, thy faithful Eumenides, who for thy safety hath b [45]

¹ Overcome.

² In the Grove.

careless of his own content? Speak, Endymion! Endymion! Endymion!

End. Endymion? I call to mind such a name.

Eum. Hast thou forgotten thyself, Endymion? Then do I not marvel thou rememb'rest not thy friend. I tell thee thou art Endymion, and I Eumenides. Behold also Cynthia, by whose favour thou art awaked, and by whose virtue thou shalt continue thy natural course.

Cynth. Endymion, speak, sweet Endymion! Knowest thou not Cynthia?

End. O heavens, whom do I behold? Fair Cynthia, divine Cynthia?

Cynth. I am Cynthia, and thou Endymion.

End. "Endymion"! What do I hear? What, a gray beard, hollow eyes, withered body, decayed limbs, — and all in one night?

Eum. One night! Thou hast here slept forty years, — by what enchantress as yet it is not known, — and behold, the twig to which thou laid'st thy head is now become a tree. Callest thou not Eumenides to remembrance?

End. Thy name I do remember by the sound, but thy favour² I do not yet call to mind; only divine Cynthia, to whom time, fortune, destiny, and death are subject, I see and remember, and in all humility I regard and reverence.

Cynth. You have good cause to remember Eumenides, who hath for thy safety forsaken his own solace.

End. Am I that Endymion who was wont in court to lead my life, and in justs, tourneys, and arms, to exercise my youth? Am I that Endymion?

Eum. Thou art that Endymion, and I Eumenides: wilt thou not yet call me to remembrance?

End. Ah, sweet Eumenides, I now perceive thou art he, and that myself have the name of Endymion; but that this should be my body I doubt, for how could my curled locks be turned to gray hairs and my strong body to a dying weakness, having waxed old, and not knowing it.

Cynth. Well, Endymion, arise. [*Endymion, trying to rise, sinks back.*] A while sit down, for that thy limbs are stiff and not able to stay thee, and tell what hast thou seen in thy sleep all this while, — what dreams, visions, thoughts, and fortunes; for it is impossible but in so long time thou shouldst see things strange.

End. Fair Cynthia, I will rehearse what I have seen, humbly desiring that when I exceed in length, you give me warning, that I may end; for to utter all I have to speak would be troublesome, although haply the strangeness may somewhat abate the tediousness.

Cynth. Well, Endymion, begin.

End. Methought I saw a lady passing fair, but very mischievous, who in the one hand carried a knife with which she offered to cut my throat, and in the other a looking-glass, wherein seeing how ill anger becometh ladies, she

refrained from intended violence. She was accompanied with other damsels, one of which, with a stern countenance, and as it were with a settled malice engraven in her eyes, provoked her to execute mischief; another, with visage sad, and constant only in sorrow, with her arms crossed, and watery eyes, seemed to lament my fortune, but durst not offer to prevent the force. I started in my sleep, feeling my very veins to swell and my sinews to stretch with fear, and such a cold sweat bedewed all my body that death itself could not be so terrible as the vision.

Cynth. A strange sight! Gyptes, at our better leisure, shall expound it.

End. After long debating with herself, mercy overcame anger, and there appeared in her heavenly face such a divine majesty mingled with a sweet mildness that I was ravished with the sight above measure, and wished that I might have enjoyed the sight without end: and so she departed with the other ladies, of which the one retained still an unmovable cruelty, the other a constant pity.

Cynth. Poor Endymion, how wast thou affrighted! What else?

End. After her, immediately appeared an aged man with a beard as white as snow, carrying in his hand a book with three leaves, and speaking, as I remember, these words: "Endymion, receive this book with three leaves, in which are contained counsels, policies, and pictures," and with that he offered me the book, which I rejected; wherewith, moved with a disdainful pity, he rent the first leaf in a thousand shivers. The second time he offered it, which I refused also; at which, bending his brows, and pitching his eyes fast to the ground, as though they were fixed to the earth and not again to be removed, then suddenly casting them up to the heavens, he tore in a rage the second leaf, and offered the book only with one leaf. I know not whether fear to offend or desire to know some strange thing moved me: I took the book, and so the old man vanished.

Cynth. What didst thou imagine was in the last leaf?

End. There portray'd to life, with a cold quaking in every joint, I beheld many wolves barking at thee, Cynthia, who having ground their teeth to bite, did with striving bleed themselves to death. There might I see Ingratitude with an hundred eyes gazing for benefit, and with a thousand teeth gnawing on the bowels wherein she was bred; Treachery stood all clothed in white, with a smiling countenance, but both her hands bathed in blood; Envy with a pale and meagre face (whose body was so lean that one might tell all her bones, and whose garment was so tatter'd that it was easy to number every thread) stood shooting at stars, whose darts fell down again on her own face. There might I behold drones or beetles — I know not how to term them — creeping under the wings of a princely eagle, who, being carried into her nest, sought there

¹ Or *here*. Old edd. read *heere*.

² Appearance.

to suck that vein that would have killed the eagle. I mused that things so base should attempt a fact so barbarous, or durst imagine a thing so bloody. And many other things, madam, the repetition whereof may at your better leisure seem more pleasing, for bees surfeit sometimes with honey, and the gods are glutted with harmony, and your highness may be dulled with delight.

Cynth. I am content to be dieted; therefore, let us in. Eumenides, see that Endymion be well tended, lest either eating immoderately or sleeping again too long, he fall into a deadly surfeit or into his former sleep. See this also be proclaimed: that whosoever will discover this practice shall have of Cynthia infinite thanks and no small rewards.

Exeunt [all except ENDYMION, EUMENIDES, FLOSCULA and SEMELE]

Flosc. Ah, Endymion, none so joyful as Floscula of thy restoring.

Eum. Yes, Floscula, let Eumenides be somewhat gladder, and do not that wrong to the settled friendship of a man as to compare it with the light affection of a woman. Ah, my dear friend Endymion, suffer me to die with gazing at thee.

End. Eumenides, thy friendship is immortal and not to be conceived; and thy good will, Floscula, better than I have deserved; but let us all wait on Cynthia. I marvel Semele speaketh not a word.

Eum. Because if she do, she loseth her tongue.

End. But how prospereth your love?

Eum. I never yet spake word since your sleep.

End. I doubt not but your affection is old and your appetite cold.

Eum. No, Endymion, thine hath made it stronger, and now are my sparks grown to flames and my fancies almost to frenzies; but let us follow, and within we will debate all this matter at large.

SCENE II.¹

[Enter] Sir TOPHAS and EPITON.

Top. Epi, Love hath justled my liberty from the wall, and taken the upper hand of my reason.

Epi. Let me then trip up the heels of your affection and thrust your good will into the gutter.

Top. No, pi, Love is a lord of misrule and keepeth Christmas in my corps.

Epi. No doubt there is good cheer: what dishes of delight doth his lordship feast you withal?

Top. First, with a great platter of plum porridge of pl ure, wherein is stewed the mutton of distrust.

Epi. Excellent love-pap.

Top. Then cometh a pie of patience, a hen

of honey, a goose of gall, a capon of care, and many other viands, some sweet and some sour, which proveth love to be, as it was said of in old years, *Dulce venenum*.

Epi. A brave banquet!

Top. But, Epi, I pray thee feel on my chin; something pricketh me. What dost thou feel or see?

Epi. There are three or four little hairs.

Top. I pray thee call it my beard. How shall I be troubled when this young spring shall grow to a great wood!

Epi. Oh, sir, your chin is but a quiller yet; you will be most majestical when it is full-fledged. But I marvel that you love Dipsas, that old crone.

Top. *Agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ*; I love the smoke of an old fire.

Epi. Why she is so cold that no fire can thaw her thoughts.

Top. It is an old goose, Epi, that will eat no oats; old kine will kick, old rats gnaw cheese, and old sacks will have much patching. I prefer an old coney before a rabbit-sucker, and an ancient hen before a young chicken-peeper.

Epi. [Aside.] *Argumentum ab antiquitate*; my master loveth antique work.

Top. Give me a pippin that is withered like an old wife!

Epi. Good, sir.

Top. Then, — a *contrario sequitur argumentum*, — give me a wife that looks like an old pippin.

Epi. [Aside.] Nothing hath made my master a fool but flat scholarship.

Top. Knowest thou not that old wine is best?

Epi. Yes.

Top. And thou knowest that like will to like?

Epi. Ay.

Top. And thou knowest that Venus loved the best wine?

Epi. So.

Top. Then I conclude that Venus was an old woman in an old cup of wine, for *est Venus in vinis, ignis in igne fuit*.

Epi. *O lepidum caput*! O madcap master! You were worthy to win Dipsas, were she as old again, for in your love you have worn the nap of your wit quite off and made it threadbare. But soft, who comes here?

[Enter SAMIAS and DARES.]

Top. My solicitors.

Sam. All hail, Sir Tophas; how feel you yourself?

Top. Stately in every joint, which the common people term stiffness. Doth Dipsas stoop? Will she yield? Will she bend?

Dar. Oh, sir, as much as you would wish, for her chin almost toucheth her knees.

Epi. Master, she is bent, I warrant you.

¹ Grove.

² Old edd. *be*.

³ An unfledged bird.

⁴ Adapted from Ovid, *Art.*

⁵ Virgil, *Æneid*, iv. 23.

Amat i. 244.

⁶ A sucking rabbit.

⁷ Terence, *Adelphi*, v. 9. 9.

¹ in the Gardens of the Palace.

² No Baker. Old edd. read *love lappe*.

Top. What conditions doth she ask?
Sam. She hath vowed she will never love any that hath not a tooth in his head less than ^[20] she.

Top. How many hath she?

Dar. One.

Epi. That goeth hard, master, for then you must have none. ^[65]

Top. A small request, and agreeable to the gravity of her years. What should a wise man do with his mouth full of bones like a charnel-house? The turtle true hath ne'er a tooth.

Sam. [*Aside.*] Thy master is in a notable ^[50] vein, that will lose his teeth to be like a turtle.

Epi. [*Aside.*] Let him lose his tongue, too; I care not.

Dar. Nay, you must also have no nails, for she long since hath cast hers. ^[75]

Top. That I yield to. What a quiet life shall Dipsas and I lead when we can neither bite nor scratch! You may see, youths, how age provides for peace.

Sam. [*Aside.*] How shall we do to make ^[100] him leave his love, for we never spake to her?

Dar. [*Aside.*] Let me alone. [*To Sir TOPHAS.*] She is a notable witch, and hath turned her maid Bagoa to an aspen tree, for bewraying her secrets. ^[105]

Top. I honour her for her cunning, for now when I am weary of walking on two legs, what a pleasure may she do me to turn me to some goodly ass, and help me to four.

Dar. Nay, then I must tell you the ^[110] truth. Her husband, Geron, is come home, who this fifty years hath had her to wife.

Top. What do I hear? Hath she an husband? Go to the sexton and tell him Desire is dead, and will him to dig his grave. O ^[115] heavens, an husband! What death is agreeable to my fortune?

Sam. Be not desperate, and we will help you to find a young lady.

Top. I love no grissels¹; they are so brittle they will crack like glass, or so dainty that if they be touched they are straight of the fashion of wax; *animus majoribus instat*,² I desire old matrons. What a sight would it be to embrace one whose hair were as orient as ^[125] the pearl, whose teeth shall be so pure a watchet³ that they shall stain the truest turquoise, whose nose shall throw more beams from it than the fiery carbuncle, whose eyes shall be environ'd about with redness exceeding the deepest coral, and whose lips might compare with silver for the paleness! Such a one if you can help me to, I will by piecemeal curtail my affections towards Dipsas, and walk my swelling thoughts till they be cold. ^[135]

Epi. Wisely provided. How say you, my friends, will you angle for my master's cause?

Sam. Most willingly.

Dar. If we speed him not shortly, I will burn my cap. We will serve him of the spades, ^[140] and dig an old wife out of the grave that shall be verable to his gravity.

Top. Youths, adieu; he that bringeth me first news, shall possess mine inheritance.

[*Exit Sir TOPHAS.*]

Dar. What, is thy master landed?

Epi. Know you not that my master is *liber tenens*? ^[145]

Sam. What's that?

Epi. A freeholder. But I will after him.

Sam. And we to hear what news of *Endymion* for the conclusion. ^[150] [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.⁴

[*Enter*] PANELION and ZONTES.

Pan. Who would have thought that Tellus, being so fair by nature, so honourable by birth, so wise by education, would have entered into a mischief to the gods so odious, to men so detestable, and to her friend so malicious. ^[5]

Zon. If Bagoa had not bewrayed it, how then should it have come to light? But we see that gold and fair words are of force to corrupt the strongest men, and therefore able to work silly women like wax. ^[10]

Pan. I marvel what Cynthia will determine in this cause.

Zon. I fear, as in all causes:—hear of it in justice, and then judge of it in mercy; for how can it be that she that is unwilling to punish ^[15] her deadliest foes with disgrace, will revenge injuries of her train with death.

Pan. That old witch, Dipsas, in a rage, having understood her practice to be discovered, turned poor Bagoa to an aspen tree. But let ^[20] us make haste and bring Tellus before Cynthia, for she was coming out after us.

Zon. Let us go.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter*] CYNTHIA, SEMELE, FLOSCULA, DIPSAS, ENDYMION, EUMENIDES, GERON, PYTHAGORAS, GYPTES, and Sir TOPHAS].

Cynth. Dipsas, thy years are not so many as thy vices, yet more in number than commonly ^[25] nature doth afford or justice should permit. Hast thou almost these fifty years practised that detested wickedness of witchcraft? Wast thou, so simple as for to know the nature of simples, of all creatures to be most sinful? Thou hast ^[30] threat'ned to turn my course awry and alter by thy damnable art the government that I now possess by the eternal gods; but know thou, Dipsas, and let all the enchanters know, that Cynthia, being placed for light on earth, is also ^[35] protected by the powers of heaven. Breathe out thou mayest words; gather thou mayest herbs; find out thou mayest stones agreeable to thine art; yet of no force to appal my heart, in which courage is so rooted, and constant ^[40] persuasion of the mercy of the gods so grounded, that all thy witchcraft I esteem as weak as the world doth thy case wretched. This noble gentleman, Geron, once thy husband but now thy mortal hate, didst thou procure to live in ^[45] a desert, almost desperate; Endymion, the flower of my court and the hope of succeeding

¹ Girls. ² Ovid. *Ars Amat.*, ii. 535. ³ Pale blue.

⁴ The same.

time, hast thou bewitched by art, before thou wouldst suffer him to flourish by nature.

Dipsas. Madam, things past may be repented, not recalled: there is nothing so wicked that I have not done, nor anything so wished for as death; yet among all the things that I committed, there is nothing so much tormenteth my rented and ransack'd thoughts as that in the prime of my husband's youth I divorced him by my devilish art; for which if to die might be amends, I would not live till to-morrow; if to live and still be more miserable would better content him, I would wish of all creatures to be oldest and ugliest.

Geron. Dipsas, thou hast made this difference between me and Endymion, that being both young, thou hast caused me to wake in melancholy, losing the joys of my youth, and him to sleep, not rememb'ring youth.

Cynth. Stay, here cometh Tellus; we shall now know all.

[Re-enter PANELION and ZONTES, with CORSITES and TELLUS.]

Cors. I would to Cynthia thou couldst make as good an excuse in truth as to me thou hast done by wit.

Tellus. Truth shall be mine answer, and therefore I will not study for an excuse.

Cynth. Is it possible, Tellus, that so few years should harbour so many mischiefs? Thy swelling pride have I borne, because it is a thing that beauty maketh blameless, which the more it exceedeth fairness in measure, the more it stretcheth itself in disdain. Thy devices against Corsites I smile at, for that wits, the sharper they are, the shrewder they are; but this unacquainted and most unnatural practice with a vile enchantress against so noble a gentleman as Endymion I abhor as a thing most malicious, and will revenge as a deed most monstrous. And as for you, Dipsas, I will send you into the desert amongst wild beasts, and try whether you can cast lions, tigers, boars, and bears into as dead a sleep as you did Endymion, or turn them to trees, as you have done Bagoas. But tell me, Tellus, what was the cause of this cruel part, far unfitting thy sex, in which nothing should be but simpleness, and much disagreeing from thy face, in which nothing seemed to be but softness.

Tellus. Divine Cynthia, by whom I receive my life and am content to end it, I can neither excuse my fault without lying, nor confess it without shame; yet were it possible that in so heavenly thoughts as yours there could fall such earthly motions as mine, I would then hope, if not to be pardoned without extreme punishment, yet to be heard without great marvel.

Cynth. Say on, Tellus; I cannot imagine any thing that can colour such a cruelty.

Tellus. Endymion, that Endymion, in the prime of his youth, so ravish'd my heart with love, that to obtain my desires I could not find means, nor to resist them reason. What was

she that favoured not Endymion, being young, wise, honourable, and virtuous; besides, what metal was she made of (be she mortal) that is not affected with the spice, nay, infected with the poison of that not-to-be-expressed yet always-to-be-felt love, which breaketh the brains and never bruise the brow, consumeth the heart and never toucheth the skin, and maketh a deep scar to be seen before any wound at all be felt? My heart, too tender to withstand such a divine fury, yielded to love. Madam, I, not without blushing, confess [I] yielded to love.

Cynth. A strange effect of love, to work such an extreme hate. How say you, Endymion? All this was for love?

End. I say, madam, then the gods send me a woman's hate.

Cynth. That were as bad, for then by contrary you should never sleep. But on, Tellus; let us hear the end.

Tellus. Feeling a continual burning in all my bowels, and a bursting almost in every vein, I could not smother the inward fire, but it must needs be perceived by the outward smoke; and by the flying abroad of divers sparks, divers judged of my scalding flames. Endymion, as full of art as wit, marking mine eyes, (in which he might see almost his own,) my sighs, (by which he might ever hear his name sounded,) aimed at my heart, in which he was assured his person was imprinted, and by questions wrung out that which was ready to burst out. When he saw the depth of my affections, he swore that mine in respect of his were as fumes to Ætna, valleys to Alps, ants to eagles, and nothing could be compared to my beauty but his love and eternity. Thus drawing a smooth shoe upon a crooked foot, he made me believe that (which all of our sex willingly acknowledge) I was beautiful, and to wonder (which indeed is a thing miraculous) that any of his sex should be faithful.

Cynth. Endymion, how will you clear yourself?

End. Madam, by mine own accuser.

Cynth. Well, Tellus, proceed; but briefly, lest taking delight in uttering thy love, thou offend us with the length of it.

Tellus. I will, madam, quickly make an end of my love and my tale. Finding continual increase of my tormenting thoughts, and that the enjoying of my love made deeper wounds than the entering into it, I could find no means to ease my grief but to follow Endymion, and continually to have him in the object of mine eyes who had me slave and subject to his love. But in the moment that I feared his falsehood and tried myself most in mine affections, I found — ah, grief, even then I lost myself! — I found him in most melancholy and desperate terms cursing his stars, his state, the earth, the heavens, the world, and all for the love of —

Cynth. Of whom? Tellus, speak boldly.

¹ Wickeded.

² Unheard of.

³ Bond transposes *scar* and *wound*; and *seen* and *fell*.

Tellus. Madam, I dare not utter, for fear to offend. ¹⁷⁵

Cynth. Speak, I say; who dare take offence, if thou be commanded by Cynthia?

Tellus. For the love of Cynthia.

Cynth. For my love, *Tellus*? That were strange. *Endymion*, is it true? ¹⁸⁰

End. In all things, madam, *Tellus* doth not speak false.

Cynth. What will this breed to in the end? Will *Endymion* we shall hear all.

Tellus. I, seeing my hopes turned to mis- ¹⁸⁵haps, and a settled dissembling towards me, and an immovable desire to Cynthia, forgetting both myself and my sex, fell into this unnatural hate; for knowing your virtues, Cynthia, to be immortal, I could not have an imagination to with- ¹⁹⁰draw him, and finding mine own affections unquenchable, I could not carry the mind that any else should possess what I had pursued. For though in majesty, beauty, virtue, and dignity, I always humbled and yielded myself ¹⁹⁵to Cynthia, yet in affections I esteemed myself equal with the goddesses, and all other creatures, according to their states, with myself, for stars to their bigness have their lights, and the sun hath no more, and little pitchers, when ²⁰⁰they can hold no more, are as full as great vessels that run over. Thus, madam, in all truth have I uttered the unhappiness of my love and the cause of my hate, yielding wholly to that divine judgment which never erred for want of ²⁰⁵wisdom or envied for too much partiality.

Cynth. How say you, my lords, to this matter? But what say you, *Endymion*; hath *Tellus* told truth?

End. Madam, in all things but in that ²¹⁰she said I loved her and swore to honour her.

Cynth. Was there such a time whenas for my love thou didst vow thyself to death, and in respect of it loathed thy life? Speak, *Endymion*; I will not revenge it with hate. ²¹⁵

End. The time was, madam, and is, and ever shall be, that I honoured your highness above all the world, but to stretch it so far as to call it love I never durst. There hath none pleased mine eye but Cynthia, none delighted ²²⁰mine ears but Cynthia, none possessed my heart but Cynthia. I have forsaken all other fortunes to follow Cynthia, and here I stand ready to die, if it please Cynthia. Such a difference hath the gods set between our states that all must be ²²⁵duty, loyalty, and reverence; nothing (without it vouchsafe your highness) be termed love. My unspotted thoughts, my languishing body, my discontented life, let them obtain by princely favour that which to challenge they ²³⁰must not presume, only wishing of impossibilities; with imagination of which I will spend my spirits, and to myself, that no creature may hear, softly call it love; and if any urge to utter what I whisper, then will I name it honour. ²³⁵From this sweet contemplation if I be not driven, I shall live of all men the most content, taking more pleasure in mine aged thoughts than ever I did in my youthful actions.

Cynth. *Endymion*, this honourable respect ²⁴⁰

of thine shall be christened love in thee, and my reward for it, favour. Persevere, *Endymion*, in loving me, and I account more strength in a true heart than in a walled city. I have laboured to win all, and study to keep such as I ²⁴⁵have won; but those that neither my favour can move to continue constant, nor my offered benefits get to be faithful, the gods shall either reduce to truth, or revenge their treacheries with justice. *Endymion*, continue as thou hast ²⁵⁰begun, and thou shalt find that Cynthia shineth not on thee in vain.

End. Your Highness hath blessed me, and your words have again restored my youth; methinks I feel my joints strong and these ²⁵⁵mouldy hairs to moult, and all by your virtue, Cynthia, into whose hands the balance that weigheth time and fortune are committed.

Cynth. What, young again! Then it is pity to punish *Tellus*. ²⁶⁰

Tellus. Ah, *Endymion*, now I know thee and ask pardon of thee; suffer me still to wish thee well.

End. *Tellus*, Cynthia must command what she will. ²⁶⁵

Flosc. *Endymion*, I rejoice to see thee in thy former estate.

End. Good *Floscula*, to thee also am I in my former affections.

Eum. *Endymion*, the comfort of my life, ²⁷⁰how am I ravished with a joy matchless, saving only the enjoying of my mistress.

Cynth. *Endymion*, you must now tell who *Eumenides* shineth for his saint.

End. Semele, madam. ²⁷⁵

Cynth. Semele, *Eumenides*? Is it Semele, the very wasp of all women, whose tongue stingeth as much as an adder's tooth?

Eum. It is Semele, Cynthia, the possessing of whose love must only prolong my life. ²⁸⁰

Cynth. Nay, sith *Endymion* is restored, we will have all parties pleased. Semele, are you content after so long trial of his faith, such rare secrecy, such unspotted love, to take *Eumenides*? Why speak you not? Not a word? ²⁸⁵*End.* Silence, madam, consents; that is most true.

Cynth. It is true, *Endymion*. *Eumenides*, take Semele; take her, I say.

Eum. Humble thanks, madam; now only ²⁹⁰do I begin to live.

Sem. A hard choice, madam, either to be married if I say nothing, or to lose my tongue if I speak a word. Yet do I rather choose to have my tongue cut out than my heart distem- ²⁹⁵pered: I will not have him.

Cynth. Speaks the parrot! She shall nod hereafter with signs. Cut off her tongue, nay her head, that having a servant of honourable birth, honest manners, and true love, will not be ³⁰⁰persuaded.

Sem. He is no faithful lover, madam, for then would he have asked his mistress.

Ger. Had he not been faithful, he had never seen into the fountain, and so lost his friend ³⁰⁵and mistress.

Eum. Thine own thoughts, sweet Semele,

witness against thy words, for what hast thou found in my life but love? And as yet what have I found in my love but bitterness? [310] Madam, pardon Semele, and let my tongue ransom hers.

Cynth. Thy tongue, Eumenides! What, shouldst thou live wanting a tongue to blaze the beauty of Semele! Well, Semele, I will [315] not command love, for it cannot be enforced; let me entreat it.

Sem. I am content your highness shall command, for now only do I think Eumenides faithful, that is willing to lose his tongue for my [320] sake; yet loath, because it should do me better service. Madam, I accept of Eumenides.

Cynth. I thank you, Semele.

Eum. Ah, happy Eumenides, that hast a friend so faithful and a mistress so fair! [325] With what sudden mischief will the gods daunt this excess of joy? Sweet Semele, I live or die as thou wilt.

Cynth. What shall become of Tellus? Tellus, you know Endymion is vowed to a service [330] from which death cannot remove him. Corsites casteth still a lovely look towards you. How say you, will you have your Corsites, and so receive pardon for all that is past?

Tellus. Madam, most willingly. [335]

Cynth. But I cannot tell whether Corsites be agreed.

Cors. Ay, madam, more happy to enjoy Tellus than the monarchy of the world.

Eum. Why, she caused you to be pinch'd [340] with fairies.

Cors. Ay, but her fairness hath pinched my heart more deeply.

Cynth. Well, enjoy thy love. But what have you wrought in the castle, Tellus? [345]

Tellus. Only the picture of Endymion.

Cynth. Then so much of Endymion as his picture cometh to, possess and play withal.

Cors. Ah, my sweet Tellus, my love shall be as thy beauty is, matchless. [350]

Cynth. Now it resteth, Dipsas, that if thou wilt forswear that vile art of enchanting, Geron hath promised again to receive thee; otherwise, if thou be wedded to that wickedness, I must and will see it punished to the uttermost. [355]

Dipsas. Madam, I renounce both substance and shadow of that most horrible and hateful trade, vowing to the gods continual penance, and to your highness obedience.

Cynth. How say you, Geron; will you admit her to your wife? [360]

Ger. Ay, with more joy than I did the first day, for nothing could happen to make me happy but only her forsaking that lewd¹ and detestable course. Dipsas, I embrace thee. [365]

Dipsas. And I thee, Geron, to whom I will hereafter recite the cause of these my first folles.

Cynth. Well, Endymion, nothing resteth now but that we depart. Thou hast my favour; [370] Tellus her friend; Eumenides in Paradise with his Semele; Geron content with Dipsas.

Sir Top. Nay, soft; I cannot handsomely go to bed without Bagoa.

Cynth. Well, Sir Tophas, it may be there [375] are more virtues in me than myself knoweth of, for Endymion I awaked, and at my words he waxed young. I will try whether I can turn this tree again to thy true love.

Top. Turn her to a true love or false, so [380] she be a wench I care not.

Cynth. Bagoa, Cynthia putteth an end to thy hard fortunes, for, being turn'd to a tree for revealing a truth, I will recover thee again, if in my power be the effect of truth. [385]

[BAGOA recovers human shape.]

Top. Bagoa, a bots² upon thee!

Cynth. Come, my lords, let us in. You, Gyptes and Pythagoras, if you can content yourselves in our court, to fall from vain follies of philosophers to such virtues as are here practised, [390] you shall be entertained according to your deserts, for Cynthia is no stepmother to strangers.

Pythag. I had rather in Cynthia's court spend ten years than in Greece one hour.

Gyptes. And I choose rather to live by [395] the sight of Cynthia than by the possessing of all Egypt.

Cynth. Then follow.

Eum. We all attend.

Exeunt.

¹ Mean, base.

² Worms. A comic execration.

THE EPILOGUE

A MAN walking abroad, the Wind and Sun strove for sovereignty, the one with his blast, the other with his beams. The Wind blew hard; the man wrapped his garment about him harder: it blust'ered more strongly; he then girt it fast to him. "I cannot prevail," said the Wind. The Sun, casting her crystal beams, began to warm the man; he unloosed his gown: yet it shined brighter; he then put it off. "I yield," said the Wind, "for if thou continue shining, he will also put off [5] his coat."

Dread Sovereign, the malicious that seek to overthrow us with threats, do but stuffen our thoughts, and make them sturdier in storms; but if your highness vouchsafe with your favourable beams to glance upon us, we shall not only stoop, but with all humility lay both our hands and hearts at your majesty's feet. [6]

THE OLD WIVES TALE

BY

GEORGE PEELE

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SACRAPANT.
First Brother, named CALYPHA.
Second Brother, named T A.
EUMENIDES.
ERESTUS.
LAMPRISCUS.
HUANEANGO.
CORREBUS.
WIGGEN.
Churchwarden.
Sexton.
Ghost of JACK.

Friar, Harvest-men, Furies, Fiddlers, &c.
DELIA, sister to CALYPHA and TRELEA.
VENNELA, betrothed to ERESTUS.
ZANTIPPA, } daughters to LAMPRISCUS.
CELANTA, }
Hostess
ANTIC.
FROLIC.
FANTASTIC
CLUNCH, a smith.
MADGE, his wife.]

Enter ANTIC, FROLIC, and FANTASTIC.

Ant. How now, fellow Frolic!¹ What, all
ort?² Doth this sadness become thy mad-
ness? What though we have lost our way in the
woods, yet never hang the head as though thou
hadst no hope to live till to-morrow; for [⁵
Fantastic and I will warrant thy life to-night
for twenty in the hundred.

Fro. Antic and Fantastic, as I am frolic
franon,³ never in all my life was I so dead
slain. What, to lose our way in the wood, [¹⁰
without either fire or candle, so uncomfortable!
O *caelum!* O *terra!* O *Maria!* O Neptune!

Fan. Why makes thou it so strange, seeing
Cupid hath led our young master to the fair
lady, and she is the only saint that he hath [¹⁵
sworn to serve?

Fro. What resteth, then, but we commit him
to his wench, and each of us take his stand up
in a tree, and sing out our ill fortune to the
tune of "*O man in desperation*!"⁴ [²⁰

Ant. Desperately spoken, fellow Frolic, in
the dark; but seeing it falls out thus, let us
rehearse the old proverb:

"Three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men be we;
I in the wood, and thou on the ground,
And Jack sleeps in the tree."⁵

Fan. Hush! a dog in the wood, or a wooden⁶
dog! O comfortable hearing! I had even as lief
the chamberlain of the White Horse had [²⁵
lled me up to bed.

Fro. either hath this trotting cur gone out of
his circuit, or else are we near some village,
which should not be far off, for I perceive the

¹ Q *Frankie*.

² jected.

³ A gay fellow.

⁴ With a p on od, mad.

Enter [CLUNCH] a smith, with a lantern and
candle.

glimmering of a glow-worm, a candle, or a [³⁰
cat's eye, my life for a halfpenny! In the name
of my own father, be thou ox or ass that
appearest, tell us what thou art.

Smith. What am I? Why, I am Clunch the
smith. What are you? What make you in [³⁵
my territories at this time of the night?

Ant. What do we make, dost thou ask?
Why, we make faces for fear, such as if thy
mortal eyes could behold, would make thee
water the long seams of thy side slops,⁶ [⁴⁰
smith.

Fro. And, in faith, sir, unless your hospitality
do relieve us, we are like to wander, with a
sorrowful heigh-ho, among the owlets and hob-
goblins of the forest. Good Vulcan, for [⁴⁵
Cupid's sake that hath cozened us all, befriend
us as thou mayst; and command us howsoever,
wheresoever, whensoever, in whatsoever, for
ever and ever.

Smith. Well, masters, it seems to me you [⁵⁰
have lost your way in the wood; in considera-
tion whereof, if you will go with Clunch to his
cottage, you shall have house-room and a good
fire to sit by, although we have no bedding to
put you in. [⁵⁵

All. O blessed smith, O bountiful Clunch!
Smith. For your further entertainment, it
shall be as it may be, so and so.

A dog barks [within].
Hark!⁶ this is Ball my dog, that bids you
all welcome in his own language. Come, take [⁶⁰
heed for stumbling on the threshold. — Open
door, Madge; take in guests.

⁵ Long wide trousers.

⁶ The scene is now at the cottage.

Enter [MADGE, an] old woman.

*Madge.*¹ Welcome, Clunch, and good fellows all, that come with my good-man. For my good-man's sake, come on, sit down; here is [70 a piece of cheese, and a pudding of my own making.

Ant. Thanks, gammer; a good example for the wives of our town.

Fro. Gammer, thou and thy good-man sit [75 lovingly together, we come to chat, and not to eat.

Smith. Well, masters, if you will eat nothing, take away. Come, what do we to pass away the time? Lay a crab in the fire to roast for [80 lamb's-wool.² What, shall we have a game at trump³ or ruff³ to drive away the time? How say you?

Fan. This smith leads a life as merry as a king with Madge his wife. Surrah Frolic, I [85 am sure thou art not without some round or other; no doubt but Clunch can bear his part.

Fro. Else think you me ill brought up; so set to it when you will. *They sing.*

Song

Whenas the rye reach to the chin, 90
And chopcherry, chopcherry ripe within,
Strawberries swimming in the cream,
And school-boys playing in the stream;
Then, O, then, O, then, O, my true-love said,
Till that time come again 95
She could not live a maid.

Ant. This sport does well; but methinks, gammer, a merry winter's tale would drive away the time trimly. Come, I am sure you are not without a score. 100

Fan. I'faith, gammer, a tale of an hour long were as good as an hour's sleep.

Fro. Look you, gammer, of the giant and the king's daughter, and I know not what. I have seen the day, when I was a little one, [105 you might have drawn me a mile after you with such a discourse.

Madge. Well, since you be so importunate, my good-man shall fill the pot and get him to bed, they that ply their work must keep [110 good hours. One of you go lie with him; he is a clean-skinned man I tell you, without either spavin or wind-gall: so I am content to drive away the time with an old wives' winter's tale.

Fan. No better hay in Devonshire; o' my [115 word, gammer, I'll be one of your audience.

Fro. And I another, that's flat.

Ant. Then must I to bed with the good-man. — *Bona nox*, gammer. — Good night, Frolic.

Smith. Come on, my lad, thou shalt take [120 thy unnatural rest with me.

Exit ANTIC and the smith.

Fro. Yet this vantage shall we have of them in the morning, to be ready at the sight thereof extempore.

¹ Madge is called *old woman* in the speech-tags throughout in Q.

² A drink made of ale and the pulp of roasted crab-apples.

³ A common card game.

Madge. Now this bargain, my masters, [125 must I make with you, that you will say hum and ha to my tale, so shall I know you are awake.

Both. Content, gammer, that will we do.

Madge. Once upon a time, there was a [130 king, or a lord, or a duke, that had a fair daughter, the fairest that ever was, as white as snow and as red as blood, and once upon a time his daughter was stolen away; and he sent all his men to seek out his daughter; and he [135 sent so long, that he sent all his men out of his land.

Fro. Who drest his dinner, then?

Madge. Nay, either hear my tale, or kiss my tail. [140

Fan. Well said! On with your tale, gammer.

Madge. O Lord, I quite forgot! There was a conjurer, and this conjurer could do any thing, and he turned himself into a great dragon, and carried the king's daughter away in his [145 mouth to a castle that he made of stone; and there he kept her I know not how long, till at last all the king's men went out so long that her two brothers went to seek her. O, I forget! she (he, I would say,) turned a proper⁴ [150 young man to a bear in the night, and a man in the day, and keeps⁵ by a cross that parts three several ways; and he made his lady run mad — Gods me bones, who comes here?

Enter the Two Brothers.

Fro. Soft, gammer, here some come to [155 tell your tale for you.

Fan. Let them alone; let us hear what they will say.

1 *Bro.* Upon these chalky cliffs of Albion We are arrived now with tedious toil; [160 And compassing the wide world round about, To seek our sister, to seek fair Delia forth, Yet cannot we so much as hear of her.

2 *Bro.* O fortune cruel, cruel and unkind! Unkind in that we cannot find our sister, [165 Our sister, hapless in her cruel chance! Soft! who have we here?

Enter Senex [ERESTUS] at the cross, stooping to gather.

1 *Bro.* Now, father, God be your speed! What do you gather there?

*Erest.*⁶ Hips and haws, and sticks and [170 straws, and things that I gather on the ground, my son.

1 *Bro.* Hips and haws, and sticks and straws! Why, is that all your food, father?

Erest. Yea, son. 175

2 *Bro.* Father, here is an alms-penny for me; and if I speed in that I go for, I will give thee as good a gown of grey as ever thou didst wear.

1 *Bro.* And, father, here is another alms- [180 penny for me; and if I speed in my journey, I

⁴ Handsome.

⁵ [The young man] lives.

⁶ Erestus is called *old man* in the s ch-ta throughout in Q.

will grve thee a palmer's staff of ivory, and a scallop-shell of beaten gold.

Erest. Was she fair?

2 Bro. Ay, the fairest for white, and the [185] purest for red, as the blood of the deer, or the driven snow.

Erest. Then hark well, and mark well, my old spell

Be not afraid of every stranger;
Start not aside at every danger;
Things that seem are not the same;
Blow a blast at every flame;
For when one flame of fire goes out,
Then comes your wishes well about.
If any ask who told you this good, [195]
Say, the white bear of England's wood.

1 Bro. Brother, heard you not what the old man said?

"Be not afraid of every stranger;
Start not aside for every danger;
Things that seem are not the same;
Blow a blast at every flame;
[For when one flame of fire goes out,
Then comes your wishes well about:]
If any ask who told you this good,
Say, the white bear of England's wood." [205]

2 Bro. Well, if this do us any good,
Well fare the white bear of England's wood!

Exeunt [the Two Brothers].

Erest. Now sit thee here, and tell a heavy tale,

Sad in thy mood, and sober in thy cheer;
Here sit thee now, and to thyself relate [210]
The hard mishap of thy most wretched state.

In Thessaly I liv'd in sweet content,
Until that fortune wrought my overthrow;
For there I wedded was unto a dame,
That liv'd in honour, virtue, love, and fame. [215]

But Sacrapant, that cursed sorcerer,
Being besotted with my beauteous love,
My dearest love, my true betrothed wife,
Did seek the means to rid me of my life.
But worse than this, he with his chanting [220]
spells

Did turn me straight unto an ugly bear;
And when the sun doth settle in the west,
Then I begin to don my ugly hide.
And all the day I sit, as now you see,
And speak in riddles, all inspir'd with rage, [225]
Seeming an old and miserable man,
And yet I am in April of my age.

Enter VENELIA his lady, mad; and goes in again.

See where Venelia, my betrothed love,
Runs madding, all enrag'd, about the woods,
All by his cursed and enchanting spells. — [230]

Enter LAMPRISEUS with a pot of honey.

But here comes Lampriscus, my discontented neighbour. How now, neighbour! You look toward the ground as well as I; you muse on something.

Lamp. Neighbour, on nothing but on the [235] matter I so often moved to you. If you do anything for charity, help me; if for neighbour-

hood or brotherhood, help me: never was one so cumbered as is poor Lampriscus; and to begin, I pray receive this pot of honey, to [240] mend your fare

Erest. Thanks, neighbour, set it down; honey is always welcome to the bear. And now, neighbour, let me hear the cause of your coming. [245]

Lamp. I am, as you know, neighbour, a man unmarried; and lived so unquietly with my two wives, that I keep every year holy the day wherein I buried them both: the first was on Saint Andrew's day, the other on Saint [250] Luke's.

Erest. And now, neighbour, you of this country say, your custom is out. But on with your tale, neighbour.

Lamp. By my first wife, whose tongue [255] wearied me alive, and sounded in my ears like the clapper of a great bell, whose talk was a continual torment to all that dwelt by her or lived nigh her, you have heard me say I had a handsome daughter. [260]

Erest. True, neighbour.

Lamp. She it is that afflicts me with her continual clamours, and hangs on me like a bur. Poor she is, and proud she is; as poor as a sheep new-shorn, and as proud of her hopes [265] as a peacock of her tail well-grown.

Erest. Well said, Lampriscus! You speak it like an Englishman.

Lamp. As curst as a wasp, and as froward as a child new-taken from the mother's teat; [270] she is to my age as smoke to the eyes or as vinegar to the teeth.

Erest. Holily praised, neighbour. As much for the next.

Lamp. By my other wife I had a daughter [275] so hard-favoured, so foul and ill-faced, that I think a grove full of golden trees, and the leaves of rubies and diamonds, would not be a dowry answerable to her deformity.

Erest. Well, neighbour, now you have [280] spoke, hear me speak. Send them to the well for the water of life; there shall they find their fortunes unlooked for. Neighbour, farewell. [285]

Lamp. Farewell, and a thousand! And [285] now goeth poor Lampriscus to put in execution this excellent counsel. [290]

Erest. Why, thus goes round without a fiddling-stick: but, do you hear, gammer, was this the man that was a bear in the night and a man [295] in the day?

Madge. Ay, this is he; and this man that came to him was a beggar, and dwelt upon a green. But soft! who comes here? O, these are the harvest-men; ten to one they sing a [300] song of mowing.

Enter the Harvest-men a-singing, with this song double repeated.

All ye that lovely lovers be,
Pray you for me.
Lo, here we come a-sowing, a-sowing,
And sow sweet fruits of love; [305]
In your sweet hearts well may it prove!

Exeunt.

Enter HUANEBANGO with his two-hand sword,
and BOOBY,¹ the clown.

Fan. Gammer, what is he?

Madge. O, this is one that is going to the conjurer. Let him alone; hear what he says.

Huan. Now, by Mars and Mercury, ^[105]
Jupiter and Janus, Sol and Saturnus, Venus and Vesta, Pallas and Proserpina, and by the honour of my house, Polimackeroeplacidus, it is a wonder to see what this love will make silly fellows adventure, even in the wane of their ^[110]
wits and infancy of their discretion. Alas, my friend! what fortune calls thee forth to seek thy fortune among brazen gates, enchanted towers, fire and brimstone, thunder and lightning? Beauty, I tell thee, is peerless, and ^[115]
she precious whom thou affectest. Do off these desires, good countryman; good friend, run away from thyself; and, so soon as thou canst, forget her, whom none must inherit but he that can monsters tame, labours achieve, riddles ^[120]
absolve, loose enchantments, murder magic, and kill conjuring, — and that is the great and mighty Huanebango.

Booby. Hark you, sir, hark you. First know I have here the furring feather, and have ^[125]
given the parish the start for the long stock: ² now, sir, if it be no more but running through a little lightning and thunder, and "riddle me, riddle me what's this?" I'll have the wench from the conjurer, if he were ten conjurers. ^[130]

Huan. I have abandoned the court and honourable company, to do my devoir against this sore sorcerer and mighty magician: if this lady be so fair as she is said to be, she is mine, she is mine; *meus, mea, meum, in contemptum* ^[135]
omnium grammaticorum.

Booby. O *falsum Latinum!*
The fair maid is *minum*,
Cum apurtinantibus giletis and all.

Huan. If she be mine, as I assure myself ^[140]
the heavens will do somewhat to reward my worthiness, she shall be allied to none of the meanest gods, but be invested in the most famous stock of Huanebango, — Polimackeroeplacidus my grandfather, my father Per- ^[145]
gopolineo, my mother Dionora de Sardinia, famously descended.

Booby. Do you hear, sir? Had not you a cousin that was called Gusteceridis?

Huan. Indeed, I had a cousin that some- ^[150]
time followed the court unfortunately, and his name Bustegusteceridis.

Cor. O Lord, I know him well! He is the knight of the neat's-foot.

Huan. O, he loved no capon better! He ^[155]
hath oftentimes deceived his boy of his dinner; that was his fault, good Bustegusteceridis.

Booby. Come, shall we go along?

[Enter EREASTUS at the cross.]

Soft! here is an old man at the cross; let us ^[160]
k h the way thither. — Ho, you gaffer!

¹ Later, *Corebus*.

² The clown appears to be priding himself his
ry — his plume d long stockings.

I pray you tell where the wise man the conjurer dwells.

Huan. Where that earthly goddess keepeth her abode, the commander of my thoughts, and fair mistress of my heart. ^[165]

Erest. Fair enough, and far enough from thy fingering, son.

Huan. I will follow my fortune after mine own fancy, and do according to mine own discretion. ^[170]

Erest. Yet give something to an old man before you go.

Huan. Father, methinks a piece of this cake might serve your turn.

Erest. Yea, son. ^[175]

Huan. Huanebango giveth no cakes for alms; ask of them that give gifts for poor beggars. — Fair lady, if thou wert once shrined in this bosom, I would buckler thee haratantara. ^[180]

Exit.

Booby. Father, do you see this man? You ^[180]
little think he'll run a mile or two for such a cake, or pass ³ for a pudding. I tell you, father, he has kept such a begging of me for a piece of this cake! Whoo! he comes upon me with "a superfantial substance, and the foison ⁴ of ^[185]
the earth," that I know not what he means. If he came to me thus, and said, "My friend Booby," or so, why, I could spare him a piece with all my heart; but when he tells me how God hath enriched me above other fellows ^[190]
with a cake, why, he makes me blind and deaf at once. Yet, father, here is a piece of cake for you, as hard as the world goes. ⁵ [Gives cake.]

Erest. Thanks, son, but list to me;
He shall be deaf when thou shalt not see. ^[195]
Farewell, my son: things may so hit,
Thou mayst have wealth to mend thy wit.

Cor. Farewell, father, farewell, for I must make haste after my two-hand sword that is gone before. ^[200]

Exeunt omnes.

Enter SACRAPANT in his study.

Sac. The day is clear, the welkin bright and grey,

The lark is merry and records ⁶ her notes;
Each thing rejoiceth underneath the sky,
But only I, whom heaven hath in hate,
Wretched and miserable Sacrapant.

In Thessaly was I born and brought up;
My mother Merce hight, ⁷ a famous witch,
And by her cunning I of her did learn
To change and alter shapes of mortal men.
There did I turn myself into a dragon, ^[210]
And stole away the daughter to the king,
Fair Delia, the mistress of my heart;
And brought her hither to revive the man
That seemeth young and pleasant to behold,
And yet is aged, crooked, weak, and numb. ^[215]
Thus by enchanting spells I do deceive
Those that behold and look upon my face;
But well may I bid youthful years adieu.

³ Care.

⁴ Abundance.

⁵ However hard the times may be.

⁶ Sings.

⁷ C. sd.

Enter DELIA with a pot in her hand.

See where she comes from whence my sorrows grow!

How now, fair Delia! where have you been? ⁴²⁰

Del. At the foot of the rock for running water, and gathering roots for your dinner, sir.

Sac. Ah, Delia, fairer art thou than the running water, yet harder far than steel or adamant! ⁴²⁵

Del. Will it please you to sit down, sir?

Sac. Ay, Delia, sit and ask me what thou wilt,

Thou shalt have it brought into thy lap.

Del. Then, I pray you, sir, let me have the best meat from the King of England's table, ⁴³⁰ and the best wine in all France, brought in by the veriest knave in all Spain.

Sac. Delia, I am glad to see you so pleasant. Well, sit thee down. —

Spread, table, spread, ⁴³⁵

Meat, drink, and bread,

Ever may I have

What I ever crave,

When I am spread,

For meat for my black cock, ⁴⁴⁰

And meat for my red.

Enter a Friar with a chine of beef and a pot of wine.

Here, Delia, will ye fall to?

Del. Is this the best meat in England?

Sac. Yea.

Del. What is it? ⁴⁴⁵

Sac. A chine of English beef, meat for a king and a king's followers.

Del. Is this the best wine in France?

Sac. Yea.

Del. What wine is it? ⁴⁵⁰

Sac. A cup of neat wine of Orleans, that never came near the brewers in England.

Del. Is this the veriest knave in all Spain?

Sac. Yea.

Del. What, is he a friar? ⁴⁵⁵

Sac. Yea, a friar indefinite, and a knave infinite.

Del. Then, I pray ye, Sir Friar, tell me before you go, which is the most greediest Englishman? ⁴⁶⁰

Fri. The miserable and most covetous usurer.

Sac. Hold thee there, friar. (*Exit Friar.*)

But, soft!

Who have we here? Delia, away, be gone!

Enter the Two Brothers.

Delia, away! for beset are we. —

But heaven or hell shall rescue her for me. ⁴⁶⁵

[*Exeunt DELIA and SACRAPANT.*]

1 *Bro.* Brother, was not that Delia did appear,

Or was it but her shadow that was here?

2 *Bro.* Sister, where art thou? Delia, come again!

He calls, that of thy absence doth complain. —

Call out, Calypha, that she may hear, ⁴⁷⁰

And cry aloud, for Delia is ne .

Echo. Ne .

1 *Bro.* Near! O, where? Hast thou y tidings?

Echo. Tidings.

2 *Bro.* Which way is Delia, then; or that, or this? ⁴⁷⁵

Echo. Thus.

1 *Bro.* And may we safely come where Delia is?

Echo. Yes.

2 *Bro.* Brother, remember you the white bear of England's wood?

"Start not aside for every danger,

Be not afraid of every stranger;

Things that seem are not the same."

1 *Bro.* Brother,

Why do we not, then, courageously enter? ⁴⁸⁰

2 *Bro.* Then, brother, draw thy sword and follow me.

Re-enter [SACRAPANT] the Conjuror: it lightens and thunders, the Second Brother falls down.

1 *Bro.* What, brother, dost thou fall?

Sac. Ay, and thou, too, Calypha.

The First Brother falls down. Enter Two Furies.

Adeste, daemones! Away with them:

Go carry them straight to Sacrapanto's cell, ⁴⁹⁰

There in despair and torture for to dwell.

[*Exeunt Furies with the Two Brothers.*]

These are Theanores' sons of Thessaly,

That come to seek Delia their sister forth;

But, with a potion I to her have given,

My arts have made her to forget herself. ⁴⁹⁵

Removes a turf, and shows a light in a glass.

See here the thing which doth prolong my life,

With this enchantment I do any thing,

And till this fade, my skill shall still endure,

And never none shall break this little glass,

But she that's neither wife, widow, nor ⁵⁰⁰

maid.

Then cheer thyself; this is thy destiny,

Never to die but by a dead man's hand. *Exit.*

Enter EUMENIDES, the wandering knight, and

[*ERESTUS*] *the old man at the cross.*

Eum. Tell me, Time,

Tell me, just Time, when shall I Delia see?

When shall I see the loadstar of my life? ⁵⁰⁵

When shall my wand'ring course end with her sight,

Or I but view my hope, my heart's delight?

[*Seeing Erestus.*]

Father, God speed! If you tell fortunes, I pray, good father, tell me mine.

Erest. Son, I do see in thy face ⁵¹⁰

Thy blessed fortune work apace.

I do perceive that thou hast wit;

Beg of thy fate to govern it,

For wisdom govern'd by advice,

Makes many fortunate and wise.

Bestow thy alms, give more than all,

Till dead men's bones come at thy call.

Farewell, my son! Dream of no rest,

Till thou repent that thou didst best. *Exit.*

Eum. This man hath left me in a laby- ⁵²⁰

rinth:

He biddeth me give more than all,

Till dead men's bones come at my call;

He biddeth me dream of no rest,
Till I repent that I do best.

[Lies down and sleeps.]

Enter WIGGEN, COREBUS,¹ Churchwarden, and Sexton.

Wig. You may be ashamed, you whoreson [scold Sexton and Churchwarden, if you had any shame in those shameless faces of yours, to let a poor man lie so long above ground unburied. A rot on you all, that have no more compassion of a good fellow when he is gone!]

Church.² What, would you have us to bury him, and to answer it ourselves to the parish?

Sex. Parish me no parishes; pay me my fees, and let the test run on in the quarter's accounts, and put it down for one of your good [scold deeds, o' God's name! for I am not one that curiously stands upon merits]

Cor. You whoreson, sodden-headed sheep's-face, shall a good fellow do less service and more honesty to the parish, and will you not, [scold when he is dead, let him have Christmas burial?]

Wig. Peace, Corebus! As sure as Jack was Jack, the frolic'st franian amongst you, and I, Wiggen, his sweet sworn brother, Jack shall have his funerals, or some of them shall lie [scold on God's dear earth for it, that's once.]

Church. Wiggen, I hope thou wilt do no more than thou dar'st answer.

Wig. Sir, sir, dare or dare not, more or less, answer or not answer, do this, or have this. [scold]

Sex. Help, help, help!
WIGGEN sets upon the parish with a pike-staff:⁴

EUMENIDES awakes and comes to them.

Eum. Hold thy hands, good fellow.

Cor. Can you blame him, sir, if he take Jack's part against this shake-rotten parish that will not bury Jack?

Eum. Why, what was that Jack?

Cor. Who, Jack, sir? Who, our Jack, sir? As good a fellow as ever trod upon neat's-leather.

Wig. Look you, sir; he gave fourscore [scold and nineteen mourning gowns to the parish when he died, and because he would not make them up a full hundred, they would not bury him: was not this good dealing?]

Church. O Lord, sir, how he lies! He was [scold not worth a halfpenny, and drunk out every penny; and now his fellows, his drunken companions would have us to bury him at the charge of the parish. An we make many such matches, we may pull down the steeple, sell [scold the bells, and thatch the chancel. He shall lie above ground till he dance a galliard about the church-yard, for Steven Loach.

Wig. Sic argumentaris, Domine Loach;—"an we make many such matches, we may [scold pull down the steeple, sell the bells, and thatch the chancel!"—in good time, sir, and hang yourselves in the bell-ropes, when you have

¹ Previously, Booby, the clown.

² Q. Simon.

³ That's flat.

⁴ In Q. Wiggen . . . pike-staff appears as part of Sexton's speech.

done. Domine, opponens præpono tibi hanc questionem, whether will you have the [scold ground broken or your pates broken first? For one of them shall be done presently, and to begin mine, I'll seal it upon your coxcomb.]

Eum. Hold thy hands, I pray thee, good fellow, be not too hasty.

Cor. You capon's face, we shall have you turned out of the parish one of these days, with never a tatter to your arse; then you are in worse taking than Jack.

Eum. Faith, and he is bad enough. This fellow does but the part of a friend, to seek to bury his friend. How much will bury him?

Wig. Faith, about some fifteen or sixteen shillings will bestow him honestly.

Sex. Ay, even thereabouts, sir.

Eum. Here, hold it, then:—[aside.] and I have left me but one poor three half-pence. Now do I remember the words the old man spake at the cross, "Bestow all thou hast," and this is all, "till dead men's bones come at thy call."—Here, hold it [gives money]; and so farewell.

Wig. God, and all good, be with you, sir! [Exit EUMENIDES.] Nay, you cormorants, I'll bestow one peal of Jack at mine own proper costs and charges.

Cor. You may thank God the long staff and the bilbo-blade crossed not your coxcomb—Well, we'll to the church-stile⁷ and have a pot, and so trill-lill. [Exit with WIGGEN.]

Church. } Come, let's go. Exeunt.

Sex. }
Fan. But, hark you, gammer, methinks this Jack bore a great sway in the parish.

Madge. O, this Jack was a rvellous fellow! he was but a poor man, but very well beloved. You shall see anon what this Jack will come to.

Enter the Harvest-men singing, with women in their hands.

Fro. Soft! who have we here? Our amorous harvesters.

Fan. Ay, ay, let us sit still, and let them alone.

Here they begin to sing, the song doubled.

Lo, here we come a-reaping, a-reaping,

To reap our harvest-fruit!

And thus we pass the year so long,

And never be we mute.

Exeunt the Harvest-men.

Enter HUANE BANGO and COREBUS, the clown.

Fro. Soft! who have we here?

Madge. O, this is a choleric gentleman! All you that love your lives, keep out of the smell of his two-hand sword. Now goes he to the conjurer.

Fan. Methinks the conjurer should put the fool into a juggling-box.

Huan. Fee, fa, fum,

Here is the Englishman, —

⁵ Open the argument from my side. (Bullen).

⁶ On.

⁷ Where the ale-house often stood.

Conquer him that can, —
Come for his lady bright,
To prove himself a knight,
And win her love in fight.

Cor Who-haw, Master Bango. are you ^[610]
here? Hear you, you had best sit down heere,
and beg an alms with me.

Huan. Hence, base cullion! Here is he that
commandeth ingress and egress with his
weapon, and will enter at his voluntary, ^[645]
whosoever saith no.

A voice and flame of fire; HUANE BANGO
jalleth down.

Voice. No.

Madge. So with that they kissed, and spoiled
the edge of as good a two-hand sword as ever
God put life in. Now goes Corebus in, spite ^[630]
of the conjurer.

Enter [SACRAPANT] the Conjurer and [Two
Furies].

Sac. Away with him into the open fields,
I to be a ravening prey to crows and kites.
^[HUAN. is carried out by the Two Furies.]
And for this villain, let him wander up and
down,

In naught but darkness and eternal night. ^[655]
Strikes COREBUS blind.

Cor. Here hast thou slain Huan, a slashing
knight,

And robbed poor Corebus of his sight. *Exit.*

Sac. Hence, villain, hence! — Now I have
unto Delia
Given a potion of forgetfulness,
That, when she comes, she shall not know her
brothers. ^[660]

Lo, where they labour, like to country-slaves,
With spade and mattock, on this enchanted
ground!

Now will I call her by another name;
For never shall she know herself again.
Until that Sacrapant hath breath'd his last. ^[665]
See where she comes.

Enter DELIA.

Come hither, Delia, take this goad; here hard
At hand two slaves do work and dig for gold:
Gore them with this, and thou shalt have
enough. *Gives her a goad.*

Del. Good sir, I know not what you mean. ^[670]
Sac. *[aside.]* She hath forgotten to be Delia,
But not forgot the same she should forget;
But I will change her name. —
Fair Berecynthia, so this country calls you,
Go ply these strangers, wench; they dig for
gold. *Exit.* ^[675]

Del. O heavens, how
Am I beholding to this fair young man!
But I must ply these strangers to their work:
See where they come.

Enter the Two Brothers in their shirts, with
spades, digging.

1 Bro. O brother, see where Delia is! ^[680]

2 Bro. O Delia,
Happy are we to see thee here!

Del. What tell you me of Delia, prating
swains?

I know no Delia, nor know I what you mean.
Ply you your work, or else you 're like to
smart. ^[685]

1 Bro. Why, Delia, know'st thou not thy
brothers here?

We come from Thessaly to seek thee forth;
And thou deceiv'st thyself, for thou art Delia.

Del. Yet more of Delia? Then take this,
and smart. *[Picks them with the goad.]*

What, feign you shifts for to defer your
labour? ^[690]

Work, villains, work, it is for gold you dig.

2 Bro. Peace, brother, peace: this vild ¹
enchanter

Hath ravish'd Delia of her senses clean,

And she forgets that she is Delia.

1 Bro. Leave, cruel thou, to hurt the
miserable. — ^[695]

Dig, brother, dig, for she is hard as steel.

Here they dig, and descry a light [in a glass]
under a little hill

2 Bro. Stay, brother; what hast thou
descry'd?

Del. Away, and touch it not; 'tis something
that

My lord hath hidden there.

Covers the light again.

Re-enter SACRAPANT.

Sac. Well said! ² thou plyest these pioneers ³
well. — ^[700]

Go get you in, you labouring slaves.

[Exeunt the Two Brothers.]

Come, Berecynthia, let us in likewise,
And hear the nightingale record her notes.

Exeunt.

Enter ZANTIPPA, the curst daughter, to the Well
[of Life], with a pot in her hand.

Zan. Now for a husband, house, and home.
God send a good one or none, I pray God! ^[705]
My father hath sent me to the well for the
water of life, and tells me, if I give fair words,
I shall have a husband. But here comes

Enter [CELANTA], the foul wench, to the Well for
water with a pot in her hand.

Celanta, my sweet sister. I'll stand by and h
what she says. ^[710]

Cel. My father hath sent me to the well for
water, and he tells me, if I speak fair, I shall
have a husband, and none of the worst. Well,
though I am black, ⁴ I am sure all the world
will not forsake me; and, as the old proverb ^[715]
is, though I am black, I am not the devil.

Zan. Marry-gup with a murrain, ⁵ I know
wherefore thou speakest that: but go thy ways
home as wise as thou camest, or I'll set thee
home with a wanian. ^[720]

Here she strikes her pitcher against her
sister's, and breaks them both, and then exit.

¹ Vile. ² Well done. ³ Diggers. ⁴ Ugly.

⁵ Plague take you! ⁶ With a vengeance. The ori-
gin of the phrase is uncertain.

Cel. I think this be the curstest quean in the world. You see what she is, a little fair, but as proud as the devil, and the veriest vixen that lives upon God's earth. Well, I'll let her alone, and go home and get another pitcher, and, [125] for all this, get me to the well for water. *Exit.*

Enter two Furies out of the Conjurer's cell and lay HUANE BANGO by the Well of Life [and then exeunt.] Re-enter ZANTIPPA with a pitcher to the well.

Zan. Once again for a husband; and, in faith, Celanta, I have got the start of you; belike husbands grow by the well-side. Now my father says I must rule my tongue. Why, alas, [135] what am I, then? A woman without a tongue is as a soldier without his weapon. But I'll have my water, and be gone.

Here she offers to dip her pitcher in, and a Head speaks in the well.

Head. Gently dip, but not too deep, For fear you make the golden beard to weep. [145] Fair maiden, white and red, Stroke me smooth, and comb my head, And thou shalt have some cockell-bread.¹

Zan. What is this?
"Fair maiden, white and red, [150] Comb me smooth, and stroke me, nead, And thou shalt have some cockell-bread?"
"Cockell" callest thou it, boy? Faith, I'll give you cockell-bread.

She breaks her pitcher upon the Head: then it thunders and lightens; and HUANE BANGO, who is deaf and cannot hear, rises up.

Huan. Philida, phileridos, pamphilida, florida, flortos: [155]

Dub dub-a-dub, bounce, quoth the guns, with a sulphurous huff-snuff:²

Wakt with a wench, pretty peat, pretty love, and my sweet pretty pignie,³
Just by thy side shall sit surnamed great Huanebango.

Safe in my arms will I keep thee, threat Mars or thunder Olympus.

Zan. [aside.] Foh, what greasy groom [160] have we here? He looks as though he crept out of the backside of the well, and speaks like a drum perisht at the west end.

Huan. O, that I might,—but I may not, woe to my destiny therefore!—⁴
Kiss that I clasp! but I cannot. Tell me, my destiny, wherefore? [165]

Zan. [aside.] Whoop! now I have my dream. Did you never hear so great a wonder as this? Three blue beans in a blue bladder, rattle, bladder, rattle.

Huan. [aside.] I'll now set my countenance, and to her in prose, it may be, this rimm-ruff⁵ is too rude an encounter.—Let me, fair lady, if you be at leisure, revel with your

¹ Used as a love charm.

² Apparently a parody of Stanyhurst's hexameters.

³ Pig's eye, darling.

⁴ A quotation from Harvey's *Encomium Lauri*.

⁵ Chaucer's phrase for iteration.

sweetness, and rail upon that cowardly conjurer, that hath cast me, or congealed me [170] rather, into an unkind sleep, and polluted my carcass.

Zan. [aside.] Laugh, laugh, Zantippa; thou hast thy fortune, a fool and a husband under one.

Huan. Truly, sweet-heart, as I seem, [175] about some twenty years, the very April of mine age.

Zan. [aside.] Why, what a prating ass is this!

Huan. Her coral lips, her crimson chin, Her silver teeth so white within, Her golden locks, her rolling eye, Her pretty parts, let them go by, Heigh-ho, hath wounded me, That I must die this day to see!

Zan. By Gogs-bones, thou art a flouting [180] knave. "Her coral lips, her crimson chin"! ka,⁶ wilshaw!

Huan. True, my own, and my own because mine, and mine because mine, ha, ha! Above a thousand pounds in possibility, and things [185] fitting thy desire in possession.

Zan. [aside.] The sot thinks I ask of his lands. Lob⁷ be your comfort, and cuckold be your destiny!—Hear you, sir; an if you will have us, you had best say so betime. [190]

Huan. True, sweet-heart, and will royalize thy progeny with my pedigree. *Exeunt.*

Enter EUMENIDES, the wandering knight.

Eum. Wretched Eumenides, still unfortunate,

Envi'd by fortune and forlorn by fate, Here pine and die, wretched Eumenides, [195] Die in the spring, the April of my age! Here sit thee down, repent what thou hast done: I would to God that it were ne'er begun!

Enter [the GHOST OF] JACK.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* You are well overtaken, sir.

Eum. Who's that? [200]

[*G. of*] *Jack.* You are heartily well met, sir.

Eum. Forbear, I say; who is that which pincheth me?

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Trusting in God, good Master Eumenides, that you are in so good health as [205] all your friends were at the making hereof, God give you good morrow, sir! Lack you not a neat, handsome, and cleanly young lad, about the age of fifteen or sixteen years, that can run by your horse, and, for a need, make [210] your mastership's shoes as black as ink? How say you, sir?

Eum. Alas, pretty lad, I know not how to keep myself, and much less a servant, my pretty boy; my state is so bad. [215]

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Content yourself, you shall not be so ill a master but I'll be as bad a servant. Tut, sir, I know you, though you know not me. Are not you the man, sir, deny it if you can, sir, that came from a strange place [220] in the land of Catita, where Jack-an-apes flies with his tail in his mouth, to seek out a lady

⁶ Quoth he.

⁷ "Lob's pound" meant "the thralldom of a hen pecked married." (Bullen.)

white as snow and as red as blood? Ha, ha! have I touched you now?

Eum. [*aside.*] I think this boy be a spirit. [825]—How knowest thou all this?

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Tut, are not you the man, sir, deny it if you can, sir, that gave all the money you had to the burying of a poor man, and but one three half-pence left in your [830] purse? Content you, sir, I'll serve you, that is flat.

Eum. Well, my lad, since thou art so importunate, I am content to entertain thee, not as a servant, but a copartner in my journey. [835] But whither shall we go? for I have not any money more than one bare three half-pence

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Well, master, content yourself, for if my divination be not out, that shall be spent at the next inn or alehouse we come [840] to. for, master, I know you are passing hungry; therefore I'll go before and provide dinner until that you come; no doubt but you'll come fair and softly after.

Eum. Ay, go before; I'll follow thee. [845]

[*G. of*] *Jack.* But do you hear, master? Do you know my name?

Eum. No, I promise thee, not yet.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Why, I am Jack. *Exit.* [850]

Eum. Jack! Why, be it so, then.

Enter the Hostess and JACK, setting meat on the table; and Fiddlers come to play. EUMENIDES walketh up and down, and will eat no meat.

Host. How say you, sir? Do you please to sit down?

Eum. Hostess, I thank you, I have no great stomach.

Host. Pray, sir, what is the reason your [855] master is so strange? Doth not this meat please him?

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Yes, hostess, but it is my master's fashion to pay before he eats; therefore, a reckoning, good hostess. [860]

Host. Marry, shall you, sir, presently. *Exit.*

Eum. Why, Jack, what dost thou mean? Thou knowest I have not any money; therefore, sweet Jack, tell me what shall I do?

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Well, master, look in your [865] purse.

Eum. Why, faith, it is a folly, for I have no money.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Why, look you, master; do so much for me. [870]

Eum. [*looking into his purse.*] Alas, Jack, my purse is full of money!

[*G. of*] *Jack.* "Alas," master! does that word belong to this accident? Why, methinks I should have seen you cast away your cloak, [875] and in a bravado dance a galliard round about the chamber. Why, master, your man can teach you more wit than this.

[*Re-enter Hostess.*]

Come, hostess, cheer up my master.

Host. You are heartily welcome; and if it [880] please you to eat of a fat capon, a fairer bird, a finer bird, a sweeter bird, a crisper bird, a neater bird, your worship never eat of.

Eum. Thanks, my fine, eloquent hostess.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* But hear you, master, one [885] word by the way. Are you content I shall be halves in all you get in your journey?

Eum. I am, Jack, here is my hand.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Enough, master, I ask no more.

Eum. Come, hostess, receive your money; [890] and I thank you for my good entertainment.

[*Gives money.*]

Host. You are heartily welcome, sir.

Eum. Come, Jack, whither go we now?

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Marry, master, to the conjurer's presently. [895]

Eum. Content, Jack.—Hostess, farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter COREBUS [blind], and CELANTA, the foul wench, to the Well for water.

Cor. Come, my duck, come: I have now got a wife. Thou art fair, art thou not?

Cel. My Corebus, the fairest alive; make no doubt of that. [900]

Cor. Come, wench, are we almost at the well?

Cel. Ay, Corebus, we are almost at the well now. I'll go fetch some water; sit down while I dip my picher in.

Voice. Gently dip, but not too deep, [905] For fear you make the golden beard to weep.

A Head comes up with ears of corn, and she combs them into her lap.

Fair maiden, white and red,
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
And thou shalt have some cockell-bread.

A [Second] Head comes up full of gold; she combs it into her lap.¹

[*Sec. Head.*] Gently dip, but not too deep, [910] For fear thou make the golden beard to weep.

Fair maid, white and red,
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
And every hair a sheaf shall be,
And every sheaf a golden tree. [915]

Cel. O, see, Corebus, I have comb'd a great deal of gold into my lap, and a great deal of corn!

Cor. Well said,² wench! now we shall have just enough. God send us coiners to coin our [920] gold. But come, shall we go home, sweet-heart?

Cel. Nay, come, Corebus, I will lead you.

Cor. So, Corebus, things have well hit; Thou hast gotten wealth to mend thy wit.

Exeunt.

Enter [the GHOST OF] JACK and [EUMENIDES] the wandering knight.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Come away, master, come. [925]

Eum. Go along, Jack, I'll follow thee. Jack, they say it is good to go cross-legged, and say his prayers backward; how sayest thou?

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Tut, never fear, master; let me alone. Here sit you still; speak not a word; [930] and because you shall not be enticed with his enchanting speeches, with this same wool I'

¹ This stage direction occurs in Q after *tree*.

² Well done!

stop your ears: and so, master, sit still, for I must to the conjurer. *Exit.*

Enter [SACRAPANT] the Conjurer to the wandering knight.

Sac. How now! What man art thou that sits so sad? 935

Why dost thou gaze upon these stately trees
Without the leave and will of Sacrapant?
What, not a word but mum? Then, Sacrapant,
Thou art betray'd.

Re-enter [the GHOST OF] JACK invisible, and takes off SACRAPANT'S wreath from his head, and his sword out of his hand.

What hand invades the head of Sacrapant? 940
What hateful Fury doth envy my happy state?
Then, Sacrapant, these are thy latest days.
Alas, my veins are numb'd, my sinews shrink,

My blood is pierc'd, my breath fleeting away,
And now my timeless date is come to end! 945
He in whose life his actions hath¹ been so foul,
Now in his death to hell descends his soul.

He dieth
[*G. of*] *Jack.* O, sir, are you gone? Now I hope we shall have some other coil. — Now, master, how like you this? The conjurer he is 950
dead, and vows never to trouble us more. Now get you to your fair lady, and see what you can do with her. — Alas, he heareth me not all this while; but I will help that.

Pulls the wool out of the ears of EUMENIDES.

Eum. How now, Jack! What news? 955

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Here, master, take this sword, and dig with it at the foot of this hill.

EUMENIDES digs, and spies a light [in a glass].

Eum. How now, Jack! What is this?

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Master, without this the conjurer could do nothing; and so long as this 960
light lasts, so long doth his art endure, and this being out, then doth his art decay.

Eum. Why, then, Jack, I will soon put out this light.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Ay, master, how? 965

Eum. Why, with a stone I'll break the glass, and then blow it out.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* No, master, you may as soon break the smith's anvil as this little vial; nor the biggest blast that ever Boreas blew cannot 970
blow out this little light; but she that is neither maid, wife, nor widow. Master, wind this horn, and see what will happen.

EUMENIDES winds the horn. Here enters VENELIA, and breaks the glass, and blows out the light, and goeth in again.

So, master, how like you this? This is she that ran madding in the woods, his betrothed love 975
that keeps the cross; and now, this light being out, all are restored to their former liberty. And now, master, to the lady that you have so long looked for.

¹ *Qr.* Read *life's* for *life* his?

The GHOST OF JACK draweth a curtain, and there DELIA sitteth asleep.

Eum. God speed, fair maid, sitting alone, 980
— there is once; God speed, fair maid, — there is twice, God speed, fair maid, — that is thrice.

Del. Not so, good sir, for you are by.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Enough, master, she hath 985
spoke; now I will leave her with you. *[Exit.]*

Eum. Thou fairest flower of these western parts,

Whose beauty so reflecteth in my sight
As doth a crystal mirror in the sun;
For thy sweet sake I have crost the frozen 990
Rhine;²

Leaving fair Po, I sail'd up Danuby
As far as Saba, whose enhancing streams
Cut twixt the Tartars and the Russians;
These have I crost for thee, fair Delia.

Then grant me that which I have su'd for long. 995

Del. Thou gentle knight, whose fortune is so good

To find me out and set my brothers free,
My faith, my heart, my hand I give to thee.

Eum. Thanks, gentle madam; but here comes Jack; thank him, for he is the 1000
best friend that we have.

Re-enter [the GHOST OF] JACK, with a head in his hand.

How now, Jack! What hast thou there?

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Marry, master, the head of the conjurer.

Eum. Why, Jack, that is impossible; he 1005
was a young man

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Ah, master, so he deceived them that beheld him! But he was a miserable, old, and crooked man, though to each man's eye he seemed young and fresh; for, 1010
master, this conjurer took the shape of the old man that kept the cross, and that old man was in the likeness of the conjurer. But now, master, wind your horn.

EUMENIDES winds his horn. Enter VENELIA, the Two Brothers, and [ERESTUS] he that was at the cross.

Eum. Welcome, Erestus! welcome, fair Venelia! 1015

Welcome, Thelea and Calypha both!
Now have I her that I so long have sought;
So saith fair Delia, if we have your consent.

1 *Bro.* Valiant Eumenides, thou well deservest

To have our favours; so let us rejoice 1020
That by thy means we are at liberty.

Here may we joy each in other's sight,
And this fair lady have her wandering knight.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* So, master, now ye think you have done; but I must have a saying to 1025
you. You know you and I were partners, I to have half in all you got.

² This and the next three lines are found, with slight variations, in Greene's *Orlando Furioso*. (Dyce.)

Eum. Why, so thou shalt, Jack.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Why, then, master, draw your sword, part your lady, let me have half of ¹⁰³⁰ her presently.

Eum. Why, I hope, Jack, thou dost but jest. I promised thee half I got, but not half my lady.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* But what else, master? ¹⁰³⁵ Have you not gotten her? Therefore divide her straight, for I will have half; there is no remedy.

Eum. Well, ere I will falsify my word unto my friend, take her all. Here, Jack, I'll ¹⁰⁴⁰ give her thee.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Nay, neither more nor less, master, but even just half.

Eum. Before I will falsify my faith unto my friend, I will divide her. Jack, thou shalt ¹⁰⁴⁵ have half.

1 *Bro.* Be not so cruel unto our sister, gentle knight.

2 *Bro.* O, spare fair Delia! She deserves no death. ¹⁰⁵⁰

Eum. Content yourselves; my word is passed to him. — Therefore prepare thyself, Delia, for thou must die.

Del. Then farewell, world! Adieu, Eumenides!

EUMENIDES offers to strike, and [*the GHOST OF*]
JACK stays him.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Stay, master; it is suffi- ¹⁰⁵⁵
cient I have tried your constancy. Do you now

remember since you paid for the burying of a poor fellow?

Eum. Ay, very well, Jack.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Then, master, thank that ¹⁰⁶⁰ good deed for this good turn; and so God be with you all! *Leaps down in the ground.*

Eum. Jack, what, art thou gone? Then farewell, Jack! —

Come, brothers, and my beauteous Delia, Erestus, and thy dear Vencha, ¹⁰⁶⁵
We will to Thessaly with joyful hearts.

All. Agreed. we follow thee and Delia.

Exeunt all [except FROLIC, FANTASTIC, and MADGE].

Fan. What, gammer, asleep?

Madge. By the mass, son, 't is almost day; and my windows shut at the cock's-crow. ¹⁰⁷⁰

Fro. Do you hear, gammer? Methinks this Jack bore a great sway amongst them.

Madge. O, man, this was the ghost of the poor man that they kept such a coil to bury; and that makes him, to help the wander- ¹⁰⁷⁵ ing knight so much! But come, let us in: we will have a cup of ale and a toast this morning, and so depart ¹

Fan. Then you have made an end of your tale, gammer? ¹⁰⁸⁰

Madge. Yes, faith. when this was done, I took a piece of bread and cheese, and came my way, and so shall you have, too, before you go, to your breakfast. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ Separate.

THE HONOURABLE HISTORY OF FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY

BY

ROBERT GREENE

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

K HENRY THE THIRD.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his son.
EMPEROR OF GERMANY.
KING OF CASTILE
LACY, Earl of Lincoln.
WARREN, Earl of Sussex.
ERMSBY, a gentleman.
RALPH SIMNELL, the King's Fool.
FRIAR BACON
NILLS, Friar Bacon's poor scholar.
FRIAR BUNGAY.
JACQUES VANDERMAST, a German.
BURDEN, }
MASON, } Doctors of Oxford.
CLEMENT, }
LAMBERT, } gentlemen.
SERLSBY, }

Two Scholars, their sons.
The Keeper of Fressingfield.
THOMAS, } farmers' sons.
RICHARD, }
Constable.
A Post.
Lords, Country Clowns, &c

ELINOR, daughter to the King of Castile.
MARGARET, the Keeper's daughter of Fressingfield.
JOAN, a country wench
Hostess of the Bell at Henley.

A DEVIL
Spirit in the shape of HERCULES.
A dragon shooting fire]

[SCENE I.]¹

Enter PRINCE EDWARD *malcontented, with*
LACY, WARREN, ERMSBY, *and* RALPH
SIMNELL.

Lacy. Why looks my lord like a troubled
sky

When heaven's bright shine is shadow'd with a
fog?

Alate² we ran the deer, and through the lawns
Stripp'd³ with our nags the lofty frolic bucks
That scudded 'fore the teasers⁴ like the wind.

Ne'er was the deer of merry Fressingfield⁵
So lustily pull'd down by jolly mates,
Nor shar'd the farmers such fat venison,

So frankly dealt, this hundred years before;
Nor have I seen my lord more frolic in the
chase,¹⁰

And now — chang'd to a melancholy dump.

War. After the prince got to the Keeper's
lodge,

And had been jocund in the house awhile,
Tossing off ale and milk in country cans,

Whether it was the country's sweet content,¹⁵
Or else the bonny damsel fill'd us drink,
That seem'd so stately in her stammel⁶ red,

Or that a qualm did cross his stomach then, —
But straight he fell into his passions.

Erms. Sirrah Ralph, what say you to your
master?

Shall he thus all amorn⁶ live malcontent?

¹ Framlingham.

² Of late.

³ Outstripped.

⁴ Dogs that roused the g.

⁵ A woollen cloth.

⁶ Dejected.

Ralph. Hearest thou, Ned? — Nay, look if
he will speak to me!

P. Edw. What say'st thou to me, fool?

Ralph. I prithee, tell me, Ned, art thou in²⁵
love with the Keeper's daughter?

P. Edw. How if I be, what then?

Ralph. Why, then, sirrah, I'll teach thee
how to deceive Love.

P. Edw. How, Ralph?

Ralph. Marry, Sirrah Ned, thou shalt put on
my cap and my coat and my dagger, and I will
put on thy clothes and thy sword; and so thou
shalt be my fool.

P. Edw. And what of this?

Ralph. Why, so thou shalt beguile Love; for
Love is such a proud scab, that he will never
meddle with fools nor children. Is not Ralph's
counsel good, Ned?

P. Edw. Tell me, Ned Lacy, didst thou mark
the maid,⁴⁰

How lively in her co try-weeds she look'd?

A bonnier wench all Suffolk cannot yield: —
All Suffolk 'nay, all England holds none such.

Ralph. Sirrah Will Ermsby, Ned is deceived.

Erms. Why, Ralph?

Ralph. He says all England hath no such,
and I say, and I'll stand to it, there is one better
in Warwickshire.

War. How provest thou that, Ralph?

Ralph. Why, is not the abbot a learned man,⁵⁰
and hath read many books, and thinkest thou
he hath not more learning than thou to choose
a bonny wench? Yes, I warrant thee, by h
whole grammar.

Erms. A good reason, Ralph.

P. Edw. I tell thee, Lacy, that her sparkling eyes

Do lighten forth sweet love's alluring fire ;
And in her tresses she doth fold the looks
Of such as gaze upon her golden hair ;
Her bashful white, mix'd with the morning's red,
Luna doth boast upon her lovely cheeks ,
Her front is beauty's table, where she paints
The glories of her gorgeous excellence ;
Her teeth are shelves of precious marguerites,¹
Richly enclos'd with rudely coral cliffs.⁶⁵
Tush, Lacy, she is beauty's over-match,
If thou survey'st her curious imagery.²

Lacy. I grant, my lord, the damsel is as fair
As simple Suffolk's homely towns can yield ;
But in the court be quainter dames than she, ⁷⁰
Whose faces are enrich'd with honour's taint,³
Whose beauties stand upon the stage of Fame,
And vaunt their trophies in the Courts of Love.

P. Edw. Ah, Ned, but hadst thou watch'd
her as myself,
And seen the secret beauties of the maid, ⁷⁵
Their courtly coyness were but foolery.

Erms. Why, how watch'd you her, my lord ?

P. Edw. Whenas she swept like Venus
through the house,
And in her shape fast folded up my thoughts,
Into the milk-house went I with the maid, ⁸⁰
And there amongst the cream-bowls she did
shine

As Pallas 'mongst her princely huswifery.
She turn'd her smock over her lily arms,
And div'd them into milk to run her cheese ;
But, whiter than the milk, her crystal skin, ⁸⁵
Checked with lines of azure, made her blush⁴
That art or nature durst bring for compare.
Ermsby, if thou hadst seen, as I did note it
well,

How Beauty play'd the huswife, how this girl,
Like Lucrece, laid her fingers to the work, ⁹⁰
Thou wouldst, with Tarquin, hazard Rome
and all

To win the lovely maid of Fressingfield.

Ralph. Sirrah Ned, wouldst fain have her ?

P. Edw. Ay, Ralph

Ralph. Why, Ned, I have laid the plot in ⁹⁵
my head ; thou shalt have her already.

P. Edw. I'll give thee a new coat, an learn
me that.

Ralph. Why, Sirrah Ned, we'll ride to Ox-
ford to Friar Bacon. O, he is a brave scholar, ¹⁰⁰
sirrah ; they say he is a brave necromancer, that
he can make women of devils, and he can juggle
cats into costermongers.

P. Edw. And how then, Ralph ?

Ralph. Marry, sirrah, thou shalt go to ¹⁰⁵
him : and because thy father Harry shall not miss
thee, he shall turn me into thee ; and I'll to the
court, and I'll prince it out ; and he shall make
thee either a silken purse full of gold, or else
a fine wrought smock. ¹¹⁰

P. Edw. But how shall I have the maid ?

Ralph. Marry, sirrah, if thou be'st a silken

purse full of gold, then on Sundays she'll hang
thee by her side, and you must not say a word.
Now, sir, when she comes into a great ¹¹⁵
press of people, for fear of the outpurse, on a
sudden she'll swap thee into her plackerd ;⁵
then, sirrah, being there, you may plead for
yourself.

Erms. Excellent policy ! ¹²⁰

P. Edw. But how if I be a wrought smock ?

Ralph. Then she'll put thee into her chest
and lay thee into lavender, and upon some good
day she'll put thee on, and at night when you
go to bed, then being turned from a smock ¹²⁵
to a man, you may make up the match.

Lacy. Wonderfully wisely counselled, Ralph.

P. Edw. Ralph shall have a new coat.

Ralph. God thank you when I have it on my
back, Ned. ¹³⁰

P. Edw. Lacy, the fool hath laid a perfect
plot ;

For-why⁶ our country Margaret is so coy,
And stands so much upon her honest points,
That marriage or no market with the maid.
Ermsby, it must be necromantic spells ¹³⁵
And charms of art that must enchain her love,
Or else shall Edward never win the girl.
Therefore, my wags, we'll horse us in the
morn.

And post to Oxford to this jolly friar : ¹⁴⁰
Bacon shall by his magic do this deed. [way
War. Content, my lord ; and that's a speedy

To wean these headstrong puppies from the
teat.

P. Edw. I am unknown, not taken for the
prince ;

They only deem us frolic courtiers,
That revel thus among our liege's game ; ¹⁴⁵
Therefore I have devis'd a policy
Lacy, thou know'st next Friday is Saint
James'.⁷

And then the country flocks to Harleston fair ;
Then will the Keeper's daughter frolic there,
And over-shine the troop of all the maids ¹⁵⁰
That come to see and to be seen that day.
Haunt thee disguis'd among the country-swains,
Feign thou 'rt a farmer's son, not far from
thence,

Espy her loves, and who she liketh best ;
Cote⁸ him, and court her, to control⁹ the
clown ; ¹⁵⁵

Say that the courtier tired all in green,
That help'd her handsomely to run her cheese,
And fill'd her father's lodge with venison,
Commends him, and sends fairings to herself.
Buy something worthy of her parentage, ¹⁶⁰
Not worth her beauty ; for, Lacy, then the
fair

Affords no jewel fitting for the maid.
And when thou talk'st of me, note if she
blush ;

O, then she loves : but if her cheeks wax pale,
Disdain it is. Lacy, send how she fares, ¹⁶⁵
And spare no time nor cost to win her loves.

¹ Pearls

² Bare appearance.

³ Tint.

⁴ Would have made that woman blush whom art, etc.

⁵ Placket, slit in a woman's skirt.

⁶ Because.

⁷ July 25.

⁸ Outstrip.

⁹ Overmaster.

Lacy. I will, my lord, so execute this charge
As if that Lacy were in love with her.

P. Edw. Send letters speedily to Oxford of
the news.

Ralph. And, Sirrah Lacy, buy me a thou-
sand thousand million of fine bells.

Lacy. What wilt thou do with them, Ralph?

Ralph. Marry, every time that Ned sighs for
the Keeper's daughter, I'll tie a bell about him;
and so within three or four days I will send [175]
word to his father Harry that his son and my
master Ned is become Love's morris-dance.

P. Edw. Well, Lacy, look with care unto
thy charge,

And I will haste to Oxford to the friar,
That he by art and thou by secret gifts
Mayst make me lord of merry Fressingfield. 180

Lacy. God send your honour your heart's
desire.

Exeunt.

[SCENE II.]¹

*Enter FRIAR BACON, with MILES his poor
Scholar, with books under his arm; with them
BURDEN, MASON, and CLEMENT, three Doc-
tors.*

Bacon. Miles, where are you?

Miles. *Hic sum, doctissime et reverendissime
doctor.*

Bacon. *Attulisti nos libros meos de necroman-
tia?* 5

Miles. *Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum
habitare libros in unum!*

Bacon. Now, masters of our academic state,
That rule in Oxford, viceroys in your place,
Whose heads contain maps of the liberal arts, 10
Spending your time in depth of learned skill,
Why flock you thus to Bacon's secret cell,
A friar newly stall'd in Brazen-nose?

Say what's your mind, that I may make reply.

Burd. Bacon, we hear that long we have
suspect, 15

That thou art read in magic's mystery;
In pyromancy, to divine by flames;
To tell, by hydromatic, ebbs and tides;
By aeromancy to discover doubts,
To plain out questions, as Apollo did. 20

Bacon. Well, Master Burden, what of all this?

Miles. Marry, sir, he doth but fulfil, by re-
hearsing of these names, the fable of the Fox
and the Grapes; that which is above us pertains
nothing to us. 25

Burd. I tell thee, Bacon, Oxford makes re-
port,

Nay, England, and the court of Henry says,
Thou'rt making of a brazen head by art,
Which shall unfold strange doubts and apho-
risms, 30

And read a lecture in philosophy;
And, by the help of devils and ghastly fiends,
Thou mean'st, ere many years or days be past,
To compass England with a wall of brass.

Bacon. And what of this?

Miles. What of this, master! Why, he doth [35]

¹ Friar Bacon's cell at Brazenose.

speak mystically; for he knows, if your skill
fail to make a brazen head, yet Mother Waters'
strong ale will fit his turn to make him have a
copper nose.

Clem. Bacon, we come not grieving at thy
skill, 40

But joying that our academy yields

A man suppos'd the wonder of the world;

For if thy cunning work these miracles,

England and Europe shall admire thy fame,

And Oxford shall in characters of brass, 45

And statues, such as were built up in Rome,

Éternize Friar Bacon for his art.

Mason. Then, gentle friar, tell us thy intent.

Bacon. Seeing you come as friends unto the
friar,

Resolve you,² doctors, Bacon can by books 50

Make storming Boreas thunder from his cave,

And dim fair Luna to a dark eclipse.

The great arch-ruler, potentate of hell,

Trembles when Bacon bids him or his fiends

Bow to the force of his pentagonon.³ 55

What art can work, the frolic friar knows;

And therefore will I turn my magic books,

And strain out necromancy to the deep.

I have contriv'd and fram'd a head of brass

(I made Belcephon hammer out the stuff), 60

And that by art shall read philosophy;

And I will strengthen England by my skill,

That if ten Cæsars liv'd and reign'd in Rome,

With all the legions Europe doth contain,

They should not touch a grass of English
ground. 65

The work that Ninus rear'd at Babylon,

The brazen walls fram'd by Semiramis,

Carv'd out like to the portal of the sun,

Shall not be such as rings the English strand

From Dover to the market-place of Rye. 70

Burd. Is this possible?

Miles. I'll bring ye two or three witnesses.

Burd. What be those?

Miles. Marry, sir, three or four as honest
devils and good companions as any be in hell. 75

Mason. No doubt but magic may do much
this;

For he that reads but mathematic rules

Shall find conclusions that avail to work

Wonders that pass the common sense of men.

Burd. But Bacon roves⁴ a bow beyond his
reach, 80

And tells of more than magic can perform,

Thinking to get a fame by fooleries.

Have I not pass'd as far in state of schools,

And read of many secrets? Yet to think

That heads of brass can utter any voice, 85

Or more, to tell of deep philosophy, —

This is a fable Æsop had forgot.

Bacon. Burden, thou wrong'st me in detract-
ing thus;

Bacon loves not to stuff himself with lies.

But tell me 'fore these doctors, if thou dare, 90

Of certain questions I shall move to thee.

Burd. I will: ask what thou can.

² Be assured.

³ Pentagram, the five-rayed star supposed to have
magical properties.

⁴ Aims, tries to shoot with.

Miles. Marry, sir, he'll straight be on your pick-pack,¹ to know whether the feminine or the masculine gender be most worthy.

Bacon. Were you not yesterday, Master Burden, at Henley upon the Thames?

Burd. I was; what then?

Bacon. What book studied you thereon all night?

Burd. I! none at all; I read not there a line.

Bacon. Then, doctors, Friar Bacon's art knows naught.

Clem. What say you to this, Master Burden? Doth he not touch you?

Burd. I pass not of² his frivolous speeches.

Miles. Nay, Master Burden, my master, ere he hath done with you, will turn you from a doctor to a dunce, and shake you so small, that he will leave no more learning in you than is in Balaam's ass.

Bacon. Masters, for that learned Burden's skill is deep,

And sore he doubts of Bacon's cabalism, I'll show you why he haunts to Henley oft:

Not, doctors, for to taste the fragrant air,
But there to spend the night in alchemy,¹¹⁵
To multiply with secret spells of art;
Thus private steals he learning from us all.
To prove my sayings true, I'll show you straight
The book he keeps at Henley for himself.

Miles. Nay, now my master goes to conjuration, take heed.

Bacon. Masters, stand still, fear not, I'll show you but his book, *Here he conjures.*
Per omnes deos infernales, Belcephon!

Enter a Woman with a shoulder of mutton on a spit, and a Devil.

Miles. O master, cease your conjuration, or you spoil all; for here's a she-devil come [125 with a shoulder of mutton on a spit. You have marr'd the devil's supper; but no doubt he thinks our college fare is slender, and so hath sent you his cook with a shoulder of mutton, to make it exceed.

Hostess. O, where am I, or what's become of me?

Bacon. What art thou?

Hostess. Hostess at Henley, mistress of the Bell.

Bacon. How camest thou here?

Hostess. As I was in the kitchen 'mongst the maids,

Spitting the meat 'gainst supper for my guests,
A motion³ mov'd me to look forth of door:

No sooner had I pried into the yard,
But straight a whirlwind hoisted me from thence,

And mounted me aloft unto the clouds.

As in a trance, I thought nor feared naught,

Nor know I where or whither I was ta'en,

Nor where I am nor what these persons be.

Bacon. No? Know you not Master Burden?

Hostess. O, yes, good sir, he is my daily guest.

¹ Pick-a-back, on your shoulders

² Care not for. ³ Impulse.

What, Master Burden! 't was but yesternight
That you and I at Henley play'd at cards.

Burd. I know not what we did. — A pox of all conjuring friars!

Clem. Now, jolly friar, tell us, is this the book

That Burden is so careful to look on?

Bacon. It is. — But, Burden, tell me now, Think'st thou that Bacon's necromantic skill Cannot perform his head and wall of brass, When he can fetch thine hostess in such

post?

Miles. I'll warrant you, master, if Master Burden could conjure as well as you, he would have his book every night from Henley to study on at Oxford.

Mason. Burden,

What, are you mated⁴ by this frolic friar? — Look how he droops; his guilty conscience Drives him to bash,⁵ and makes his hostess blush.

Bacon. Well, mistress, for I will not have you miss'd,

You shall to Henley to cheer up your guests

'Fore supper gin. — Burden, bid her adieu; Say farewell to your hostess 'fore she goes. —

Sirrah, away, and set her safe at home.
Hostess. Master Burden, when shall we see you at Henley?

Exeunt Hostess and Devil.

Burd. The devil take thee and Henley too.

Miles. Master, shall I make a good motion?

Bacon. What's that?

Miles. Marry, sir, now that my hostess is gone to provide supper, conjure up another [135 spirit, and send Doctor Burden flying after.

Bacon. Thus, rulers of our academic state, You have seen the friar frame his art by proof;

And as the college called Brazen-nose Is under him, and he the master there,

So surely shall this head of brass be fram'd,
And yield forth strange and uncouth aphorisms,

And hell and Hecate shall fail the friar,
But I will circle England round with brass.

Miles. So be it *et nunc et semper*, amen

Exeunt.

[SCENE III.]⁶

Enter MARGARET, the fair maid of Fressingfield, and JOAN; THOMAS, [RICHARD,] and other Clowns; and LACY disguised in country apparel.

Thom. By my troth, Margaret, here's a weather is able to make a man call his father "whoreson"; if this weather hold, we shall have hay good cheap, and butter and cheese at Harleston will bear no price.

Mar. Thomas, maids when they come to see the fair

Count not to make a cope⁷ for dearth of hay; When we have turn'd our butter to the salt,
And set our cheese safely upon the racks,

⁴ Cast down.

⁵ Be abashed.

⁶ Harleston Fair.

⁷ Bargain.

Then let our fathers price it as they please. 10
We country sluts of merry Fressingfield
Come to buy needless naughts to make us fine,
And look that young men should be frank this
day,

And court us with such fairings as they can.
Phœbus is blithe, and frolic looks from heaven,
As when he courted lovely Semele, 16
Swearing the pedlars shall have empty packs,
If that fair weather may make chapmen buy.

Lacy. But, lovely Peggy, Semele is dead,
And therefore Phœbus from his palace pries, 20
And, seeing such a sweet and seemly saint,
Shows all his glories for to court yourself.

Mar. This is a tarring, gentle sir, indeed,
To soothe me up with such smooth flattery;
But learn of me, your scoff's too broad be-
fore. — 1 25

Well, Joan, our beauties must abide their jests;
We serve the turn in jolly Fressingfield.

Joan. Margaret, a farmer's daughter for a
farmer's son.

I warrant you, the meanest of us both
Shall have a mate to lead us from the church.
But, Thomas, what's the news? What, in a
dump? 31

Give me your hand, we are near a pedlar's
shop;

Out with your purse, we must have fairings
now.

Thom. Faith, Joan, and shall. I'll bestow a
fairing on you, and then we will to the tavern, [35
and snap off a pint of wine or two.

*All this while LACY whispers
MARGARET in the ear.*

Mar. Whence are you, sir? Of Suffolk? For
your terms

Are finer than the common sort of men.
Lacy. Faith, lovely girl, I am of Beccles by,
Your neighbour, not above six miles from
hence, 40

A farmer's son, that never was so quaint 2
But that he could do courtesy to such dames.
But trust me, Margaret, I am sent in charge
From him that revell'd in your father's house,
And fill'd his lodge with cheer and venison, 45
Tired in green. He sent you this rich purse,
His token that he help'd you run your cheese,
And in the milkhouse chatted with yourself.

Mar. To me?

Lacy. You forget yourself; 3 50
Women are often weak in memory.

Mar. O, pardon, sir, I call to mind the man.
'T were little manners to refuse his gift,
And yet I hope he sends it not for love;
For we have little leisure to debate of that. 55

Joan. What, Margaret! blush not; maids
must have their loves.

Thom. Nay, by the mass, she looks pale as
if she were angry.

Rich. Sirrah, are you of Beccles? I pray,
how doth Goodman Cob? My father bought a [50
horse of him. — I'll tell you, Margaret, 'a were
good to be a gentleman's jade, for of all things

the foul hilding⁴ could not abide a doong-
cart.

Mar. [aside] How different is this farmer
from the rest 65

That erst as yet have pleas'd my wand'ring
sight!

His words are witty, quickened with a smile,
His courtesy gentle, smelling of the court;
Facile and debonaire in all his deeds,
Proportion'd as was Paris, when, in grey, 70
He courted Ænon in the vale by Troy.

Great lords have come and pleaded for my love:
Who but the Keeper's lass of Fressingfield?
And yet methinks this farmer's jolly son
Passeth the proudest that hath pleas'd mine
eye. 75

But, Peg, disclose not that thou art in love,
And show as yet no sign of love to him,
Although thou well wouldst wish him for thy
love;

Keep that to thee till time doth serve thy turn,
To show the grief wherein thy heart doth
burn. — 80

Come, Joan and Thomas, shall we to the
fair? —

You, Beccles man, will not forsake us now?

Lacy. Not whilst I may have such quaint
girls as you.

Mar. Well, if you chance to come by Fres-
singfield,

Make but a step into the Keeper's lodge, 85
And such poor fare as woodmen can afford,
Butter and cheese, cream and fat venison,
You shall have store, and welcome therewithal.

Lacy. Gramercies, Peggy; look for me ere
long. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV.]⁶

*Enter [KING] HENRY THE THIRD, the EMPEROR,
the KING OF CASTILE, ELINOR, his daughter,
and VANDERMAST, a German.*

K. Hen. Great men of Europe, monarchs of
the west,

Ring'd with the walls of old Oceanus,
Whose lofty surge is like the battlements
That compass'd high-built Babel in with
towers,

Welcome, my lords, welcome, brave weste
kings, 5

To England's shore, whose promontory cliffs
Show Albion is another little world;

Welcome says English Henry to you all;
Chiefly unto the lovely Elinor,

Who dar'd for Edward's sake cut through the
seas, 10

And venture as Agenor's damsel through the
deep,

To get the love of Henry's wanton son.

K. of Cast. England's rich monarch, brave
Plantagenet,

The Pyren Mounts swelling above the clouds,
That ward the wealthy Castile in with walls, 15
Could not detain the beauteous Elinor;

¹ In the face of it. ³ Qq. give these words to Mar.

² Fastidious.

⁴ A term of contempt.

⁶ Hampton Court.

⁵ I. e. shepherd's garb.

But, hearing of the fame of Edward's youth,
She dar'd to brook Neptunus' haughty pride,
And bide the brunt of froward Æolus.

Then may fair England welcome her the more.

Elin. After that English Henry by his lords
Had sent Prince Edward's lovely counterfeit,

A present to the Castile Elinor,
The comely portrait of so brave a man,

The virtuous fame discours'd of his deeds,
Edward's courageous resolution,

Done at the Holy Land 'fore Damas' walls,
Led both mine eye and thoughts in equal links

To like so of the English monarch's son,
That I attempted perils for his sake.

Emp. Where is the prince, my lord?

K. Hen. He posted down, not long since,
from the court,

To Suffolk side, to merry Framlingham,
To sport himself amongst my fallow deer;

From thence, by packets sent to Hampton-
house,

We hear the prince is ridden with his lords
To Oxford, in the academy there

To hear dispute amongst the learned men.
But we will send forth letters for my son,

To will him come from Oxford to the court.

Emp. Nay, rather, Henry, let us, as we be,
Ride for to visit Oxford with our train.

Fan would I see your universities,
And what learn'd men your academy yields.

From Hapsburg have I brought a learned clerk
To hold dispute with English orators.

This doctor, surnam'd Jacques Vandermast,
A German born, pass'd into Padua,

To Florence and to fair Bologna,
To Paris, Rheims, and stately Orleans,

And, talking there with men of art, put down
The chiefest of them all in aphorisms,¹

In magic, and the mathematic rules
Now let us, Henry, try him in your schools.

K. Hen. He shall, my lord; this motion likes
me well.

We'll progress straight to Oxford with our
trains,

And see what men our academy brings. —
And, wonder Vandermast, welcome to me.

In Oxford shalt thou find a jolly friar
Call'd Friar Bacon, England's only flower:

Set him but nonplus in his magic spells,
And make him yield in mathematic rules,

And for thy glory I will bind thy brows,
Not with a poet's garland made of bays,

But with a coronet of choicest gold.
Whilst² then, we set³ to Oxford with our

troops,
Let's in and banquet in our English court.

Exeunt.

[SCENE V.]⁴

*Enter RALPH SIMNELL in [PRINCE] EDWARD'S
apparel; and [PRINCE] EDWARD, WARREN,
and ERMSEY, disguised.*

Ralph. Where be these vagabond knaves,
that they attend no better on their master?

¹ Definitions, statements of scientific principles.

² Till. ³ Q₁ fit; Q₂ set. Qy. fit? ⁴ Oxford. a street.

P. Edw. If it please your honour, we are all
ready at an inch.⁵

Ralph. Sirrah Ned, I'll have no more post-
horse to ride on. I'll have another fetch.⁶

Erm. I pray you, how is that, my lord?

Ralph. Marry, sir, I'll send to the Isle of Ely
for four or five dozen of geese, and I'll have them

tied six and six together with whip-cord.
Now upon their backs will I have a fair field-

bed with a canopy, and so, when it is my plea-
sure, I'll flee into what place I please. This will

be easy.

War. Your honour hath said well; but I
shall we to Brazen-nose College before we pull

off our boots?

Erm. Warren, well motion'd; we will to the
friar

Before we revel it within the town. —
Ralph, see you keep your countenance like a

prince.

Ralph. Wherefore have I such a company of
cutting⁷ knaves to wait upon me, but to keep

and defend my countenance against all mine
enemies? Have you not good swords and buck-

lers?

Enter [FRIAR] BACON and MILES.

Erm. Stay, who comes here?

War. Some scholar; and we'll ask him where
Friar Bacon is.

Bacon. Why, thou arrant dunce, shall I never
make thee good scholar? Doth not all the

town cry out and say, Friar Bacon's subsizer⁸ is
the greatest blockhead in all Oxford? Why,

thou canst not speak one word of true Latin.

Miles. No, sir? yes. What is this else? *Ego*
sum tuus homo, "I am your man": I warrant

you, sir, as good Tully's phrase as any is in Ox-
ford.

Bacon. Come on, sirrah; what part of speech
is *Ego*?

Miles. *Ego*, that is "I"; marry, *nomen*
substantivo

Bacon. How prove you that?

Miles. Why, sir, let him prove himself an 'a'
will; I can be heard, felt, and understood.

Bacon. O gross dunce! *Beats him.*

P. Edw. Come, let us break off this dispute
between these two. — Sirrah, where is Brazen-

nose College?

Miles. Not far from Coppersmith's Hall.

P. Edw. What, dost thou mock me?

Miles. Not I, sir: but what would you at
Brazen-nose?

Erm. Marry, we would speak with Friar
Bacon.

Miles. Whose men be you?

Erm. Marry, scholar, here's our master.

Ralph. Sirrah, I am the master of these good
fellows, mayst thou not know me to be a lord

by my reparam?

Miles. Then here's good game for the hawk;
for here's the master-fool and a covey of cox-

⁵ At hand, at any instant. ⁶ Trick. ⁷ Swaggering.

⁸ A student who received free board and tuition, and,
for early, performed menial services.

combs. One wise man, I think, would spring you all.

P. Edw. Gog's wounds! Warren, kill him.

War. Why, Ned, I think the devil be in ¹⁰⁵ my sheath; I cannot get out my dagger.

Erms. Nor I mine. 'Swounds, Ned, I think I am bewitched.

Miles. A company of scabs! The proudest of you all draw your weapon, if he can. — ¹¹⁰

[*Aside.*]

See how boldly I speak, now my master is by.
P. Edw. I strive in vain; but if my sword be shut

And conjur'd fast by magic in my sheath,
Villain, here is my fist.

Strikes MILES a box on the ear.

Miles. O, I beseech you conjure his hands ¹¹⁵ too, that he may not lift his arms to his head, for he is light-fingered!

Ralph. Ned, strike him; I'll warrant thee by mine honour.

Bacon. What means the English prince to wrong my man? ¹²⁰

P. Edw. To whom speak'st thou?

Bacon. To thee.

P. Edw. Who art thou?

Bacon. Could you not judge when all your swords grew fast,

That Friar Bacon was not far from hence? ¹²⁵

Edward, King Henry's son and Prince of Wales,
Thy fool disguis'd cannot conceal thyself.

I know both Ermsby and the Sussex Earl,
Else Friar Bacon had but little skill.

Thou com'st in post from merry Fressingfield, ¹³⁰

Fast-fancied¹ to the Keeper's bonny lass,

To crave some succour of the jolly friar;

And Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, hast thou left

To treat² fair Margaret to allow thy loves; ¹³⁵

But friends are men, and love can baffle lords;

The earl both woos and courts her for himself.

War. Ned, this is strange; the friar knoweth all.

Erms. Apollo could not utter more than this.

P. Edw. I stand amaz'd to hear this jolly friar

Tell even the very secrets of my thoughts. —

But, learned Bacon, since thou know'st the cause ¹⁴⁰

Why I did post so fast from Fressingfield,

Help, friar, at a pinch, that I may have

The love of lovely Margaret to myself, ¹⁴⁵

And, as I am true Prince of Wales, I'll give

Living and lands to strength thy college state.

War. Good friar, help the prince in this.

Ralph. Why, servant Ned, will not the friar do it?

Were not my sword glued to my scabbard by conjuration, I would cut off his ¹⁵⁰ head, and make him do it by force.

Miles. In faith, my lord, your manhood and your sword is all alike; they are so fast conjured that we shall never see them.

Erms. What, doctor, in a dump? Tush, help the prince, ¹⁵⁵

And thou shalt see how liberal he will prove.

¹ Tied by love.

² Entreat.

Bacon. Crave not such actions greater dumps than these?

I will, my lord, strain out my magic spells;

For this day comes the earl to Fressingfield, ¹⁵⁵

And 'fore that night shuts in the day with dark,

They'll be betrothed each to other fast.

But come with me; we'll to my study straight,

And in a glass prospective I will show

What's done this day in merry Fressingfield.

P. Edw. Gramercies, Bacon; I will quite thy pain. ¹⁶⁰

Bacon. But send your train, my lord, into the town;

My scholar shall go bring them to their inn.

Meanwhile we'll see the knavery of the earl.

P. Edw. Warren, leave me. — and, Ermsby, take the fool,

Let him be master, and go revel it, ¹⁶⁵

Till I and Friar Bacon talk awhile.

War. We will, my lord.

Ralph. Faith, Ned, and I'll lord it out till

thou comest. I'll be Prince of Wales over all

the black-pots³ in Oxford. *Exeunt.* ¹⁷⁰

[SCENE VI.]⁴

FRIAR BACON and [PRINCE] EDWARD go into the study.⁵

Bacon. Now, frolic Edward, welcome to my cell;

Here tempers Friar Bacon many toys,

And holds this place his consistory-court,

Wheren the devils plead homage to his words.

Within this glass prospective thou shalt see ¹⁷⁵

This day what's done in merry Fressingfield

'Twixt lovely Peggy and the Lincoln Earl.

P. Edw. Friar, thou glad'st me. Now shall

Edward try

How Lacy meaneth to his sovereign lord.

Bacon. Stand there and look directly in the glass. ¹⁸⁰

Enter MARGARET and FRIAR BUNGAY.

What sees my lord?

P. Edw. I see the Keeper's lovely lass

appear,

As brightsome⁶ as the paramour of Mars,

Only attended by a jolly friar.

Bacon. Sit still, and keep the crystal in your

eye. ¹⁸⁵

Mar. But tell me, Friar Bungay, is it true?

That this fair courteous country swain,

Who says his father is a farmer nigh,

Can be Lord Lacy, Earl of Lincolnshire?

Bun. Peggy, 'tis true, 'tis Lacy for my life, ¹⁹⁰

Or else mine art and cunning both doth fail,

Left by Prince Edward to procure his loves;

For he in green, that help you run your cheese,

Is son to Henry and the Prince of Wales.

Mar. Be what he will, his lure is but for

lust. ¹⁹⁵

³ Leathern wine jugs.

⁴ Friar Bacon's Cell

⁵ This stage-direction shows that the change of scene took place only in the minds of the audience

⁶ Qq bright-as-day Gay ex. *bright-as-day*, 1771

⁷ The Prince does not hear the following dialogue.

But did Lord Lacy like poor Margaret,
Or would he deign to wed a country lass,
Friar, I would his humble handmaid be,
And for great wealth quite him with court-
tesy.²⁹

Bun. Why, Margaret, dost thou love him?

Mar. His personage, like the pride of vaunt-
ing Troy,

Might well avouch to shadow¹ Helen's scape.²
His wit is quick and ready in conceit,
As Greece afforded in her chiefest prime.
Courteous, ah friar, full of pleasing smiles!³⁵
Trust me, I love too much to tell thee more;
Suffice to me he's England's paramour.

Bun. Hath not each eye that view'd thy
pleasing face
Surnamed thee Fair Maid of Fressingfield?

Mar. Yes, Bungay; and would God the
lovely earl⁴⁰

Had that in *esse* that so many sought.
Bun. Fear not, the friar will not be behind
To show his cunning to entangle love.

P. Edw. I think the friar courts the bonny
wench;

Bacon, methinks he is a lusty churl.⁴⁵

Bacon. Now look, my lord.

Enter LACY [disguised as before].

P. Edw. Gog's wounds, Bacon, here comes
Lacy!

Bacon. Sit still, my lord, and mark the
comedy.

Bun. Here's Lacy, Margaret; step aside
awhile. *They withdraw*

Lacy. Daphne, the damsel that caught
Phœbus fast,⁵¹

And lock'd him in the brightness of her looks,
Was not so beauteous in Apollo's eyes
As is fair Margaret to the Lincoln Earl.
Recant thee, Lacy, thou art put in trust.⁵⁵
Edward, thy sovereign's son, hath chosen thee,
A secret friend, to court her for himself,
And dar'st thou wrong thy prince with treach-
ery?

Lacy, love makes no exception of a friend,
Nor deems it of a prince but as a man.⁶⁰
Honour bids thee control³ him in his lust;
His wooing is not for to wed the girl,
But to entrap her and beguile the lass.
Lacy, thou lov'st, then brook not such abuse,
But wed her, and abide thy prince's frown;⁶⁵
For better die than see her live disgrac'd.

Mar. Come, friar, I will shake him from his
dumps. — *[Comes forward]*

How cheer you, sir? A penny for your thought!
You're early up, pray God it be the near.⁴

What, come from Beccles in a morn so soon?⁷⁰
Lacy. Thus watchful are such men as live in
love,

Whose eyes brook broken slumbers for their
sleep.

I tell thee, Peggy, since last Harleston fair
My mind hath felt a heap of passions.

¹ Excuse.

² So Gayley. *Qq. cape.* Other edd. *rape.*

³ Check, overmaster.

⁴ Nearer (to your purpose).

Mar. A trusty man, that court it for your
friend.

Woo you still for the courtier all in green?⁷⁵
I marvel that he sues not for himself.

Lacy Peggy,

I pleaded first to get your grace for him;
But when mine eyes survey'd your beauteous
looks,⁸⁰

Love, like a wag, straight div'd into my heart,
And there did shrine the idea of yourself.

Pity me, though I be a farmer's son,
And measure not my riches, but my love.⁸⁵

Mar. You are very hasty, for to garden well,
Seeds must have time to sprout before they
spring.

Love ought to creep as doth the dial's shade,
For timely⁵ ripe is rotten too-too soon.

Bun. *[coming forward.]* Deus hic; room for a
merry friar!

What, youth of Beccles, with the Keeper's
lass?⁹⁰

'T is well; but tell me, hear you any news?

Mar. No, friar. What news?

Bun. Hear you not how the pursuivants do
post

With proclamations through each country-
town?⁹⁵

Lacy. For what, gentle friar? Tell the news.

Bun. Dwell'st thou in Beccles, and hear'st
not of these news?

Lacy, the Earl of Lincoln, is late fled
From Windsor court, disguised like a swain,
And lurks about the country here unknown.
Henry suspects him of some treachery,¹⁰⁰
And therefore doth proclaim in every way,
That who can take the Lincoln Earl shall have,
Paid in the Exchequer, twenty thousand crowns.

Lacy. The Earl of Lincoln! Friar, thou art
mad.

It was some other; thou mistak'st the man.¹⁰⁵
The Earl of Lincoln! Why, it cannot be.

Mar. Yes, very well, my lord, for you are he:
The Keeper's daughter took you prisoner.

Lord Lacy, yield, I'll be your gaoler once.

P. Edw. How familiar they be, Bacon!¹¹⁰

Bacon. Sit still, and mark the sequel of their
loves.

Lacy. Then am I double prisoner to thyself.
Peggy, I yield. But are these news in jest?

Mar. In jest with you, but earnest unto me;
For why⁶ these wrongs do wring me at the
heart.¹¹⁵

Ah, how these earls and noblemen of birth
Flatter and feign to forge poor women's ill!

Lacy. Believe me, lass, I am the Lincoln
Earl;

I not deny but, tired thus in rags,
I liv'd disguis'd to win fair Peggy's love.¹²⁰

Mar. What love is there where wedding ends
not love?

Lacy. I meant, fair girl, to make thee Lacy's
wife.

Mar. I little think that earls will stoop so low.

Lacy. Say, shall I make thee countess ere I
sleep?¹²⁵

⁵ Prematurely.

⁶ Because.

Mar. Handmaid unto the earl, so please himself ; 125

A wife in name, but servant in obedience.

Lacy. The Lincoln Countess, for it shall be so :
I'll plight the bands, and seal it with a kiss

P. Edw. Gog's wounds, Bacon, they kiss ! I'll stab them. 130

Bacon. O, hold your hands, my lord, it is the glass !

P. Edw. Choler to see the traitors gree so well

Made me think the shadows substances.

Bacon. 'Twere a long poniard, my lord, to reach between

Oxford and Fressingfield ; but sit still and see more. 135

Bun. Well, Lord of Lincoln, if your loves be knit,

And that your tongues and thoughts do both agree,

To avoid ensuing jars, I'll hamper up the match.

I'll take my portace¹ forth and wed you here :

Then go to bed and seal² up your desires. 140

Lacy. Friar, content. — Peggy, how like you this ?

Mar. What likes my lord is pleasing unto me.

Bun. Then hand-fast hand, and I will to my book.

Bacon. What sees my lord now ?

P. Edw. Bacon, I see the lovers hand in hand, 145

The friar ready with his portace there

To wed them both : then am I quite undone.

Bacon. help now, if e'er thy magic serv'd ;

Help, Bacon ! Stop the marriage now,

If devils or necromancy may suffice, 150

And I will give thee forty thousand crowns.

Bacon. Fear not, my lord, I'll stop the jolly friar

For³ mumbling up his orisons this day.

Lacy. Why speak'st not, Bungay ? Friar, to thy book.

Bungay is mute, crying, "Hud, hud." 155

Mar. How look'st thou, friar, as a man distraught ?

Reft of thy senses, Bungay ? Show by signs, If thou be dumb, what passions holdeth thee.

Lacy. He's dumb indeed. Bacon hath with his devils

Enchanted him, or else some strange disease Or apoplexy hath possess'd his lungs. 160

But, Peggy, what he cannot with his book, We'll 'twixt us both unite it up in heart.

Mar. Else let me die, my lord, a miscreant.

P. Edw. Why stands Friar Bungay so amaz'd ?

Bacon. I have struck him dumb, my lord ; and, if your honour please, 165

I'll fetch this Bungay straightway from Fressingfield

And he shall dine with us in Oxford here.

P. Edw. Bacon, do that, and thou contentest me.

Lacy. Of courtesy, Margaret, let us lead the friar

Unto thy father's lodge, to comfort him 170
With broths, to bring him from this hapless trance.

Mar. Or else, my lord, we were passing unkind

To leave the friar so in his distress.

Enter a Devil, who carries off BUNGAY on his back.

O, help, my lord ! a devil, a devil, my lord !

Look how he carries Bungay on his back ! 175
Let's hence, for Bacon's spirits be abroad.

Exit [with LACY].

P. Edw. Bacon, I laugh to see the jolly friar Mounted upon the devil, and how the earl

Flees with his bonny lass for fear.

As soon as Bungay is at Brazen-nose, 180

And I have chatted with the merry friar,

I will in post hie me to Fressingfield,

And quite these wrongs on Lacy ere't be long.

Bacon. So be it, my lord ; but let us to our dinner ;

For ere we have taken our repast awhile, 185
We shall have Bungay brought to Brazen-nose.

Exeunt.

[SCENE VII.]⁴

Enter three doctors, BURDEN, MASON, and CLEMENT.

Mason. Now that we are gathered in the Regent-house,

It fits us talk about the king's repair.⁵

For he, trooped with all the western kings,

That lie alongst the Dantzie seas by east,

North by the clime of frosty Germany, 190

The Almain monarch, and the Saxon duke,

Castile and lovely Elinor with him,

Have in their jests resolv'd for Oxford town.

Burd. We must lay plots of stately tragedies.

Strange comic shows, such as proud Roscius 195

Vaunted before the Roman emperors,

To welcome all the western potentates.

Clem. But more ; the king by letters hath foretold

That Frederick, the Almain emperor,

Hath brought with him a German of esteem, 200

Whose surname is Don Jaques Vandermast,

Skilful in magic and those secret arts.

Mason. Then must we all make suit unto the friar,

To Friar Bacon, that he vouch this task,

And undertake to countervail in skill 205

The German ; else there's none in Oxford can

Match and dispute with learned Vandermast.

Burd. Bacon, if he will hold the German play,

Will teach him what an English friar can do.

The devil, I think, dare not dispute with him. 210

Clem. Indeed, Mas doctor, he [displeasur'd you,

In that he brought your hostess with her spit From Henley, posting unto Brazen-nose.

¹ Portable breviary. ² Gayley scale, as Q. ³ From.

⁴ The Regent-house at Oxford.

⁵ Visit.

Burd. A vengeance on the friar for his pains !
But leaving that, let's hie to Bacon straight, 30
To see if he will take this task in hand.

Clem. Stay, what rumour is this ? The town
is up in a mutiny. What hurly-burly is this ?

Enter a Constable, with RALPH SIMNELL, WARREN, ERMSBY, [all three disguised as before], and MILES.

Cons. Nay, masters, if you were ne'er so good, you shall before the doctors to answer [53
your misdemeanour.

Burd. What's the matter, fellow ?

Cons. Marry, sir, here's a company of rufflers, that, drinking in the tavern, have made a great brawl, and almost killed the vintner. 40

Miles. *Salve, Doctor Burden !*

This lubberly lurcher,¹
Ill-shap'd and ill-faced,
Disdain'd and disgraced,
What he tells unto *vobis* 45
Mentitur de nobis.

Burd. Who is the master and chief of this crew ?

Miles. *Ecce asinum mundi ,*
Fugura rotundi, 50
Neat, sheat,² and fine,
As brisk as a cup of wine.

Burd. What are you ?

Ralph. I am, father doctor, as a man would say, the bell-wether of this company, these [55
are my lords, and I the Prince of Wales.

Clem. Are you Edward, the king's son ?

Ralph. Sirrah Miles, bring hither the tapster that drew the wine, and, I warrant, when they see how soundly I have broke his head, [60
they'll say 't was done by no less man than a prince.

Mason. I cannot believe that this is the Prince of Wales.

War. And why so, sir ? 65

Mason. For they say the prince is a brave and a wise gentleman.

War. Why, and think'st thou, doctor, that he is not so ?

Dar'st thou detract and derogate from him,
Being so lovely and so brave a youth ? 70

Erms. Whose face, shimming with many a sug'red smile,

Bewrays that he is bred of princely race.

Miles. And yet, master doctor,

To speak like a proctor, 75

And tell unto you

What is veriment and true ;

To cease of this quarrel,

Look but on his apparel ;

Then mark but my talis,

He is great Prince of Walis, 80

The chief of our *gregis*,

And *filius regis* ;

Then 'ware what is done,

For he is Henry's white³ son.

Ralph. Doctors, whose dotting night-caps are [85
not capable of my ingenious dignity, know that I am Edward Plantagenet, whom if you dis-

Worthless fellow. ² Trim (?) (Cent. Dict.) ³ Darling.

please will make a ship that shall hold all your colleges, and so carry away the university with a fair wind to the Bankside in Southwark [90
—How sayest thou, Ned Warren, shall I not do it ?

War. Yes, my good lord ; and, if it please your lordship, I will gather up all your old pantofles, and with the cork⁴ make you a [95
pinnacle of five-hundred ton, that shall serve the turn marvellous well, my lord.

Erms. And I, my lord, will have pionsers to undermine the town, that the very gardens and orchards be carried away for your summer- [100
walks

Miles. And I, with *scientia*

And great *diligentia*,

Will conjure and charm,

To keep you from harm ; 105

That *utrum horum mavis*,

Your very great *navis*,

Like Barclay's⁵ ship,

From Oxford do skip

With colleges and scholps, 110

Full-loaden with fools.

Quid dicas ad hoc,

Worshipful *Domine* Dawcock ?

Clem. Why, hare-brain'd courtiers, are you drunk or mad,

To taunt us up with such scurrility ? 115

Deem you us men of base and light esteem,

To bring us such a fop for Henry's son ?

Call out the beadles and convey them hence

Straight to Bocardo.⁶ let the roisters lie

Close clapt in bolts, until their wits be tame. 120

Erms. Why, shall we to prison, my lord ?

Ralph. What sayest, Miles, shall I honour

the prison with my presence ?

Miles. No, no out with your blades,

And hamper these jades ; 125

Have a flurt and a crash,

Now play revel-dash,

And teach these sacerdos

That the Bocardos,

Like peasants and elves, 130

Are meet for themselves.

Mason. To the prison with them, constable,

War. Well, doctors, seeing I have sported

me

With laughing at these mad and merry wags,

Know that Prince Edward is at Brazen-nose, 135

And this, attired like the Prince of Wales,

Is Ralph, King Henry's only loved fool ;

I, Earl of Sussex, and this Ermsby,

One of the privy-chamber to the king ;

Who, while the prince with Friar Bacon stays,

Have revell'd it in Oxford as you see. 141

Mason. My lord, pardon us, we knew not

what you were :

But courtiers may make greater scapes than

these.

Wilt please your honour dine with me to-day ?

War. I will, Master doctor, and satisfy [145

⁴ From the soles of the slippers.

⁵ Qq. *Barliles*, perhaps rightly, as Greene may have intended Miles to corrupt the name of the author of *The Ship of Fools*.

⁶ The old north gate of Oxford, used as a prison.

the vintner for his hurt, only I must desire you to imagine him all this forenoon the Prince of Wales.

Mason. I will, sir.

Ralph. And upon that I will lead the way; [150] only I will have Miles go before me, because I have heard Henry say that wisdom must go before majesty. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE VIII.]¹

Enter PRINCE EDWARD with his poniard in his hand, LACY, and MARGARET.

P. Edw. Lacy, thou canst not shroud thy traitorous thoughts,

Nor cover, as did Cassius, all his wiles;
For Edward hath an eye that looks as far
As Lynceus from the shores of Græcia.
Did not I sit in Oxford by the friar, 5
And see thee court the maid of Fressingfield,
Sealing thy flattering fancies with a kiss?
Did not proud Bungay draw his portage forth,
And, joining hand in hand, had married you,
If Friar Bacon had not struck him dumb, 10
And mounted him upon a spirit's back,
That we might chat at Oxford with the friar?
Traitor, what answer'st? Is not all this true?

Lacy. Truth all, my lord; and thus I make reply:

At Harleston fair, there courting for your grace,
Whenas mine eye survey'd her curious shape, 15
And drew the beauteous glory of her looks
To dive into the centre of my heart,
Love taught me that your honour did but jest,
That princes were in fancy² but as men; 20
How that the lovely maid of Fressingfield
Was fitter to be Lacy's wedded wife
Than concubine unto the Prince of Wales.

P. Edw. Injurious Lacy, did I love thee more

Than Alexander his Hephæstion? 25
Did I unfold the passions of my love,
And lock them in the closet of thy thoughts?
Wert thou to Edward second to himself,
Sole friend, and partner of his secret loves?
And could a glance of fading beauty break 30
Th' enchain'd fetters of such private friends?
Base coward, false, and too effeminate
To be corvial³ with a prince in thoughts!
From Oxford have I posted since I din'd,
To quite a traitor 'fore that Edward sleep. 35

Mar. 'T was I, my lord, not Lacy stept awry:
For oft he su'd and courted for yourself,
And still woo'd for the courtier all in green;
But I, whom fancy made but over-fond,
Pleaded myself with looks as if I lov'd; 40
I fed mine eye with gazing on his face,
And still bewitch'd lov'd Lacy with my looks;
My heart with sighs, mine eyes pleaded with tears,

My face held pity and content at once,
And more I could not cipher-out by signs, 45
But that I lov'd Lord Lacy with my heart.
Then, worthy Edward, measure with thy mind
If women's favours will not force men fall,

If beauty, and if darts of piercing love,
Are not of force to bury thoughts of friends. 50

P. Edw. I tell thee, Peggy, I will have thy loves;

Edward or none shall conquer Margaret
In frigates bottom'd with rich Sethum⁴ planks,
Topt with the lofty firs of Lebanon,
Stemm'd and incas'd with burnish'd ivory, 55
And over-laid with plates of Persian wealth,
Like Thetis shalt thou wanton on the waves,
And draw the dolphins to thy lovely eyes,
To dance lavoltas in the purple streams:
Sirens, with harps and silver psalteries, 60
Shall wait with music at thy frigate's stern,
And entertain fair Margaret with their lays.
England and England's wealth shall wait on thee;

Britain shall bend unto her prince's love,
And do due homage to thine excellence, 65
If thou wilt be but Edward's Margaret.

Mar. Pardon, my lord: if Jove's great royalty
Sent me such presents as to Danaë,
If Phœbus, tired in Latona's webs,
Come courting from the beauty of his lodge; 70
The dulcet tunes of frolic Mercury,—
Nor all the wealth heaven's treasury affords
Should make me leave Lord Lacy or his love.

P. Edw. I have learn'd at Oxford, then, this point of schools,—

Ablata causa, tollitur effectus: 75
Lacy, the cause that Margaret cannot love
Nor fix her liking on the English prince,
Take him away, and then th' effects will fail.
Villain, prepare thyself; for I will bathe
My poniard in the bosom of an earl. 80

Lacy. Rather than live, and miss fair Margaret's love,

Prince Edward, stop not at the fatal doom,
But stab it home: end both my loves and life.

Mar. Brave Prince of Wales, honoured for royal deeds,
'T were sin to stain fair Venus' courts with blood; 85

Love's conquest ends, my lord, in courtesy.
Spare Lacy, gentle Edward; let me die,
For so both you and he do cease your loves.

P. Edw. Lacy shall die as traitor to his lord.

Lacy. I have deserv'd it, Edward; act it well. 90

Mar. What hopes the prince to gain by Lacy's death?

P. Edw. To end the loves 'twixt him and Margaret.

Mar. Why, thinks King Henry's son that Margaret's love
Hangs in th' uncertain balance of proud time?
That death shall make a discord of our thoughts? 95

No, stab the earl, and, 'fore the morning sun
Shall vaunt him thrice over the lofty east,
Margaret will meet her Lacy in the heavens.

Lacy. If aught betides to lovely Margaret
That wrongs or wrings her honour from content, 100
Europe's rich wealth nor England's monarchy

¹ Fressingfield. ² Love. ³ Sharer.

⁴ Shittim.

Should not allure Lacy to over-live.

Then, Edward, short my life, and end her loves.

Mar. Rid¹ me, and keep a friend worth many loves.

Lacy. Nay, Edward, keep a love worth many friends.

Mar. An if thy mind be such as fame hath blaz'd,

Then, princely Edward, let us both abide

The fatal resolution of thy rage.

Banish thou fancy and embrace revenge,

And in one tomb knit both our carcases,

Whose hearts were linked in one perfect love.

P. Edw. [*aside.*] Edward, art thou that famous Prince of Wales,

Who at Damasco beat the Saracens,

And brought'st home triumph on thy lance's point?

And shall thy plumes be pull'd by Venus down?

Is't princely to disserve lovers' leagues,

To part such friends as glory in their loves?

Leave, Ned, and make a virtue of this fault,

And further Peg and Lacy in their loves:

So in subduing fancy's passion,

Conquering thyself, thou gett'st the richest spoil.

Lacy. rise up. Fair Peggy, here's my hand. The Prince of Wales hath conquered all his thoughts,

And all his loves he yields unto the earl.

Lacy. enjoy the maid of Fressingfield;

Make her thy Lincoln Countess at the church,

And Ned, as he is true Plantagenet,

Will give her to thee frankly for thy wife.

Lacy. Humbly I take her of my sovereign,

As if that Edward gave me England's right,

And rich'd me with the Albion diadem.

Mar. And doth the English prince mean true?

Will he vouchsafe to cease his former loves,

And yield the title of a country maid

Unto Lord Lacy?

P. Edw. I will, fair Peggy, as I am true lord.

Mar. Then, lordly sir, whose conquest is as

great,

In conquering love, as Cæsar's victories,

Margaret, as mild and humble in her thoughts

As was Aspasia unto Cyrus' self,

Yields thanks, and, next Lord Lacy, doth en-

shrine

Edward the second secret in her heart.

P. Edw. Gramercy, Peggy. Now that vows

are past,

And that your loves are not to be revolt,

Once, Lacy, friends again. Come, we will post

To Oxford; for this day the king is there,

And brings for Edward Castle Elinor

Peggy, I must go see and view my wife:

I pray God I like her as I loved thee.

Beside, Lord Lincoln, we shall hear dispute

'Twixt Friar Bacon and learned Vandermast.

Peggy, we'll leave you for a week or two.

Mar. As it please Lord Lacy; but love's fool-

ish looks

Think footsteps miles and minutes to be hours.

¹ Get rid of.

² Overturned.

Lacy. I'll hasten, Peggy, to make short re-
turn.

But please your honour go unto the lodge,

We shall have butter, cheese, and venison;

And yesterday I brought for Margaret

A lusty bottle of neat claret-wine:

Thus can we feast and entertain your grace.

P. Edw. 'T is cheer, Lord Lacy, for an em-

peror,

If he respect the person and the place.

Come, let us in; for I will all this night

Ride post until I come to Bacon's cell.

Exeunt.

[SCENE IX.]³

Enter KING HENRY, the EMPEROR, the KING
OF CASTILE, ELINOR, VANDERMAS, and
BUNGAY.

Emp. Trust me, Plantagenet, these Oxford
schools

Are richly seated near the river-side:

The mountains full of fat and fallow deer,

The bating⁴ pastures lade with kine and

flocks,

The town gorgeous with high-built colleges,

And scholars seemly in their grave attire,

Learned in searching principles of art.—

What is thy judgment, Jaques Vandermast?

Van. That lordly are the buildings of the

town,

Spacious the rooms, and full of pleasant walks;

But for the doctors, how that they be learned,

It may be meanly, for aught I can hear.

Bun. I tell thee, German, Hapsburg holds

none such,

None read so deep as Oxenford contains.

There are within our academic state

Men that may lecture it in Germany

To all the doctors of your Belgic schools.

K. Hen. Stand to him, Bungay, charm this

Vandermast,

And I will use thee as a royal king.

Van. Wherein darrest thou dispute with

me?

Bun. In what a doctor and a friar can.

Van. Before rich Europe's worthies put thou

forth

The doubtful question unto Vandermast.

Bun. Let it be this, — Whether the spirits of

pyromancy or geomancy be most predomi-

nant in magic?

Van. I say, of pyromancy.

Bun. And I, of geomancy.

Van. The cabalists that write of magic

spells,

As Hermes, Melchic, and Pythagoras,

Affirm that, 'mongst the quadruplicity

Of elemental essence, *terra* is but thought

To be a *punctum* squared⁵ to the rest;

And that the compass of ascending elements

Exceed in bigness as they do in height;

Judging the concave circle of the sun

To hold the rest in his circumference.

If, then, as Hermes says, the fire be great'st.

³ Oxford.

⁴ Fattening.

⁵ Compared.

Purest, and only giveth shape to spirits,
Then must these demones that haunt that place
Be every way superior to the rest. 41

Bun. I reason not of elemental shapes,
Nor tell I of the concave latitudes,
Noting their essence nor their quality,
But of the spirits that pyromancy calls, 45
And of the vigour of the geomantic fiends.
I tell thee, German, magic haunts the ground,
And those strange necromantic spells,
That work such shows and wondering in the
world,

Are acted by those geomantic spirits 50
That Hermes calleth *terre flu*.
The fiery spirits are but transparent shades,
That lightly pass as heralds to bear news;
But earthly fiends, clos'd in the lowest deep,
Dissever mountains, if they be but charg'd, 55
Being more gross and massy in their power.

Van. Rather these earthly geomantic spirits
Are dull and like the place where they remain;
For when proud Lucifer fell from the heavens,
The spirits and angels that did sin with him, 60
Retain'd their local essence as their faults,
All subject under Luna's continent.

They which overlooked less hang in the fire,
And second faults did rest within the air;
But Lucifer and his proud-hearted fiends 65
Were thrown into the centre of the earth,
Having less understanding than the rest,
As having greater sin and lesser grace.
Therefore such gross and earthly spirits do serve
For jugglers, witches, and vile sorcerers; 70
Whereas the pyromantic genii

Are mighty, swift, and of far-reaching power.
But grant that geomancy hath most force,
Bungay, to please these mighty potentates,
Prove by some instance what thy art can do. 75
Bun. I will.

Emp. Now, English Harry, here begins the
game;

We shall see sport between these learned men.

Van. What wilt thou do?

Bun. Show thee the tree, leav'd with refined
gold, 80

Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat,
That watch'd the garden call'd Hesperides,
Subdu'd and won by conquering Hercules.

Van. Well done!

*Here BUNGAY conjures, and the tree appears
with the dragon shooting fire.*

K. Hen. What say you, royal lordings, to my
friar? 85

Hath he not done a point of cunning skill?

Van. Each scholar in the necromantic spells
Can do as much as Bungay hath perform'd.
But as Alcmena's bastard raz'd this tree,
So will I raise him up as when he liv'd, 90
And cause him pull the dragon from his seat,
And tear the branches piecemeal from the root.—
Hercules! *Prodi, prodi, Hercules!*

HERCULES appears in his lion's skin.

Her. Quis me vult?

Van. Jove's bastard son, thou Libyan Her-
cules, 95

Pull off the sprigs from off the Hesperian tree,
As once thou didst to win the golden fruit.

Her. Fiat. *Begins to break the branches.*

Van. Now, Bungay, if thou canst by magic
charm

The fiend, appearing like great Hercules, 100
From pulling down the branches of the tree,
Then art thou worthy to be counted learned.

Bun. I cannot.

Van. Cease, Hercules, until I give thee
charge.—

Mighty commander of this English isle, 105
Henry, come from the stout Plantagenets,
Bungay is learn'd enough to be a friar;
But to compare with Jaques Vandermast,
Oxford and Cambridge must go seek their cells
To find a man to match him in his art. 110
I have given non-plus to the Paduans,
To them of Sien, Florence, and Bologna,
Rheims, Louvain, and fair Rotterdam,
Frankfort, Lutetia,¹ and Orleans:
And now must Henry, if he do me right, 115
Crown me with laurel, as they all have done.

Enter BACON.

Bacon. All hail to this royal company,
That sit to hear and see this strange dispute!—
Bungay, how stand'st thou as a man amaz'd?
What, hath the German acted more than
thou? 120

Van. What art thou that questions thus?

Bacon. Men call me Bacon.

Van. Lordly thou look'st, as if that thou wert
learn'd;

Thy countenance as if science held her seat
Between the circled archers of thy brows. 125

K. Hen. Now, monarchs, hath the German
found his match.

Emp. Bestir thee, Jaques, take not now the
foil,

Lest thou dost lose what foretime thou didst
gain.

Van. Bacon, wilt thou dispute?

Bacon. No, 130

Unless he were more learn'd than Vandermast:
For yet, tell me, what hast thou done?

Van. Rais'd Hercules to runate that tree

That Bungay mounted by his magic spells.

Bacon. Set Hercules to work. 135

Van. Now, Hercules, I charge thee to thy
task;

Pull off the golden branches from the root.

Her. I dare not. See'st thou not great Bacon
here,

Whose frown doth act more than thy magic
can?

Van. By all the thrones, and dominations, 140
Virtues, powers, and mighty hierarchies,
I charge thee to obey to Vandermast.

Her. Bacon, that bridles headstrong Bel-
cepheon,

And rules Asmenoth, guider of the north,
Binds me from yielding unto Vandermast. 145

K. Hen. How now, Vandermast! Have you
met with your match?

¹ I. e. Paris. *Qq. Lutetia.*

Van. Never before was 't known to Vander-
mast

That men held devils in such obedient awe.

Bacon doth more than art, or else I fail. 150

Emp. Why, Vandermast, art then over-
come? —

Bacon, dispute with him, and try his skill.

Bacon. I come not, monarchs, for to hold dis-
pute

With such a novice as is Vandermast;

I came to have your royalties to dine 155

With Friar Bacon here in Brazen-nose;

And, for this German troubles but the place,

And holds this audience with a long suspense,

I'll send him to his academy hence. 160

Thou Hercules, whom Vandermast did raise,

Transport the German unto Hapsburg straight,

That he may learn by travail, 'gainst the spring,

More secret dooms and aphorisms of art.

Vanish the tree, and thou away with him!

*Exit the spirit [of HERCULES] with VANDER-
MAST and the tree.*

Emp. Why, Bacon, whither dost thou send
him? 165

Bacon. To Hapsburg; there your highness at
return

Shall find the German in his study safe.

K. Hen. Bacon, thou hast honour'd England
with thy skill,

And made fair Oxford famous by thine art;

I will be English Henry to thyself. 170

But tell me, shall we dine with thee to-day?

Bacon. With me, my lord; and while I fit
my cheer,

See where Prince Edward comes to welcome
you,

Gracious as the morning-star of heaven.

Exit.

*Enter [PRINCE] EDWARD, LACY, WARREN,
ERMSBY.*

Emp. Is this Prince Edward, Henry's royal
son? 175

How martial is the figure of his face!

Yet lovely and beset with amoretts.¹

K. Hen. Ned, where hast thou been?

P. Edw. At Framlingham, my lord, to try
your bucks

If they could scape the teasers² or the toil. 180

But hearing of these lordly potentates

Landed, and progress'd up to Oxford town,

I posted to give entertain to them:

Chief, to the Almain monarch; next to him,

And joint with him, Castile and Arragon 185

At welcome they may be both in let-h court.

Thus for the men: but see, Venus appears,

Or one that overmatcheth Venus in her shape!

Sweet Elinor, beauty's high-swalling pride,

Rich nature's glory and her wealth at once, 190

Fair of all fairs, welcome to Albion;

Welcome to me, and welcome to thine own,

If that thou deign'st the welcome from myself.

Elin. Martial Plantagenet, Henry's high-
minded son,

¹ Love-kindling looks.

² See note on I. 5.

The mark that Elinor did count her aim, 195

I lik'd thee 'fore I saw thee: now I love,

And so as in so short a time I may;

Yet so as time shall never break that so,

And therefore so accept of Elinor.

K. of Cast. Fear not, my lord, this couple
will agree, 200

If love may creep into their wanton eyes: —

And therefore, Edward, I accept thee here,

Without suspense, as my adopted son.

K. Hen. Let me that joy in these consorting
greet, 205

And glory in these honours done to Ned,

Yield thanks for all these favours to my son,

And rest a true Plantagenet to all.

*Enter MILES with a cloth and trenchers and
salt.*

Miles. Salvete, omnes reges,

That govern your greges

In Saxony and Spain, 210

In England and in Almain!

For all this frolic rabble

Must I cover the table

With trenchers, salt, and cloth;

And then look for your broth. 215

Emp. What pleasant fellow is this?

K. Hen. 'Tis, my lord, Doctor Bacon's poor
scholar.

Miles [aside.] My master hath made me

sewer³ of these great lords; and, God knows. [220

I am as serviceable at a table as a sow is under

an apple-tree. 'Tis no matter; their cheer shall

not be great, and therefore what skills where the

salt stand, before or behind? [Exit.]

K. of Cast. These scholars know more skill in
axioms, 225

How to use quips and sleights of sophistry,

Than for to cover courtly for a king.

Re-enter MILES with a mess of pottage and broth;

and, after him, BACON.

Miles. Spill, sir? why, do you think I never

carried twopenny chop⁴ before in my life? —

By your leave, *nobile decus*, 230

For here comes Doctor Bacon's *pecus*,

Being in his full age

To carry a mess of pottage.

Bacon. Lordings, admire⁵ not if your cheer

be this,

For we must keep our academic fare; 235

No riot where philosophy doth reign:

And therefore, Henry, place these potentates,

And bid them fall unto their frugal cates.

Emp. Presumptuous friar! What, scoff'st

thou at a king?

What, dost thou taunt us with thy peasants'

fare, 240

And give us cates fit for country swains? —

Henry, proceeds this jest of thy consent,

To twit us with⁶ a pittance of such price?

Tell me, and Frederick will not grieve thee long,

K. Hen. By Henry's honour, and the royal

faith 245

³ A servant who sets the table.

⁴ Chopped meat in broth (?) (N. E. D.)

⁵ Wonder. ⁶ Qq. with such.

The English monarch beareth to his friend,
I knew not of the friar's feeble fare,
Nor am I pleas'd he entertains you thus.

Bacon. Content thee, Frederick, for I show'd
the cates,

To let thee see how scholars use to feed ; 250
How little meat refines our English wits.—
Miles, take away, and let it be thy dinner.

Miles. Marry, sir, I will.

This day shall be a festival-day with me ;
For I shall exceed in the highest degree. [*Exit*]

Bacon. I tell thee, monarch, all the German
peers 255

Could not afford thy entertainment such,
So royal and so full of majesty,
As Bacon will present to Frederick.

The basest waiter that attends thy cups 260
Shall be in honours greater than thyself ;
And for thy cates, rich Alexandria drugs,¹

Fetch'd by carvels from Egypt's richest straits,
Found in the wealthy strand of Africa,

Shall royalize the table of my king ; 265
Wines richer than th' Egyptian courtesan
Quaff'd to Augustus' kingly countermatch,

Shall be carous'd in English Henry's feast ;
Candy shall yield the richest of her canes ;

Persia, down her Volga by canoes, 270
Send down the secrets of her spicery ;
The Afric dates, myrobalans² of Spain,

Conserves and suckets³ from Tiberias,
Cates from Judea, choicer than the lamp⁴

That fired Rome with sparks of gluttony, 275
Shall beautify the board for Frederick ;
And therefore grudge not at a friar's feast.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE X.]⁵

*Enter two gentlemen, LAMBERT and SERLSBY,
with the Keeper.*

Lam. Come, frolic Keeper of our liege's game,
Whose table spread hath ever venison

And jacks⁶ of wine to welcome passengers,
Know I'm in love with jolly Margaret,

That overshines our damsels as the moon 25
Dark'neth the brightest sparkles of the night.
In Laxfield here my land and living lies :

I'll make thy daughter jointer⁷ of it all,
So thou consent to give her to my wife ;

And I can spend five hundred marks a-year. 10
Ser. I am the lands-lord, Keeper, of thy holds,
By copy all thy living lies in me ;

Laxfield did never see me raise my due :
I will enfeof fair Margaret in all,

So she will take her to a lusty squire. 15
Keep. Now, courteous gentles, if the Keep-
er's girl

Hath pleas'd the liking fancy of you both,
And with her beauty hath subdu'd your

thoughts,
'T is doubtful to decide the question.

It joys me that such men of great esteem 20
Should lay their liking on this base estate,

¹ Spices

² A variety of pl.

³ Confectionery.

⁴ Lamprey (?) (Ward).

⁵ Fressingfield.

⁶ Pitchers.

⁷ Jointure, or jointness.

And that her state should grow so fortunate
To be a wife to meaner men than you.

But sith such squires will stoop to keeper's fee,⁸
I will, to avoid displeasure of you both, 15

Call Margaret forth, and she shall make her
choice. *Exit.*

Lam. Content, Keeper, send her unto us.
Why, Serlsby, is thy wife so lately dead,

Are all thy loves so lightly passed over,
As thou canst wed before the year be out? 20

Ser. I live not, Lambert, to content the dead,
Nor was I wedded but for life to her :

The grave ends and begins a married state.

Enter MARGARET.

Lam. Peggy, the lovely flower of all towns,
Suffolk's fair Helen, and rich England's star, 25

Whose beauty, tempered with her huswifery,
Makes England talk of merry Fressingfield !

Ser. I cannot trick it up with poesies,
Nor paint my passions with comparisons,

Nor tell a tale of Phœbus and his loves : 30
But this believe me, — Laxfield here is mine,
Of ancient rent seven hundred pounds a-year,

And if thou canst but love a country squire,
I will enfeof thee, Margaret, in all.

I cannot flatter ; try me, if thou please. 35
Mar. Brave neighbouring squires, the stay
of Suffolk's clime,

A keeper's daughter is too base in gree⁹
To match with men accounted of such worth :

But might I not displease, I would reply.
Lam. Say, Peggy ; naught shall make us dis-

content. 40
Mar. Then, gentles, note that love hath little
stay,

Nor can the flames that Venus sets on fire
Be kindled but by fancy's motion :

Then pardon, gentles, if a maid's reply.
Be doubtful, while¹⁰ I have debated with my-

self, 45
Who, or of whom, love shall constrain me like.
Ser. Let it be me ; and trust me, Margaret,

The meads environed with the silver streams,
Whose battling pastures fatt'neth all my flocks,

Yielding forth fleeces stapled with such wool, 50
As Leominster¹¹ cannot yield more finer stuff,
And forty kine with fair and burnish'd heads,

Withstrouting¹² dugs that puggle¹³ to the ground,
Shall serve thy dairy, if thou wed with me.

Lam. Let pass the country wealth, as flocks
and kine, 55
And lands that wave with Ceres' golden
sheaves,

Filling my barns with plenty of the fields ;
But, Peggy, if thou wed thyself to me,

Thou shalt have garments of embroid'ed silk,
Lawns, and rich net-works for thy head-at-

tire : 60
Costly shall be thy fair habiliments,
If thou wilt be but Lambert's loving wife.

Mar. Content you, gentles, you have proffer'd
fair,

And more than fits a country maid's degree ;
⁸ Estate (Gayley). ¹¹ Q. Lempster (phonetic).

⁹ Degree.

¹⁰ Till.

¹² Strutting, swelling.

¹³ Hang loosely (N. E. D.).

But give me leave to counsel me a time, 75
For fancy blooms not at the first assault;
Gave me but ten days' respite, and I will
replay,

Which or to whom myself affectionates.

Ser. Lambert, I tell thee, thou'rt importunate,
Such beauty fits not such a base esquire. 80
It is for Serlsby to have Margaret.

Lam. Think'st thou with wealth to overreach
me?

Serlsby, I scorn to brook thy country braves.
I dare thee, coward, to maintain this wrong,
At dunt of rapier, single in the field. 85

Ser. I'll answer, Lambert, what I have
avouch'd. —

Margaret, farewell; another time shall serve.

Exit.

Lam. I'll follow. — Peggy, farewell to thy-
self;

Listen how well I'll answer for thy love. *Exit.*

Mar. How Fortune tempers lucky haps with
frowns, 90

And wrongs me with the sweets of my delight!
Love is my bliss, and love is now my bale.

Shall I be Helen in my froward¹ fates,
As I am Helen in my matchless hue,

And set rich Suffolk with my face afire? 95

If lovely Lacy were but with his Peggy,
The cloudy darkness of his bitter frown

Would check the pride of these aspiring squires.
Before the term of ten days be expired,

Whenas they look for answer of their loves, 100
My lord will come to merry Fressingfield,

And end their fancies and their follies both:
Till when, Peggy, be blithe and of good cheer.

Enter a Post with a letter and a bag of gold.

Post. Fair lovely damsel, which way leads
this path?

How might I post me unto Fressingfield? 105
Which footpath leadeth to the Keeper's lodge?

Mar. Your way is ready, and this path is right;
Myself do dwell hereby in Fressingfield,

And if the Keeper be the man you seek,
I am his daughter: may I know the cause? 110

Post. Lovely, and once beloved of my lord, —
No marvel if his eye was lodg'd so low,

When brighter beauty is not in the heavens, —
The Lincoln Earl hath sent you letters here,

And, with them, just an hundred pounds in
gold. 115

Sweet, bonny wench, read them, and make
reply.

Mar. The scrolls that Jove sent Danaë,
Wrapt in rich closures of fine burnish'd gold,

Were not more welcome than these lines to me.
Tell me, whilst that I do unrip the seals, 120

Lives Lacy well? How fares my lovely lord?

Post. Well, if that wealth may make men to
live well.

Mar. *(reads)* The blooms of the almond-tree
grow in a night, and vanish in a morn; the flies
hemerae,² fast Peggy, take life with the sun, [125
and die with the dew; fancy that slippeth in with
a gaze, goeth out with a wink; and too timely³

loves have ever the shortest length. I write this as
thy grief, and my folly, who at Fressingfield loved
that which time hath taught me to be but mean [130
dainties. Eyes are dissembling, and fancy is but
queasy; therefore know, Margaret, I have chosen
thy daughter to be my wife, chief waiting-woman
to the Earl of Elinor, a lady fair, and no less
fair than thyself, honourable and wealthy. In [135
that I forsake thee, I leave thee to thine own lik-
ing; and for thy dowry I have sent thee an hun-
dred pounds; and ever assure thee of my favour,
which shall avail thee and thine much.

Farewell. Not thine, nor his own, [140

EDWARD LACY.

Fond Ate, doomer of bad-boding fates,
That wraps proud Fortune in thy snaky locks,
Didst thou enchant my birth-day with such stars
As light'ned mischief from their eyes? [145
If heavens had vow'd, if stars had made decree,
To show on me their froward influence,
If Lacy had but lov'd, heavens, hell, and all
Could not have wrong'd the patience of my mind.

Post. It grieves me, damsel; but the earl is
forc'd [150

To love the lady by the king's command.

Mar. The wealth combin'd within the English
shelves,

Europe's commander, nor the English king,
Should not have mov'd the love of Peggy from
her lord.

Post. What answer shall I return to my
lord? [155

Mar. First, for thou cam'st from Lacy whom
I lov'd, —

Ah, give me leave to sigh at every thought! —
Take thou, my friend, the hundred pound he
sent,

For Margaret's resolution craves no dower.
The world shall be to her as vanity; [160

Wealth, trash; love, hate; pleasure, despair:
For I will straight to stately Framlingham,

And in the abbey there be shorn a nun,
And yield my loves and liberty to God.

Fellow, I give thee this, not for the news, [165
For those be hateful unto Margaret,

But for thou'rt Lacy's man, once Margaret's
love.

Post. What I have heard, what passions I
have seen,

I'll make report of them unto the earl.

Mar. Say that she joys his fancies be at
rest, [170

And prays that his misfortune may be hers.

Exeunt.

[SCENE XI.]⁴

*Enter FRIAR BACON drawing the curtains with a
white stick, a book in his hand, and a lamp
lighted by him; and the Brazen Head, and
MILES with weapons by him.*

Bacon. Miles, where are you?

Miles. Here, sir.

Bacon. How chance you tarry so long?

¹ Qq. forward.

² Ephemeræ.

³ Premature.

⁴ Friar Bacon's cell.

Miles. Think you that the watching of the Brazen Head craves no furniture? I warrant [5] you, sir, I have so aimed myself that if all your devils come, I will not fear them an inch.

Bacon. Miles,
Thou know'st that I have dived into hell,
And sought the darkest palaces of fiends; 10
That with my magic spells great Beleophon
Hath left his lodge and kneeled at my cell;
The rafters of the earth rent from the poles,
And three-form'd Luna hid her silver looks,
Trembling upon her concave continent, 15
When Bacon read upon his magic book.
With seven years' tossing necromantic charms,
Poring upon dark Hecat's principles,
I have fram'd out a monstrous head of brass,
That, by the enchanting forces of the devil, 20
Shall tell out strange and uncouth aphorisms,
And girt fair England with a wall of brass.
Bungay and I have watch'd these threescore
days,

And now our vital spirits crave some rest.
If Argus liv'd, and had his hundred eyes, 25
They could not over-watch Phobor's night.
Now, Miles, in thee rests Friar Bacon's weal:
The honour and renown of all his life
Hangs in the watching of this Brazen Head;
Therefore I charge thee by the immortal God, 30
That holds the souls of men within his fist,
This night thou watch; for ere the morning-star
Sends out his glorious glister on the north,
The head will speak: then, Miles, upon thy life,
Wake me; for then by magic art I'll work 35
To end my seven years' task with excellence.
If that a wink but shut thy watchful eye,
Then farewell Bacon's glory and his fame!
Draw close the curtains, Miles: now, for thy life,
Be watchful, and — *Here he falleth asleep.* 40

Miles. So; I thought you would talk yourself
asleep anon; and 'tis no marvel, for Bungay on
the days, and he on the nights, have watched
just these ten and fifty days. now this is the
night, and 'tis my task, and no more. Now, [45]
Jesus bless me, what a goodly head it is! and
a nose! you talk of *nos autem glorificare*; but
here's a nose that I warrant may be called *nos*
autem popolare for the people of the parish.
Well, I am furnished with weapons: now, [50]
sir, I will set me down by a post, and make it
as good as a watchman to wake me, if I chance
to slumber. I thought, Goodman Head, I would
call you out of your *memento*. . . Passion o' God,
I have almost broke my pate! Up, Miles, to [55]
your task; take your brown-bill¹ in your hand;
here's some of your master's hobgoblins abroad.

With this a great noise. The Head speaks.

The Brazen Head. Time is!

Miles. Time is! Why, Master Brazen-head,
have you such a capital nose, and answer [60]
you with syllables, "Time is"? Is this all my
master's cunning, to spend seven years' study
about "Time is"? Well, sir, it may be we shall
have some better orations of it anon. Well, I'll
watch you as narrowly as ever you were [65]
watched, and I'll play with you as the night-

ingale with the slow-worm; I'll set a prick
against my breast. Now rest there, Miles. Lord
have mercy upon me, I have almost killed my-
self! [*A great noise.*] Up, Miles; hst how [70]
they rumble.

The Brazen Head. Time was!

Miles. Well, Friar Bacon, you spent your
seven-years' study well, that can make your
head speak but two words at once, "Time [75]
was." Yea, marry, time was when my master
was a wise man, but that was before he began
to make the Brazen Head. You shall lie while²
your arse aches, an your head speak no better.
Well, I will watch, and walk up and down, [80]
and be a peripatetician and a philosopher of Aris-
totle's stamp. [*A great noise.*] What, a fresh
noise? Take thy pistols in hand, Miles.

*Here the Head speaks, and a lightning flashes
forth, and a hand appears that breaks down the
Head with a hammer.*

The Brazen Head. Time is past!

Miles. Master, master, up! Hell's broken [85]
loose! Your head speaks; and there's such a
thunder and lightning, that I warrant all Ox-
ford is up in arms. Out of your bed, and take
a brown-bill in your hand, the latter day is
come. 90

Bacon. Miles, I come. O, passing warily
watch'd!

Bacon will make thee next himself in love.

When spake the head?

Miles. When spake the head! Did not you
say that he should tell strange principles of [95]
philosophy? Why, sir, it speaks but two words
at a time.

Bacon. Why, villain, hath it spoken oft?

Miles. Oft! ay, marry, hath it, thrice; but
in all those three times it hath uttered but [100]
seven words.

Bacon. As how?

Miles. Marry, sir, the first time he said
"Time is," as if Fabius Cumentator should
have pronounced a sentence; [the second [105]
time] he said, "Time was"; and the third time,
with thunder and lightning, as in great choler,
he said, "Time is past."

Bacon. 'Tis past indeed. Ah, villain! time
is past:

My life, my fame, my glory, all are past. — [110]
Bacon, the turrets of thy hope are ruin'd down,
Thy seven years' study lieth in the dust:
Thy Brazen Head lies broken through a slave
That watch'd, and would not when the head
did will. —

What said the head first? 115

Miles. Even, sir, "Time is."

Bacon. Villain, if thou hadst call'd to Bacon
then,

If thou hadst watch'd, and wak'd the sleepy
friar,

The Brazen Head had uttered aphorisms,
And England had been circled round with
brass: 120

But proud Asmenoth, ruler of the north,

¹ Halbert.

² Till.

And Demogorgon, master of the fates,
Grudge that a mortal man should work so much.
Hell trembled at my deep-commanding spells,
Fiends frown'd to see a man their over-
match, 125
Bacon might boast more than a man might
boast.

But now the braves of Bacon hath an end,
Europe's conceit of Bacon hath an end,
His seven years' practice sorteth to ill end :
And, villain, sith my glory hath an end, 130
I will appoint thee to some fatal end.
Villain, avoid ! get thee from Bacon's sight !
Vagrant, go roam and range about the world,
And perish as a vagabond on earth !

Miles. Why, then, sir, you forbid me your
service ? 135

Bacon. My service, villain ! with a fatal curse,
That direful plagues and mischief fall on thee.

Miles. 'T is no matter, I am against you with
the old proverb, — The more the fox is cursed,¹
the better he fares. God be with you, [140
sir. I'll take but a book in my hand, a wide-
sleeved gown on my back, and a crowned cap
on my head, and see if I can want promotion.

Bacon. Some fiend or ghost haunt on thy
weary steps,
Until they do transport thee quick to hell ; 145
For Bacon shall have never merry day,
To lose the fame and honour of his head.

Exeunt.

[SCENE XII.]²

*Enter the EMPEROR, the KING OF CASTILE,
KING HENRY, ELINOR, PRINCE EDWARD,
LACY, and RALPH [SINNELL].*

Emp. Now, lovely prince, the prime of Al-
bion's wealth,
How fare the Lady Elinor and you ?
What, have you courted and found Castile fit
To answer England in equivalence ? 4
Will 't be a match 'twixt bonny Nell and thee ?

P. Edw. Should Paris enter in the courts of
Greece,

And not lie fettered in fair Helen's looks ?
Or Phœbus scape those piercing amoret's
That Daphne glanced at his deity ?
Can Edward, then, sit by a flame and freeze, 10
Whose heat puts Helen and fair Daphne down ?
Now, monarchs, ask the lady if we gree.

K. Hen. What, madam, hath my son found
grace or no ?

Elin. Seeing, my lord, his lovely counterfeit,
And hearing how his mind and shape agreed, 15
I come not, troop'd with all this warlike train,
Doubting of love, but so affectionate
As Edward hath in England what he won in
Spain.

K. of Cast. A match, my lord ; these wantons
needs must love :

Men must have wives, and women will be
wed. 20

Let 's haste the day to honour up the rites.

Ralph. Sirrah Harry, shall Ned marry Nell ?

K. Hen. Ay, Ralph : how then ?

Ralph. Marry, Harry, follow my counsel :
send for Friar Bacon to marry them, for he 'll 25
so conjure him and her with his necromancy,
that they shall love together like pig and lamb
whilst they live.

K. of Cast. But hearest thou, Ralph, art thou
content to have Elinor to thy lady ? 30

Ralph. Ay, so she will promise me two things.

K. of Cast. What 's that, Ralph ?

Ralph. That she will never scold with Ned,
nor fight with me. — Sirrah Harry, I have put
her down with a thing impossible. 35

K. Hen. What 's that, Ralph ?

Ralph. Why, Harry, didst thou ever see that
a woman could both hold her tongue and her
hands ? No : but when egg-pies grows on apple-
trees, then will thy grey mare prove a bag- 40
piper.

Emp. What say the Lord of Castile and the
Earl of Lincoln, that they are in such earnest
and secret talk ?

K. of Cast. I stand, my lord, amazed at his
talk, 45

How he discourseth of the constancy
Of one surnam'd, for beauty's excellence,
The Fair Maid of merry Fressingfield.

K. Hen. 'T is true, my lord, 't is wondrous
for to hear ;

Her beauty passing Mars's paramour, 50
Her virgin's right as rich as Vesta's was.
Lacy and Ned hath told me miracles.

K. of Cast. What says Lord Lacy ? Shall she
be his wife ?

Lacy. Or else Lord Lacy is unfit to live. —
May it please your highness give me leave to
post 55

To Fressingfield, I'll fetch the bonny girl,
And prove, in true appearance at the court,
What I have vouch'd often with my tongue.

K. Hen. Lacy, go to the 'querly of my stable,
And take such coursers as shall fit thy turn, 60
Hie thee to Fressingfield, and bring home the
lass ;

And, for her fame flies through the English
coast,

If it may please the Lady Elinor,
One day shall match your excellence and her.

Elin. We Castile ladies are not very coy ; 65
Your highness may command a greater boon :
And glad were I to grace the Lincoln Earl
With being partner of his marriage-day.

P. Edw. Gramercy, Nell, for I do love the
lord,

As he that 's second to myself in love. 70

Ralph. You love her ? — Madam Nell, never
believe him you, though he swears he loves you.

Elin. Why, Ralph ?

Ralph. Why, his love is like unto a tapster's
glass that is broken with every touch ; for 75
he loved the fair maid of Fressingfield once out
of all ho.³ — Nay, Ned, never wink upon me ; I
care not, I.

K. Hen. Ralph tells all ; you shall have a
good secretary of him. — 80

¹ With a pun on *coursed* and *fares*, goes. ² At Court.

³ Excessively.

But, Lacy, haste thee post to Fressingfield;
For ere thou hast fitted all things for her
state,
The solemn marriage-day will be at hand.
Lacy. I go, my lord. *Exit.*
Emp. How shall we pass this day, my lord? ⁴⁸
K. Hen. To horse, my lord; the day is passing
fair,
We'll fly the partridge, or go rouse the deer.
Follow, my lords; you shall not want for sport. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE XIII.] ¹

Enter FRIAR BACON with FRIAR BUNGAY to his cell.

Bun. What means the friar that frolick'd it
of late,
To sit as melancholy in his cell
As if he had neither lost nor won to-day?
Bacon. Ah, Bungay, my Brazen Head is
spoil'd,
My glory gone, my seven years' study lost! ⁵
The fame of Bacon, bruted through the world,
Shall end and perish with this deep disgrace.
Bun. Bacon hath built foundation of his fame
So surely on the wings of true report,
With acting strange and uncouth miracles, ¹⁰
As this cannot infringe what he deserves.

Bacon. Bungay, sit down, for by prospective
skill
I find this day shall fall out ominous:
Some deadly act shall 'tide me ere I sleep;
But what and wherein little can I guess. ¹⁵
My mind is heavy, whatso'er shall hap.

Enter two Scholars, sons to Lambert and Serlsby.
Knock.

Bacon. Who 's that knocks?

Bun. Two scholars that desire to speak with
you.

Bacon. Bid them come in. —

Now, my youths, what would you have? ²⁰
First Schol. Sir, we are Suffolk-men and neigh-
bouring friends;

Our fathers in their countries lusty squires;
Their lands adjoin: in Cratfield mine doth dwell,
And his in Laxfield. We are college-mates,
Sworn brothers, as our fathers live as friends. ²⁵

Bacon. To what end is all this?

Second Schol. Hearing your worship kept
within your cell

A glass prospective, wherein men might see
Whatso their thoughts or hearts' desire could
wish,

We come to know how that our fathers fare. ³⁰

Bacon. My glass is free for every honest
man.

Sit down, and you shall see ere long, how
Or in what state your friendly fathers live.

Meanwhile, tell me your names.

First Schol. Mine Lambert. ³⁵

Second Schol. And mine Serlsby.

Bacon. Bungay, I smell there will be a tra-
gedy.

*Enter LAMBERT and SERLSBY with rapiers and
daggers.*

Lam. Serlsby, thou hast kept thine hour like
a man.

Thou 'rt worthy of the title of a squire,
That durst, for proof of thy affection ⁴⁰
And for thy mistress' favour, prize ² thy blood.
Thou know 'st what words did pass at Fressing-
field,

Such shameless braves as manhood cannot brook:
Ay, for I scorn to bear such piercing taunts,
Prepare thee, Serlsby; one of us will die. ⁴⁵

Ser. Thou see'st I single [meet] thee [in] the
field,

And what I spake, I'll maintain with my sword.
Stand on thy guard, I cannot scold it out.

An if thou kill me, think I have a son,
That lives in Oxford in the Broadgates-hall, ⁵⁰
Who will revenge his father's blood with blood.

Lam. And, Serlsby, I have there a lusty
boy,

That dares at weapon buckle with thy son,
And lives in Broadgates too, as well as thine.

But draw thy rapier, for we'll have a bout. ⁵⁵

Bacon. Now, lusty youngers, look within this
glass,

And tell me if you can discern your sires.
First Schol. Serlsby, 'tis hard; thy father
offers wrong,

To combat with my father in the field.
Second Schol. Lambert, thou leest, my father's
is th' abuse, ⁶⁰

And thou shalt find it, if my father harm.

Bun. How goes it, sirs?

First Schol. Our fathers are in combat hard
by Fressingfield.

Bacon. Sit still, my friends, and see the event.

Lam. Why stand'st thou, Serlsby? Doubt'st
thou of thy life? ⁶⁵

A veney, ³ man! fair Margaret craves so much.
Ser. Then this for her.

First Schol. Ah, well thrust!

Second Schol. But mark the ward.

[LAMBERT and SERLSBY] fight and kill each
other.

Lam. O, I am slain! ⁷⁰

Ser. And I, — Lord have mercy on me!

First Schol. My father slain! — Serlsby, ward
that.

Second Schol. And so is mine! — L bert,
I'll quite thee well.

The two Scholars stab each other [and die].

Bun. O strange stratagem!

Bacon. See, friar, where the fathers both lie
dead! — ⁷⁵

Bacon, thy magic doth effect this massacre:
This glass prospective worketh many woes;
And therefore seeing these brave lusty Brutes,⁴
These friendly youths, did perish by thine
art,

End all thy magic and thine art at once. ⁸⁰

The poniard that did end the fatal⁵ lives,
Shall break the cause efficient of their wo

² Venture.

³ Bout.

⁴ Britons (?) bloods (?)

⁵ Doomed.

¹ Friar Bacon's II.

So fade the glass, and end with it the shows
That necromancy did infuse the crystal with.

Breaks the glass.

Bun. What means learn'd Bacon thus to
break his glass?

Bacon. I tell thee, Bungay, it repents me sore
That ever Bacon meddled in this art.
The hours I have spent in pyromantic spells,
The fearful tossing in the latest night
Of papers full of necromantic charms,
Conjuring and adjuring devils and fiends,
With stole and alb and strange pentagonon;
The wresting of the holy name of God,
As Soter, Eloim, and Adonai,
Alpha, Manoth, and Tetragrammaton,
With praying to the five-fold powers of heaven,
Are instances that Bacon must be damn'd
For using devils to countervail his God. —
Yet, Bacon, cheer thee, drown not in despair.
Sins have their salves, repentance can do
much.

Think Mercy sits where Justice holds her seat,
And from those wounds those bloody Jews did
pierce,

Which by thy magic oft did bleed afresh,
From thence for thee the dew of mercy drops,
To wash the wrath of high Jehovah's ire,
And make thee as a new-born babe from sin. —
Bungay, I'll spend the remnant of my life
In pure devotion, praying to my God
That he would save what Bacon vainly lost.

Exeunt.

[SCENE XIV.]¹

*Enter MARGARET in nun's apparel, the Keeper,
her father, and their Friend.*

Keeper. Margaret, be not so headstrong in
these vows:

O, bury not such beauty in a cell,
That England hath held famous for the hue!
Thy father's hair, like to the silver blooms
That beautify the shrubs of Africa,
Shall fall before the dated time of death,
Thus to forgo his lovely Margaret

Mar. Ah, father, when the harmony of
heaven

Soundeth the measures of a lively faith,
The vain illusions of this flattering world
Seem odious to the thoughts of Margaret.

I loved once, — Lord Lacy was my love;
And now I hate myself for that I lov'd,
And doted more on him than on my God;
For this I scourge myself with sharp repents.

But now the touch of such aspiring sins
Tells me all love is lust but love of heavens;
That beauty us'd for love is vanity:
The world contains naught but alluring baits,
Pride, flattery, and inconstant thoughts.
To shun the pricks of death, I leave the world,
And vow to meditate on heavenly bliss,
To live in Framlingham a holy nun,
Holy and pure in conscience and in deed;
And for to wish all maids to learn of me
To seek heaven's joy before earth's vanity.

¹ Fressingfield.

Friend. And will you, then, Margaret, be
shorn a nun, and so leave us all?

Mar. Now farewell world, the engine of all
woe!

Farewell to friends and father! Welcome
Christ!

Adieu to dainty robes! This base attire
Better befits an humble mind to God
Than all the show of rich habiliments.
Love — O love! and, with fond love, farewell
Sweet Lacy, whom I loved once so dear!
Ever be well, but never in my thoughts,
Lest I offend to think on Lacy's love:
But even to that, as to the rest, farewell!

*Enter LACY, WARREN, and ERMSBY, booted
and spurred.*

Lacy. Come on, my wags, we're near the
Keeper's lodge.

Here have I oft walk'd in the watery meads,
And chatted with my lovely Margaret.

War. Sirrah Ned, is not this the Keeper?

Lacy. 'T is the same.

Erm. The old lecher hath gotten holy mut-
ton² to him: a nun, my lord.

Lacy. Keeper, how far'st thou? Holla, man,
what cheer?

How doth Peggy, thy daughter and my love?

Keeper. Ah, good my lord! O, woe is me
for Peggy!

See where she stands clad in her nun's attire,
Ready for to be shorn in Framlingham;

She leaves the world because she left your love.
O, good my lord, persuade her if you can!

Lacy. Why, how now, Margaret! What, a
malcontent?

A nun? What holy father taught you this,
To task yourself to such a tedious life

As die a maid? 'T were injury to me,
To smother up such beauty in a cell.

Mar. Lord Lacy, thinking of thy former misc,
How fond³ the prime of wanton years were
spent

In love (O, fie upon that fond conceit,
Whose hap and essence hangeth in the eye!),

I leave both love and love's content at once,
Betaking me to Him that is true love,

And leaving all the world for love of Him.

Lacy. Whence, Peggy, comes this metamor-
phosis?

What, shorn a nun, and I have from the court
Posted with coursers to convey thee hence

To Windsor, where our marriage shall be kept
Thy wedding-robes are in the tailor's hands.

Come, Peggy, leave these peremptory vows.
Mar. Did not my lord resign his interest,

And make divorce 'twixt Margaret and him?
Lacy. 'T was but to try sweet Peggy's con-
stancy.

But will fair Margaret leave her love and lord?
Mar. Is not heaven's joy before earth's fading
bliss,

And life above sweeter than life in love?
Lacy. Why, then, Margaret will be sho
nun?

² A lewd wo

³ Foolishly,

Mar. Margaret hath made a vow which may not be revok'd.

War. We cannot stay, my lord; and if she be so strict,

Our leisure grants us not to woo afresh. ⁸⁰

Erms. Choose you, fair damsel, yet the choice is yours, —

Either a solemn nunnery or the court, God or Lord Lacy. Which contents you best, To be a nun or else Lord Lacy's wife?

Lacy. A good motion. — Peggy, your answer must be short. ⁸⁵

Mar. The flesh is frail: my lord doth know it well,

That when he comes with his enchanting face, Whatso'er betide, I cannot say him nay.

Off goes the habit of a maiden's heart,

And, seeing fortune will, fair Framlingham, ⁹⁰

And all the show of holy nuns, farewell!

Lacy for me, if he will be my lord.

Lacy. Peggy, thy lord, thy love, thy husband.

Trust me, by truth of knighthood, that the king

Stays for to marry matchless Elinor, ⁹⁵

Until I bring thee richly to the court,

That one day may both marry her and thee. —

How say'st thou, Keeper? Art thou glad of this?

Keep. As if the English king had given

The park and deer of Fressingfield to me. ¹⁰⁰

Erms. I pray thee, my Lord of Sussex, why art thou in a brown study?

War. To see the nature of women; that

be they never so near God, yet they love to die

in a man's arms. ¹⁰⁵

Lacy. What have you fit for breakfast? We

have hid

And posted all this night to Fressingfield.

Mar. Butter and cheese, and umbles of a deer,

Such as poor keepers have within their lodge.

Lacy. And not a bottle of wine? ¹¹⁰

Mar. We'll find one for my lord.

Lacy. Come, Sussex, let us in: we shall have

more,

For she speaks least, to hold her promise sure.

Ereunt.

[SCENE XV.] ¹

Enter a Devil to seek MILES.

Dev. How restless are the ghosts of hellish spirits,

When every charmer with his magic spells

Calls us from nine-fold-trenched Phlegethon,

To scud and over-scur the earth in post

Upon the speedy wings of swiftest winds! ⁵

Now Bacon hath rais'd me from the darkest

deep,

To search about the world for Miles his man,

For Miles, and to torment his lazy bones

For careless watching of his Brazen Head.

See where he comes. O, he is mine! ¹⁰

Enter MILES with a gown and a corner-cap.

Miles. A scholar, quoth you! marry, sir, I would I had been made a bottle-maker when I was made a scholar; for I can get neither to

be a deacon, reader, nor schoolmaster, no, not the clerk of a parish. Some call me dunce; [¹⁵

another saith, my head is as full of Latin as an egg's full of oatmeal. Thus I am tormented,

that the devil and Friar Bacon haunts me.

— Good Lord, here's one of my master's devils! I'll go speak to him. — What, Master Plu- [²⁰

tus, how cheer you?

Dev. Dost thou know me?

Miles. Know you, sir! Why, are not you one of my master's devils, that were wont to come to my master, Doctor Bacon, at Bra- [²⁵

zen-nose?

Dev. Yes, marry, am I.

Miles. Good Lord, Master Plutus, I have seen you a thousand times at my master's, and yet I had never the manners to make you [³⁰

drink. But, sir, I am glad to see how conformable you are to the statute. — I warrant you,

he's as yeomanly a man as you shall see: mark you, masters, here's a plain honest man,

without welt or guard.² But I pray you, sir, [³⁵

do you come lately from hell?

Dev. Ay, marry. How then?

Miles. Faith, 't is a place I have desired long to see. Have you not good tippling-houses there?

May not a man have a lusty fire there, a [⁴⁰

pot of good ale, a pair³ of cards, a swinging piece of chalk, and a brown toast that will clap

a white waistcoat⁴ on a cup of good drink?

Dev. All this you may have there.

Miles. You are for me, friend, and I am for [⁴⁵

you. But I pray you, may I not have an office there?

Dev. Yes, a thousand. What wouldst thou be?

Miles. By my troth, sir, in a place where I may profit myself. I know hell is a hot place, [⁵⁰

and men are marvellous dry, and much drink is spent there; I would be a tapster.

Dev. Thou shalt.

Miles. There's nothing lets me from going with you, but that 't is a long journey, and [⁵⁵

I have never a horse.

Dev. Thou shalt ride on my back.

Miles. Now surely here's a courteous devil, that, for to pleasure his friend, will not stick to make a jade of himself. — But I pray [⁶⁰

you, Goodman friend, let me move a question to you.

Dev. What's that?

Miles. I pray you, whether is your pace a trot or an amble? ⁶⁵

Dev. An amble.

Miles. 'T is well; but take heed it be not a trot: but 't is no matter, I'll prevent it.

Dev. What dost?

Miles. Marry, friend, I put on my spurs; [⁷⁰

for if I find your pace either a trot or else uneasy, I'll put you to a false gallop; I'll make

you feel the benefit of my spurs.

Dev. Get up upon my back.

[*MILES mounts on the Devil's back.*]

Miles. O Lord, here's even a goodly mar- [⁷⁵

vel, when a man rides to hell on the devil's back!

Ereunt, roaring.

¹ Friar Bacon's cell.

² Tr' ings or facings.

³ Pack.

⁴ Of froth.

[SCENE XVI.]¹

Enter the EMPEROR with a pointless sword; next the KING of CASTILE carrying a sword with a point; LACY carrying the globe; PRINCE EDWARD; WARREN carrying a rod of gold with a dove on it; ERMSBY with a crown and sceptre; the QUEEN; [PRINCESS ELINOR] with the Fair Maid of Fressingfield on her left hand; KING HENRY; BACON, with other Lords attending.

P. Edw. Great potentates, earth's miracles for state,
Think that Prince Edward humbles at your feet,
And, for these favours, on his martial sword
He vows perpetual homage to yourselves,
Yielding these honours unto Elinor. ⁵

K. Hen. Gramercies, lordings; old Plantagenet,
That rules and sways the Albion diadem,
With tears discovers these conceived joys,
And vows requital, if his men-at-arms,
The wealth of England, or due honours done ¹⁰
To Elinor, may quite his favourites.
But all this while what say you to the dames
That shine like to the crystal lamps of heaven?

Emp. If but a third were added to these two,
They did surpass those gorgeous images ¹⁵
That gloried Ida with rich beauty's wealth.

Mar. 'Tis I, my lords, who humbly on my knee
Must yield her orisons to mighty Jove
For lifting up his handmaid to this state,
Brought from her homely cottage to the court, ²⁰
And grac'd with kings, princes, and emperors,
To whom (next to the noble Lincoln Earl)
I vow obedience, and such humble love
As may a handmaid to such mighty men.

P. Elin. Thou martial man that wears the
Almain crown, ²⁵
And you the western potentates of might,
The Albion princess, English Edward's wife,
Proud that the lovely star of Fressingfield,
Fair Margaret, Countess to the Lincoln Earl, ³⁰
Attends on Elinor, — gramercies, lord, for her, —
'Tis I give thanks for Margaret to you all,
And rest for her due bounden to yourselves.

K. Hen. Seeing the marriage is solemnized,
Let's march in triumph to the royal feast. —
But why stands Friar Bacon here so mute? ³⁵

¹ The Court

Bacon. Repentant for the follies of my youth,
That magic's secret mysteries misled,
And joyful that this royal marriage
Portends such bliss unto this matchless realm.

K. Hen. Why, Bacon, ⁴⁰
What strange event shall happen to this land?
Or what shall grow from Edward and his queen?

Bacon. I find by deep prescience of mine art,
Which once I temp'ed in my secret cell,
That here where Brute did build his Troynovant, ⁴⁵

From forth the royal garden of a king
Shall flourish out so rich and fair a bud ²
Whose brightness shall deface proud Phœbus' flower,

And over-shadow Albion with her leaves.
Till then Mars shall be master of the field, ⁵⁰
But then the stormy threats of wars shall cease:
The horse shall stamp as careless of the pike,
Drums shall be turn'd to timbrels of delight;
With wealthy favours plenty shall enrich
The strand that gladdened wand'ring Brute to see, ⁵⁵

And peace from heaven shall harbour in these leaves

That gorgeous beautifies this matchless flower:
Apollo's heliotropion then shall stoop,
And Venus' hyacinth shall veil ³ her top;
Juno shall shut her gillflowers up, ⁶⁰
And Pallas' bay shall 'bash her brightest green;
Ceres' carnation, in consôrt with those,
Shall stoop and wonder at Diana's rose.

K. Hen. This prophecy is mystical. —
But, glorious commanders of Europa's love, ⁶⁵
That make fair England like that wealthy isle
Circled with Gihon and [swift] ⁴ Euphrates,
In royalizing Henry's Albion

With presence of your princely mightiness, —
Let's march: the tables all are spread, ⁷⁰
And viands, such as England's wealth affords,
Are ready set to furnish out the boards.

You shall have welcome, mighty potentates:
It rests to furnish up this royal feast,
Only your hearts be frolic; for the time ⁷⁵
Craves that we taste of naught but jouissance.
Thus glories England over all the west.

*Exeunt omnes**Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.*² This prophecy refers, as usual, to Elizabeth.³ Lower.⁴ So Dyce. Qq. *first*.

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT

BY

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

PART THE FIRST

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MYCETES, King of Persia.
COSROE, his Brother.
ORTYGIUS, }
CENEUS, } Persian Lords and Captains.
MEANDER, }
MENAPHON, }
THERIDAMAS, }
TAMBURLAINE, a Scythian Shepherd.
TECHELLES, } his Followers.
USUMCASANE, }
BAJAZETH, Emperor of the Turks.
KING OF ARABIA.
KING OF FEZ
KING OF MOROCCO.

KING OF ALGER (Algiers).
SOLDAN of EGYPT
GOVERNOR of DAMASCUS.
AGYDAS, } Median Lords.
MAGNETES, }
CAPOLIN, an Egyptian Captain.
PHILEMUS, an Messenger
BASSOES, Lords, Citizens, Moors, Soldiers, and
Attendants.
ZENOCRATE, Daughter of the Soldan of Egypt
ANIPPE, her Maid.
ZABINA, Wife of Bajazeth.
EBEA, her Maid
Virgins of Damascus.]

THE PROLOGUE

FROM juggling veins of rhyming mother wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,
Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine
Threat'ning the world with high astounding terms,
And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword.
View but his picture in this tragic glass,
And then applaud his fortunes as you please.

ACT I

SCENE I.

[Enter] MYCETES, COSROE, MEANDER, THERIDAMAS, ORTYGIUS, CENEUS, [MENAPHON,] with others.

Myc. Brother Cosroe, I find myself aggriev'd,
Yet insufficient to express the same,
For it requires a great and thund'ring speech:
Good brother, tell the cause unto my lords;
I know you have a better wit than I.

Cos. Unhappy Persia, that in former age
Hast been the seat of mighty conquerors,
That, in their prowess and their policies,
Have triumph'd over Afric and the bounds
Of Europe, where the sun dares scarce appear
For freezing meteors and congealed cold,
Now to be rul'd and governed by a man
At whose birthday Cynthia with Saturn join'd,
And Jove, the Sun, and Mercury denied
To shed [their] influence in his fickle brain! 15
Now Turks and Tartars shake their swords at
thee,

eaning to mangle all thy provinces.

Myc. Brother, I see your eaning we
enough.

And through your planets I perceive you think
I am not wise enough to be a king; 10
But I refer me to my noblemen
That know my wit, and can be witnesses.
I might command you to be slain for this:
Meander, might I not?

Meand. Not for so small a fault, my sovereign
lord. 25

Myc. I mean it not, but yet I know I might;
Yet live; yea, live, Mycetes wills it so.
Meander, thou, my faithful counsellor,
Declare the cause of my conceived grief,
Which is, God knows, about that Tamburlaine,
That, like a fox in midst of harvest time, 30
Doth prey upon my flocks of passengers;
And, as I hear, doth mean to pull my plumes:
Therefore 't is good and meet for to be wise.

Meand. Oft have I heard your majesty com-
plain 35

Of Tamburlaine, that sturdy Scythian thief,
That robs your merchants of Persepolis
Trading by land unto the Western Isles,
And in your confines with his lawless train
Daily commits incivil outrages, 40
Hoping (misled by dreaming prophecies)
To reign in Asia, and with barbarous

1 Uncivilized.

To make himself the monarch of the East;
But ere he march in Asia, or display
His vagrant ensign in the Persian fields, 45
Your grace hath taken order by Theridamas,
Charg'd with a thousand horse, to apprehend
And bring him captive to your highness' throne.

Myc. Full true thou speak'st, and like thyself,
my lord,

Whom I may term a Damon for thy love: 50
Therefore 'tis best, if so it like you all,
To send my thousand horse incontinent¹
To apprehend that paltry Scythian.

How like you this, my honourable lords?
Is it not a kingly resolution? 55

Cos. It cannot choose, because it comes from
you.

Myc. Then hear thy charge, valiant Theri-
damas,

The chiefest captain of Mycetes' host,
The hope of Persia, and the very legs
Whereon our State doth lean as on a staff, 60
That holds us up, and foils our neighbour foes.
Thou shalt be leader of this thousand horse,
Whose foaming gall with rage and high disdain
Have sworn the death of wicked Tamburlaine.
Go frowning forth, but come thou smiling
home, 65

As did Sir Paris with the Grecian dame;
Return with speed — time passeth swift away;
Our life is frail, and we may die to-day.

Ther. Before the moon renew her borrowed
light,

Doubt not, my lord and gracious sovereign, 70
But Tamburlaine and that Tartarian rout,
Shall either perish by our warlike hands,
Or plead for mercy at your highness' feet.

Myc. Go, stout Theridamas, thy words are
swords, 74

And with thy looks thou conquerest all thy foes;
I long to see thee back return from thence,
That I may view these milk-white steeds of mine
All laden with the heads of killed men,
And from their knees e'en to their hoofs below
Besmear'd with blood that makes a dainty
show. 80

Ther. Then now, my lord, I humbly take my
leave.

Myc. Theridamas, farewell! ten thousand
times. *Exit THERIDAMAS.*

Ah, Menaphon, why stay'st thou thus behind,
When other men press forward for renown?

Go, Menaphon, go into Scythia; 85
And foot by foot follow Theridamas.

Cos. Nay, pray you let him stay; a greater
[task]

Fits Menaphon than warring with a thief.
Create him Prorex² of all Africa,
That he may win the Babylonians' hearts 90
Which will revolt from Persian government,
Unless they have a wiser king than you

Myc. "Unless they have a wiser king than
you!"

These are his words; Meander, set them down.

Cos. And add this to them — that all Asia 95
Laments to see the folly of their king.

Myc. Well, here I swear by this my royal
seat, —

Cos. You may do well to kiss it then.

Myc. Emboss'd with silk as best beseems
my state,

To be reveng'd for these contemptuous words.
Oh, where is duty and allegiance now? 101

Fled to the Caspian or the Ocean main?

What shall I call thee? Brother? — No, a foe;
Monster of nature! Shame unto thy stock

That dar'st presume thy sovereign for to mock!
Meander, come I am abus'd, Meander. 106

Exeunt all but COSROE and MENAPHON

Men. How now, my lord? What, mated³ and
amaz'd

To hear the king thus threaten like himself!

Cos. Ah, Menaphon, I pass⁴ not for his
threats;

The plot is laid by Persian noblemen 110

And captains of the Median garrisons

To crown me Emperor of Asia;

But this it is that doth exasperate

The very substance of my vexed soul — 114

To see our neighbours that were wont to quake

And tremble at the Persian monarch's name,

Now sit and laugh our regiment⁵ to scorn;

And that which might resolve⁶ me into tears,

Men from the farthest equinoctial line 118

Have swarm'd in troops into the Eastern India,

Lading their ships with gold and precious stones,

And made their spoils from all our provinces.

Men. This should entreat your highness to
rejoice,

Since Fortune gives you opportunity

To gain the title of a conqueror 125

By curing of this maimed empery.

Afric and Europe bordering on your land,

And continent to your dominions,

How easily may you, with a mighty host,

Pass into Græcia, as did Cyrus once, 130

And cause them to withdraw their forces home,

Lest you subdue the pride of Christendom.

[*Trumpet within.*]

Cos. But, Menaphon, what means this
trumpet's sound?

Men. Behold, my lord, Ortygius and the rest

Bringing the crown to make you Emperor! 135

*Enter ORTYGIUS and CENEUS bearing a crown
with others.*

Orty. Magnificent and mighty Prince COSROE,

We, in the name of other Persian states⁷

And commons of this mighty monarchy,

Present thee with th' imperial diadem.

Cen. The warlike soldiers and the gentlemen,

That heretofore have fill'd Persepolis 141

With Afric captains taken in the field,

Whose ransom made them march in coats of

gold,

With costly jewels hanging at their ears,

And shining stones upon their lofty crests, 145

Now living idle in the walled towns,

Wanting both pay and martial discipline,

Begin in troops to threaten civil war,

³ Confounded.

⁵ Rule.

⁷ Persons of state

⁴ Care.

⁶ Dissolve.

¹ Forthwith.

² Viceroy.

And openly exclaim against the king :
Therefore, to stay all sudden mutinies, 150
We will invest your highness Emperor,
Whereat the soldiers will conceive more joy
Than 'did the Macedonians at the spoil
Of great Darius and his wealthy host.

Cos. Well, since I see the state of Persia
droop 155

And languish in my brother's government,
I willingly receive th' imperial crown,
And vow to wear it for my country's good,
In spite of them shall malice my estate.

Orty. And in assurance of desir'd success, 160
We here do crown thee monarch of the East,
Emperor of Asia and Persia ;

Great Lord of Media and Armenia ;
Duke of Africa and Albama,
Mesopotamia and of Parthia, 165
East India and the late-discovered isles ;
Chief Lord of all the wide, vast Euxine sea,
And of the ever-raging Caspian lake.
Long live Cosroe, mighty Emperor !

Cos. And Jove may ¹ never let me longer live
Than I may seek to gratify your love, 171
And cause the soldiers that thus honour me
To triumph over many provinces !
By whose desires of discipline in arms
I doubt not shortly but to reign sole king, 175
And with the army of Theridamas,
(Whither we presently will fly, my lords)
To rest secure against my brother's force.

Orty. We knew, my lord, before we brought
the crown,

Intending your investion ² so near 180
The residence of your despised brother,
The lords would not be too exasperate
To injure or suppress your worthy title ;
Or, if they would, there are in readiness
Ten thousand horse to carry you from hence,
In spite of all suspected enemies. 185

Cos. I know it well, my lord, and thank you all.

Orty. Sound up the trumpets then. God save
the King ! [*Trumpets sound.*] *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

[*Enter*] TAMBURLAINE leading ZENOCRATE,
TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, [AGYDAS, MAG-
NETES] and other Lords, and Soldiers, laden
with treasure.

Tamb. Come, lady, let not this appal your
thoughts ;

The jewels and the treasure we have ta'en
Shall be reserv'd, and you in better state,
Than if you were arriv'd in Syria,
Even in the circle of your father's arms, 5
The mighty Soldan of Egyptia.

Zeno. Ah, shepherd ! pity my distressed
plight,

(If, as thou seemst, thou art so mean a man,)
And seek not to enrich thy followers
By lawless rapine from a silly maid, 10
Who travelling with these Median lords
To Memphis, from my uncle's country, Media, ³

¹ y Jove. ² Investiture.

³ Early edd. read of *Medea*.

Where all my youth I have been governed,
Have pass'd the army of the mighty Turk,
Bearing his privy signet and his hand 15
To safe conduct us thorough Africa.

Mag. And since we have arriv'd in Scythia,
Besides rich presents from the puissant Cham,
We have his highness' letters to command
Aid and assistance, if we stand in need. 20

Tamb. But now you see these letters and
commands

Are countermanded by a greater man ;
And through my provinces you must expect
Letters of conduct from my mightiness,
If you intend to keep your treasure safe. 25
But, since I love to live at liberty,
As easily may you get the Soldan's crown
As any prizes out of my precinct ;
For they are friends that help to wean my state
Till men and kingdoms help to strengthen it, 30
And must maintain my life exempt from servi-
tude.—

But, tell me, madam, is your grace betroth'd ?

Zeno. I am — my lord — for so you do im-
port.

Tamb. I am a lord, for so my deeds shall
prove

And yet a shepherd by my parentage. 35
But, lady, this fair face and heavenly hue
Must grace his bed that conquers Asia,
And means to be a terror to the world,
Measuring the limits of his empery
By east and west, as Phœbus doth his course. 40
Lie here ye weeds that I disdain to wear !
This complete armour and this curtle-axe ⁴
Are adjuncts more befitting Tamburlaine.

And, madam, whatsoever you esteem
Of this success and loss unvalued, ⁵
Both may invest you Empress of the East ;
And these that seem but silly country swains
May have the leading of so great an host,
As with their weight shall make the mountains
quake,

Even as when windy exhalations 45
Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.

Tech. As princely lions, when they rouse
themselves,
Stretching their paws, and threat'ning herds of
beasts,

So in his armour looketh Tamburlaine.
Methinks I see kings kneeling at his feet, 50
And he with frowning brows and fiery looks,
Spurning their crowns from off their captive
heads.

Usu. And making thee and me, Techelles,
kings,

That even to death will follow Tamburlaine.

Tamb. Nobly resolv'd, sweet friends and fol-
lowers ! 55

These lords, perhaps do scorn our estimates,
And think we prattle with distempered spirits ;
But since they measure out deserts so mean,
That in conceit bear empires on our spears,
Affecting thoughts coequal with the clouds. 60

⁴ The curtle-axe (Fr. *coute-lasse*) was not an axe, but
a short curved sword, the modern cutlass.

⁵ Invaluable.

They shall be kept our forced followers,
Till with their eyes they view us emperors.
Zeno. The gods, defenders of the innocent,
Will never prosper your intended drifts,
That thus oppress poor friendless passengers. 70
Therefore at least admit us liberty,
Even as thou hop'st to be eternised,
By living Asia's mighty Emperor.

Agyd. I hope our lady's treasure and our own
May serve for ransom to our liberties. 75
Return our mules and empty camels back,
That we may travel into Syria,
Where her betrothed lord Alcidas,
Expects th' arrival of her highness' person.

Mag. And wheresoever we repose ourselves, 80
We will report but well of Tamburlaine.

Tamb. Disdains Zenocrate to live with me?
Or you, my lords, to be my followers?

Think you I weigh this treasure more than you?
Not all the gold in India's wealthy arms 85

Shall buy the meanest soldier in my train.
Zenocrate, lovelier than the love of Jove,
Brighter than is the silver Rhodope.

Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills, —
Thy person is more worth to Tamburlaine, 90

Than the possession of the Persian crown,
Which gracious stars have promis'd at my birth.

A hundred Tartars shall attend on thee,
Mounted on steeds swifter than Pegasus;

Thy garments shall be made of Median silk, 95
Enchas'd with precious jewels of mine own,
More rich and valurous¹ than Zenocrate's

With milk-white harts upon an ivory sled,
Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen pools,

And scale the icy mountains' lofty tops, 100
Which with thy beauty will be soon resolv'd.
My martial prizes with five hundred men,

Won on the fifty-headed Volga's waves,
Shall we all offer to Zenocrate, —

And then myself to fair Zenocrate. 105
Tech. What now! — in love?

Tamb. Techelles, women must be flattered:
But this is she with whom I am in love.

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. News! news!

Tamb. How now, what's the matter? 110

Sold. A thousand Persian horsemen are at
hand,

Sent from the king to overcome us all.
Tamb. How now, my lords of Egypt, and
Zenocrate!

How! — must your jewels be restor'd again,
And I that triumph'd so be overcome? 115

How say you, lordings, — is not this your hope?
Agyd. We hope yourself will willingly restore
them.

Tamb. Such hope, such fortune, have the
thousand horse.

Soft ye, my lords, and sweet Zenocrate!
You must be forced from me ere you go. 120

A thousand horsemen! — We five hundred
foot! —

An odds too great for us to stand against.
But are they rich? And is their armour good?

¹ Valuable.

Sold. Their plumed helms are wrought with
beaten gold, 124

Their swords enamell'd, and about their necks
Hangs massy chains of gold, down to the waist,

In every part exceeding brave² and rich.
Tamb. Then shall we fight courageously with
them?

Or look you I should play the orator?
Tech. No, cowards and faint-hearted runa-
ways 126

Look for orations when the foe is near.
Our swords shall play the orator for us.

Usum. Come! let us meet them at the moun-
tain foot,

And with a sudden and an hot alarum,
Drive all their horses headlong down the hill. 128

Tech. Come, let us march!
Tamb. Stay, Techelles! ask a parley first.

The Soldiers enter.

Open the mails,³ yet guard the treasure sure;
Lay out our golden wedges to the view, 129

That their reflections may amaze the Persians;
And look we friendly on them when they come;

But if they offer word or violence,
We'll fight five hundred men-at-arms to one,

Before we part with our possession. 134
And 'gainst the general we will lift our swords,
And either lance his greedy thirsting throat,

Or take him prisoner, and his chain shall serve
For manacles, till he be ransom'd home.

Tech. I hear them come; shall we encounter
them?

Tamb. Keep all your standings and not stir a
foot, 139

Myself will bide the danger of the brunt.
Enter THERIDAMAS with others.

Ther. Where is this Scythian Tamburlaine?
Tamb. Whom seek'st thou, Persian? — I am
Tamburlaine.

Ther. Tamburlaine! —
A Scythian shepherd so embellished 135

With nature's pride and richest furniture!
His looks do menace Heaven and dare the gods:

His fiery eyes are fix'd upon the earth,
As if he now devis'd some stratagem, 139

Or meant to pierce Avernus' darksome vaults
To pull the triple-headed dog from hell.

Tamb. Noble and mild this Persian seems to
be,

If outward habit judge the inward man.
Tech. His deep affections make him passion-
ate.

Tamb. With what a majesty he rears his
looks! 145

In thee, thou valiant man of Persia,
I see the folly of thy emperor.

Art thou but captain of a thousand horse,
That by characters graven in thy brows,

And by thy martial face and stout aspect, 149
Deserv'st to have the leading of an host!

Forsake thy king, and do but join with me,
And we will triumph over all the world.

I hold the Fates bound fast in iron chain,

² Fine.

³ Trunks.

And with my hand turn Fortune's wheel about:
And sooner shall the sun fall from his sphere ¹⁷⁶
Than Tamburlaine be slain or overcome.
Draw forth thy sword, thou mighty man-at-
arms,
Intending but to raze my charmed skin,
And Jove himself will stretch his hand from
Heaven ¹⁸⁰

To ward the blow and shield me safe from harm.
See how he rains down heaps of gold in showers,
As if he meant to give my soldiers pay!
And as a sure and grounded argument,
That I shall be the monarch of the East, ¹⁸⁵
He sends this Soldan's daughter rich and brave,
To be my Queen and portly Emperess.
If thou wilt stay with me, renowned man,
And lead thy thousand horse with my conduct,
Besides thy share of this Egyptian prize, ¹⁹⁰
Those thousand horse shall sweat with martial
spoil

Of conquered kingdoms and of cities sack'd.
Both we will walk upon the lofty cliffs,
And Christian merchants¹, that with Russian
stems

Plough up huge furrows in the Caspian sea, ¹⁹⁵
Shall vail² to us, as lords of all the lake.
Both we will reign as consuls of the earth,
And mighty kings shall be our senators.
Jove sometimes masked in a shepherd's weed,
And by those steps that he hath scal'd the Heav-
ens ²⁰⁰

May we become immortal like the gods.
Join with me now in this my mean estate,
(I call it mean because, being yet obscure,
The nations far remov'd admire me not,) ²⁰⁴
And when my name and honour shall be spread
As far as Boreas claps his brazen wings,
Or fair Boötes sends his cheerful light,
Then shalt thou be competitor³ with me,
And sit with Tamburlaine in all his majesty.

Ther. Not Hermes, prolocutor to the gods, ²¹⁰
Could use persuasions more pathological.

Tamb. Nor are Apollo's oracles more true,
Than thou shalt find my vaunts substantial.

Tech. We are his friends, and if the Persian
king

Should offer present dukedoms to our state, ²¹⁵
We think it loss to make exchange for that
We are assur'd of by our friend's success.

Usum. And kingdoms at the least we all
expect,

Besides the honour in assured conquests,
Where kings shall crouch unto our conquering
swords, ²²⁰

And hosts of soldiers stand amaz'd at us;
When with their fearful tongues they shall con-
fess

These are the men that all the world admires.

Ther. What strong enchantments 'tice my
yielding soul!

Are these resolved nobles⁴ Scythians? ²²⁵
But shall I prove a traitor to my king?

Tamb. No, but the trusty friend of Tambur-
laine.

¹ Merchantmen.

² Lower their flags.

³ Partner.

⁴ Early add. noble.

Ther. Won with thy words, and conquered
with thy looks,

I yield myself, my men, and horse to thee,
To be partaker of thy good or ill, ²³⁰
As long as life maintains Theridamas.

Tamb. Theridamas, my friend, take here my
hand,

Which is as much as if I swore by Heaven
And call'd the gods to witness of my vow.
Thus shall my heart be still combin'd with thine
Until our bodies turn to elements, ²³⁸
And both our souls aspire celestial thrones.
Techelles and Casane, welcome him!

Tech. Welcome, renowned Persian, to us all!

Usum. Long may Theridamas remain with
us! ²⁴⁰

Tamb. These are my friends, in whom I more
rejoice

Than doth the King of Persia in his crown,
And by the love of Pylades and Orestes,
Whose statues we adore in Scythia,
Thyself and them shall never part from me ²⁴⁵
Before I crown you kings in Asia.
Make much of them, gentle Theridamas,
And they will never leave thee till the death.

Ther. Nor thee nor them, thrice noble Tam-
burlaine,

Shall want my heart to be with gladness pierc'd
To do you honour and security. ²⁵¹

Tamb. A thousand thanks, worthy Therida-
mas.

And now fair madam, and my noble lords,
If you will willingly remain with me
You shall have honours as your merits be; ²⁵⁵
Or else you shall be forc'd with slavery.

Agyd. We yield unto thee, happy T bur-
laine.

Tamb. For you then, madam, I out of
doubt.

Zeno. I must be pleas'd perforce. Wretched
Zenocrate! ²⁶⁰ *Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.

[Enter] COSROE, MENAPHON, ORTYGIUS, CEN-
EUS, with other Soldiers.

Cos. Thus far are we towards Theridamas,
And valiant Tamburlaine, the man of fame,
The man that in the forehead of his fortune
Bears figures of renown and miracle.

But tell me, that hast seen him, Menaphon, ⁵
What stature wields he, and what person-
age?

Men. Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned,
Like his desire, lift upwards and divine;
So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders as might mainly bear
Old Atlas' burden; 'twixt his manly pitch, ¹¹
A pearl, more worth than all the world, is
plac'd,

⁵ Originally the height to which a falcon soared;
hence for height in general. ere it me the shoud-
ders.

Wherein by curious sovereignty of art
 Are fix'd his piercing instruments of sight,
 Whose fiery circles bear encompassed 15
 A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres,
 That guides his steps and actions to the throne,
 Where honour sits invested royally
 Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion,
 Thirsting with sovereignty and love of arms, 20
 His lofty brows in folds do figure death,
 And in their smoothness amity and life;
 About them hangs a knot of amber hair,
 Wrapped in curls, as fierce Achilles' was,
 On which the breath of Heaven delights to 25
 play,
 Making it dance with wanton majesty. —
 His arms and fingers, long, and sinewy,¹
 Betokening valour and excess of strength —
 In every part proportioned like the man
 Should make the world subdu'd to Tambur-
 laine. 30

Cos. Well hast thou pourtray'd in thy terms
 of life
 The face and personage of a wondrous man;
 Nature doth strive with Fortune and his stars
 To make him famous in accomplish'd worth;
 And well his merits show him to be made 35
 His fortune's master and the king of men,
 That could persua'de at such a sudden pinch,
 With reasons of his valour and his life,
 A thousand sworn and overmatching foes.
 Then, when our powers in points of swords are
 join'd 40
 And clos'd in compass of the killing bullet,
 Though strait the passage and the port² be made
 That leads to palace of my brother's life,
 Proud is his fortune if we pierce it not.
 And when the princely Persian diadem 45
 Shall overweigh his weary witless head,
 And fall like mellowed fruit with shakes of
 death,

In fair Persia, noble Tamburlaine
 Shall be my regent and remain as king.

Orty. In happy hour we have set the crown 50
 Upon your kingly head, that seeks our honour
 In joining with the man ordain'd by Heaven,
 To further every action to the best.

Gen. He that with shepherds and a little spoil
 Durst, in disdain of wrong and tyranny, 55
 Defend his freedom 'gainst a monarchy,
 What will he do supported by a king,
 Leading a troop of gentlemen and lords,
 And stuff'd with treasure for his highest
 thoughts!

Cos. And such shall wait on worthy Tambur-
 laine. 60

Our army will be forty thousand strong,
 When Tamburlaine and brave Theridamas
 Have met us by the river Araris;
 And all conjoin'd to meet the witless king,
 That now is marching near to Parthia, 65
 And with unwilling soldiers faintly arm'd,
 To seek revenge on me and Tamburlaine,
 To whom, sweet Menaphon, direct me straight.
 Men. I will, my lord.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

[Enter] MYCETES, MEANDER, with other Lords
 and Soldiers.

Myc. Come, my Meander, let us to this gear.
 I tell you true, my heart is swoln with wrath
 On this same thievish villain, Tamburlaine,
 And on that false Cosroe, my traitorous brother.
 Would it not grieve a king to be so abus'd 5
 And have a thousand horsemen ta'en away?
 And, which is worst, to have his diadem
 Sought for by such scald³ knaves as love him
 not?

I think it would; well then, by Heave I
 swear,
 Aurora shall not peep out of her doors, 10
 But I will have Cosroe by the head,
 And kill proud Tamburlaine with point of
 sword.

Tell you the rest, Meander; I have said.

Meand. Then having past Armean deserts
 now, 14
 And pitch'd our tents under the Georgian hills,
 Whose tops are covered with Tartarian thieves,
 That lie in ambush, waiting for a prey,
 What should we do but bid them battle
 straight,

And rid the world of those detested troops?
 Lest, if we let them linger here awhile, 20
 They gather strength by power of fresh sup-
 plies

This country swarms with vile outrageous men
 That live by rapine and by lawless spoil,
 Fit soldiers for the wicked Tamburlaine;
 And he that could with gifts and promises 25
 Inveigle him that led a thousand horse,
 And make him false his faith unto his king,
 Will quickly win such as are like himself.
 Therefore cheer up your minds, prepare to
 fight;

He that can take or slaughter Tamburlaine 30
 Shall rule the province of Albania:
 Who brings that traitor's head, Theridamas,
 Shall have a government in Media,
 Beside the spoil of him and all his train:
 But if Cosroe, (as our spials⁴ say, 35
 And as we know) remains with Tamburlaine,
 His highness' pleasure is that he should live,
 And be reclaim'd with princely lenity.

[Enter a Spy.]

A Spy. A hundred horsemen of my com-
 pany

Scouting abroad upon these champaign plains 40
 Have view'd the army of the Scythians,
 Which make reports it far exceeds the king's.

Meand. Suppose they be in number infinite,
 Yet being void of martial discipline
 All running headlong after greedy spoils, 45
 And more regarding gain than victory,
 Like to the cruel brothers of the earth,
 Sprung of the teeth of dragons venomous,
 Their careless swords shall lance their fellows'
 throats,

And make us triumph in their overthrow 50

¹ So Dyce. rly edd. read *snowy*.

² Gats.

³ Scurry.

⁴ Spi

Myc. Was there such brethren, sweet Meander, say,
That sprung of teeth of dragons venomous ?

Meand. So poets say, my lord.
Myc. And 'tis a pretty toy to be a poet.
Well, well, Meander, thou art deeply read, 55
And having thee, I have a jewel sure.
Go on, my lord, and give your charge, I say ;
Thy wit will make us conquerors to-day.

Meand. Then, noble soldiers, to entrap these thieves,

That live confounded in disordered troops, 60
If wealth or riches may prevail with them,
We have our camels laden all with gold,
Which you that be but common soldiers
Shall fling in every corner of the field ;
And while the base-born Tartars take it up, 65
You, fighting more for honour than for gold,
Shall massacre those greedy-minded slaves ;
And when their scattered army is subdu'd,
And you march on their slaughtered carcasses,
Share equally the gold that bought their lives, 70
And live like gentlemen in Persia.

Strike up the drum and march courageously !
Fortune herself doth sit upon our crests.

Myc. He tells you true, my masters : so he does.
Drums, why sound ye not, when Meander speaks ? 75

Exeunt [drums sounding].

SCENE III.

[Enter] COSROE, TAMBURLAINE, THERIDAMAS,
TECHELLES, USUMCASANE. and ORTYGIUS,
with others.

Cos. Now, worthy Tamburlaine, have I reposed
In thy approved fortunes all my hope.

What think'st thou, man, shall come of our attempts ?

For even as from assured oracle,
I take thy doom for satisfaction. 5

Tamb. And so mistake you not a whit, my lord ;

For fates and oracles [of] Heaven have sworn
To royalise the deeds of Tamburlaine,
And make them blest that share in his attempts.

And doubt you not but, if you favour me, 10
And let my fortunes and my valour sway
To some direction in your martial deeds,
The world will strive with hosts of men-at-arms,
To swarm unto the ensign I support :

The host of Xerxes, which by fame is said 15
To drink the mighty Parthian Araris,
Was but a handful to that we will have.

Our quivering lances, shaking in the air,
And bullets, like Jove's dreadful thunderbolts,
Enroll'd in flames and fiery smouldering mists, 20
Shall threat the gods more than Cyclopien wars :
And with our sun-bright armour as we march,
We'll chase the stars from Heaven and dim their eyes

That stand and muse at our admired arms.

Ther. You see, my lord. what working words he hath ; 25

But when you see his actions [top] ¹ his speech,
Your speech will stay or so extol his worth
As I shall be commended and excus'd
For turning my poor charge to his direction.
And these his two renowned friends, my lord, 30
Would make one thirst and strive to be retain'd
In such a great degree of amity.

Tech. With duty and with amity we yield
Our utmost service to the fair Cosroe.

Cos. Which I esteem as portion of my crown.
Usumcasane and Techelles both, 35
When she ² that rules in Rhamnus' golden gates,

And makes a passage for all prosperous ar ,
Shall make me solely Emperor of Asia,
Then shall your meeds and valours be advanc'd
To rooms of honour and nobility. 41

Tamb. Then haste, Cosroe, to be king alone,
That I with these, my friends, and all my men
May triumph in our long-expected fate.

The king, your brother, is now hard at hand ; 45
Meet with the fool, and rid your royal shoulders

Of such a burden as outweighs the sands
And all the craggy rocks of Caspia,

[Enter a Messenger.]

Mes. My lord, we have discovered the enemy
Ready to charge you with a mighty army. 50

Cos. Come, Tamburlaine ! now whet thy winged sword,

And lift thy lofty arm into the clouds,
That it may reach the King of Persia's crown,
And set it safe on my victorious head. 54

Tamb. See where it is, the keenest curtle-axe
That e'er made passage thorough Persian arms.
These are the wings shall make it fly as swift
As doth the lightning or the breath of Heaven,
And kill as sure as it swiftly flies. 58

³ Thy words assure me of kind success ;
Go, valiant soldier, go before and charge
Thy fainting army of that foolish king.

⁴ *Umb.* Usumcasane and Techelles, come !
We are enow to scare the enemy,

And more th needs to make an emperor. 62
[Exeunt] to the battle.

[SCENE IV.]

MYCETES comes out alone with his crown in his hand, offering to hide it.

Myc. Accurs'd be he that first invented war !
They knew not, ah, they knew not, simple men,
How those were hit by pelting cannon shot,
Stand staggering like a quivering aspen leaf
Fearing the force of Boreas' boisterous blasts. 3
In what a lamentable case were I
If Nature had not given me wisdom's lore !
For kings are clouts ³ that every man shoots at,
Our crown the pin ⁴ that thousands seek to cleave ;

¹ Surpass. Early edd. read stop.

² Nemesis, who had a temple at Rhamnus in Attica.

(Bullen)

³ The white mark in the target at which the archers aimed.

⁴ The peg in the centre which fastened the clout.

Therefore in policy I think it good
To hide it close, a goodly stratagem,
And far from any man that is a fool:
So shall I not be known, or if I be,
They cannot take away my crown from me.
Here will I hide it in this simple hole.

Enter TAMBURLAINE.

Tamb. What, fearful coward, straggling from
the camp,
When kings themselves are present in the field?
Myc. Thou liest.
Tamb. Base villain! darest thou give the lie?
Myc. Away; I am the king; go, touch me
not.

Thou break'st the law of arms, unless thou
kneel

And cry me "mercy, noble king."

Tamb. Are you the witty King of Persia?

Myc. Ay, marry am I: have you any suit to
me

Tamb. I would entreat you speak but three
wise words.

Myc. So I can when I see my time.

Tamb. Is this your crown?

Myc. Ay, didst thou ever see a fairer?

Tamb. You will not sell it, will you?
Myc. Such another word and I will have
thee executed. Come, give it me!

Tamb. No, I took it prisoner.

Myc. You lie; I gave it you.

Tamb. Then 't is mine.

Myc. No; I mean I let you keep it.

Tamb. Well; I mean you shall have it again.

Here, take it for a while: I lend it thee,
'Till I may see thee hemm'd with armed men;
Then shalt thou see me pull it from thy head:
Thou art no match for mighty Tamburlaine.

[Exit.]
Myc. O gods! Is this Tamburlaine the thief?
I marvel much he stole it not away.

Trumpets sound to the battle, and he runs in.

[SCENE V.]

*[Enter] COSROE, TAMBURLAINE, THERIDAMAS,
MENAPHON, MEANDER, ORTYGIUS, TECHEL-
LES, USUMCASANE, with others*

Tamb. Hold thee, Cosroe! wear two imperial
crowns;

Think thee invested now as royally.
Even by the mighty hand of Tamburlaine,
As if as many kings as could encompass thee
With greatest pomp, had crown'd thee emperor.

Cos. So do I, thrice renowned man-at-arms,
And none shall keep the crown but Tambur-
laine.

Thee do I make my regent of Persia,
And general lieutenant of my armies.
Meander, you, that were our brother's guide,
And chiefest counsellor in all his acts,
Since he is yielded to the stroke of war,
On your submission we with thanks excuse,
And give you equal place in our affairs.

Meand. Most happy Emperor, in humblest
tering

I vow my service to your majesty,
With utmost virtue of my faith and duty.

Cos. Thanks, good Meander: then, Cosroe
reign,

And govern Persia in her former pomp!
Now send embassage to thy neighbour kings,
And let them know the Persian king is
chang'd,

From one that knew not what a king should do,
To one that can command what 'longs thereto.

And now we will to fair Persepolis,
With twenty thousand expert soldiers.

The lords and captains of my brother's camp
With little slaughter take Meander's course,
And gladly yield them to my gracious rule.

Ortygius and Menaphon, my trusty friends,
Now will I gratify your former good,
And grace your calling with a greater sway.

Orty. And as we ever aim'd at your behoof,
And sought your state all honour it deserv'd,

So will we with our powers and our lives
Endeavour to preserve and prosper it.

Cos. I will not thank thee, sweet Ortygius;
Better replies shall prove my purposes.

And now, Lord Tamburlaine, my brother's
camp

I leave to thee and to Theridamas,

To follow me to fair Persepolis.

Then will we march to all those Indian mines,

My witless brother to the Christians lost,

And ransom them with fame and usury.

And till thou overtake me, Tamburlaine,

(Staying to order all the scattered troops),

Farewell, lord regent and his happy friends!

I long to sit upon my brother's throne.

Meand. Your majesty shall shortly have your
wish,

And ride in triumph through Persepolis.

Exeunt all but TAMBURLAINE, TECHELLES,

THERIDAMAS, and USUMCASANE.

Tamb. "And ride in triumph through Perse-
polis!"

Is it not brave to be a king, Techelles?

Usumcasane and Theridamas,

Is it not passing brave to be a king,

"And ride in triumph through Persepolis"?

Tech. O, my lord, 't is sweet and full of pomp.

Usum. To be a king is half to be a god.

Ther. A god is not so glorious as a king.

I think the pleasure they enjoy in Heaven,

Cannot compare with kingly joys in earth.

To wear a crown encas'd with pearl and gold,

Whose virtues carry with it life and death;

To ask and have, command and be obeyed;

When looks breed love, with looks to gain the
price,—

Such power attractive shines in princes' eyes!

Tamb. Why say, Theridamas, wilt thou be a
king?

Ther. Nay, though I praise it, I can live with-
out it.

Tamb. What says my other friends? Will
you be kings?

Tech. I, if I could, with all my heart, my lord.

Tamb. Why, that's well said, Techelles; so
would I,

And so would you, my masters, would you not?

Usum. What then, my lord ? 71

Tamb. Why then, Casane, shall we wish for aught

The world affords in greatest novelty,
And rest attemptless, faint, and destitute ?
Methinks we should not : I am strongly mov'd,
That if I should desire the Persian crown, 75
I could attain it with a wondrous ease.
And would not all our soldiers soon consent,
If we should aim at such a dignity ?

Ther. I know they would with our persuasions. 80

Tamb. Why then, Theridamas, I 'll first assay
To get the Persian kingdom to myself ;
Then thou for Parthia ; they for Scythia and Media ; .

And, if I prosper, all shall be as sure
As if the Turk, the pope, Afric, and Greece, 85
Came creeping to us with their crowns apace.¹

Tech. Then shall we send to this triumphing king,

And bid him battle for his novel crown ?

Usum. Nay, quickly then, before his room be hot,

Tamb. 'T will prove a pretty jest, in faith, my friends. 90

Ther. A jest to charge on twenty thousand men !

I judge the purchase² more important far.

Tamb. Judge by thyself, Theridamas, not me ;

For presently Techelles here shall haste
To bid him battle ere he pass too far, 95
And lose more labour than the game will quite³

Then shalt thou see this Scythian Tamburlaine
Make but a jest to win the Persian crown.
Techelles, take a thousand horse with thee,
And bid him turn him back to war with us, 100
That only made him king to make us sport.
We will not steal upon him cowardly,
But give him warning and more warriors.
Haste thee, Techelles ; we will follow thee.

[*Exit TECHELLES.*]

What saith Theridamas ? 105

Ther. Go on for me. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

[*Enter*] COSROE, MEANDER, ORTYGIUS, MENAPHON, with other Soldiers.

Cos. What means this devilish shepherd to aspire

With such a giantly presumption
To cast up hills against the face of Heaven,
And dare the force of angry Jupiter ?
But as he thrust them underneath the hills, 5
And press'd out fire from their burning jaws,
So will I send this monstrous slave to hell,
Where flames shall ever feed upon his soul.

Meand. Some powers divine, or else infernal, mix'd

Their angry seeds at his conception ; 10
For he was never sprung of human race,
Since with the spirit of his fearful pride

He dare so doubtlessly resolve of rule,
And by profession be ambitious.

Orty. What god, or fiend, or spirit of the earth, 15

Or monster turned to a manly shape,
Or of what mould or mettle he be made,
What star or state⁴ soever govern him,
Let us put on our meet encount'ring minds
And in detesting such a devilish thief, 20
In love of honour and defence of right,
Be arm'd against the hate of such a foe,
Whether from earth, or hell, or Heaven, he grow.

Cos. Nobly resolv'd, my good Ortygius ;
And since we all have suck'd one wholesome air,
And with the same proportion of elements 25
Resolve, I hope we are resembled,
Vowing our loves to equal death and life.
Let's cheer our soldiers to encounter him,
That grievous image of ingratitude, 30
That fiery thirster after sovereignty,
And burn him in the fury of that flame,
That none can quench but blood and empery.
Resolve, my lords and loving soldiers, now
To save your king and country from decay. 35
Then strike up, drum ; and all the stars that make

The loathsome circle of my dated life,
Direct my weapon to his barbarous heart,
That thus opposeth him against the gods,
And scorns the powers that govern Persia ! 40
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VII.]

Enter to the battle, and after the battle enter COSROE, wounded, TAMBURLAINE, THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, with others.

Cos. Barbarous and bloody Tamburlaine,
Thus to deprive me of my crown and life !
Tracherous and false Theridamas,
Even at the morning of my happy state,
Scarce being seated in my royal throne, 5
To work my downfall and untimely end !
An uncouth pain torments my grieved soul,
And death arrests the organ of my voice,
Who, ent'ring at the breach thy sword hath made,

Sacks every vein and artier⁵ of my heart. — 10
Bloody and insatiate Tamburlaine !

Tamb. The thirst of reign and sweetness of a crown

That caus'd the eldest son of heavenly Ops,
To thrust his doting father from his chair,
And place himself in the empyreal Heaven, 15
Mov'd me to manage arms against thy state.
What better precedent than mighty Jove ?
Nature that fram'd us of four elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,⁶
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds : 20
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wand'ring planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres, 25

¹ Ed. of 1605, *apeece.*

² Booty.

³ Requite.

⁴ Dyce emends to *face.*

⁵ Artery.

⁶ Rule.

Wills us to wear ourselves, and never rest,
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,
That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

Ther. And that made me to join with Tam-
burlaine :

For he is gross and like the massy earth,
That moves not upwards, nor by princely deeds
Doth mean to soar above the highest sort.

Tech. And that made us the friends of Tam-
burlaine,

To lift our swords against the Persian king.

Usum. For as, when Jove did thrust old Sat-
urn down,

Neptune and Dis gain'd each of them a crown,
So do we hope to reign in Asia,

If Tamburlaine be plac'd in Persia.

Cos. The strangest men that ever nature
made!

I know not how to take their tyrannies.
My bloodless body waxeth chill and cold,
And with my blood my life shdes through my
wound,

My soul begins to take her flight to hell,
And summons all my senses to depart. —
The heat and moisture, which did feed each
other,

For want of nourishment to feed them both,
Is dry and cold ; and now doth ghastly death,
With greedy talons gripe my bleeding heart,
And like a harpy tires¹ on my life.

Theridamas and Tamburlaine, I die :
And fearful vengeance light upon you both !

[*COSROE dies. TAMBURLAINE takes
the crown and puts it on.*]

Tamb. Not all the curses which the Furies
breathe,

Shall make me leave so rich a prize as this.
Theridamas, Techelles, and the rest,

Who think you now is King of Persia ?
All. Tamburlaine ! Tamburlaine !

Tamb. Though Mars himself, the angry god
of arms,

And all the earthly potentates conspire
To dispossess me of this diadem,

Yet will I wear it in despite of them,
As great commander of this eastern world,

If you but say that Tamburlaine shall reign.
All. Long live Tamburlaine and reign in
Asia !

Tamb. So now it is more surer on my head,
Than if the gods had held a parliament,

And all pronounce'd me King of Persia.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I.

[*Enter*] BAJAZETH, the KINGS of FEZ, MOROC-
CO, and ARGIER,² with others in great pomp.

Bay. Great Kings of Barbary and my portly
bassoes,³

We hear the Tartars and the eastern thieves,

¹ Preys.

² Algiers.

³ Pashas.

Under the conduct of one Tamburlaine,
Presume a bickering with your emperor,
And thinks to rouse us from our dreadful siege
Of the famous Grecian Constantinople.

You know our army is invincible ;
As many circumcised Turks we have,

And warlike bands of Christians renied,⁴
As hath the ocean or the Terrene sea⁵

Small drops of water when the moon begins
To join in one her semicircled horns.

Yet would we not be brav'd with foreign power,
Nor raise our siege before the Grecians yield,

Or breathless lie before the city walls.
K. of Fez. Renowned Emperor, and mighty
general,

What, if you sent the bassoes of your guard
To charge him to remain in Asia,

Or else to threaten death and deadly arms
As from the mouth of mighty Bajazeth.

Bay. Hie thee, my basso, fast to Persia,
Tell him thy Lord, the Turkish Emperor,

Dread Lord of Afric, Europe, and Asia,
Great King and conqueror of Græcia,

The ocean, Terrene, and the Coal-black sea,⁶
The high and highest monarch of the world,

Wills and commands (for say not I entreat),
Not once to set his foot on Africa,

Or spread his colours [forth] in Græcia,
Lest he incur the fury of my wrath.

Tell him I am content to take a truce,
Because I hear he bears a valiant mind :

But if, presuming on his silly power,
He be so mad to manage arms with me,

Then stay thou with him ; say, I bid thee so .
And if, before the sun have measured Heaven

With triple circuit, thou regret us not,
We mean to take his morning's next arise

For messenger he will not be reclaim'd,
And mean to fetch thee in despite of him.

Bas. Most great and puissant monarch of the
earth,

Your basso will accomplish your behest,
And show your pleasure to the Persian,

As fits the legate of the stately Turk. *Exit.*
K. of Arg. They say he is the King of Persia ;

But, if he dare attempt to stir your siege,
'T were requisite he should be ten times more,

For all flesh quakes at your magnificence.
Bay. True, Argier ; and tremble at my looks.

K. of Mor. The spring is hind'ed by your
smothering host,

For neither rain can fall upon the earth,
Nor sun reflex his virtuous beams thereon,

The ground is mantled with such multitudes.
Bay. All this is true as holy Mahomet ;

And all the trees are blasted with our breaths.
K. of Fez. What thinks your greatness best
to be achiev'd

In pursuit of the city's overthrow ?
Bay. I will the captive pioners of Argier

Cut off the water that by leaden pipes
Runs to the city from the mountain Carnon.

Two thousand horse shall forage up and down,
That no relief or succour come by land :

⁴ Christians who have abjured their faith.

⁵ The Mediterranean.

⁶ The Black Sea.

And all the sea my galleys countermand.
Then shall our footmen lie within the trench,
And with their cannons mouth'd like Orcus'
gulf, 65
Batter the walls, and we will enter in;
And thus the Grecians shall be conquered.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

[Enter] ZENOCRATE, AGYDAS, ANIPPE, with others.

[Agyd.] Madam Zenocrate, may I presume
To know the cause of these unquiet fits,
That work such trouble to your wonted rest?
'Tis more than pity such a heavenly face
Should by heart's sorrow wax so wan and pale, 5
When your offensive rape by Tamburlaine,
(Which of your whole displeasures should be
most,)

Hath seem'd to be digested long ago.

Zeno. Although it be digested long ago,
As his exceeding favours have deserv'd, 10
And might content the Queen of Heaven, as well
As it hath chang'd my first conceiv'd disdain,
Yet since a farther passion feeds my thoughts
With ceaseless and disconsolate conceits,
Which dyes my looks so lifeless as they are, 15
And might, if my extremes had full events,
Make me the ghastly counterfeet of death.

Agyd. Eternal heaven sooner be dissolv'd,
And all that pierceeth Phoebus' silver eye,
Before such hap fall to Zenocrate! 20

Zeno. Ah, life and soul, still hover in his
breast

And leave my body senseless as the earth.
Or else unite you to his life and soul,
That I may live and die with Tamburlaine!

Enter [behind] TAMBURLAINE, TECHELLES, and others.

Agyd. With Tamburlaine! Ah, fair Zeno-
crate, 25

Let not a man so vile and barbarous,
That holds you from your father in despite,
And keeps you from the honours of a queen,
(Being suppos'd his worthless concubine,)
Be honoured with your love but for necessity. 30
So, now the mighty Soldan hears of you,
Your highness needs not doubt but in short time
He will with Tamburlaine's destruction
Redeem you from this deadly servitude.

Zeno. [Agydas,] leave to wound me with these
words, 35

And speak of Tamburlaine as he deserves.
The entertainment we have had of him
Is far from villany¹ or servitude,
And might in noble minds be counted princely.

Agyd. How can you fancy one that looks so
fierce, 40

Only dispos'd to martial stratagems?
Who, when he shall embrace you in his arms,
Will tell how many thousand men he slew;
And when you look for amorous discourse,
Will rattle forth his facts² of war and blood, 45
Too harsh a subject for your dainty ears.

¹ Subjection.

² Deeds.

Zeno. As looks the Sun through Nilus' flowing
stream,

Or when the Morning holds him in her arms,
So looks my lordly love, fair Tamburlaine,
His talk much sweeter than the Muses' song 5
They sung for honour 'gainst Pierides;
Or when Minerva did with Neptune strive:
And higher would I rear my estimate
Than Juno, sister to the highest god,
If I were match'd with mighty Tamburlaine. 55

Agyd. Yet be not so inconstant in your love;
But let the young Arabian live in hope
After your rescue to enjoy his choice.
You see though first the King of Persia,
Being a shepherd, seem'd to love you much, 60
Now in his majesty he leaves those looks,
Those words of favour, and those comfortings.
And gives no more than common courtesies.

Zeno. Thence rise the tears that so disdain my
cheeks,

Fearing his love through my unworthiness. — 65

TAMBURLAINE goes to her and takes
her away lovingly by the hand,
looking wrathfully on AGYDAS,
and says nothing. [Exeunt all but
AGYDAS.]

Agyd. Betray'd by fortune and suspicious
love,

Threat'ned with frowning wrath and jealousy,
Surpris'd with fear of hideous revenge,
I stand aghast; but most astonied¹

To see his choler shut in secret thoughts, 70
And wrapt in silence of his angry soul.
Upon his brows was portray'd ugly death;
And in his eyes the furies of his heart

That shone as comets, menacing revenge,
And casts a pale complexion on his cheeks. 75

As when the seaman sees the Hyades
Gather an army of Cimmerian clouds,
(Auster and Aquilon with winged steeds,

All sweating, tilt about the watery Heavens,
With shivering spears enforcing thunder claps, 80
And from their shields strike flames of light-
ning.)

All fearful folds his sails and sounds the main,
Lifting his prayers to the Heavens for aid

Against the terror of the winds and waves,
So fares Agydas for the late-felt frowns, 85

That sent a tempest to my daunted thoughts,
And makes my soul divine her overthrow.

Re-enter TECHELLES with a naked dagger.

Tech. See you, Agydas, how the king salutes
you?

He bids you prophesy what it imports. *Exit.*

Agyd. I prophesied before, and now I prove 90
The killing frowns of jealousy and love.

He need not with words confirm my fear,
For words are vain where working tools pre-
sent

The naked action of my threat'ned end:
It says, Agydas, thou shalt surely die, 95

And of extremities elect the least;
More honour and less pain it may procure
To die by this resolved hand of thine,

¹ Astonied.

Than stay the torments he and Heaven have
sworn. 99

Then haste, Agydas, and prevent the plagues
Which thy prolonged fates may draw on thee.
Go, wander, free from fear of tyrant's rage,
Removed from the torments and the hell
Wherewith he may excruciate thy soul,
And let Agydas by Agydas die, 105
And with this stab slumber eternally.

Stabs himself.

[*Re-enter TECHELLES with USUMCASANE*]

Tech. Usumcasane, see, how right the man
Hath hit the meaning of my lord, the king.

Usum. Faith, and Techelles, it was manly
done;

And since he was so wise and honourable, 110
Let us afford him now the bearing hence,
And crave his triple-worthy burial.

Tech. Agreed. Casane; we will honour him.

[*Exeunt bearing out the body.*]

SCENE III.

[*Enter*] TAMBURLAINE, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, THERIDAMAS, a BASSO, ZENOCRATE, [ANIPPE,] with others.

Tamb. Basso, by this thy lord and master
knows

I mean to meet him in Bithynia:

See how he comes! Tush, Turks are full of
brags,

And menace more than they can well perform.
He meet me in the field, and fetch thee hence!
Alas! poor Turk! his fortune is too weak 6

To encounter with the strength of Tamburlaine.
View well my camp, and speak indifferently;
Do not my captains and my soldiers look
As if they meant to conquer Africa? 10

Bas. Your men are valiant, but their number
few,

And cannot terrify his mighty host.
My lord, the great commander of the world,

Besides fifteen contributory kings,
Hath now in arms ten thousand Janissaries, 15

Mounted on lusty Mauritanian steeds,
Brought to the war by men of Tripoli;

Two hundred thousand footmen that have serv'd
In two set battles fought in Græcia: 20

And for the expedition of this war,
If he think good, can from his garrisons

Withdraw as many more to follow him.

Tech. The more he brings the greater is the
spoil,

For when they perish by our warlike hands,
We mean to seat our footmen on their steeds, 25

And rifle all those stately Janissars.

Tamb. But will those kings accompany your
lord?

Bas. Such as his highness please; but some
must stay

To rule the provinces he late subdu'd.

Tamb. [*To his Officers.*] Then fight courageously:
their crowns are yours; 30

This hand shall set them on your conquering
heads,

That made me Emperor of Asia.

Usum. Let him bring millions infinite of men,
Unpeopling Western Africa and Greece,
Yet we assure us of the victory. 35

Ther. Even he that in a trice vanquish'd two
kings,

More mighty than the Turkish emperor,
Shall rouse him out of Europe, and pursue
His scattered army till they yield or die.

Tamb. Well said, Theridamas; speak in that
mood; 40

For will and shall best fitteth Tamburlaine,
Whose smiling stars give him assured hope
Of martial triumph ere he meet his foes.

I that am term'd the scourge and wrath of God,
The only fear and terror of the world, 45

Will first subdue the Turk, and then enlarge
Those Christian captives, which you keep as
slaves,

Burdening their bodies with your heavy chains,
And feeding them with thin and slender fare;

That naked row about the Terrene sea, 50
And when they chance to breathe and rest a space,
Are punish'd with bastones¹ so grievously,

That they lie panting on the galley's side,
And strive for life at every stroke they give. 55

These are the cruel pirates of Argier,
That damned train, the scum of Africa,

Inhabited with straggling runnagates,
That make quick havoc of the Christian blood;

But, as I live, that town shall curse the time
That Tamburlaine set foot in Africa. 60

*Enter BAJAZETH with his Bassoes, and contributory
KINGS [of FEZ, MOROCCO, and ARGIER;
ZABINA and EBBA].*

Bas. Bassoes and Janissaries of my guard,
Attend upon the person of your lord,

The greatest potentate of Africa.

Tamb. Techelles and the rest, prepare your
swords;

I mean to encounter with that Bajazeth. 65

Bas. Kings of Fez, Morocco, and Argier,
He calls me Bajazeth, whom you call Lord!

Note the presumption of this Scythian slave!
I tell thee, villain, those that lead my horse 70

Have to their names titles of dignity,
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Bajazeth?

Tamb. And know, thou Turk, that those
which lead my horse,

Shall lead thee captive thorough Africa;
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Tamburlaine?

Bas. By Mahomet my kinsman's sepulchre,
And by the holy Alcoran I swear, 75

He shall be made a chaste and lustless eunuch,
And in my sarrell² tend my concubines;

And all his captains that thus stoutly stand,
Shall draw the chariot of my emperess, 80

Whom I have brought to see their overthrow.

Tamb. By this my sword, that conquer'd
Persia,

Thy fall shall make me famous through the
world.

I will not tell thee how I'll handle thee,
But every common soldier of my camp 85

Shall smile to see thy miserable state.

¹ Sticks. Ital. *bastone*.

² Seraglio.

K. of Fez. What means the mighty Turkish emperor,

To talk with one so base as Tamburlaine?

K. of Mor. Ye Moors and valiant men of Barbary,

How can ye suffer these indignities? ⁹⁰

K. of Arg. Leave words, and let them feel your lances' points

Which glided through the bowels of the Greeks.

Baj. Well said, my stout contributory kings.

Your threelord army and my hugy¹ host

Shall swallow up these base-born Persians. ⁹⁵

Tech. Puissant, renowned, and mighty Tamburlaine,

Why stay we thus prolonging all their lves?

Ther. I long to see those crowns won by our swords,

That we may reign as kings of Africa.

Usum. What coward would not fight for such a prize? ¹⁰⁰

Tamb. Fight all courageously, and be you kings;

I speak it, and my words are oracles.

Baj. Zabina, mother of three braver boys

Than Hercules, that in his infancy

Did dash² the jaws of serpents venomous; ¹⁰⁵

Whose hands are made to gripe a warlike lance,

Their shoulders broad for complete armour fit,

Their limbs more large, and of a bigger size,

Than all the brats ysprung from Typhon's loins;

Who, when they come unto their father's age.

Will batter turrets with their manly fists; — ¹¹¹

Sit here upon this royal chair of state,

And on thy head wear my imperial crown,

Until I bring this sturdy Tamburlaine,

And all his captains bound in captive chains. ¹¹⁵

Zab. Such good success happen to Bajazeth!

Tamb. Zenocrate, the loveliest maid alive,

Fairer than rocks of pearl and precious stone,

The only paragon of Tamburlaine,

Whose eyes are brighter than the lamps of

Heaven ¹²⁰

And speech more pleasant than sweet harmony!

That with thy looks canst clear the darkened sky,

And calm the rage of thund'ring Jupiter,

Sit down by her, adorned with my crown,

As if thou wert the Empress of the world. ¹²⁵

Stir not, Zenocrate, until thou see

Me march victoriously with all my men,

Triumphing over him and these his kings,

Which I will bring as vassals to thy feet;

Till then take thou my crown, vaunt of my

worth. ¹³⁰

And manage words with her, as we will arms.

Zeno. And may my love, the King of Persia,

Return with victory and free from wound!

Baj. Now shalt thou feel the force of Turkish

arms,

Which lately made all Europe quake for fear. ¹³⁵

I have of Turks, Arabians, Moors, and Jews,

Enough to cover all Bithynia.

Let thousands die; their slaughtered carcasses

Shall serve for walls and bulwarks to the rest

And as the heads of Hydra, so my power, ¹⁴⁰

Subdued, shall stand as mighty as before.

¹ Huge.

² Dash to pieces.

If they should yield their necks unto the sword,
Thy soldiers' arms could not endure to strike
So many blows as I have heads for thee.

Thou know'st not, foolish, haughty Tamburlaine,
What 't is to meet me in the open field, ¹⁴⁶

That leave no ground for thee to march upon.

Tamb. Our conquering swords shall marshal
us the way

We use to march upon the slaughtered foe, ¹⁵⁰

Trampling their bowels with our horses' hoofs;

Brave horses bred on the white Tartarian hills,

My camp is like to Julius Cæsar's host,

That never fought but had the victory;

Nor in Pharsalia was there such hot war

As these, my followers, willingly would have. ¹⁵⁵

Legions of spirits fleeting³ in the air

Direct our bullets and our weapons' points,

And make your⁴ strokes to wound the senseless

lure, ⁵

And when she sees our bloody colours spread,

Then Victory begins to take her flight, ¹⁶⁰

Resting herself upon my milk-white tent. —

But come, my lords, to weapons let us fall,

The field is ours, the Turk, his wife, and all.

Exit with his followers.

Baj. Come, kings and bassoes, let us glut our

swords, ¹⁶⁴

That thirst to drink the feeble Persians' blood.

Exit with his followers.

Zab. Base concubine, must thou be plac'd by

me,

That am the empress of the mighty Turk?

Zeno. Disdainful Turkess and unreverend

boss! ¹⁶⁸

Call'st thou me concubine, that am betroth'd

Unto the great and mighty Tamburlaine? ¹⁷⁰

Zab. To Tamburlaine, the great Tartarian

thief!

Zeno. Thou wilt repent these lavish words of

thine,

When thy great basso-master and thyself

Must plead for mercy at his kingly feet,

And sue to me to be your advocate. ¹⁷⁵

Zab. And sue to thee! I tell thee, shameless

girl,

Thou shalt be laundress to my waiting maid! —

How lik'st thou her, Ebea? Will she serve?

Ebea. Madam, she thinks, perhaps, she is too

fine, ¹⁸⁰

But I shall turn her into other weeds,

And make her dainty fingers fall to work.

Zeno. Hear'st thou, Anippe, how thy drudge

doth talk?

And how my slave, her mistress, menaceth?

Both for their sauciness shall be employed ¹⁸⁴

To dress the common soldiers' meat and drink,

For we will scorn they should come near our-

selves.

Anip. Yet sometimes let your highness send

for them

To do the work my chambermaid disdains.

They sound the battle within.⁷

³ Floating.

⁴ Qq our.

⁵ Perhaps in the sense of "decoy." Ellis suggests "light" from *Fr. lueur*. Dyce conj. *ar*.

⁶ Contemptuously used of a woman.

⁷ *ryl* edd. add *and stay*.

Zeno. Ye gods and powers that govern Persia,
And made my lordly love her worthy king, ¹⁹⁰
Now strengthen him against the Turkish Baj-
azeth,
And let his foes, like flocks of fearful roes
Pursu'd by hunters, fly his angry looks,
That I may see him issue conqueror!

Zab. Now, Mahomet, solicit God himself, ¹⁹⁵
And make him rain down murdering shot from
Heaven
To dash the Scythians' brains, and strike them
dead,

That dare to manage arms with him
That offered jewels to thy sacred shrine,
When first he warr'd against the Christians! ²⁰⁰
[*They sound*] to the battle again.

Zeno. By this the Turks he welt'ring in
their blood,

And Tamburlaine is Lord of Africa

Zab. Thou art deceiv'd. — I heard the trump-
ets sound

As when my emperor overthrew the Greeks,
And led them captive into Africa. ²⁰⁵
Straight will I use thee as thy pride deserves:
Prepare thyself to live and die my slave.

Zeno. If Mahomet should come from Heaven
and swear

My royal lord is slain or conquered,
Yet should he not persuade me otherwise ²¹⁰
But that he lives and will be conqueror.

*BAJAZETH flies and [TAMBU RL AINE] pursues
him. The battle short, and they enter. BAJAZETH
is overcome.*

Tamb. Now, king of bassoes, who is con-
queror?

Baj. Thou, by the fortune of this damned
[foil]. ¹

Tamb. Where are your stout contributory
kings?

*Re-enter TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, and USUM-
CASANE.*

Tech. We have their crowns, their bodies
strow the field. ²¹⁵

Tamb. Each man a crown! Why, kingly
fought, i' faith.

Deliver them into my treasury.

Zeno. Now let me offer to my gracious lord
His royal crown again so highly won.

Tamb. Nay, take the Turkish crown from her,
Zenocrate, ²²⁰

And crown me Emperor of Africa.

Zab. No, Tamburlaine: though now thou gat
the best,

Thou shalt not yet be lord of Africa.

Ther. Give her the crown, Turkess: you were
best.

*He takes it from her, and gives it to
ZENOCRATE.*

Zab. Injurious villains! thieves! runagates!
How dare you thus abuse my majesty? ²²⁵

Ther. Here, madam, you are Empress; she is
none.

Tamb. Not now, Theridamas; her time is
past.

¹ Defeat. Early edd. read *soile*.

The pillars that have bolstered up those terms,
Are fallen in clusters at my conquering feet. ²³⁰

Zab. Though he be prisoner, he may be ran-
somed

Tamb. Not all the world shall ransom Bajazeth.

Baj. Ah, fair Zabina! we have lost the field;
And never had the Turkish emperor

So great a foil by any foreign foe. ²³⁵

Now will the Christian misciants be glad,
Ringing with joy their superstitious bells,

And making bonfires for my overthrow.
But, ere I die, those foul idolaters

Shall make me bonfires with their filthy bones.
For though the glory of this day be lost, ²⁴¹

Afric and Greece have garrisons enough
To make me sovereign of the earth again.

Tamb. Those walled garrisons will I subdue,
And write myself great lord of Africa. ²⁴⁵

So from the East unto the furthest West
Shall Tamburlaine extend his puissant arm.

The galleys and those piling² brigandines,
That yearly sail to the Venetian gulf,

And hover in the Straits for Christians' wrack,
Shall lie at anchor in the isle Asant,³ ²⁵¹

Until the Persian fleet and men of war,
Sailing along the oriental sea,

Have fetch'd about the Indian continent,
Even from Persepolis to Mexico, ²⁵⁵

And thence unto the straits of Jubalter;⁴
Where they shall meet and join their force in one

Keeping in awe the bay of Portingale,⁵
And all the ocean by the British shore;

And by this means I'll win the world at last. ²⁶⁰
Baj. Yet set a ransom on me, Tamburlaine.

Tamb. What, think'st thou Tamburlaine es-
teems thy gold?

I'll make the kings of India, ere I die,
Offer their mines to sue for peace to me,

And dig for treasure to appease my wrath. ²⁶⁵
Come, bind them both, and one lead in the

Turk;
The Turkess let my love's maid lead away.

Thy bind them.
Baj. Ah, villains! — dare you touch my
sacred arms?

O Mahomet! — O sleepy Mahomet!
Zab. O cursed Mahomet, that makes us thus

The slaves to Scythians rude and barbarous! ²⁷¹
Tamb. Come, bring them in; and for this
happy conquest,

Triumph and solemnise a martial feast. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.

[*Enter the*] SOLDAN of EGYPT, with three or four
Lords, CAPOLIN, [and a Messenger].

Sold. Awake, ye men of Memphis! Hear the
clang

Of Scythian trumpets! Hear the basiliisks⁶

² Plundering. ⁴ Gibraltar. ⁵ Biscay.
³ Zante (Bullen.)

⁶ Pieces of ordnance, so called from their fancied
resemblance to the fabulous serpent of that name.
(Cu gham.)

That, roaring, shake Damascus' turrets down!
 The rogue of Volga holds Zenocrate,
 The Soldan's daughter, for his concubine,
 And with a troop of thieves and vagabonds,
 Hath spread his colours to our high disgrace,
 While you, faint-hearted, base Egyptians,
 Lie slumbering on the flowery banks of Nile,
 As *chorus* that unaffrighted rest,
 While thund'ring cannons rattle on their skins.
Mess. Nay, mighty Soldan, did your greatness

see
 The frowning looks of fiery Tamburlaine,
 That with his terror and imperious eyes
 Commands the hearts of his associates,
 It might amaze your royal majesty.

Sold. Villain, I tell thee, were that Tamburlaine

As monstrous¹ as Gorgon,² prince of hell,
 The Soldan would not start a foot from him.
 But speak, what power hath he?

Mess. Mighty lord,
 Three hundred thousand men in armour clad,
 Upon their prancing steeds disdainfully
 With wanton paces trampling on the ground:
 Five hundred thousand footmen threat'ning

shot,
 Shaking their swords, their spears, and iron bills,
 Environing their standard round, that stood
 As bristle-pointed as a thorny wood:
 Their warlike engines and munition
 Exceed the forces of their martial men.

Sold. Nay, could their numbers countervail
 the stars,

Or ever-drizzling drops of April showers,
 Or withered leaves that Autumn shaketh down
 Yet would the Soldan by his conquering power,
 So scatter and consume them in his rage,
 That not a man should live to rue their fall.

Capo. So might your highness, had you time
 to sort

Your fighting men, and raise your royal host;
 But Tamburlaine, by expedition,
 Advantage takes of your unreadiness.

Sold. Let him take all th' advantages he can.
 Were all the world conspir'd to fight for him,
 Nay, were he devil, as he is no man,
 Yet in revenge of fair Zenocrate,
 Whom he detaineth in despite of us,
 This arm should send him down to Erebus,
 To shroud his shame in darkness of the night.

Mess. Pleaseth your mightiness to understand,

His resolution far exceedeth all.
 The first day when he pitcheth down his tents,
 White is their hue, and on his silver crest,
 A snowy feather spangled white he bears,
 To signify the mildness of his mind,
 That, satiate with spoil, refuseth blood.
 But when Aurora mounts the second time
 As red as scarlet is his furniture;
 Then must his kindled wrath be quench'd with
 blood,

Not sparing any that can manage arms;
 But if these threats move not submission,
 Black are his colours, black pavilion;

His spear, his shield, his horse, his armour,
 plumes,

And jetty feathers menace death and hell!
 Without respect of sex, degree, or age,
 He razeth all his foes with fire and sword.

Sold. Merciless villain! Peasant, ignorant
 Of lawful arms or martial discipline!

Pillage and murder are his usual trades;
 The slave usurps the glorious name of war.
 See, Capolin, the fair Arabian king,
 That hath been disappointed by this slave

Of my fair daughter and his princely love,
 May have fresh warning to go war with us,
 And be reveng'd for her disparagement.

[*Exeu*.]

SCENE II.

[*Enter*] TAMBURLAINE, TECELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, ZENOCRATE, ANIPPE, two Moors drawing BAJAZETH in his cage, and his wife [ZABINA] following him.

Tamb. Bring out my footstool.

They take him out of the cage.
Baj. Ye holy priests of heavenly Mahomet,
 That, sacrificing, slice and cut your flesh,
 Staining his altars with your purple blood;
 Make Heaven to frown and every fixed star
 To suck up poison from the moorish fens,
 And pour it in this glorious³ tyrant's throat!

Tamb. The chiefest God, first mover of that
 sphere,

Enchas'd with thousands ever-shining lamps,
 Will sooner burn the glorious frame of Heaven,

Than it should so conspire my overthrow.
 But, villain! thou that wishest this to me,
 Fall prostrate on the low disdainful earth,
 And be the footstool of great Tamburlaine,
 That I may rise into my royal throne.

Baj. First shalt thou rip my bowels with thy
 sword,

And sacrifice my heart to death and hell,
 Before I yield to such a slavery.

Tamb. Base villain, vassal, slave to Tamburlaine!

Unworthy to embrace or touch the ground,
 That bears the honour of my royal weight;
 Stoop, villain, stoop! — Stoop! for so he bids
 That may command thee piecemeal to be torn,
 Or scattered like the lofty cedar trees
 Struck with the voice of thund'ring Jupiter.

Baj. Then, as I look down to the damned
 fiends,

Fiends look on me! and thou, dread god of hell,
 With ebon sceptre strike this hateful earth,
 And make it swallow both of us at once!

[TAMBURLAINE] gets up upon him to his chair.

Tamb. Now clear the triple region of the
 air,

And let the majesty of Heaven behold
 Their scourge and terror tread on emperors.

Smile stars, that reign'd at my nativity,
 And dim the brightness of their neighbour
 I ps!

¹ Trisyllabic here.

² Dem. orgon.

³ Vain-glorious, boastful.

Disdain to borrow light of Cynthia !
 For I, the chiefest lamp of all the earth,
 First rising in the East with mild aspect,
 But fix'd now in the meridian line,
 Will send up fire to your turning spheres,
 And cause the sun to borrow light of you.
 My sword struck fire from his coat of steel,
 Even in Bithynia, when I took this Turk ;
 As when a fiery exhalation,
 Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloud
 Fighting for passage, make[s] the welkin crack,
 And casts a flash of lightning to the earth :
 But ere I march to wealthy Persia,
 Or leave Damascus and th' Egyptian fields,
 As was the fame of Clymene's brain-sick son,
 That almost brent the axle-tree of Heaven,
 So shall our swords, our lances, and our shot
 Fill all the air with fiery meteors :
 Then, when the sky shall wax as red as blood,
 It shall be said I made it red myself,
 To make me think of nought but blood and war.

Zab. Unworthy king, that by thy cruelty
 Unlawfully usurp'st the Persian seat,
 Dar'st thou, that never saw an emperor
 Before thou met my husband in the field,
 Being thy captive, thus abuse his state,
 Keeping his kingly body in a cage,
 That roofs of gold and sun-bright palaces
 Should have prepar'd to entertain his grace ?
 And treading him beneath thy loathsome feet,
 Whose feet the kings of Africa have kiss'd.

Tech. You must devise some torment worse,
 my lord,
 To make these captives rein their lavish
 tongues.

Tamb. Zenocrate, look better to your slave.
Zeno. She is my handmaid's slave, and she
 shall look

That these abuses flow not from her tongue :
Chide her, Anippe.

Anp. Let these be warnings for you then,
 my slave,

How you abuse the person of the king ;
 Or else I swear to have you whipt, stark-nak'd.

Bay. Great Tamburlaine, great in my over-
 throw,

Ambitious pride shall make thee fall as low,
 For treading on the back of Bajazeth,
 That should be horsed on four mighty kings.

Tamb. Thy names and titles and thy digni-
 ties

Are fled from Bajazeth and remain with me,
 That will maintain 't against a world of kings.
 Put h' in again.

[*They put him back into the cage.*]

Bay. Is this a place for mighty Bajazeth ?
 Confusion light on him that helps thee thus !

Tamb. There, whiles he lives, shall Bajazeth
 be kept ;

And, where I go, be thus in triumph drawn ;
 And thou, his wife, shalt feed him with the
 scraps

My servitors shall bring thee from my board ;
 For he that gives him other food than this
 Shall sit by him and starve to death himself ;
 This is my mind and I will have it so.
 Not all the kings and emperors of the earth,

If they would lay their crowns before my feet,
 Shall ransom him or take him from his cage.
 The ages that shall talk of Tamburlaine,
 Even from this day to Plato's wondrous year,
 Shall talk how I have handled Bajazeth ;
 These Moors, that drew him from Bithynia
 To fair Damascus, where we now remain,
 Shall lead him with us wheresoe'er we go.
 Techelles, and loving followers,
 Now may we see Damascus' lofty towers,
 Like to the shadows of Pyramides,
 That with their beauties grac'd the Memphi
 fields.

The golden statue¹ of their feathered bird
 That spreads her wings upon the city walls
 Shall not defend it from our battering shot.
 The townsmen mask in silk and cloth of gold,
 And every house is as a treasury :

The men, the treasure, and the town is ours.
Ther. Your tents of white now pitch'd before
 the gates,

And gentle flags of amity display'd,
 I doubt not but the governor will yield,
 Offering Damascus to your majesty.

Tamb. So shall he have his life and all the
 rest.

But if he stay until the bloody flag
 Be once advanc'd on my vermilion tent,
 He dies, and those that kept us out so long.
 And when they see me march in black array,
 With mournful streamers hanging down their
 heads,

Were in that city all the world contain'd,
 Not one should scape, but perish by our swords.

Zeno. Yet would you have some pity for my
 sake,

Because it is my country's, and my father's.

Tamb. Not for the world, Zenocrate, if I've
 sworn.

Come ; bring in the Turk. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

[*Enter the*] SOLDAN, [*the KING of*] ARABIA, CA-
 POLIN, with streaming colours and Soldiers.

Sold. Methinks we march as Meleager did,
 Environed with brave Argolian knights,
 To chase the savage Calydonian boar,
 Or Cephalus with lusty Theban youths
 Against the wolf that angry Themis sent
 To waste and spoil the sweet Anion fields,
 A monster of five hundred thousand heads,
 Compact of rapine, piracy, and spoil
 The scum of men, the hate and scourge of God,
 Raves in Egyptia and annoyeth us.

My lord, it is the bloody Tamburlaine,
 A sturdy felon and a base-bred thief,
 By murder raised to the Persian crown,
 That dares control us in our territories.
 To tame the pride of this presumptuous beast,
 Join your Arabians with the Soldan's power,
 Let us unite our royal bands in one,
 And hasten to remove Damascus' siege.
 It is a blemish to the majesty
 And high estate of mighty emperors,

¹ Early edd. read *st re.*

That such a base usurping vagabond
Should brave a king, or wear a princely crown.

K. of Arab. Renowned Soldan, have you lately heard

The overthrow of mighty Bajazeth
About the confines of Bithymia ?

The slavery wherewith he persecutes
The noble Turk and his great emperess ?

Sold. I have, and sorrow for his bad success ;
But, noble lord of great Arabia,

Be so persuaded that the Soldan is
No more dismay'd with tidings of his fall

Than in the haven when the pilot stands
And views a stranger's ship rent in the winds,

And shivered against a craggy rock ;
Yet in compassion of his wretched state,

A sacred vow to Heaven and him I make,
Confirming it with Ibis' holy name,

That Tamburlaine shall rue the day, the hour,
Wherein he wrought such ignominious wrong

Unto the hallowed person of a prince,
Or kept the fair Zenocrate so long

As concubine, I fear, to feed his lust.
K. of Arab. Let grief and fury hasten on re-

venge ;
Let Tamburlaine for his offences feel
Such plagues as Heaven and we can pour on

him.
I long to break my spear upon his crest,

And prove the weight of his victorious arm ;
For Fame, I fear, hath been too prodigal

In sounding through the world his partial praise,
Sold. Capolin, hast thou survey'd our

powers ?
Capol. Great Emperors of Egypt and Arabia,

The number of your hosts united is
A hundred and fifty thousand horse ;

Two hundred thousand foot, brave men-at-
arms,

Courageous, and full of hardiness,
As frolic as the hunters in the chase

Of savage beasts amid the desert woods.
K. of Arab. My mind presageth fortunate

success ;
And, Tamburlaine, my spirit doth foresee
The utter ruin of thy men and thee.

Sold. Then rear your standards ; let your
sounding drums

Direct our soldiers to Damascus' walls.
Now, Tamburlaine, the mighty Soldan comes,

And leads with him the great Arabian king,
To dim thy baseness and obscurity,

Famous for nothing but for theft and spoil ;
To raze and scatter thy inglorious crew

Of Scythians and slavish Persians. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*The Banquet ; and to it cometh TAMBURLAINE,
all in scarlet, [ZENOCRATE,] THERIDAMAS,
TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, the Turk [BAJAZETH
in his cage, ZABINA,] with others.*

Tamb. Now hang our bloody colours by Da-
mascus,

Reflexing hues of blood upon their heads,
While they walk quivering on their city walls,
Half dead for fear before they feel my wrath :

Then let us freely banquet and carouse
Full bowls of wine unto the god of war

That means to fill your helmets full of gold,
And make Damascus spoils as rich to you,

As was to Jason Colchos' golden fleece. —
And now, Bajazeth, hast thou any stomach ?

Bay. Ay, such a stomach, cruel Tamburlaine,
as I could willingly feed upon thy blood-raw
heart.

Tamb. Nay thine own is easier to come by ;
pluck out that, and 't will serve thee and thy
wife. Well, Zenocrate, Techelles, and the rest,
fall to your victuals.

Bay. Fall to, and never may your meat digest !
Ye Furies, that can mask invisible,

Dive to the bottom of Avernus' pool,
And in your hands bring hellish poison up

And squeeze it in the cup of Tamburlaine !
Or, winged snakes of Lerna, cast your stings,

And leave your venoms in this tyrant's dish !
Zab. And may this banquet prove as ominous

As Frogne's to th' adulterous Thracian king,
That fed upon the substance of his child.

Zeno. My lord, how can you [tamely] ¹ suffer
these

Outrageous curses by these slaves of yours ?
Tamb. To let them see, divine Zenocrate,

I glory in the curses of my foes,
Having the power from the imperial Heaven

To turn them all upon their proper heads.
Tech. I pray you give them leave, madam ;

this speech is a goodly refreshing to them.
Ther. But if his highness would let them be

fed, it would do them more good.
Tamb. Sirrah, why fall you not to ? Are you

so daintily brought up, you cannot eat your own
flesh ?

Bay. First, legions of devils shall tear thee in
pieces.

Usum. Villain, know'st thou to whom thou
speakest ?

Tamb. O, let him alone Here ; eat, sir ; [⁴⁵
take it from my sword's point, or I 'll thrust it to
thy heart *Bajazeth takes it and stamps upon it.*

Ther. He stamps it under his feet, my lord.
Tamb. Take it up, villain, and eat it ; or I

will make thee slice the brawns of thy arms [⁵⁰
into carbonadoes ² and eat them.

Usum. Nay, 't were better he kill'd his
wife, and then she shall be sure not to be

starv'd, and he be provided for a month's victual
beforehand.

Tamb. Here is my dagger despatch her while
she is fat ; for if she live but a while longer,

she will fall into a consumption with fretting,
and then she will not be worth the eating.

Ther. Dost thou think that Mahomet will [⁶⁰
suffer this ?

Tech. 'T is like he will when he cannot let ³
it

Tamb. Go to ; fall to your meat. — What, not
a bit ! Belike he hath not been watered to- [⁶⁵
day ; give him some drink.

*They give Bajazeth water to drink,
and he flings it on the ground.*

¹ Dyce conj.

² Slices for broiling.

³ Hinder.

Tamb. Fast, and welcome, sir, while¹ hunger make you eat. How now, Zenocrate, doth not the Turk and his wife make a goodly show at a banquet? 70

Zeno. Yes, my lord.

Ther. Methinks, 't is a great deal better than a consort² of music.

Tamb. Yet music would do well to cheer up Zenocrate. Pray thee tell why thou art so [75] sad? If thou wilt have a song, the Turk shall strain his voice. But why is it?

Zeno. My lord, to see my father's town besieged,

The country wasted where myself was born,
How can it but afflict my very soul? 80
If any love remain in you, my lord,
Or if my love unto your majesty
May merit favour at your highness' hands,
Then raise your siege from fair Damascus' walls,
And with my father take a friendly truce. 85

Tamb. Zenocrate, were Egypt Jove's own land,

Yet would I with my sword make Jove to stoop.
I will confute those blind geographers
That make a triple region in the world,
Excluding regions which I mean to trace, 90
And with this pen³ reduce them to a map,
Calling the provinces, cities, and towns,
After my name and thine, Zenocrate,
Here at Damascus will I make the point
That shall begin the perpendicular; 95
And would'st thou have me buy thy father's love

With such a loss? — Tell me, Zenocrate.

Zeno. Honour still wait on happy Tamburlaine!

et give me leave to plead for him, my lord.

Tamb. Content thyself his person shall be safe 100

And all the friends of fair Zenocrate,
If with their lives they will be pleas'd to yield,
Or may be forc'd to make me Emperor;
For Egypt and Arabia must be mine. —
Feed, you slave! Thou may'st think thy- [105] self happy to be fed from my trencher.

Baj. My empty stomach, full of idle heat,
Draws bloody humours from my feeble parts,
Preserving life by hasting cruel death.
My veins are pale, my sinews hard and dry, 110
My joints benumb'd: unless I eat, I die.

Zab. Eat, Bajazeth. Let us live in spite of them, looking⁴ some happy power will pity and enlarge⁵ us.

Tamb. Here, Turk; wilt thou have a clean [115] trencher?

Baj. Ay, tyrant, and more meat.

Tamb. Soft, sir; you must be dieted; too much eating will make you surfeit.

Ther. So it would, my lord, specially hav- [120] g so small a walk and so little exercise.

Enter a second course of crowns.

Tamb. Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane, ere are the cates you desire to finger, are they t?

¹ Until. ³ Holding out his sword. ⁵ Free.

² Band. ⁴ Expecting.

Ther. Ay, my lord; but none save kings must feed with these. 125

Tech. 'T is enough for us to see them, and for Tamburlaine only to enjoy them.

Tamb. Well; here is now to the Soldan of Egypt, the King of Arabia, and the Governor [130] of Damascus. Now take these three crowns, and pledge me, my contributory kings. I crown you here, Theridamas, King of Argier; Techelles, King of Fez; and Usumcasane, King of Morocco. How say you to this, Turk? These are [135] not your contributory kings.

Baj. Nor shall they long be thine, I warrant them.

Tamb. Kings of Argier, Morocco, and of Fez,

You that have march'd with happy Tamburlaine

As far as from the frozen [place⁶] of Heaven 140
Unto the watery morning's ruddy bower,⁷
And thence by land unto the torrid zone,
Deserve these titles I endow you with

By [valour⁸] and by magnanimity.
Your births shall be no blemish to your fame, 145
For virtue is the fount whence honour springs
And they are worthy she investeth kings.

Ther. And since your highness hath so well vouchsaf'd,

If we deserve them not with higher meeds
Than erst our states and actions have retain'd 150
Take them away again and make us slaves.

Tamb. Well said, Theridamas; when holy fates

Shall 'tablish me in strong Egyptia,
We mean to travel to th' antartic pole,
Conquering the people underneath our feet, 155
And be renown'd as never emperors were.
Zenocrate, I will not crown thee yet,
Until with greater honours I be grac'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I.

[*Enter*] the GOVERNOR of DAMASCUS, with three or four Citizens, and four Virgins, with branches of laurel in their hands.

Gov. Still doth this man, or rather god of war,

Batter our walls and beat our turrets down;
And to resist with longer stubbornness
Or hope of rescue from the Soldan's power,
Were but to bring our wilful overthrow, 160
And make us desperate of our threat'ned lives.
We see his tents have now been altered
With terrors to the last and cruellest hue.
His coal-black colours everywhere advance'd
Threaten our city with a general spoil; 165
And if we should with common rites of a
Offer our safeties to his clemency,
I fear the custom, proper to his sword,
Which he observes as parcel of his fame,
Intending so to terrify the world, 170

⁶ Shore: Fr. *plage* Early edd. read *place*.

⁷ First two edd. read *lower*.

⁸ Early edd. *value*.

By any innovation or remorse
Will never be dispens'd with till our deaths.
Therefore, for these our harmless virgins' sakes,
Whose honours and whose lives rely on him,
Let us have hope that their unspotted prayers,²⁰
Their blubbered cheeks, and hearty, humble
moans,
Will melt his fury into some remorse,¹
And use us like a loving conqueror.

1 *Virg.* If humble suits or imprecations,²
(Uttered with tears of wretchedness and blood²⁵
Shed from the heads and hearts of all our sex,
Some made your wives and some your children)
Might have entreated your obdurate breasts
To entertain some care of our securities
Whiles only danger beat upon our walls,³⁰
These more than dangerous warrants of our
death

Had never been erected as they be,
Nor you depend on such weak helps as we.

Gov. Well, lovely virgins, think our country's
care,

Our love of honour, loath to be inthrall'd³⁵
To foreign powers and rough imperious yokes,
Would not with too much cowardice or fear,
(Before all hope of rescue were denied)
Submit yourselves and us to servitude.
Therefore in that your safeties and our own,⁴⁰
Your honours, liberties, and lives were weigh'd
In equal care and balance with our own,
Endure as we the malice of our stars,
The wrath of Tamburlaine, and power of wars,
Or be the means the overweighing heavens⁴⁵
Have kept to qualify³ these hot extremes,
And bring us pardon in your cheerful looks.

2 *Virg.* Then here before the majesty of
Heaven

And holy patrons of Egyptia,
With knees and hearts submissive we entreat⁵⁰
Grace to our words and pity to our looks
That this device may prove propitious,
And through the eyes and ears of Tamburlaine
Convey events of mercy to his heart;
Grant that these signs of victory we yield⁵⁵
May bind the temples of his conquering head,
To hide the folded furrows of his brows,
And shadow his displeased countenance
With happy looks of ruth and lenity.
Leave us, my lord, and loving countrymen;⁶⁰
What simple virgins may persuade, we will.

Gov. Farewell, sweet virgins, on whose safe
return
Depends our city, liberty, d lives. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

[*Enter*] TAMBURLAINE, *all in black and very melancholy*, TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUM-CASANE, *with others.*

Tamb. What, are the turtles fray'd⁴ out of
their nests?

Alas, poor fools! must you be first shall feel
The sworn destruction of Damascus?
They knew my custom; could they not as well
Have sent ye out when first my milk-white flags,⁵

Through which sweet Mercy threw her gentle
beams,
Reflexing⁶ them on your disdainful eyes,
As now, when fury and incensed hate
Flings slaughtering terror from my coal-black
tents,
And tells for truth submission⁶ comes too late?
1 *Virg.* Most happy King and Emperor of the
earth,

Image of honour and nobility,
For whom the powers divine have made the
world,

And on whose throne the holy Graces sit;
In whose sweet person is compris'd the sum²⁸
Of Nature's skill and heavenly majesty;
Pity our plights! O pity poor Damascus!
Pity old age, within whose silver hairs
Honour and reverence evermore have reign'd!
Pity the marriage bed, where many a lord,³⁰
In prime and glory of his loving joy,
Embraceth now with tears of ruth and blood
The jealous body of his fearful wife,
Whose cheeks and hearts, so punish'd with con-
ceit

To think thy puissant, never-stayed arm³⁵
Will part their bodies, and prevent their souls
From heavens of comfort yet their age might
bear,

Now wax all pale and withered to the death,
As well for grief our ruthless governor
Hath thus refus'd the mercy of thy hand,⁴⁰
(Whose sceptre angels kiss and furies dread,)
As for their liberties, their loves, or lives!
O then for these, and such as we ourselves,
For us, our infants, and for all our bloods,
That never nourish'd thought against thy rule.
Pity, O pity, sacred Emperor,⁴⁵
The prostrate service of this wretched town,
And take in sign thereof this gilded wreath;
Whereto each man of rule hath given his hand,
And wish'd, as worthy subjects, happy mea
To be investors of thy royal brows⁵⁰
Even with the true Egyptian diadem!

Tamb. Virgins, in vain ye labour to prevent
That which mine honour swears shall be per-
form'd.

Behold my sword! what see you at the point?

1 *Virg.* Nothing but fear and fatal steel,
my lord.

Tamb. Your fearful minds are thick and
misty then;

For there sits Death, there sits imperious Death
Keeping his circuit⁷ by the slicing edge.
But I am pleas'd you shall not see him the;
He now is seated on my horsemen's spears,⁵⁵
And on their points his fleshless body feeds.
Techelles, straight go charge a few of them
To charge these dames, and show my serv
t,
Death,

Sitting in scarlet on their armed spears.⁶⁰
Virgins. O pity us!

Tamb. Away with them, I say, and show the
Death. *They take them away.*

I will not spare these proud Egyptians,

⁵ Later add. emend to *Reflexed* . . . *their*.

⁶ Early add. read *submissions*.

⁷ Court.

¹ Pity. ² Prayers. ³ Moderate. ⁴ Frightened.

Nor change my martial observations
For all the wealth of Gihon's golden waves, 60
Or for the love of Venus, would she leave
The angry god of arms and lie with me.
They have refus'd the offer of their lives,
And know my customs are as peremptory
As wrathful planets, death, or destiny. 65

Re-enter TECHELLES.

What, have your horsemen shown the virgins
Death?

Tech. They have, my lord, and on Damascus'
walls

Have hoisted up their slaughtered carcasses.

Tamb. A sight as baneful to their souls, I
think,

As are Thessalian drugs or mithridate 1 70
But go, my lords, put the rest to the sword.

Exeunt [all except TAMBURLAINE].

Ah, fair Zenocrate! divine Zenocrate!

Fair is too foul an epithet for thee,

That in thy passion² for thy country's love,

And fear to see thy kingly father's harm, 75

With hair dishevell'd wip'st thy watery cheeks;

And, like to Flora in her morning's pride

Shaking her silver tresses in the air,

Rain'st on the earth resolv'd³ pearl in showers,

And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face, 80

Where Beauty, mother to the Muses, sits

And comments volumes with her ivory pen,

Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes;

Eyes when that Ebena steps to Heaven,

In silence of thy solemn evening's walk, 85

Making the mantle of the richest night,

The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light;

There angels in their crystal armours fight

A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts

For Egypt's freedom, and the Soldan's life; 90

His life that so consumes Zenocrate,

Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul,

Than all my army to Damascus' walls:

And neither Persia's sovereign, nor the Turk

Troubled my senses with conceit of foil⁴ 95

So much by much as doth Zenocrate.

What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then?

If all the pens that ever poets held

Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,

And every sweetness that inspir'd their hearts,

Their minds, and muses on admired themes; 101

If all the heavenly quintessence they still⁵

From their immortal flowers of poesy,

Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive

The highest reaches of a human wit; 105

If these had made one poem's period,

And all combin'd in beauty's worthiness,

Yet should there hover in their restless heads

One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,

Which into words no virtue can digest. 110

But how unseemly is it for my sex,

My discipline of arms and chivalry,

My nature, and the terror of my name,

To harbour thoughts effeminate and faint!

Save only that in beauty's just applause, 115

1 An antidote distilled from poisons. (Bullen.)

2 Sorrow.

3 Dissolved.

4 Ideas of defeat.

5 Distill.

With whose instinct the soul of man is
touch'd;—

And every warrior that is rapt with love

Of fame, of valour, and of victory,

Must needs have beauty beat on his conceits:

I thus conceiving and subduing both 120

That which hath stoop'd the [chiefest]⁶ of the

gods,

Even from the fiery-spangled veil of Heaven,

To feel the lowly⁷ warmth of shepherds' flames,

And mask⁸ in cottages of strowed reeds,⁹

Shall give the world to note, for all my birth,

That virtue solely is the sum of glory, 125

And fashions men with true nobility.—

Who's within there?

Enter two or three [Attendants].

Hath Bajazeth been fed to-day?

Atten. Ay, my lord. 130

Tamb. Bring him forth; and let us know if

the town be ransack'd. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Enter TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCA-

SANE, and others.

Tech. The town is ours, my lord, and fresh

supply

Of conquest and of spoil is offered us.

Tamb. That's well, Techelles; what's the

news? 135

Tech. The Soldan and the Arabian king to-

gether,

March on us with such eager violence,

As if there were no way but one with us.

Tamb. No more there is not, I warrant thee,

Techelles.

They bring in the Turk [and ZABINA].

Ther. We know the victory is ours, my lord;

But let us save the reverend Soldan's life, 141

For fair Zenocrate that so laments his state.

Tamb. That will we chiefly see unto, Theri-

damas,

For sweet Zenocrate, whose worthiness

Deserves a conquest over every heart. 145

And now, my footstool, if I lose the field,

You hope of liberty and restitution?

Here let him stay, my masters, from the tents,

Till we have made us ready for the field.

Pray for us, Bajazeth; we are going. 150

Exeunt [all except BAJAZETH and ZABINA].

Baj. Go, never to return with victory!

Millions of men encompass thee about,

And gore thy body with as many wounds!

Sharp, forked arrows light upon thy horse!

Furies from the black Cocytus lake 155

Break up the earth, and with their firebrands

Enforce thee run upon the baneful pikes!

Volleys of shot pierce through thy charmed

skin,

And every bullet dipt in poisoned drugs!

Or roaring cannons sever all thy joints, 160

Making thee mount as high as eagles soar!

Zab. Let all the swords and lances in the

field

⁶ Emend. Dyce. Early edd. read *stopt the tempest.*

⁷ Conj. Collier. Early edd. read *lonely.*

⁸ Early edd. *marth*

⁹ Emend. Dyce. Early edd. read *weeds.*

Stuck in his breast as in their proper rooms!
At every pore let blood come dropping forth,
That ling'ring pains may massacre his heart,¹⁶⁵
And madness send his damned soul to hell!

Baj. Ah, fair Zabina! we may curse his power,

The heavens may frown, the earth for anger quake,

But such a star hath influence in his sword,¹⁶⁶
As rules the skies and countermands the gods
More than Cimmerian Styx or Destiny;
And then shall we in this detested guise,
With shame, with hunger, and with horror
[stay,]¹

Gripping our bowels with retorqued² thoughts,
And have no hope to end our ecstasies.¹⁷⁵

Zab. Then is there left no Mahomet, no God,
No Fiend, no Fortune, nor no hope of end
To our infamous, monstrous slaveries.
Gape, earth, and let the fiends infernal view
A hell as hopeless and as full of fear¹⁸⁰
As are the blasted banks of Erebus,
Where shaking ghosts with ever-howling
groans

Hover about the ugly ferryman,
To get a passage to Elysium!
Why should we live? O, wretches, beggars,
slaves!¹⁸⁵

Why live we, Bajazeth, and build up nests
So high within the region of the air
By living long in this oppression,
That all the world will see and laugh to scorn
The former triumphs of our mightiness¹⁹⁰
In this obscure infernal servitude?

Baj. O life, more loathsome to my vexed thoughts

Than noisome parbreak³ of the Stygian snakes,

Which fills the nooks of hell with standing air,
Infecting all the ghosts with cureless griefs!¹⁹⁵
O dreary engines⁴ of my loathed sight,
That sees my crown, my honour, and my name
Thrust under yoke and thraldom of a thief,
Why feed ye still on day's accursed beams

And sink not quite into my tortur'd soul?²⁰⁰

You see my wife, my queen, and emperess,
Brought up and propped by the hand of fame,
Queen of fifteen contributory queens,
Now thrown to rooms of black abjection,
Smeared with blots of basest drudgery,²⁰⁵
And villainess⁵ to shame, disdain, and misery.
Accursed Bajazeth, whose words of ruth,
(That would with pity cheer Zabina's heart,
And make our souls resolve⁶ in ceaseless tears;) Sharp hunger bites upon, and gripes the root²¹⁰
From whence the issues of my thoughts do break;

O poor Zabina! O my queen! my queen!
Fetch me some water for my burning breast,
To cool and comfort me with longer date,
That in the short'ned sequel of my life²¹⁵
I may pour forth my soul into thine arms
With words of love, whose moaning intercourse

Hath hitherto been stay'd with wrath and hate
Of our expressless bann'd inflictions.

Zab. Sweet Bajazeth, I will prolong thy life,
As long as any blood or spark of breath²²¹
Can quench or cool the torments of my grief.

Baj. Now, Bajazeth, abridge thy baneful days,
And beat thy brains out of thy conquer'd head,

Since other means are all forbidden me²²⁵
That may be ministers of my decay.
O, highest lamp of ever-living Jove,
Accursed day! infected with my griefs,
Hide now thy stained face in endless night,
And shut the windows of the lightsome
heavens!²³⁰

Let ugly Darkness with her rusty coach,
Engirt with tempests, wrapt in pitchy clouds,
Smother the earth with never-fading mists,
And let her horses from their nostrils breathe
Rebellious winds and dreadful thunder-claps,²³⁵
That in this terror Tamburlaine may live,
And my pin'd soul, resolv'd in liquid air,
May still exorcise his tormented thoughts!
Then let the stony dart of senseless cold
Pierce through the centre of my withered heart,
And make a passage for my loathed life!²⁴¹
He brains himself against the cage.

Re-enter ZABINA.

Zab. What do mine eyes behold? My husband dead!
His skull all riven in twain! His brains dash'd
out,

The brains of Bajazeth, my lord and sovereign!
O Bajazeth, my husband and my lord!²⁴⁵
O Bajazeth! O Turk! O Emperor!
Give him his liquor? Not I. Bring milk and
fire, and my blood I bring him again. — Tear me
in pieces! Give me the sword with a ball of wild-
fire upon it. — Down with him! Down with²⁵⁰
him! — Go to my child! Away! Away! Away!
Ah, save that infant! save him, save him! —
I, even I, speak to her. — The sun was down;
streamers white, red, black, here, here, here!
— Fling the meat in his face — Tamburlaine,
Tamburlaine! — Let the soldiers be buried.²⁵⁵
— Hell! Death! Tamburlaine! Hell! — Make
ready my coach, my chair, my jewels. I come!
I come! I come!

She runs against the cage and brains herself.

[Enter] ZENOCRATE with ANIPPE.

Zeno. Wretched Zenocrate! that liv'st to see
Damascus' walls dy'd with Egyptians' blood,²⁶¹
Thy father's subjects and thy countrymen;
Thy streets strow'd with dis severed joints of
men

And wounded bodies gasping yet for life:
But most accurst, to see the sun-bright troop²⁶⁵
Of heavenly virgins and unspotted maids,
(Whose looks might make the angry god of
arms

To break his sword and mildly treat of love)
On horsemen's lances to be hoisted up
And guiltlessly endure a cruel death:²⁷⁰
For every fell and stout Tartarian steed,

¹ Emend. Dyce. Early edd. *etc.* *Qy. die?*

² Bent back.

⁴ I e. eyes.

⁶ Dissolve

³ Vomit.

⁵ Slave.

That stamp't on others with their thund'ring
hoofs,
When all their riders charg'd their quivering
spears,
Began to check the ground and rein themselves,
Gazing upon the beauty of their looks. 275
Ah Tamburlaine! wert thou the cause of this
That term'st Zenocrate thy dearest love?

Whose lives were dearer to Zenocrate
Than her own life, or aught save thine own love.
But see another bloody spectacle! 280
Ah, wretched eyes, the enemies of my heart,
How are ye glutt'd with these grievous objects,
And tell my soul more tales of bleeding ruth!
See, see, Anippe, if they breathe or no.

Anippe. No breath, nor sense, nor motion in
them both; 285

Ah, madam! this their slavery hath enforc'd,
And ruthless cruelty of Tamburlaine.

Zeno. Earth, cast up fountains from thy en-
trails,
And wet thy cheeks for their untimely deaths!
Shake with their weight in sign of fear and
grief! 290

Blush, Heaven, that gave them honour at their
birth

And let them die a death so barbarous!
Those that are proud of fickle empery
And place their chiefest good in earthly pomp,
Behold the Turk and his great Emperess! 295
Ah, Tamburlaine! my love! sweet Tambur-
laine!

That fight'st for sceptres and for slippery
crowns,

Behold the Turk and his great Emperess!
Thou, that in conduct of thy happy stars
Sleep'st every night with conquests on thy
brows, 300

And yet would'st shun the wavering turns of
war,

In fear and feeling of the like distress
Behold the Turk and his great Emperess!
Ah, mighty Jove and holy Mahomet,
Pardon my love! — O, pardon his contempt 305

Of earthly fortune and respect of pity,
And let not conquest, ruthlessly pursu'd,
Be equally against his life incens'd
In this great Turk and hapless Emperess!
And pardon me that was not mov'd with ruth
To see them live so long in misery! 311

Ah, what may chance to thee, Zenocrate?
Anippe. Madam, content yourself, and be re-
solv'd

Your love hath Fortune so at his command,
That she shall stay and turn her wheel no more,
As long as life maintains his mighty arm 315
That fights for honour to adorn your head.

Enter [PHILEMUS,] a Messenger.

Zeno. What other heavy news now brings
Philemus?

Phil. Madam, your father, and the Arabian
king,

The first affecter of your excellence, 320
Comes now, as Turnus 'gainst Æneas did,
Armed with lance into the Egyptian fields,
Ready for battle 'gainst my lord, the king.

Zeno. Now shame and duty, love and fear
presents

A thousand sorrows to my martyred soul. 325
Whom should I wish the fatal victory
When my poor pleasures are divided thus
And rack'd by duty from my cursed heart?
My tather and my first-betrothed love
Must fight against my life and present love; 330
Wherein the change I use condemns my faith,
And makes my deeds infamous through the
world

But as the gods, to end the Trojans' toil,
Prevented Turnus of Lavinia
And fatally enrich'd Æneas' love, 335
So, for a final issue to my griefs,
To pacify my country and my love
Must Tamburlaine by their resistless powers
With virtue of a gentle victory

Conclude a league of honour to my hope; 340
Then, as the Powers divine have pre-ordain'd,
With happy safety of my father's life
Send like defence of fair Arabia.

*They sound 'to the battle [within]: and
TAMBURLAINE enjoys the victory. After,
[the KING of] ARABIA enters wounded.*

K. of Arab. What cursed power guides the
murdering hands

Of this infamous tyrant's soldiers 345
That no escape may save their enemies,
Nor fortune keep themselves from victory?
Lie down, Arabia, wounded to the death,
And let Zenocrate's fair eyes behold
That, as for her thou bear'st these wretched
arms, 350

Even so for her thou diest in these arms,
Leaving thy blood for witness of thy love.

Zeno. Too dear a witness for such love, my
lord,

Behold Zenocrate! the cursed object,
Whose fortunes never mastered her griefs; 355
Behold her wounded, in conceit, for thee,
As much as thy fair body is for me.

K. of Arab. Then shall I die with full, con-
tent'd heart,

Having beheld divine Zenocrate,
Whose sight with joy would take away my life
As now it bringeth sweetness to my wound, 360
If I had not been wounded as I am.

Ah! that the deadly pangs I suffer now,
Would lend an hour's licence to my tongue,
To make discourse of some sweet accidents 365
Have chanc'd thy merits in this worthless bond-
age;

And that I might be privy to the state
Of thy deserv'd contentment, and thy love;
But, making now a virtue of thy sight
To drive all sorrow from my fainting soul, 370
Since death denies me farther cause of joy,
Depriv'd of care, my heart with comfort dies,
Since thy desired hand shall close mine eyes.
[*He dies.*]

*Re-enter TAMBURLAINE, leading the SOLDAN,
TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE,
with others.*

Tamb. Come, happy father of Zenocrate,
A title higher than thy Sold 's me; 375

Though my right hand have thus enthralled thee,

Thy princely daughter here shall set thee free;
She that hath calm'd the fury of my sword,
Which had ere this been bath'd in streams of blood

As vast and deep as Euphrates or Nile. 389

Zeno. O sight thrice welcome to my joyful soul,

To see the king, my father, issue safe
From dangerous battle of my conquering love!

Sold. Well met, my only dear Zenocrate, 384
Though with the loss of Egypt and my crown.

Tamb. 'T was I, my lord, that got the victory,

And therefore grieve not at your overthrow,

Since I shall render all into your hands,

And add more strength to your dominions

Than ever yet confirm'd th' Egyptian crown.

The god of war resigns his room to me, 391

Meaning to make me general of the world.

Jove, viewing me in arms, looks pale and wan,

Fearing my power should pull him from his throne.

Where'er I come the Fatal Sisters sweat, 396

And grisly Death, by running to and fro,

To do their ceaseless homage to my sword;

And here in Afric, where it seldom rains,

Since I arriv'd with my triumphant host,

Have swelling clouds, drawn from wide-gasp-

ing wounds, 400

Been oft resolv'd in bloody purple showers,

A meteor that might terrify the earth,

And make it quake at every drop it drinks.

Millions of souls sit on the banks of Styx,

Waiting the back return of Charon's boat; 405

Hell and Elysium swarm with ghosts of men,

That I have sent from sundry foughten fields,

To spread my fame through hell and up to Heaven.

And see, my lord, a sight of strange import, 409

Emperors and kings lie breathless at my feet.

The Turk and his great Empress, as it seems,

Left to themselves while we were at the fight,

Have desperately despatch'd their slavish lives;

With them Arabia, too, hath left his life;

All sights of power to grace my victory: 415

And such are objects fit for Tamburlaine;

Wherein, as in a mirror, may be seen

His honour, that consists in shedding blood,

When men presume to manage arms with him.

Sold. Mighty hath God and Mahomet made

thy hand, 420

Renowned Tamburlaine! to whom all kings

Of force must yield their crowns and emperies;

And I am pleas'd with this my overthrow,

If, as befits a person of thy state,

Thou hast with honour us'd Zenocrate. 425

Tamb. Her state and person wants no pomp,
you see;

And for all blot of foul in chastity

I record Heaven her heavenly self is clear.

Then let me find no further time to grace 429

Her princely temples with the Persian crown.

But here these kings that on my fortunes wait,

And have been crown'd for proved worthiness,

Even by this hand that shall establish them,

Shall now, adjoining all their hands with mine,

Invest her here my Queen of Persia. 435

What saith the noble Soldan and Zenocrate!

Sold. I yield with thanks and protestations

Of endless honour to thee for her love.

Tamb. Then doubt I not but fair Zenocrate

Will soon consent to satisfy us both. 440

Zeno. Else should I much forget myself, my

lord.

Ther. Then let us set the crown upon her

head,

That long hath ling'ring for so high a seat.

Tech. My hand is ready to perform the deed;

For now her marriage-time shall work us rest.

Usum. And here 's the crown, my lord; help

set it on. 448

Tamb. Then sit thou down, divine Zenocrate;

And here we crown thee Queen of Persia,

And all the kingdoms and dominions

That late the power of Tamburlaine subdu'd.

As Juno, when the giants were suppress'd, 451

That darted mountains at her brother Jove,

So looks my love, shadowing in her brows

Triumphs and trophies for my victories;

Or as Latona's daughters, bent to arms, 455

Adding more courage to my conquering mind.

To gratify the sweet Zenocrate,

Egyptians, Moors, and men of Asia,

From Barbary unto the western India,

Shall pay a yearly tribute to thy sire; 460

And from the bounds of Afric to the banks

Of Ganges shall his mighty arm extend.

And now, my lords and loving followers,

That purchas'd kingdoms by your martial

deeds,

Cast off your armour, put on scarlet robes, 465

Mount up your royal places of estate,

Envir'd with troops of noblemen,

And there make laws to rule your provinces.

Hang up your weapons on Alcides' post,

For Tamburlaine takes truce with all the world.

Thy first-betrothed love, Arabia, 471

Shall we with honour, as befits, entomb,

With this great Turk and his fair Emperess.

Then, after all these solemn exequies,

We will our¹ rites of marriage solemnise. 475

[Exeunt.]

¹ Early edd. read *our celebrated*.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DR. FAUSTUS

BY

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE POPE.

CARDINAL OF LORRAIN.

EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

DUKE OF VANHOLT.

FAUSTUS.

VALDES and CORNELIUS, Friends to FAUSTUS.

WAGNER, Servant to FAUSTUS.

CLOWN

ROBIN.

RALPH.

Vintner.

Horse-Courser.

Knight.

Old Man.

Scholars, Friars, and Attendants.

DUCHESS OF VANHOLT.

LUCIFER.

BELZEBUB.

MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Good Angel.

Evil Angel.

The Seven Deadly Sin.

Devils.

Spirits in the shape of ALEXANDER G T, of his

Paramour, and of HELEN of TROY.

CHORUS.]

Enter CHORUS

Chorus. Not marching now in fields of Thrasi-
mene,
Where Mars did mate¹ the Carthaginians;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings where state is overturn'd;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt his heavenly verse:
Only this, gentlemen, — we must perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad.
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,²
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes;³
Of riper years to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarship grac'd,⁴
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology;
Till swollen with cunning,⁵ of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings⁶ did mount above his reach,
And, melting, Heavens conspir'd his overthrow;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted [now] with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursed necromancy.
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss.
And this the man that in his study sits! *Exit.*

¹ Confound. But Hannibal was victorious at Lake Trasimennus, B. C. 217.

² For applause

³ Roda, in the Duchy of Saxe-Altenburg, near Jena.

⁴ The garden of scholarship being adorned by him.

⁵ Knowledge.

⁶ An allusion to the myth of Icarus, who flew too near the sun.

[SCENE I.]

Enter FAUSTUS in his Study

Faust. Settle my studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess⁷;
Having commenc'd, be a divine in show.
Yet level⁸ and at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics,⁹ 't is thou hast ravish'd me,
Bene disserere est finis logices.
Is to dispute well logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more, thou hast attain'd the end;
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit.
Bid *ὄν καὶ μὴ ὄν*¹⁰ farewell; Galen come,
Seeing *Ubi desinit Philosophus, ibi incipit Medi-*
cus;¹¹
Be a physician, Faustus, heap up gold,
And be eternis'd for some wondrous cure.
*Summum bonum medicinae sanitas,*¹²
"The end of physic is our body's health."
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?
Is not thy common talk sound Aphorisms?¹³
Are not thy bills¹⁴ hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been eas'd?
Yet art thou still but Faustus and a man.
Wouldst thou make men to live eternally,

⁷ Teach publicly.

⁸ Aim.

⁹ Logic.

¹⁰ This is Mr Bullen's emendation of Q₁, *Oneay-macoon*, a corruption of the Aristotelian phrase for "being and not being"

¹¹ "Where the philosopher leaves off, there the physician begins."

¹² This and the previous quotation are from Aristotle.

¹³ Medical maxims.

¹⁴ Announcements.

Or, being dead, raise them to life again? 25
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic, farewell. — Where is Justinian?

[Reads.]
Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem,
*alter valorem rei, &c.*¹

A pretty case of paltry legacies! [Reads.]
Exhæreditare filium non potest pater nisi,
*&c.*² 30

Such is the subject of the Institute³
And universal Body of the Law.⁴
His⁵ study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash;
Too servile and illiberal for me. 35
When all is done, divinity is best;
Jerome's Bible,⁶ Faustus, view it well.

[Reads.]
Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha! Stipendium,
&c.

"The reward of sin is death." That's hard.

[Reads.]
Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis
veritas. 40

"If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and there's no truth in us." Why then, belike we must sin and so consequently die.

Ay, we must die an everlasting death.

What doctrine call you this, *Che sera sera,* 45

"What will be shall be?" Divinity, adieu!

These metaphysics of magicians

And necromantic books are heavenly;

Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters, 50

Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.

O what a world of profit and delight,

Of power, of honour, of omnipotence

Is promis'd to the studious artisan!

All things that move between the quiet poles

Shall be at my command. Emperors and kings

Are but obeyed in their several provinces, 55

Nor can they raise the wind or rend the clouds,

But his dominion that exceeds⁷ in this

Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man

A sound magician is a mighty god: 60

Here, Faustus, try thy⁸ brains to gain a deity.

Wagner!

Enter WAGNER.

Commend me to my dearest friends,

The German Valdes and Cornelius;

Request them earnestly to visit me.

Wag. I will, sir. Exit. 65

Faust. Their conference will be a greater

help to me

Th all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.

G. Ang. O Faustus! lay that damned book

aside,

1 "If one and the same thing is bequeathed to two

persons, one gets the thing and the other the value of

the thing."

2 "A father cannot disinherit the son except," etc.

3 Of Justinian, under whom the Roman law was

codified.

4 Q., Church. 7 Excels

5 Its. 8 Q., tire my.

6 Vulgate.

And gaze not upon it lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head. 70
Read, read the Scriptures; that is blasphemy.

E. Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous
art,

Wherein all Nature's treasure is contain'd:

Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,

Lord and commander of these elements. 75

Exit [Angels.]

Faust. How am I glutt'd with conceit⁹ of this!

Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,

Resolve me of all ambiguities,

Perform what desperate enterprise I will?

I'll have them fly to India for gold, 80

Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,

And search all corners of the new-found world

For pleasant fruits and princely delicacies;

I'll have them read me strange philosophy

And tell the secrets of all foreign kings; 85

I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,

And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg;

I'll have them fill the public schools with [silks],¹⁰

Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;

I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring, 90

And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,¹¹

And reign sole king of all the provinces;

Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war

Than was the fiery keel¹² at Antwerp's bridge,

I'll make my servile spirits to invent. 95

Come, German Valdes and Cornelius,

And make me blest with your sage conference.

Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS.¹³

Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,

Know that your words have won me at the last

To practise magic and concealed arts. 100

Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy,

That will receive no object, for my head

But ruminates on necromantic skill.

Philosophy is odious and obscure,

Both law and physic are for petty wits; 105

Divinity is basest of the three,

Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile:

'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.

Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;

And I that have with concise syllogisms 110

Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,

And made the flow'ring pride of Wittenberg

Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits

On sweet Musæus,¹⁴ when he came to hell,

Will be as cunning as Agrippa was, 115

Whose shadows made all Europe honour him.

Vald. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our

experience

Shall make all nations to canonise us.

As Indian Moors¹⁵ obey their Spanish lords,

So shall the subjects¹⁶ of every element 120

⁹ Idea

¹⁰ Emend Dyce. Qq. *skill*.

¹¹ The Netherlands, over which Parma re-established the Spanish dominion

¹² A ship filled with explosives used to blow up a bridge built by Parma in 1585 at the siege of Antwerp.

¹³ The famous Cornelius Agrippa. German Valdes is not known.

¹⁴ Cf. Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi 667.

¹⁵ American Indians.

¹⁶ Qq., *spirits*.

Be always serviceable to us three;
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain rutters¹ with their horsemen's
staves,

Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides,
Sometimes like women or unwedded maids,¹²⁵
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the queen of love.
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;¹³⁰
If learned Faustus will be resolute.

Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live, therefore object it not.

Corn. The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.¹³⁵
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enrich'd with tongues, well seen² in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require.
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renown'd,
And more frequented for this mystery¹⁴⁰
Than heretofore the Delphian Oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wracks,
Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth;¹⁴⁵
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three
want?

Faust. Nothing, Cornelius! O this cheers my
soul!

Come show me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some lusty grove,
And have these joys in full possession.¹⁵⁰

Vald. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And hear wise Bacon's³ and Albanus's⁴
works,

The Hebrew Psalter and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite¹⁵⁴
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

Corn. Valdes, first let him know the words of
art;

And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

Vald. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.¹⁶⁰

Faust. Then come and dine with me, and
after meat,

We'll canvass every quiddity⁵ thereof;
For ere I sleep I'll try what I can do:
This night I'll conjure though I die therefore.
Exeunt.

[SCENE II.]⁶

Enter two SCHOLARS.

1 *Schol.* I wonder what's become of Faustus
that was wont to make our schools ring
with *sic probo*?⁷

¹ Troopers. Germ. *Reiters*.

² Roger Bacon.

³ Versed.

⁴ Perhaps Pietro d'Abano, a medieval alchemist, perhaps a misprint for Albertus (Magnus), the great schoolman.

⁵ Fine point.

⁶ Before Faustus's House

⁷ "Thus I prove"—a common formula in scholastic
disputations.

2 *Schol.* That shall we know, for see here
comes his boy.

Enter WAGNER.

1 *Schol.* How now, sirrah! Where's thy
master?

Wag. God in heaven knows!

2 *Schol.* Why, dost not thou know?

Wag. Yes, I know. But that follows not.¹⁰

1 *Schol.* Go to, sirrah! Leave your jesting,
and tell us where he is.

Wag. That follows not necessary by force of
argument, that you, being licentiate, should
stand upon't therefore, acknowledge your [15
error and be attentive.

2 *Schol.* Why, didst thou not say thou
knew'st?

Wag. Have you any witness on't?

1 *Schol.* Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

Wag. Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

2 *Schol.* Well, you will not tell us?

Wag. Yes, sir, I will tell you, yet if you
were not dunces, you would never ask me such
a question; for is not he *corpus naturale*?⁸ and
is not that *mobile*? Then wherefore should [25
you ask me such a question? But that I am by
nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to
lechery (to love, I would say), it were not for
you to come within forty foot of the place [30
of execution, although I do not doubt to see
you both hang'd the next sessions. Thus having
triumph'd over you, I will set my countenance
like a precisian,⁹ and begin to speak thus.—
Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within
at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this [35
wine, if it could speak, would inform your wor-
ships; and so the Lord bless you, preserve you,
and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear bre-
thren.

*Exit.*⁴⁰
1 *Schol.* Nay, then, I fear he has fallen into
that damned Art, for which they two are in-
famous through the world.

2 *Schol.* Were he a stranger, and not allied
to me, yet should I grieve for him. But come,
let us go and inform the Rector, and see if he [45
by his grave counsel can reclaim him.

1 *Schol.* O, I fear me nothing can reclaim
him.

2 *Schol.* Yet let us try what we can do.⁵⁰
Exeunt.

[SCENE III.]¹⁰

Enter FAUSTUS to conjure.

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the
earth

Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,

⁸ "*Corpus naturale seu mobile*" is the current
scholastic expression for the subject-matter of Physics."
(Ward.)

⁹ Puritan.

¹⁰ A Grove.

Forward and backward anagrammatis'd,
The breviated names of holy saints, 10
Figures of every adjunct¹ to the Heavens,
And characters of signs and erring stars.²
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise.
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the uttermost magic can perform. 15
Sint mihi Dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovah! Ignei, aerii, aquatam spiritus, salvete! Orientis princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilis. Quid tu moraris? Per Jehovah, Gehennam, et consecratum aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis! 25

Enter [MEPHISTOPHILIS] a Devil.

I charge thee to return and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me.
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best.

Exit Devil.

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words; 30
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells.
[Now,] Faustus, thou art conjuror laureate, 35
Thou canst command great Mephistophilis:
*Quin regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine.*⁴

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS [like a Franciscan Friar].

Meph. Now, Faustus, what would'st thou have me do?

Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,

To do whatever Faustus shall command, 40
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.

Meph. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave;
No more than he commands must we perform. 45

Faust. Did he not charge thee to appear to me?

Meph. No, I came hither of mine own accord.
Faust. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? Speak:

Meph. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*;

For when we hear one rack⁵ the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ, 51

¹ Every star belonging to.

² Planets.

³ "Be propitious to me, gods of Acheron! May the triple deity of Jehovah prevail! Spirits of fire, air, water, hail! Belzebub, Prince of the East, monarch of burning hell, and Demogorgon, we propitiate ye, that Mephistophilis may appear and rise. Why dost thou delay?" By Jehovah, Gehenna, and the holy water which now I sprinkle, and the sign of the cross which now I make, and by our prayer may Mephistophilis now be moved by us arise.

⁴ "For indeed thou hast power in the image of thy brother Mephistophilis."

⁵ Twist in anagrams.

We fly in hope to get his glorious soul;
Nor will we come, unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring 55
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,
And pray devoutly to the Prince of Hell.

Faust. So Faustus hath
Already done; and holds this principle,
There is no chief but only Belzebub, 60
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word "damnation" terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elysium;⁶
His ghost be with the old philosophers!
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls, 65
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?

Meph. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

Faust. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

Meph. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.

Faust. How comes it then that he is Prince of devils? 70

Meph. O, by aspiring pride and insolence;
For which God threw him from the face of Heaven.

Faust. And what are you that you live with Lucifer?

Meph. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer, 75
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.

Faust. Where are you damn'd?

Meph. In hell.

Faust. How comes it then that thou art out of hell?

Meph. Why this is hell, nor am I out of it. 80
Think'st thou that I who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of Heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?
O Faustus! leave these frivolous demands, 85
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul.

Faust. What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate?

For being depriv'd of the joys of Heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.

Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:

Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death 90
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,
Say he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four and twenty years, 95
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
Having thee ever to attend on me;

To give me whatsoever I shall ask,

To tell me whatsoever I demand,

To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends, 100
And always be obedient to my will.

Go and return to mighty Lucifer,

And meet me in my study at midnight,

And then resolve⁸ me of thy master's mind.

Meph. I will, Faustus. *Exit.* 105

Faust. Had I as many souls as there be stars,

I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.

By him I'll be great Emperor of the world,

⁶ Heaven and hell are indifferent to him.

⁷ Borrowful.

⁸ Inform.

And make a bridge through the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that [country] continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtain'd what I desire,
I'll live in speculation¹ of this art
Till Mephistophilis return again. *Exit.*

[SCENE IV.]²

Enter WAGNER and the CLOWN.

Wag. Sirrah, boy, come hither.

Clown. How, boy! Swowns, boy! I hope you have seen many boys with such pickadevaunts³ as I have. Boy, quotha!

Wag. Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in?

Clown. Ay, and goings out too. You may see else.

Wag. Alas, poor slave! See how poverty jesteth in his nakedness! The villain is bare and [out of service, and so hungry that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood-raw.]

Clown. How? My soul to the Devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 't were blood-raw! Not so, good friend. By 'r Lady, I had need have it well roasted and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.

Wag. Well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll make thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus* ⁴?

Clown. How, in verse?

Wag. No, sirrah; in beaten silk and staves-acre.⁵Clown. How, how, Knave's acre!⁶ Ay, I thought that was all the land his father left [him. Do you hear? I would be sorry to rob you of your living.]

Wag. Sirrah, I say in staves-acre.

Clown. Oho! Oho! Staves-acre! Why, then, belike if I were your man I should be full of vermin.

Wag. So thou shalt, whether thou beest with me or no. But, sirrah, leave your jesting, and bind yourself presently unto me for seven years, or I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars, and they shall tear thee in pieces.

Clown. Do you hear, sir? You may save that labour; they are too familiar with me already. Swowns! they are as bold with my flesh as if they had paid for [their] meat and [drunk.]

Wag. Well, do you hear, sirrah? Hold, take these madders.

[Gives money]

Clown. What are these crowns?

Wag. Mass, but for the name of French crowns, a man were as good have as many Eng-

¹ Study.² A street.³ Beards cut to a sharp point (Fr *pic-à-devant*).⁴ Dyce points out that these are the first words of W. Lily's "*Ad discipulos carmen de moribus*".⁵ A kind of larkspur, used for decorative use.⁶ A mean street in London.

lish counters. And what should I do with these?

Wag. Why, now, sirrah, thou art at an hour's warning, whensoever and wheresoever the Devil shall fetch thee.

Clown. No, no. Here, take your gridirons again.

Wag. Truly I'll none of them.

Clown. Truly but you shall.

Wag. Bear witness I gave them him.

Clown. Bear witness I give them you again.

Wag. Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch thee away — Bahol and Belcher.

Clown. Let your Bahol and your Belcher come here, and I'll knock them, they were never so knockt since they were devils. Say I should kill one of them, what would folks say? "Do you see yonder tall fellow in the round slop?" — he has kill'd the devil." So I should be call'd Kill-devil all the parish over.

Enter two DEVILS: the Clown runs up and down crying.

Wag. Bahol and Belcher! Spirits, away! *Exeunt Devils.*

Clown. What, are they gone? A vengeance on them, they have vile long nails! There was a he-devil, and a she-devil! I'll tell you how you shall know them: all he-devils has horns, and all she-devils has clifts and cloven feet.

Wag. Well, sirrah, follow me.

Clown. But, do you hear — if I should serve you, would you teach me to raise up Banios and Belchees?

Wag. I will teach thee to turn thyself to anything; to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or anything.

Clown. How! A Christian fellow to a dog or a cat, a mouse or a rat! No, no, sir, if you turn me into anything, let it be in the likeness of a little pretty frisky flea, that I may be here and there and everywhere. Oh, I'll tickle the pretty wenches' plackets; I'll be amongst them, i' faith.

Wag. Well, sirrah, come.

Clown. But, do you hear, Wagner?

Wag. How! — Bahol and Belcher!

Clown. O Lord! I pray, sir, let Banio and Belcher go sleep.

Wag. Villain — call me Master Wagner, and let thy left eye be diametrically⁷ fixt upon my right heel, with *quasi vestigias nostras insistere*.*Exit.*Clown. God forgive me, he speaks Dutch fustian. Well, I'll follow him, I'll serve him, that's flat. *Exit.*

[SCENE V.]

Enter FAUSTUS in his study.

Faust. Now, Faustus, must Thou needs be damn'd, and canst thou not be say'd?

What boots it then to think of God or Heaven? Away with such vain fancies, and despair:

⁷ Short wide breeches.⁸ For *diametrically*.⁹ "As if to tread in my tracks."

Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub. 5
 Now go not backward no, Faustus, be resolute.
 Why waverest thou? O, something soundeth
 in mine ears
 "Abjure this magic, turn to God again!"
 Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.
 To God? — He loves thee not — 10
 The God thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
 Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub;
 To him I'll build an altar and a church,
 And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL [ANGEL]

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable
 art. 15
Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance! What
 of them?
G. Ang. O, they are means to bring thee unto
 Heaven.
E. Ang. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
 That makes men foolish that do trust them
 most.
G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of Heaven, and
 heavenly things. 20
E. Ang. No, Faustus, think of honour and
 of wealth. *Exeunt [ANGELS.]*
Faust. Of wealth!

Why, the signiory of Emden¹ shall be mine.
 When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
 What God can hurt thee, Faustus? Thou art
 safe; 25
 Cast no more doubts. Come, Mephistophilis,
 And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer; —
 Is't not midnight? Come, Mephistophilis;
 Veni, veni, Mephistophile!

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Now tell me, what says Lucifer thy lord? 30
Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst
 he lives,
 So he will buy my service with his soul.
Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that
 for thee.
Meph. But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it
 solemnly,
 And write a deed of gift with thine own blood,
 For that security craves great Lucifer. 35
 If thou deny it, I will back to hell.
Faust. Stay, Mephistophilis! and tell me what
 good
 Will my soul do thy lord.
Meph. Enlarge his kingdom.
Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts us
 thus? 40
Meph. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*²
Faust. Why, have you any pain that torture
 others?
Meph. As great as have the human souls of
 men.
 But tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
 And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee, 45
 And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

¹ Emden, near the mouth of the river Ems, was an important commercial town in Elizabethan times.
² "Misery loves company."

Faust. Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.
Meph. Then Faustus, stab thine arm courageously.
 And bind thy soul that at some certain day
 Great Lucifer may claim it as his own; 50
 And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Faust. [stabbing his arm.] Lo, Mephistophilis,
 for love of thee,
 I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood
 Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,
 Chief lord and regent of perpetual night! 55
 View here the blood that trickles from mine
 arm.

And let it be propitious for my wish.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must

Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

Faust. Ay, so I will. [Writes.] But, Mephistophilis, 60

My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

Meph. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it
 straight. *Exit.*

Faust. What might the staying of my blood
 portend?

Is it unwilling I should write this bill?

Why streams it not that I may write afresh? 65
Faust. Is it so? *Enter his soul.* Ah, there it stay'd.
 Why will it not move? Is not thy soul thine
 own?

Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a chafer of coals.

Meph. Here's fire. Come, Faustus, set it on.

Faust. So now the blood begins to clear
 again; 70

Now will I make an end immediately. [Writes.]

Meph. O what will not I do to obtain his
 soul. *[Aside.]*

Faust. *Consummatum est:* 3 this bill is ended,
 And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer —

But what is this inscription on mine arm? 75

Homo, fuge! 4 Whither should I fly?

If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.

My senses are deceiv'd; here's nothing writ: —

I see it plain; here in this place is writ

Homo, fuge! Yet shall not Faustus fly. 80

Meph. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his
 mind. *Exit.*

*Re-enter [MEPHISTOPHILIS] with Devils, giving
 crowns and rich apparel to FAUSTUS, and
 dance, and then depart.*

Faust. Speak, Mephistophilis, what means
 this show?

Meph. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy
 mind withal.

And to show thee what magic can perform.

Faust. But may I raise up spirits when I
 please? 85

Meph. Ay, Faustus, and do greater things
 than these.

Faust. Then there's enough for a tho and
 souls.

Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,
 A deed of gift of body and of soul:

3 "It is finished"

4 "Man, fly!"

But yet conditionally that thou perform
All articles prescrib'd between us both.

Meph. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises between us made.

Faust. Then hear me read them. On these
conditions following. First, that Faustus may
be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that
Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his
command. Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do
for him and bring him whatsoever [he desires]
Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or
house invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the
said John Faustus, at all times, in what form
or shape soever he pleases. I, John Faustus, of
Wittenberg, Doctor, by these presents do give both
body and soul to Lucifer, Prince of the East,
and his minister, Mephistophilis; and furthermore
grant unto them, that twenty-four years being ex-
pired, the articles above written inviolate, full
power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus,
body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, unto their
habitation wheresoever. By me, John Faustus.

Meph. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as
your deed?

Faust. Ay, take it, and the Devil give thee
good on't.

Meph. Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.
First will I question with thee about hell.
Tell me where is the place that men call hell?

Meph. Under the heavens.

Faust. Ay, but whereabouts?

Meph. Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever;
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self place; for where we are is hell,
And where hell is there must we ever be:
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purged,
All places shall be hell that is not Heaven.

Faust. Come, I think hell's a fable.

Meph. Ay, think so still, till experience
change thy mind.

Faust. Why, think'st thou then that Faustus
shall be damn'd?

Meph. Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll
Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

Faust. Thou, and body too; but what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond¹ to ima-
gine

That, after this life, there is any pain?

Tush; these are trifles, and mere old wives'
tales.

Meph. But, Faustus, I am an instance to
prove the contrary,

For I am damned, and am now in hell.

Faust. How! now in hell!

Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd
here;

What? walking, disputing, &c.?

But, leaving off this, let me have a wife,

The fairest maid in Germany;

For I am wanton and lascivious,

And cannot live without a wife.

Meph. How—a wife?

I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.

Faust. Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me
one, for I will have one.

Meph. Well—thou wilt have one. Sit there
till I come:

I'll fetch thee a wife in the Devil's name.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a Devil dressed
like a woman, with fireworks.

Meph. Tell [me,] Faustus, how dost thou like
thy wife?

Faust. A plague on her for a hot whore!

Meph. Tut, Faustus,
Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;
And if thou lovest me, think no more of it.
I'll cull thee out the fairest courtesans,
And bring them every morning to thy bed;
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall
have.

Be she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Saba,² or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.

Here, take this book, peruse it thoroughly:

[*Gives a book.*]

The iterating³ of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder and
lightning;

Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,

And men in armour shall appear to thee,

Ready to execute what thou desir'st.

Faust. Thanks, Mephistophilis; yet fain
would I have a book wherein I might behold
all spells and incantations, that I might raise
up spirits when I please.

Meph. Here they are, in this book.

[*Turns to them.*]

Faust. Now would I have a book where I
might see all characters and planets of the
heavens, that I might know their motions and
dispositions.

Meph. Here they are too.

[*Turns to them.*]

Faust. Nay, let me have one book more,—
and then I have done,—wherein I might see
all plants, herbs, and trees that grow upon
the earth.

Meph. Here they be.

Faust. O, thou art deceived.

Meph. Tut, I warrant thee.

[*Turns to them.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VI.]

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

Faust. When I behold the heavens, then I
repent,

And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.

Meph. Why, Faustus,

Thinkest thou Heaven is such a glorious thing?

I tell thee 't is not half so fair as thou,

Or any man that breathes on earth.

Faust. How provest thou that?

Meph. 'T was made for man, therefore is man
more excellent.

² The Queen of Sheba.

³ Repeating.

⁴ The same.

¹ Foolish.

Faust. If it were made for man, 't was made for me;

I will renounce this magic and repent.

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.

G. Ang. Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.

E. Ang. Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

Faust. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?

Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;

Ay, God will pity me if I repent.

E. Ang. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

Exeunt [ANGELS.]

Faust. My heart's so hard'n'd I cannot repent.

Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,

But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears

"Faustus, thou art damn'd!" Then swords

and knives,

Poison, gun, halters, and envenom'd steel

Are laid before me to despatch myself,

And long ere this I should have slain myself,

Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.

Have I not made blind Homer sing to me

Of Alexander's love and Cæon's death?

And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes

With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,

Made music with my Mephistophilis?

Why should I die then, or basely despair?

I am resolv'd: Faustus shall ne'er repent.

Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,

And argue of divine astrology.

Tell me, are there many heavens above the

moon?

Are all celestial bodies but one globe,

As is the substance of this centric earth?

Meph. As are the elements, such are the

spheres

Mutually folded in each other's orb,

And, Faustus,

All jointly move upon one axletree

Whose terminine is term'd the world's wide pole;

Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter

Feign'd, but are erring stars.

Faust. But tell me, have they all one motion,

both *situ et tempore*?

Meph. All jointly move from east to west in

twenty-four hours upon the poles of the world;

but differ in their motion upon the poles of the

zodiac.

Faust. Tush!

These slender trifles Wagner can decide;

Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?

Who knows not the double motion of the

planets?

The first is finish'd in a natural day;

The second thus: as Saturn in thirty years;

Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the Sun, Venus,

and Mercury in a year; the moon in twenty-

eight days. Tush, these are freshmen's supposi-

tions. But tell me, hath every sphere a domin-

ion or *intelligentia*?

Meph. Ay.

¹ "In direction and in time?"

Faust. How many heavens, or spheres, are there?

Meph. Nine: the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven.

Faust. Well, resolve me in this question: Why have we not conjunctions, oppositions,

aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some less?

Meph. *Per inæqualem motum respecta totius.*²

Faust. Well, I am answered. Tell me who made the world.

Meph. I will not.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

Meph. Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

Faust. Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me anything?

Meph. Ay, that is not against our kingdom;

but this is.

Think thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art damn'd

Faust. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

Meph. Remember this.

Faust. Ay, go, accursed spirit, to ugly hell.

'Tis thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus' soul.

Is 't not too late?

Re-enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.

E. Ang. Too late.

G. Ang. Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

E. Ang. If thou repent, devils shall tear thee

in pieces.

G. Ang. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin.

Exeunt [ANGELS.]

Faust. Ah, Christ, my Saviour,

Seek to save distressed Faustus' soul.

Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Luc. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is

just;

There's none but I have interest in the same.

Faust. O, who art thou that look'st so terrible?

Luc. I am Lucifer,

And this is my companion-prince in hell.

Faust. O Faustus! they are come to fetch

away thy soul!

Luc. We come to tell thee thou dost injure us;

Thou talk'st of Christ contrary to thy promise;

Thou should'st not think of God: think of the

Devil,

And of his dam, too.

Faust. Nor will I henceforth: pardon me in this,

And Faustus vows never to look to Heaven,

Never to name God, or to pray to him,

To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,

And make my spirits pull his churches down.

Luc. Do so, and we will highly gratify thee.

Faustus, we are come from hell to show thee

some pastime. Sit down, and thou shalt see all

the Seven Deadly Sins appear in their proper

shapes.

² "On account of their unequal motion in relation to the whole."

Faust. That sight will be pleasing unto me,
As Paradise was to Adam the first day 111
Of his creation.

Luc. Talk not of Paradise nor creation, but
mark this show talk of the Devil, and nothing
else. — Come away! 115

Enter the SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several
names and dispositions.

Faust. What art thou — the first?

Pride. I am Pride. I disdain to have any
parents. I am like to Ovid's flea. I can [120]
creep into every corner of a wench; sometimes,
like a periwig, I sit upon her brow, or like a
fan of feathers, I kiss her lips, indeed I do —
what do I not? But, fie, what a scent is here!
I'll not speak another word, except the [125]
ground were perfum'd, and covered with cloth
of arras.

Faust. What art thou — the second?

Covet. I am Covetousness, begotten of an old
churl in an old leathern bag; and might I [130]
have my wish I would desire that this house and
all the people in it were turn'd to gold, that I
might lock you up in my good chest. O, my
sweet gold!

Faust. What art thou — the third? 135

Wrath. I am Wrath. I had neither father
nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth when
I was scarce half an hour old; and ever since
I have run up and down the world with this
ease¹ of rapiers wounding myself when I [140]
had nobody to fight withal. I was born in hell;
and look to it, for some of you shall be my
father.

Faust. What art thou — the fourth?

Envy. I am Envy, begotten of a chim- [145]
ney sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read,
and therefore wish all books were burnt. I am
lean with seeing others eat. O that there would
come a famine through all the world, that
all might die, and I live alone! then thou [150]
should'st see how fat I would be. But must thou
sit and I stand! Come down with a vengeance!

Faust. Away, envious rascal! What art thou
— the fifth?

Glut. Who, I, sir? I am Gluttony. My [155]
parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they
have left me, but a bare pension, and that is
thirty meals a day and ten bevers² — a small
trifle to suffice nature. O, I come of a royal par-
entage! My grandfather was a Gammon [160]
of Bacon, my grandmother a Hogshead of
Claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter
Pickleherring, and Martin Martlemas-beef.³ O,
but my godmother, she was a jolly gentlewoman,
and well beloved in every good town and [165]
city; her name was Mistress Margery March-
beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my
progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faust. No, I'll see thee hanged: thou wilt eat
up all my victuals. 170

¹ Pair.

² Refreshments between meals.

³ Martlemas or Martinmas was "the customary time
for hanging up provisions to dry which had been salted
for the winter." (Nares.)

Glut. Then the Devil choke thee!

Faust. Choke thyself, glutton! Who art thou
— the sixth?

Sloth. I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny
bank, where I have lain ever since; and [175]
you have done me great injury to bring me from
thence. let me be carried thither again by
Gluttony and Lechery. I'll not speak another
word for a king's ransom.

Faust. What are you, Mistress Minx, the
seventh and last? 180

Lech. Who, I, sir? I am one that loves an
inch of raw mutton better than an ell of fried
stockfish; and the first letter of my name begins
with Lechery.

Luc. Away to hell, to hell! (*Exeunt the SINS.*)

— Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this? 185

Faust. O, this feeds my soul!

Luc. Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of
delight.

Faust. O might I see hell, and return again.

How happy were I then! 190

Luc. Thou shalt; I will send for thee at mid-
night.

In meantime take this book; peruse it thoroughly,
And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape
thou wilt.

Faust. Great thanks, mighty Lucifer!

This will I keep as chary as my life. 195

Luc. Farewell, Faustus, and think on the
Devil.

Faust. Farewell, great Lucifer! Come, Meph-
istophilis.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter WAGNER.*⁴

Wagner. Learned Faustus,
To know the secrets of astronomy,
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top, 200
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks.
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome, 205
To see the Pope and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
That to this day is highly sole is'd. *Exit.*

[SCENE VII.]⁵

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. Having now, my good Mephistophilis,
Past with delight the stately town of Trier,⁶
Environ'd round with airy mountain-tops,
With walls of flint, and deep entrenched lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering prince; 210
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;
Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye, 215
The streets straight forth, and pav'd with
finest brick,
Quarter the town in four equivalents.

⁴ Later edd. give this speech to Chorus.

⁵ The Pope's Privy-chamber. ⁶ Treves.

There saw we learned Maro's¹ golden tomb,
The way he cut, an English mile in length,
Thorough a rock of stone in one night's space;¹⁵
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,
That threatens the stars with her aspiring top,
Thus hitherto has Faustus spent his time:
But tell me, now, what resting-place is this?²⁰
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

Meph. Faustus, I have; and because we
will not be unprovided, I have taken up² his
Holiness' privy-chamber for our use.²⁵

Faust. I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

Meph. Tut, 'tis no matter, man, we'll be
bold with his good cheer.

And now, my Faustus, that thou may'st per-
ceive

What Rome containeth to delight thee with,³⁰
Know that this city stands upon seven hills
That underprop the groundwork of the same.
[Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's

stream,

With winding banks that cut it in two parts:]
Over the which four stately bridges lean,³⁵
That make safe passage to each part of Rome:
Upon the bridge call'd Ponto Angelo
Erected is a castle passing strong,

Within whose walls such store of ordnance are,
And double cannons, fram'd of carved brass,⁴⁰
As match the days within one complete year;

Besides the gates and high pyramides,
Which Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

Faust. Now by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake⁴⁵
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear
That I do long to see the monuments
And situation of bright-splendent Rome:

Come therefore, let's away.

Meph. Nay, Faustus, stay; I know you'd fain
see the Pope,⁵⁰

And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
Where thou shalt see a troop of bald-pate friars,
Whose *summum bonum* is in belly-cheer.

Faust. Well, I'm content to compass then
some sport,

And by their folly make us merriment.⁵⁵

Then charm me, [Mephistophilis,] that I
May be invisible, to do what I please
Unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS charms him.]

Meph. So, Faustus, now⁶⁰
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

*Sound a sennet.*³ Enter the POPE and the CAR-
DINAL of LORRAIN to the banquet, with FRIARS
attending.

Pope. My Lord of Lorraine, wilt please you
draw near?

Faust. Fall to, and the devil choke you an⁴
you spare!

¹ Virgil, who was reputed a magician in the Middle
Ages, was buried at Naples.

² Engaged.

³ "A particular set of notes on the trumpet or cornet,
different from a flourish." (Nares.) ⁴ If.

Pope. How now! Who's that which spake?
— Friars, look about.

1 Friar. Here's nobody, if it like your Holi-
ness.⁶⁴

Pope. My lord, here is a dainty dish was sent
me from the Bishop of Milan.

Faust. I thank you, sir. *[Snatches it.]*

Pope. How now! Who's that which snatch'd
the meat from me? Will no man look? My⁶⁶
Lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal
of Florence.

Faust. You say true; I'll ha't. *[Snatches it.]*

Pope. What, again! My lord, I'll drink to
your Grace.

Faust. I'll pledge your Grace.⁷⁵

[Snatches the cup.]

C. of Lor. My lord, it may be some ghost
newly crept out of purgatory, come to beg a
pardon of your Holiness.

Pope. It may be so. Friars, prepare a dirge
to lay the fury of this ghost. Once again, my⁸⁰
lord, fall to. *The POPE crosseth himself.*

Faust. What, are you crossing of yourself?
Well, use that trick no more I would advise you.

[The POPE crosses [himself] again.]
Well, there's the second time. Aware the third,
I give you fair warning.⁸⁵

*[The POPE crosses [himself] again,
and FAUSTUS hits him a box of the
ear; and they all run away.]*

Come on, Mephistophilis, what shall we do?

Meph. Nay, I know not. We shall be curs'd
with bell, book, and candle.

Faust. How! bell, book, and candle,—candle,
book, and bell,

Forward and backward to curse Faustus to hell!
Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat,⁹⁰
and an ass bray,

Because it is Saint Peter's holiday.

Re-enter all the FRIARS to sing the Dirge.

1 Friar. Come, brethren, let's about our
business with good devotion.

They sing:

Curs'd be he that stole away his Holiness' meat
from the table! *Maledicat Dominus!*⁵

Curs'd be he that struck his Holiness a blow
on the face! *Maledicat Dominus!*⁶⁵

Curs'd be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on
the pate! *Maledicat Dominus!*

Curs'd be he that disturbeth our holy dirge!
Maledicat Dominus!

Curs'd be he that took away his Holiness' wine!
*Maledicat Dominus! Et omnes sancti!*⁶

Amen!

[MEPHISTOPHILIS and FAUSTUS]

beat the FRIARS, and fling fire-
works among them: and so exeunt.

Enter CHORUS.

Chorus. When Faustus had with pleasure
ta'en the view

Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,¹⁰⁰

⁵ "May the Lord curse him."

⁶ "And all the saints."

He stay'd his course, and so returned home;
Where such as bear his absence but with grief,
I mean his friends, and near'st companions,
Did gratulate his safety with kind words,
And in their conference of what befell.¹⁰⁵
Touching his journey through the world and air,
They put forth questions of Astrology,
Which Faustus answer'd with such learned skill,
As they admir'd and wond'ring at his wit.
Now is his fame spread forth in every land;¹¹⁰
Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,
Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now
Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.
What there he did in trial of his art,¹¹⁴
I leave untold — your eyes shall see perform'd.

Exit.

[SCENE VIII.]¹

Enter ROBIN the Ostler with a book in his hand.

Robin. O, this is admirable! here I ha' stolen one of Dr. Faustus, conjuring books, and I' faith I mean to search some circles for my own use. Now will I make all the maidens in our parish dance at my pleasure, stark naked [5 before me; and so by that means I shall see more than e'er I felt or saw yet.

Enter RALPH calling ROBIN.

Ralph. Robin, prithee come away; there's a gentleman tarries to have his horse, and he would have his things rubb'd and made clean.¹⁰ He keeps such a chafing with my mistress about it; and she has sent me to look thee out. Pruthee come away.

Robin. Keep out, keep out, or else you are blown up; you are dismemb'ed, Ralph: keep [15 out, for I am about a roaring piece of work.

Ralph. Come, what dost thou with that same book? Thou canst not read.

Robin. Yes, my master and mistress shall find that I can read, he for his forehead, she [20 for her private study; she's born to bear with me, or else my art fails.

Ralph. Why, Robin, what book is that?

Robin. What book! Why, the most intolerable book for conjuring that e'er was invented by any brimstone devil.²⁵

Ralph. Canst thou conjure with it?

Robin. I can do all these things easily with it: first, I can make thee drunk with ippocras² at any tabern in Europe for nothing; that's one of my conjuring works.³¹

Ralph. Our Master Farson says that's nothing.

Robin. True, Ralph; and more, Ralph, if thou hast any mind to Nan Spit, our kitchenmaid, then turn her and wind her to thy own use [35 as often as thou wilt, and at midnight.

Ralph. O brave Robin, shall I have Nan Spit, and to mine own use? On that condition I'll feed thy devil with horsebread as long as he lives, of free cost.⁴⁰

Robin. No more, sweet Ralph: let's go and make clean our boots, which he foul upon our hands, and then to our conjuring in the Devil's name.⁴⁵

Exeunt.

¹ An Inn-yard.
Wine mixed with sugar and spices

[SCENE IX.]³

Enter ROBIN and RALPH with a silver goblet.

Robin. Come, Ralph, did not I tell thee we were for ever made by this Doctor Faustus' book? *Ecce signum*, here's a simple purchase⁴ for horsekeepers, our horses shall eat no hay as long as this lasts.

Enter the VINTNER.

Ralph. But, Robin, here comes the vintner.

Robin. Hush! I'll gull him supernaturally. Drawer, I hope all is paid. God be with you Come, Ralph.

Vint. Soft, sir; a word with you. I must [15 yet have a goblet paid from you, ere you go.

Robin. I, a goblet, Ralph; I, a goblet! I scorn you, and you are but a⁵ &c. I, a goblet! search me.

Vint. I mean so, sir, with your favour.¹⁵
[Searches him.]

Robin. How say you now?

Vint. I must say somewhat to your fellow. You, sir!

Ralph. Me, sir! me, sir! search your fill. [VINTNER searches him.] Now, sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter [20 of truth.

Vint. Well, t' one of you hath this goblet about you.

Robin. [Aside.] You lie, drawer, 'tis afore [25 me. — Sirrah you, I'll teach ye to impeach honest men; stand by; — I'll scour you for a goblet! — stand aside you had best, I charge you in the name of Belzebub. Look to the goblet, Ralph. [Aside to RALPH.]³⁰

Vint. What mean you, sirrah?

Robin. I'll tell you what I mean. Reads [from a book.] *Sanctobulorum, Periphrasticon* — Nay, I'll tickle you, vintner. Look to the goblet, Ralph. [Aside to RALPH.]³⁵ *Polypragmos Belseborams framanto pacoctiphos tostus, Mephistophilis, &c.* [Reads.]

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS, sets squibs at their backs, [and then exit]. They run about.

Vint. *Onomine Domini!*⁶ what meanest thou, Robin? Thou hast no goblet.

Ralph. *Peccatum peccatorum!*⁷ Here's [40 thy goblet, good vintner.

[Gives the goblet to VINTNER, who exit.]

Robin. *Misericordia pro nobis!*⁸ What shall I do? Good Devil, forgive me now, and I'll never rob thy library more.

Re-enter to them MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Meph. Monarch of hell, under whose black survey⁴⁵ Great potentates do kneel with awful fear, Upon whose altars thousand souls do lie, How am I vexed with these villains' cha⁹ ? From Constantinople am I hither come Only for pleasure of these damned slaves.⁵⁰

³ An Inn.

⁴ Gain.

⁵ The abuse was left to the actor's inventiveness.

⁶ "In the name of the Lord."

⁷ "Sin of."

⁸ "erecy on us."

Robin. How from Constantinople? You have had a great journey. Will you take sixpence in your purse to pay for your supper, and begone?

Meph. Well, villains, for your presumption, [55 I transform thee into an ape, and thee into a dog, and so begone. *Exit.*

Robin. How, into an ape? That's brave! I'll have fine sport with the boys. I'll get nuts and apples enow. 60

Ralph. And I must be a dog.

Robin. I' faith thy head will never be out of the pottage pot. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE X.]¹

Enter EMPEROR, FAUSTUS, and a KNIGHT with attendants.

Emp. Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard strange report of thy knowledge in the black art, how that none in my empire nor in the whole world can compare with thee for the rare effects of magic, they say thou hast a familiar [5 spirit, by whom thou canst accomplish what thou list. This, therefore, is my request, that thou let me see some proof of thy skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine ears have heard reported; and here I [10 swear to thee by the honour of mine imperial crown, that, whatever thou doest, thou shalt be no ways prejudiced or endamaged.

Knight. I' faith he looks much like a conjuror. *Aside.* 15

Faust. My gracious sovereign, though I must confess myself far inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable² to the honour of your imperial majesty, yet for that love and duty binds me thereunto, I am content to do whatsoever your majesty shall command me. 20

Emp. Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say.

As I was sometime solitary set
Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose 25
About the honour of mine ancestors,
How they had won by prowess such exploits,
Got such riches, subdued so many kingdoms,
As we that do succeed, or they that shall
Hereafter possess our throne, shall 30
(I fear me) ne'er attain to that degree
Of high renown and great authority;
Amongst which kings is Alexander the Great,
Chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence,
The bright shining of whose glorious acts 35
Lightens the world with his³ reflecting beams,
As, when I heard but motion⁴ made of him,
It grieves my soul I never saw the man.
If, therefore, thou by cunning of thine art 40
Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below,
Where lies entomb'd this famous conqueror,
And bring with him his beauteous paramour,
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire
They us'd to wear during their time of life,
Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire, 45
And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

¹ The Court of the Emperor.

² Its.

³ Proportionate.

⁴ Mention.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am ready to accomplish your request so far forth as by art, and power of my Spirit, I am able to perform. 50

Knight. I' faith that's just nothing at all. *Aside.*

Faust. But, if it like your Grace, it is not in my ability to present before your eyes the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes, which long since are consumed to dust. 55

Knight. Ay, marry, Master Doctor, now there's a sign of grace in you, when you will confess the truth. *Aside.*

Faust. But such spirits as can lively resemble Alexander and his paramour shall appear before your Grace in that manner that they best [61 liv'd in, in their most flourishing estate; which I doubt not shall sufficiently content your imperial majesty.

Emp. Go to, Master Doctor, let me see them presently. 65

Knight. Do you hear, Master Doctor? You bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor!

Faust. How then, sir? 70

Knight. I' faith that's as true as Diana turn'd me to a stag!

Faust. No, sir, but when Actæon died, he left the horns for you. Mephistophilis, be gone. *Exit* MEPHISTOPHILIS. 75

Knight. Nay, an you go to conjuring, I'll begone. *Exit.*

Faust. I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so. Here they are, my gracious lord. 80

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with [SPIRITS in the shape of] ALEXANDER and his PARAMOUR.

Emp. Master Doctor, I heard this lady while she liv'd had a wart or mole in her neck: how shall I know whether it be so or no?

Faust. Your Highness may boldly go and see. *Exeunt* [SPIRITS.]

Emp. Sure these are no spirits, but the [85 true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes.

Faust. Will it please your Highness now to send for the knight that was so pleasant with me here of late? 90

Emp. One of you call him forth. [Exit Attend t.]

Re-enter the KNIGHT with a pair of horns on his head.

How now, sir knight! why I had thought thou had'st been a bachelor, but now I see thou hast a wife, that not only gives thee horns, but makes thee wear them. Feel on thy head. 95

Knight. Thou d ned wretch and execrable dog,

Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock,
How darest thou thus abuse a gentleman?

Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done!

Faust. O, not so fast, sir; there's no haste; [100 but, good, are you rememb'ed how you cross'd me in my conference with the Emperor? I think I have met with you for it.

Emp. Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him; he hath done penance sufficient. [105]

Faust. My gracious lord, not so much for the injury he off'ed me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faustus worthily requited this injurious knight; [100] which, being all I desire, I am content to release him of his horns: and, sir knight, hereafter speak well of scholars Mephistophilis, transform him straight. [MEPHISTOPHILIS removes the horns.] Now, my good lord, having done my duty I humbly take my leave. [115]

Emp. Farewell, Master Doctor; yet, ere you go, Expect from me a bounteous reward. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE XI.]¹

[Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

Faust. Now, Mephistophilis, the restless course

That Time doth run with calm and silent foot, Short'n'ng my days and thread of vital life, Calls for the payment of my latest years; Therefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us
Make haste to Wittenberg.

Meph. What, will you go on horseback or on foot?

Faust. Nay, till I'm past this fair and pleasant green,
I'll walk on foot.

Enter a HORSE-COURSE.

Horse-C. I have been all this day seeking [10] one Master Fustian² mass, see where he is! God save you, Master Doctor!

Faust. What, horse-courser! You are well met.

Horse-C. Do you hear, sir? I have brought [15] you forty dollars for your horse.

Faust. I cannot sell him so. if thou likest him for fifty, take him.

Horse-C. Alas, sir, I have no more. — I pray you speak for me.

Meph. I pray you let him have him: he is an honest fellow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor child.

Faust. Well, come, give me your money. [HORSE-COURSE gives FAUSTUS the money.] [25] My boy will deliver him to you. But I must tell you one thing before you have him; ride him not into the water at any hand.

Horse-C. Why, sir, will he not drink of all waters?

Faust. O yes, he will drink of all waters, but ride him not into the water: ride him over hedge or ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water.

Horse-C. Well, sir. — Now I am made man [35] forever. I'll not leave my horse for forty. If he had but the quality of hey-ding-ding, hey-ding-ding, I'd make a brave living on him: he has a buttock as slick as an eel. [Aside.] Well, God b' wi' ye, sir, your boy will deliver him me. but [40] hark ye, sir; if my horse be sick or ill at ease, if I bring his water to you, you'll tell me what it is?
Exit HORSE-COURSE.

¹ A Green: afterwards, the house of Faustus.

Faust. Away, you vill'; what, dost think I am a horse-doctor?

What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die?

Thy fatal time doth draw to final end;
Despair doth drive distrust unto my thoughts:
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep
Tush, Chrst did call the thief upon the cross;
Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in concert.

Sleeps in his chair.

Re-enter HORSE-COURSE, all wet, crying.

Horse-C. Alas, alas! Doctor Fustian, quotha? Mass, Doctor Lopus² was never such a doctor. Has given me a purgation has purg'd me of forty dollars; I shall never see them more. But yet, like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled [25] by him, for he bade me I should ride him into no water. Now I, thinking my horse had had some rare quality that he would not have had me known of, I, like a venturous youth, rid him into the deep pond at the town's end. I was [30] no sooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse vanish'd away, and I sat upon a bottle of hay, never so near drowning in my life. But I'll seek out my Doctor, and have my forty dollars again, or I'll make it the dearest horse! — [35] O, yonder is his snipper-snapper. — Do you hear? You hey-pass,³ where's your master?

Meph. Why, sir, what would you? You cannot speak with him.

Horse-C. But I will speak with him.

Meph. Why, he's fast asleep. Come some other time.

Horse-C. I'll speak with him now, or I'll break his glass windows about his ears.

Meph. I tell thee he has not slept this [40] eight nights.

Horse-C. An he have not slept this eight weeks, I'll speak with him.

Meph. See where he is, fast asleep.

Horse-C. Ay, this is he. God save you, Master Doctor! Master Doctor, Master Doctor Fustian! — Forty dollars, forty dollars for a bottle of hay!

Meph. Why, thou seest he hears thee not.

Horse-C. So ho, ho! — so ho, ho! [Hollas in [45] his ear.] No, will you not wake? I'll make you wake ere I go. [Pulls FAUSTUS by the leg, and pulls it away.] Alas, I am undone! What shall I do?

Faust. O my leg, my leg! Help, Mephisto- [50] philis! call the officers. My leg, my leg!

Meph. Come, villain, to the constable.

Horse-C. O lord, sir, let me go, and I'll give you forty dollars more.

Meph. Where be they?

Horse-C. I have none about me. Come to my ostry⁴ and I'll give them you.

Meph. Begone quickly.

HORSE-COURSE runs away.

Faust. What, is he gone? Farewell he! [55] Faustus has his leg again, and the horse-courser,

² Dr Lopez, physician to Queen Elizabeth, hanged in 1594 on the charge of conspiring to poison the Queen.

³ A juggler's term, like "presto, fly!" Hence applied to the juggler himself. (Bullen.)

⁴ Inn.

I take it, a bottle of hay for his labour. Well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more.

Enter WAGNER.

How now, Wagner, what's the news with thee?

Wag. Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt! an honourable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning. Come, Mephistophilis, let's away to him. *Exeunt.* [110]

[SCENE XII.]¹

Enter the DUKE [of VANHOLT], the DUCHESS, [FAUSTUS, and MEPHISTOPHILIS]

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this merchant hath much pleased me.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am glad it contents you so well. — But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this. I have heard that great-bellied women do long for some dainties or other. What is it, madam? Tell me, and you shall have it.

Duchess. Thanks, good Master Doctor; and for I see your courteous intent to pleasure me, I will not hide from you the thing my heart desires, and were it now summer, as it is January and the dead time of the winter, I would desire no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

Faust. Alas, madam, that's nothing! Mephistophilis, begone. (*Exit MEPHISTOPHILIS.*) Were it a greater thing than this, so it would content you, you should have it.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with the grapes.

Here they be, madam; wilt please you taste on them?

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me wonder above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter, and in the month of January, how you should come by these grapes.

Faust. If it like your Grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world, that, when it is here winter with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in India, Saba, and farther countries in the East; and by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had them brought hither, as ye see. — How do you like them, madam, be they good?

Duchess. Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that I e'er tasted in my life before.

Faust. I am glad they content you so, madam. *Duke.* Come, madam, let us in, where you must well reward this learned man for the great kindness he hath show'd to you.

Duchess. And so I will, my lord; and whilst I live, rest beholding for this courtesy.

Faust. I humbly thank your Grace.

Duke. Come, Master Doctor, follow us and receive your reward. *Exeunt.*

¹ The Court of the Duke of Vanholt.

[SCENE XIII.]²

Enter WAGNER, solus.

Wag. I think my master means to die shortly, For he hath given to me all his goods; And yet, methinks, if that death were near, He would not banquet and carouse and swill Amongst the students, as even now he doth, Who are at supper with such belly-cheer As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life. See where they come! Behke the feast is ended.

Enter FAUSTUS, with two or three SCHOLARS [and MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

1 Schol. Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifullest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived: therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favour, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

Faust. Gentlemen, For that I know your friendship is unfeigned, And Faustus' custom is not to deny The just requests of those that wish him well, You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece, No otherways for pomp and majesty Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her, And brought the spoils to rich Dardania. Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

Music sounds, and HELEN passeth over the stage.

2 Schol. Too simple is my wit to tell her praise, Whom all the world admires for majesty.

3 Schol. No marvel though the angry Greeks pursu'd

With ten years' war the rape of such a queen, Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

1 Schol. Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works, And only paragon of excellence,

Enter an OLD MAN.

Let us depart; and for this glorious deed

Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.

Faustus. Gentlemen, farewell — the same I wish to you.

Exeunt SCHOLARS [and WAGNER].

Old Man. Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail

To guide thy steps unto the way of life, By which sweet path thou may'st attain the goal That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!

Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears, Tears falling from repentant heaviness

Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness, The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul

With such flagitious crimes of heinous sins As no commiseration may expel,

But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet, Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

Faust. Where art thou, Faustus? Wretch, what hast thou done?

Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd; despair and die!

² A room in the house of Faustus.

Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
Says "Faustus! come! thine hour is [almost]
come!"

And Faustus [now] will come to do thee right.
Mephistophilis gives him a dagger.

Old Man. Ah stay, good Faustus, stay thy
desperate steps!

I see an angel hovers o'er thy head, 55
And, with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

Faust. Ah, my sweet friend, I feel
Thy words do comfort my distressed soul. 60
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

Old Man. I go, sweet Faustus, but with heavy
cheer,

Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul. [*Exit.*]

Faust. Accursed Faustus, where is mercy now?
I do repent; and yet I do despair; 65
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my
breast:

What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

Meph. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord;

Revolt, or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh. 70

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Do it now then quickly, with unfeigned
heart, 75
Lest danger do attend thy drift.

[*FAUSTUS stabs his arm and writes
on a paper with his blood.*]

Faust. Torment, sweet friend, that base and
crooked age,

That durst dissuade me from my Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

Meph. His faith is great, I cannot touch his
soul; 80

But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Faust. One thing, good servant, let me crave
of thee,

To glut the longing of my heart's desire, —
That I might have unto my paramour 85

That heavenly Helen, which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean
These thoughts that do dissuade me from my
vow,

And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Faustus, this or what else thou shalt
desire 90

Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Re-enter HELEN.

Faust. Was this the face that launch'd a
thousand ships,

And burnt the topless² towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss. [*Kisses her.*]

Her lips suck³ forth my soul; see where it
flies! — 95

Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.

¹ Old Man.

² Unsurpassed in height.

³ Qq1-s read *suckles*.

Here will I dwell, for Heaven be in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.

Enter OLD MAN.

I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sack'd; 100
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumed crest;
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.

Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air 105
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appear'd to hapless Semele:

More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms: 110

And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

Exeunt.

Old Man. Accursed Faustus, miserable man,
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of
Heaven,

And fly'st the throne of his tribunal seat!

Enter DEVILS.

Satan begins to sift me with his pride: 115
As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.

Ambitious fiends! see how the heavens smiles
At your repulse, and laughs your state to scorn!

Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God. 120
Exeunt.

[SCENE XIV.]⁴

Enter FAUSTUS with the SCHOLARS.

Faust. Ah, gentlemen!

1 *Schol.* What ails Faustus?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I
lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now
I die eternally. Look, comes he not, comes he [s
not?

2 *Schol.* What means Faustus?

3 *Schol.* Belike he is grown into some sickness
by being over solitary.

1 *Schol.* If it be so, we'll have physicians to [10
cure him. 'Tis but a surfeit. Never fear, man.

Faust. A surfeit of deadly sin that hath
damn'd both body and soul.

2 *Schol.* Yet, Faustus, look up to Heaven; re-
member God's mercies are infinite. 15

Faust. But Faustus' offences can never be
pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may
be sav'd, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear
me with patience, and tremble not at my
speeches! Though my heart pants and quiv- 20

ers to remember that I have been a student here
these thirty years, oh, would I had never seen
Wittenberg, never read book! And what won-
ders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea,
the world; for which Faustus hath lost both [25
Germany and the world, yea Heaven itself, Hea-
ven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed,
the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell
for ever, hell, ah, hell, for ever! Sweet friends!
what shall become of Faustus being in hell for
ever? 35

⁴ The same.

3 *Schol.* Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjur'd!
on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah,
my God, I would weep, but the Devil draws [35]
in my tears. Gush forth blood instead of tears!
Yea, life and soul! Oh, he stays my tongue!
I would lift up my hands, but see, they hold
them, they hold them!

All. Who, Faustus?

Faust. Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah,
gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning!

All. God forbid!

Faust. God forbade it indeed; but Faustus [45]
hath done it. For vain pleasure of twenty-four
years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity.
I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the
date is expired; the time will come, and he will
fetch me.

1 *Schol.* Why did not Faustus tell us of this be-
fore, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so;
but the Devil threat'ned to tear me in pieces if
I nam'd God; to fetch both body and soul if I [55]
once gave ear to divinity: and now 't is too late.
Gentlemen, away! lest you perish with me.

2 *Schol.* Oh, what shall we do to save Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves,
and depart.

3 *Schol.* God will strengthen me. I will stay
with Faustus.

1 *Schol.* Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let
us into the next room, and there pray for him.

Faust. Ay, pray for me, pray for me! and [65]
what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me,
for nothing can rescue me.

2 *Schol.* Pray thou, and we will pray that God
may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell! If I live till [70]
morning I'll visit you. If not — Faustus is gone
to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell!

Exeunt SCHOLARS. The clock strikes eleven.

Faust. Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live, [75]
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of Heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never
come;

Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but [80]
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente, currite noctis equi! [1]
The stars move still, [2] time runs, the clock will

strike,
The Devil will come, and Faustus must be
damn'd.

O, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?
See, see where Christ's blood streams in the fir-
mament!

One drop would save my soul — half a drop: ah,
my Christ!

¹ "Run softly, softly, horses of the night." — Ovid's
Amores, l. 13.

² Without ceasing.

Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my
Christ!

Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer! —
Where is it now? 'T is gone; and see where God
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful
brows!

Mountain and hills come, come and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No! no!

Then will I headlong run into the earth;
Earth gape! O no, it will not harbour me!
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist [100]
Into the entrails of yon labouring clouds,
That when they vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from their smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to Heaven.

The watch strikes [the half hour].

Ah, half the hour is past! 'T will all be past
anon!

O God!

If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake whose blood hath ransom'd
me,

Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years — [110]
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd!
O, no end is limited to damned souls!

Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?

Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis! were that
true,

This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Unto some brutish beast! All beasts are happy,
For, when they die,

Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements; [115]
But mine must live, still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curst be the parents that engend'red me!

No, Faustus: curse thyself: curse Lucifer
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of Heaven.

The clock striketh twelve.

O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.

Thunder and lightning.

O soul, be chang'd into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean — ne'er be found.
My God! my God! look not so fierce on me!

Enter DEVILS.

Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer! [120]
I'll burn my books! — Ah Mephistophilis!

Exeunt [DEVILS with FAUSTUS.]

Enter CHORUS.

[*Cho.*] Cut is the branch that might have
grown full straight,
And burn'd is Apollo's laurel bough,
That sometimes grew within this learned man.
Faustus is gone; regard his hellish fall, [125]
Whose fendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits.

[Exit.]

Terminat hora diem, terminat author opus. [130]

THE JEW OF MALTA

BY

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE.]

BARABAS, a wealthy Jew.
FERNEZE, Governor of Malta
DON LODOWICK, his Son
SELIM CALYMATH, Son of the Grand Seigneur.
MARTIN DEL BOSCO, Vice-Admiral of Spain.
DON MATHIAS, a Gentleman.
ITHAMORE, slave of Barabas.
JACOMO, } Friars.
BARNARDINE }
FILIA-BORSA, a Bully.
Two Merchants.

Three Jews
Knights, Bassoes, Officers, Reader, Guard,
Messengers, Slaves, and Carpenters.

KATHERINE, mother of MATHIAS.
ANIGAIL, Daughter of BARABAS
BELLAMIRA, a Courtesan.
Abbess.
Two Nuns

MACHIAVEL, Speaker of the Prologue.

SCENE. — *Malta.*

[THE PROLOGUE.]

MACHIAVEL.

ALBEIT the world think Machiavel is dead,
Yet was his soul but flown beyond the Alps,
And, now the Guise¹ is dead, is come from France
To view this land and frolic with his friends.
To some perhaps my name is odious,
But such as love me guard me from their tongues;
And let them know that I am Machiavel,
And weigh not men, and therefore not men's words.
Admir'd I am of those that hate me most.
Though some speak openly against my books,
Yet will they read me, and thereby attain
To Peter's chair; and when they cast me off,
Are poison'd by my climbing followers.
I count religion but a childish toy,
And hold there is no sin but ignorance.
"Birds of the air will tell of murders past!"
I am asham'd to hear such fooleries.
Many will talk of title to a crown:
What right had Cæsar to the empery?²
Might first made kings, and laws were then most s
When, like the Draco's, they were writ in blood.
Hence comes it that a strong-built citadel
Commands much more than letters can import;
Which maxim had [but] Phalaris observ'd,
He had never bellowed, in a brazen bull,
Of great ones' envy. O' the poor petty wights
Let me be envi'd and not pitied!
But whither am I bound? I come not, I,
To read a lecture here in Britain,
But to present the tragedy of a Jew,
Who smiles to see how full his bags are cram 'd,
Which money was not got without my means.
I crave but this — grace him as he deserves,
And let him not be entertain'd the worse
Because he favours me.

[*Exit.*] 23

¹ e Duc de Guise, who had organised the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572, was assassinated in 1588.

² Q. *Empire.*

[ACT I

SCENE I.]

Enter BARABAS in his counting-house, with heaps of gold before him.

Bar. So that of thus much that return was made :

And of the third part of the Persian ships,
There was the venture summ'd and satisfied.
As for those Samnites,¹ and the men of Uz,
That bought my Spanish oils and wines of
Greece,

Here have I purs'd their paltry silverlings.
Fie, what a trouble 'tis to count this trash !
Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay
The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,
Whereof a man may easily in a day
Tell² that which may maintain him all his life.
The needy groom that never fing'ring groat,
Would make a miracle of thus much coin,
But he whose steel-barr'd coffers are cramm'd
full,

And all his lifetime hath been tired,
Wearing his fingers' ends with telling it,
Would in his age be loth to labour so,
And for a pound to sweat himself to death.
Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,
That trade in metal of the purest mould ;
The wealthy Moor, that in the eastern rocks
Without control can pick his riches up,
And in his house heap pearl like pebble-stones,
Receive them free, and sell them by the weight ;
Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And seld-seen³ costly stones of so great price
As one of them indifferently rated,
And of a carat of this quantity,
May serve in peril of calamity
To ransom great kings from captivity.
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth ;
And thus methinks should men of judgment
frame

Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
And as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
Infinite riches in a little room.
But now how stands the wind ?
Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill ?
Ha ! to the east ? Yes. See, how stands the
vanes ?

East and by south : why, then, I hope my ships
I sent for Egypt and the bordering isles
Are gotten up by Nilus' winding banks ;
Mine argosy from Alexandria,
Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail,
Are smoothly gliding down by Candy shore
To Malta, through our Mediterranean sea.
But who comes here ? How now ?

Enter a Merchant.

Merch. Barabas, thy ships are safe,
Riding in Malta-road : and all the merchants

¹ *Q. Saminites.* Recent edd. *Sabans.*

² Count.

³ Seldom seen.

⁴ A stuffed halcyon, or kingfisher, was used as a weather vane.

With other merchandise are safe arriv'd,
And have sent me to know whether yourself
Will come and custom⁵ them.

Bar. The ships are safe thou say'st, and richly
fraught ?

Merch. They are.

Bar. Why then go bid them come ashore,
And bring with them their bills of entry.

I hope our credit in the custom-house
Will serve as well as I were present there.

Go send 'em threescore camels, thirty mules,
And twenty waggons to bring up the ware.

But art thou master in a ship of mine,
And is thy credit not enough for that ?

Merch. The very custom barely comes to more
Than many merchants of the town are worth,
And therefore far exceeds my credit, sir.

Bar. Go tell 'em the Jew of Malta sent thee,
man

Tush ! who amongst 'em knows not Barabas ?

Merch. I go.

Bar. So then, there's somewhat come.

Sirrah, which of my ships art thou master of ?

Merch. Of the *Speranza*, sir.

Bar. And saw'st thou not
Mine argosy at Alexandria ?

Thou could'st not come from Egypt, or by Caire,
But at the entry there into the sea,

Where Nilus pays his tribute to the main,
Thou needs must sail by Alexandria.

Merch. I neither saw them, nor inquir'd of
them :

But this we heard some of our seamen say,
They wond'ring how you durst with so much
wealth

Trust such a crazed vessel, and so far.

Bar. Tush, they are wise ! I know her
and her strength.

[But] go, go thou thy ways, discharge thy ship,
And bid my factor bring his loading in.

[*Exit Merch.*]

And yet I wonder at this argosy.

Enter a second Merchant.

2 Merch. Thine argosy from Alexandria,
Know, Barabas, doth ride in Malta-road,
Laden with riches, and exceeding store
Of Persian silks, of gold, and orient pearl.

Bar. How chance you came not with those
other ships

That sail'd by Egypt ?

2 Merch. Sir, we saw 'em not.

Bar. Belike they coasted round by Candy
shore

About their oils, or other businesses.

But 't was ill done of you to come so far
Without the aid or conduct of their ships.

2 Merch. Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish fleet,
That never left us till within a league,

That had the galleys of the Turk in chase.

Bar. O ! they were going up to Sicily. —

Well, go,

And bid the merchants and my men despatch
And come ashore, and see the fraught dis-
charg'd.

⁵ Enter them at the custom-house.

2 *Merch.* I go.

Exit.

Bar. Thus trowls our fortune in by land and sea,

And thus are we on every side enrich'd.
These are blessings promis'd to the Jews,
And herein was old Abram's happiness. 105
What more may Heaven do for earthly man
Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,
Making the sea their servant,¹ and the winds
To drive their substance with successful blasts?
Who hateth me but for my happiness? 111
Or who is honour'd now but for his wealth?
Rather had I, a Jew, be hated thus,
Than pitied in a Christian poverty;
For I can see no fruits in all their faith, 115
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride,
Which methinks fits not their profession.
Haply some hapless man hath conscience,
And for his conscience lives in beggary.
They say we are a scatter'd nation. 120
I cannot tell, but we have scambled² up
More wealth by far than those that brag of
faith.

There's Kurriah Jairim, the great Jew of Greece,
Obed in Barseth, Nones in Portugal,
Myself in Malta, some in Italy, 125
Many in France, and wealthy every one;
Ay, wealthier far than any Christian.
I must confess we come not to be kings,
That's not our fault: alas, our number's few,
And crowns come either by succession, 130
Or urg'd by force; and nothing violent
Off have I heard tell, can be permanent.
Give us a peaceful rule, make Christians kings,
That thirst so much for principality.
I have no charge,³ nor many children, 135
But one sole daughter, whom I hold as dear
As Agamemnon did his Iphigen;
And all I have is hers. But who comes here?

*Enter three Jews.*⁴

1 *Jew.* Tush, tell not me; 't was done of policy.

2 *Jew.* Come, therefore, let us go to Barabas, 140

For he can counsel best in these affairs;
And here he comes.

Bar. Why, how now, countrymen!
Why flock you thus to me in multitudes?

What accident's betided to the Jews?

1 *Jew.* A fleet of warlike galleys, Barabas, 145
Are come from Turkey, and lie in our road;
And they this day sit in the council-house
To entertain them and their embassy.

Bar. Why, let 'em come, so they come not to war;

Or let 'em war, so we be conquerors. — 150
Nay, let 'em combat, conquer, and kill all!
So they spare me, my daughter, and my wealth.

Aside.

1 *Jew.* Were it for confirmation of a league,
They would not come in warlike manner thus.

¹ Q. *servants*

² Expenses

³ Scrambled.

⁴ Some edd. suppose the scene to be shifted here to a street.

2 *Jew.* I fear their coming will afflict us all.

Bar. Fond⁵ men! what dream you of their multitudes? 155

What need they treat of peace that are in league?

The Turks and those of Malta are in league.
Tut, tut, there is some other matter in 't.

1 *Jew.* Why, Barabas, they come for peace or war. 159

Bar. Haply for neither, but to pass along

Towards Venice by the Adriatic Sea;
With⁶ whom they have attempted many times,
But never could effect their stratagem.

3 *Jew.* And very wisely said. It may be so.

2 *Jew.* But there's a meeting in the senate-house, 165

And all the Jews in Malta must be there.

Bar. Hum; all the Jews in Malta must be there?

Ay, like enough. Why, then, let every man
Provide him, and be there for fashion-sake. 170

If anything shall there concern our state,
Assure yourselves I'll look — unto myself.

Aside.

1 *Jew.* I know you will. Well, brethren, let us go.

2 *Jew.* Let's take our leaves. Farewell, good Barabas.

Bar. Do so. Farewell, Zaareth; farewell, Temainte. [*Exeunt Jews.*] 175

And, Barabas, now search this secret out;

Summon thy senses, call thy wits together:

These silly men mistake the matter clean.

Long to the Turk did Malta contribute;

Which tribute, all in policy, I fear, 18

The Turks have let increase to such a sum

As all the wealth of Malta cannot pay;

And now by that advantage thinks, belike,

To seize upon the town ay, that he seeks.

Howe'er the world go, I'll make sure for one,

And seek in time to intercept the worst, 185

Warily guarding that which I ha' got.

*Ego mihi met sum semper proximus.*⁷

Why, let 'em enter, let 'em take the town.

[*Exit.*]

[SCENE II.]⁸

Enter [FERNEZE,] Governor of Malta, Knights, [and Officers;] met by Bassoes of the Turk; CALYMATH.

Fern. Now, Bassoes,⁹ what demand you at our hands?

1 *Bas.* Know, Knights of Malta, that we came from Rhodes,

From Cyprus, Candy, and those other Isles

That lie betwixt the Mediterranean seas.

Fern. What's Cyprus, Candy, and those other Isles?

To us or Malta? What at our hands demand ye?

Cal. The ten years' tribute that remains unpaid.

Fern. Alas! my lord, the sum is over-great,
I hope your highness will consider us.

⁵ Foolish

⁶ Against.

⁷ Misquoted from Terence's *Andria*, iv. 1, 12. The words should be "Proximus sum egomet mihi" (Ellis.)

⁸ Inside the council-house

⁹ Bashaws or Pashas

Cal. I wish, grave governor, 't were in my power

To favour you, but 't is my father's cause, Wherein I may not, nay, I dare not dally.

Fern. Then give us leave, great Selim Calymath. [*Consults apart with the Knights.*]

Cal. Stand all aside, and let the knights determine,

And send to keep our galleys under sail, For happily¹ we shall not tarry here. —

Now, governor, how are you resolv'd?

Fern. Thus. since your hard conditions are such

That you will needs have ten years' tribute past, We may have time to make collection

Amongst the inhabitants of Malta for 't.

1 Bas. That's more than is in our commission.

Cal. What, Callipine! a little courtesy.

Let's know their time, perhaps it is not long;

And 't is more kindly to obtain by peace

Than to enforce conditions by constraint.

What respite ask you, governors?

Fern. But a month.

Cal. We grant a month, but see you keep your promise.

Now launch our galleys back again to sea,

Where we'll attend² the respite you have ta'en,

And for the money send our messenger.

Farewell, great governor and brave Knights of Malta.

Fern. And all good fortune wait on Calymath!

Exeunt [CALYMATH and Bassoes.]

Go one and call those Jews of Malta hither:

Were they not summon'd to appear to-day?

Off. They were, mylord, and here they come.

Enter BARABAS and three Jews.

1 Knight. Have you determined what to say to them?

Fern. Yes, give me leave:—and, Hebrews,

now come near.

From the Emperor of Turkey is arriv'd

Great Selim Calymath, his highness' son,

To levy of us ten years' tribute past,

Now then, here know that it concerneth us —

Bar. Then, good my lord, to keep your quiet still,

Your lordship shall do well to let them have it.

Fern. Soft, Barabas, there's more longs to 't than so.

To what this ten years' tribute will amount,

That we have cast,³ but cannot compass it

By reason of the wars that robb'd our store;

And therefore are we to request your aid.

Bar. Alas, my lord, we are no soldiers;

And what's our aid against so great a prince?

1 Knight. Tut, Jew, we know thou art no soldier;

Thou art a merchant and a monied man,

And 't is thy money, Barabas, we seek.

Bar. How, my lord! my money?

Fern. Thine and the rest.

For, to be short, amongst you 't must be had.

1 Jew. Alas, my lord, the most of us are poor.

¹ Happly. ² Await. ³ Reckoned.

Fern. Then let the rich increase your portions.

Bar. Are strangers with your tribute to be tax'd?

2 Knight. Have strangers leave with us to get their wealth?

Then let them with us contribute.

Bar. How! Equally?

Fern. No, Jew, like infidels.

For through our sufferance of your hateful lives,

Who stand accursed in the sight of Heaven,

These taxes and afflictions are befall'n,

And therefore thus we are determined.

Read there the articles of our decrees.

Reader. "First, the tribute-money of the

Turks shall all be levied amongst the Jews, and

each of them to pay one half of his estate"

Bar. How, half his estate? I hope you mean

not mine. [*Aside.*]

Fern. Read on.

Reader. "Secondly, he that denies⁴ to pay

shall straight become a Christian."

Bar. How, a Christian? Hum, what's here

to do? [*Aside.*]

Reader. "Lastly, he that denies this shall

absolutely lose all he has."

All three Jews. O my lord, we will give half.

Bar. O earth-mettl'd villains, and no

Hebrews born!

And will you basely thus submit yourselves

To leave your goods to their arbitrament?

Fern. Why, Barabas, wilt thou be christened?

Bar. No, governor, I will be no convertite.⁵

Fern. Then pay thy half.

Bar. Why, know you what you did by this

device?

Half of my substance is a city's wealth.

Governor, it was not got so easily;

Nor will I part so slightly therewithal.

Fern. Sir, half is the penalty of our decree,

Either pay that, or we will seize on all.

Bar. *Corpo di Dio!* stay! you shall have half;

Let me be us'd but as my brethren are.

Fern. No, Jew, thou hast denied the articles,

And now it cannot be recall'd.

[*Exeunt Officers, on a sign from FERNEZE.*]

Bar. Will you then steal my goods?

Is theft the ground of your religion?

Fern. No, Jew, we take particularly thine

To save the ruin of a multitude;

And better one want for the common good

Than many perish for a private man.

Yet, Barabas, we will not banish thee,

But here in Malta, where thou gott'st thy

wealth,

Live still; and, if thou canst, get more.

Bar. Christians, what or how can I multiply?

Of naught is nothing made.

1 Knight. From naught at first thou cam'st

to little wealth,

From little unto more, from more to most.

If your first curse fall heavy on thy head,

And make thee poor and scorn'd of all the world,

'T is not our fault, but thy inherent sin.

⁴ Refuses. ⁵ Convert.

Bar. What, bring you Scripture to confirm your wrongs?

Preach me not out of my possessions.
Some Jews are wicked, as all Christians are;
But say the tribe that I descended of
Were all in general cast away for sin, 115
Shall I be tried by their transgression?
The man that dealeth righteously shall live;
And which of you can charge me otherwise?

Fern. Out, wretched Barabas!
Sham'st thou not thus to justify thyself, 120
As if we knew not thy profession?
If thou rely upon thy righteousness,
Be patient and thy riches will increase.
Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness:
And covetousness, O, 't is a monstrous sin. 125

Bar. Ay, but theft is worse. Tush! take not from me then,
For that is theft; and if you rob me thus,
I must be forc'd to steal and compass more.

1 *Knight.* Grave governor, list not to his exclams.

Convert his mansion to a nunnery; 130

Re-enter Officers.

His house will harbour many holy nuns.

Fern. It shall be so. Now, officers, have you done?

Off. Ay, my lord, we have seiz'd upon the goods

And wares of Barabas, which being valued,
Amount to more than all the wealth in Malta. 135
And of the other we have seized half.

[*Fern.*] Then we 'll take order for the residue
Bar. Well then, my lord, say, are you satisfied?

You have my goods, my money, and my wealth,
My ships, my store, and all that I enjoy'd; 140
And, having all, you can request no more;
Unless your unrelenting flinty hearts
Suppress all pity in your stony breasts,
And now shall move you to bereave my life.

Fern. No, Barabas, to stain our hands with blood 145

Is far from us and our profession.

Bar. Why, I esteem the injury far less

To take the lives of miserable men

Than be the causers of their misery.

You have my wealth, the labour of my life, 150
The comfort of mine age, my children's hope,
And therefore ne'er distinguish of the wrong.

Fern. Content thee, Barabas, thou hast naught but right.

Bar. Your extreme right does me exceeding wrong:

But take it to you, i' the devil's name. 155

Fern. Come, let us in, and gather of these goods

The money for this tribute of the Turk.

1 *Knight.* 'Tis necessary that be look'd unto;

For if we break our day, we break the league,
And that will prove but simple¹ policy. 160

Exeunt [all except BARABAS and the Jews.]

Bar. Ay, policy! that's their profession,

¹ Foolish.

And not simplicity, as they suggest.

The plagues of Egypt, and the curse of Heaven,
Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred
Inflict upon them, thou great *Primus Motor!* 165
And here upon my knees, striking the earth,
I ban their souls to everlasting pains
And extreme tortures of the fiery deep,
That thus have dealt with me in my distress.

1 *Jew.* O yet be patient, gentle Barabas. 170

Bar. O silly brethren, born to see this day,
Why stand you thus unmov'd with my laments?
Why weep you not to think upon my wrongs?
Why pine not I, and die in this distress?

1 *Jew.* Why, Barabas, as hardly can we brook 175

The cruel handling of ourselves in this;
Thou seest they have taken half our goods.

Bar. Why did you yield to their extortion?

You were a multitude, and I but one;

And of me only have they taken all. 180

1 *Jew.* Yet, Brother Barabas, remember Job.

Bar. What tell you me of Job? I wot his wealth

Was written thus: he had seven thousand sheep,

Three thousand camels, and two hundred yoke
Of labouring oven, and five hundred 185

She-asses: but for every one of those,

Had they been valued at indifferent rate,

I had at home, and in mine argosy,

And other ships that came from Egypt last,
As much as would have bought his beasts and him, 190

And yet have kept enough to live upon:

So that not he, but I may curse the day,

Thy fatal birth-day, forlorn Barabas;

And henceforth wish for an eternal night, 194

That clouds of darkness may inclose my flesh,
And hide these extreme sorrows from mine eyes:

For only I have toil'd to inherit here

The months of vanity and loss of time,

And painful nights, have been appointed me. 1 200

2 *Jew.* Good Barabas, be patient.

Bar. Ay;

Pray, leave me in my patience. You that
Were ne'er possess'd of wealth, are pleas'd
with want;

But give him liberty at least to mourn,

That in a field amidst his enemies 205

Doth see his soldiers slain, himself disarm'd,

And knows no means of his recovery.

Ay, let me sorrow for this sudden chance;

'T is in the trouble of my spirit I speak;

Great injuries are not so soon forgot. 210

1 *Jew.* Come, let us leave him; in his ireful mood

Our words will but increase his ecstasy. 2

2 *Jew.* On, then; but trust me 't is a misery

To see a man in such a iction.—

Farewell, Barabas! *Exeunt [the three Jews.]*

Bar. Ay, fare you well. 215

¹ For I have toiled only to inherit the months, etc., which have been, etc.

² Violent emotion.

See the simplicity of these base slaves,
Who, for the villains have no wit themselves,
Think me to be a senseless lump of clay
That will with every water wash to dirt.
No, Barabas is born to better chance, ²²⁰
And fram'd of finer mould than common men,
That measure naught but by the present time.
A reaching thought will search his deepest wits,
And cast¹ with cunning for the time to come.
For evils are apt to happen every day. — ²²⁵

*Enter ABIGAIL.*²

But wither wends my beauteous Abigail?
O! what has made my lovely daughter sad?
What, woman! moan not for a little loss.
Thy father has enough in store for thee.
Abig. Not for myself, but aged Barabas; ²³⁰
Father, for thee lamenteth Abigail.
But I will learn to leave these fruitless tears,
And, urg'd thereto with my afflictions,
With fierce exclams run to the senate-house,
And in the senate reprehend them all, ²³⁵
And rend their hearts with tearing of my hair,
Till they reduce³ the wrongs done to my father.
Bar. No, Abigail, things past recovery
Are hardly cur'd with exclamations.
Be silent, daughter, sufferance breeds ease, ²⁴⁰
And time may yield us an occasion
Which on the sudden cannot serve the turn.
Besides, my girl, think me not all so fond⁴
As negligently to forego so much
Without provision for thyself and me: ²⁴⁵
Ten thousand portagues,⁵ besides great pearls,
Rich costly jewels, and stones infinite,
Fearing the worst of this before it fell,
I closely hid.

Abig. Where, father?

Bar. In my house, my girl.

Abig. Then shall they ne'er be seen of, Barabas: ²⁵⁰

For they have seiz'd upon thy house and wares.
Bar. But they will give me leave once more,
I trow,

To go into my house.

Abig. That may they not.
For there I left the governor placing nuns,
Displacing me; and of thy house they mean ²⁵⁵
To make a nunnery, where none but their own
sect⁶

Must enter in; men generally barr'd.

Bar. My gold! my gold! and all my wealth
is gone!

You partial heavens, have I deserv'd this
plague?

What, will you thus oppose me, luckless stars, ²⁶⁰
To make me desperate in my poverty?
And knowing me impatient in distress,
Think me so mad as I will hang myself,
That I may vanish o'er the earth in air,
And leave no memory that e'er I was? ²⁶⁵
No, I will live; nor loathe I this my life:
And, since you leave me in the ocean thus

To sink or swim, and put me to my shifts,
I'll rouse my senses and awake myself. ²⁶⁰
Daughter, I have it! Thou perceiv'st the plight
Wherein these Christians have oppress'd me.
Be rul'd by me, for in extremity
We ought to make bar of no policy.
Abig. Father, whate'er it be to injure them
That have so manifestly wronged us, ²⁷⁵
What will not Abigail attempt?

Bar. Why, so;
Then thus, thou told'st me they have turn'd
my house

Into a nunnery, and some nuns are there?

Abig. I did.

Bar. Then, Abigail, there must my girl
Entreat the abbess to be entertain'd. ²⁸⁰

Abig. How, as a nun?

Bar. Ay, daughter, for religion
Hides many mischiefs from suspicion.

Abig. Ay, but, father, they will suspect me
there.

Bar. Let 'em suspect, but be thou so precise
As they may think it done of holiness. ²⁸⁵

Entreat 'em fair, and give them friendly
speech,

And seem to them as if thy sins were great,

Till thou has gotten to be entertain'd

Abig. Thus, father, shall I much dissemble.

Bar. Tush!

As good dissemble that thou never mean'st, ²⁹⁰

As first mean truth and then dissemble it.

A counterfeit profession is better

Than unseen hypocrisy.

Abig. Well, father, say [that] I be entertain'd,
What then shall follow?

Bar. This shall follow then:

There have I hid, close underneath the plank ²⁹⁵

That runs along the upper-chamber floor,

The gold and jewels which I kept for thee.

But here they come; be cunning, Abigail.

Abig. Then, father, go with me.

Bar. No, Abigail, in this

It is not necessary I be seen; ³⁰¹

For I will seem offended with thee for't.

Be close,⁷ my girl, for this must fetch my gold,

[*They retire.*]

Enter Friars [JACOMO and BARNARDINE, Ab-
bess,] and a Nun.

F. Jac. Sisters, ³⁰⁴

We now are almost at the new-made nu ery.

Abb. The better; for we love not to be seen.

'Tis thirty winters long since some of us

Did stray so far amongst the multitude.

F. Jac. But, madam, this house

And waters⁸ of this new-made nunnery ³¹⁰

Will much delight you.

Abb. It may be so; but who comes here?

[*ABIGAIL comes forward.*]

Abig. Grave abbess, and you, happy virgins'

guide,

Pity the state of a distressed maid.

Abb. What art thou, daughter?

Abig. The hopeless daughter of a hapless Jew, ³¹⁵

⁷ Secretive.

⁸ So Q. "cloisters," "gardens," and "quarters,"
have been conjectured as emendations.

¹ Plan.

² The scene seems to change here from the Council-
house to the neighbourhood of Scene I.

³ Redress. ⁵ Portuguese gold coins.

⁴ Foolish.

⁶ Sex.

The Jew of Malta, wretched Barabas;
Sometimes the owner of a goodly house,
Which they have now turn'd to a nunnery.

Abb. Well, daughter, say, what is thy suit
with us? 320

Abig. Fearing the afflictions which my father
feels 320

Proceed from sin, or want of faith in us,
I'd pass away my life in penitence,
And be a novice in your nunnery,
To make atonement for my labouring soul. 325

F. Jac. No doubt, brother, but thus pro-
ceedeth of the spirit.

F. Barn. Ay, and a moving spirit too,
brother; but come,

Let us entreat she may be entertain'd.

Abb. Well, daughter, we admit you for a
nun. 329

Abig. First let me as a novice learn to frame
My solitary life to your strait laws,
And let me lodge where I was wont to lie.
I do not doubt, by your divine precepts
And mine own industry, but to profit much.

Bar. As much, I hope, as all I hid is worth.

Abb. Come, daughter, follow us. 336

Bar. [coming forward.] Why, how now, Abi-
gail, what maketh thou

Amongst these hateful Christians?

F. Jac. Hinder her not, thou man of little
faith, 339

For she has mortified herself.

Bar. How! mortified?

F. Jac. And is admitted to the sisterhood.

Bar. Child of perdition, and thy father's
shame!

What wilt thou do among these hateful fiends?

I charge thee on my blessing that thou leave
These devils, and their damned heresy. 345

Abig. Father, give me — [She goes to him.]

Bar. [Whispers to her.] Nay, back, Abi-
gail, —

And think upon the jewels and the gold;

The board is marked thus that covers it —

Away, accursed, from thy father's sight.

F. Jac. Barabas, although thou art in mis-
belief, 350

And wilt not see thine own afflictions,

Yet let thy daughter be no longer blind.

Bar. Blind friar, I reckon not thy persua-
sions, —

(The board is marked thus + that covers it.)

[Aside to ABIGAIL in a whisper.]

For I had rather die than see her thus. 355

Wilt thou forsake me too in my distress,

Seduced daughter? (Go, forget not!) 356

Becomes it Jews to be so credulous? —

(To-morrow early I'll be at the door.) 357

No, come not at me, if thou wilt be damn'd,

Forget me, see me not, and so be gone. — 358

(Farewell, remember to-morrow morning.) —

Abig.

Out, out, thou wretch!

[Exeunt, on one side BARABAS, on
the other side FRIARS, ABBESS,
NUN, and ABIGAIL; as they are
going out.]

Enter MATHIAS.

Math. Who's this? Fair Abigail, the rich
Jew's daughter,
Become a nun! Her father's sudden fall 365
Has humbled her and brought her down to
this.

'Tut, she were fitter for a tale of love,
Than to be tired out with orisons;
And better would she far become a bed,
Embraced in a friendly lover's arms, 370
Than rise at midnight to a solemn mass.

Enter LODOWICK.

Lod. Why, how now, Don Mathias! in a
dump?

Math. Believe me, noble Lodowick, I have
seen

The strangest sight, in my opinion,
That ever I beheld.

Lod. What was't I prithee? 375

Math. A fair young maid, scarce fourteen
years of age,

The sweetest flower in Cytherea's field,
Cropped from the pleasures of the fruitful earth,

And strangely metamorphos'd [to a] nun.

Lod. But say, what was she?

Math. Why, the rich Jew's daughter.

Lod. What, Barabas, whose goods were
lately seiz'd? 381

Is she so fair?

Math. And matchless beautiful,

As, had you seen her, 't would have mov'd your
heart,

Though countermin'd with walls of brass, to
love,

Or at the least to pity. 385

Lod. And if she be so fair as you report,

'T were time well spent to go and visit her.

How say you, shall we?

Math. I must and will, sir; there's no remedy.

Lod. And so will I too, or it shall go hard.

Farewell, Mathias. 391

Math. Farewell, Lodowick.
Exeunt [severally.]

ACT II

[SCENE I.]¹

Enter BARABAS with a light.

Bar. Thus, like the sad presaging raven,
that tolls

The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
And in the shadow of the silent night

Doth shake contagion from her sable wings,

Vex'd and tormented runs poor Barabas 5

With fatal curses towards these Christians.

The uncertain pleasures of swift-footed Time

Have ta'en their flight, and left me in despair;

And of my former riches rests no more

But bare remembrance, like a soldier's scar, 10

That has no further comfort for his maim.

¹ The scene is before Barabas's house, now a nun-
nery.

O thou, that with a fiery pillar led'st
The sons of Israel through the dismal shades,
Light Abraham's offspring, and direct the
hand
Of Abigail this night; or let the day
Turn to eternal darkness after this!
No sleep can fasten on my watchful eyes,
Nor quiet enter my distemper'd thoughts,
Till I have answer of my Abigail.

Enter ABIGAIL above.

Abig. Now have I happily esp'd a time
To search the plank my father did appoint;
And here behold, unseen, where I have found
The gold, the pearls, and jewels, which he hid.

Bar. Now I remember those old women's
words,
Who in my wealth¹ would tell me winter's tales,
And speak of spirits and ghosts that glide by
night

About the place where treasure hath been hid:
And now methinks that I am one of those;
For whilst I live, here lives my soul's sole hope,
And, when I die, here shall my spirit walk.

Abig. Now that my father's fortune were so
good

As but to be about this happy place!
'T is not so happy: yet when we parted last,
He said he would attend me in the morn.
Then, gentle sleep, where'er his body rests,
Give charge to Morpheus that he may dream
A golden dream, and of the sudden walk.²
Come and receive the treasure I have found.

Bar. *Bueno para todos mi ganado no era.*³
As good go on as sit so sadly thus.
But stay, what star shines yonder in the east?
The loadstar of my life, if Abigail.
Who's there?

Abig. Who's that?
Bar. Peace, Abigail, 't is I.
Abig. Then, father, here receive thy happiness.

Bar. Hast thou 't? *She throws down bags.*
Abig. Here, hast thou 't? There's more, and
more, and more.

Bar. O my girl,
My gold, my fortune, my felicity!
Strength to my soul, death to mine enemy!
Welcome the first beginner of my bliss!
O Abigail, Abigail, that I had thee here too!
Then my desires were fully satisfied:
But I will practise thy enlargement thence.
O girl! O gold! O beauty! O my bliss!

Hugs his bags.
Abig. Father, it draweth towards midnight
now,

And 'bout this time the nuns begin to wake;
To shun suspicion, therefore, let us part.

Bar. Farewell, my joy, and by my fingers
take

A kiss from him that sends it from his soul.

[Exit ABIGAIL above.]
Now Phoebus ope the eyelids of the day,

And for the raven wake the morning lark,
That I may hover with her in the air,
Singing o'er these, as she does o'er her young,
*Hermoso placer de los dineros.*⁴ *Exit.*

[SCENE II.]⁵

*Enter Governor [FERNEZE], DEL BOSCO, and
Knights.*

Fern. Now, captain, tell us whither thou art
bound?
Whence is thy ship that anchors in our road?
And why thou cam'st ashore without our
leave?

Bosc. Governor of Malta, hither am I bound;
My Ship, *The Flying Dragon*, is of Spain,
And so am I. del Bosco is my name;
Vice-admiral unto the Catholic King.

1 Knight. 'T is true, my lord, therefore en-
treat him well.

Bosc. Our fraught⁶ is Grecians, Turks, and
Afric Moors.

For late upon the coast of Corsica,
Because we vail'd⁷ not to the [Turkish]⁸ fleet,
Their creeping galleys had us in the chase:
But suddenly the wind began to rise,
And then we luff'd and tack'd⁹ and fought at
ease

Some have we fir'd, and many have we sunk;¹⁰
But one amongst the rest became our prize.
The captain's slain, the rest remain our slaves,
Of whom we would make sale in Malta here.

Fern. Martin del Bosco, I have heard of thee:
Welcome to Malta, and to all of us;
But to admit a sale of these thy Turks
We may not, nay, we dare not give consent
By reason of a tributary league.

1 Knight. Del Bosco, as thou lov'st and
honour'st us,

Persuade our governor against the Turk;
This truce we have is but in hope of gold,
And with that sum he craves might we wage war.

Bosc. Will Knights of Malta be in league
with Turks,

And buy it basely too for sums of gold?
My lord, remember that, to Europe's shame,
The Christian Isle of Rhodes, from whence you
came,

Was lately lost, and you were stated¹⁰ here
To be at deadly enmity with Turks.

Fern. Captain, we know it, but our force is
small.

Bosc. What is the sum that Calymath re-
quires?

Fern. A hundred thousand crowns.

Bosc. My lord and king hath title to this isle,
And he means quickly to expel you hence;
Therefore be rul'd by me, and keep the gold.
I'll write unto his majesty for aid,
And not depart until I see you free.

Fern. On this condition shall thy Turks be
sold.

¹ Bullen emends to *youth*. ² Dyce emends to *wake*

³ Span. "My herd was not good for all"; i. e., dif-
ferent people judged me differently.

⁴ Span. "Beautiful pleasure of money."

⁵ The Council-house. ⁶ Q. Spanish.

⁷ Freight.

⁸ So Dyce Q *left and took*.

⁹ Lowered our flags.

¹⁰ Established.

Go, o cers, and set them straight in show.

[*Exeunt Officers.*]

Bosco, thou shalt be Malta's general;
We and our warlike Knights will follow thee ⁴⁵
Against these barbarous misbelieving Turks.

Bosc. So shall you imitate those you succeed.
For when their hideous force environ'd Rhodes,
Small though the number was that kept the town,

They fought it out, and not a man surviv'd ⁵⁰
To bring the hapless news to Christendom.

Fern. So will we fight it out. Come, let's
away!

Proud daring Calymath, instead of gold,
We'll send thee bullets wrapt in smoke and fire.

Claim tribute where thou wilt, we are resolv'd,
Honour is bought with blood and not with gold. *Exeunt.* ⁵⁵

[SCENE III.]¹

Enter Officers with [ITHAMORE and other] Slaves.

1 *Off.* This is the market-place, here let 'em
stand:

Fear not their sale, for they'll be quickly
bought.

2 *Off.* Every one's price is written on his
back,

And so much must they yield or not be sold.

1 *Off.* Here comes the Jew; had not his
goods been seiz'd, ⁵
He'd give us present money for them all.

Enter BARABAS.

Bar. In spite of these swine-eating Chris-
tians, —

Unchosen nation, never circumcis'd,
Such as (poor villains!) were ne'er thought
upon.

Till Titus and Vespasian conquer'd us, — ¹⁰

Am I become as wealthy as I was.

They hop'd my daughter would ha' been a nun;

But she's at home, and I have bought a house

As great and fair as is the governor's;

And there in spite of Malta will I dwell, ¹⁵

Having Ferneze's hand, whose heart I'll have;

Ay, and his son's too, or it shall go hard.

I am not of the tribe of Levi, I,

That can so soon forget an injury. ²⁰

We Jews can fawn like spaniels when we please;

And when we grin we bite, yet are our looks

As innocent and harmless as a lamb's.

I learn'd in Florence how to kiss my hand,

Heave up my shoulders when they call me

dog,

And duck as low as any barefoot friar; ²⁵

Hoping to see them starve upon a stall,

Or else be gather'd for in our synagogue,

That, when the offering-basin comes to me,

Even for charity I may spit into 't.

Here comes Don Lodowick, the governor's son,

One that I love for his good father's sake. ³¹

Enter LODOWICK.

Lod. I hear the wealthy Jew walked this
way.

¹ The market-place.

I'll seek him out, and so insinuate,
That I may have a sight of Abigail;

For Don Mathias tells me she is fair. ³⁵

Bar [*Aside.*] Now will I show myself

To have more of the serpent than the dove;

This is — more knave than fool.

Lod. Yond' walks the Jew; now for fair

Abigail.

Bar. [*Aside.*] Ay, ay, no doubt but she's at

your command. ⁴⁰

Lod. Barabas, thou know'st I am the gover-

nor's son.

Bar. I would you were his father, too, sir;

That's all the harm I wish you. [*Aside.*] The

slave looks

Like a hog's-cheek new singed.

Lod. Whither walk'st thou, Barabas? ⁴⁵

Bar. No further: 't is a custom held with us,

That when we speak with Gentiles like to

you,

We turn into the air to purge ourselves:

For unto us the promise doth belong.

Lod. Well, Barabas, canst help me to a dia-

mond? ⁵⁰

Bar. O, sir, your father had my diamonds.

Yet I have one left that will serve your

turn: —

I mean my daughter. but ere he shall have her

I'll sacrifice her on a pile of wood.

I ha' the poison of the city for him, ⁵⁵

And the white leprosy. *Aside.*

Lod. What sparkle does it give without a

foil? ²

Bar. The diamond that I talk of ne'er was

foil'd. — ³

[*Aside.*] But when he touches it, it will be

foil'd —

Lord Lodowick, it sparkles bright and fair. ⁶⁰

Lod. Is it square or pointed, pray let me

know. *Aside.*

Bar. Pointed it is, good sir — but not for

you ⁶⁵

Lod. I like it much the better.

Bar. So do I too.

Lod. How shows it by night?

Bar. Outshines Cynthia's rays:

— You'll like it better far o' nights than days. ⁷⁰

Lod. And what's the price?

Bar. [*Aside.*] Your life an if you have it. —

O my lord,

We will not jar about the price; come to my

house

And I will give't your honour — with a ven-

geance. *Aside.* ⁷⁵

Lod. No, Barabas, I will deserve it first. ⁷⁰

Bar. Good sir,

Your father has deserv'd it at my hands,

Who, of mere charity and Christian ruth,

To bring me to religious purity,

And as it were in catechising sort, ⁷⁵

To make me mindful of my mortal sins,

Against my will, and whether I would or no,

Seiz'd all I had, and thrust me out o' doors,

² Gold or silver leaf placed under a gem to increase its
brilliance.

³ Defiled, punning on *foil*

And made my house a place for nuns most chaste.

Lod. No doubt your soul shall reap the fruit of it.

Bar. Ay, but, my lord, the harvest is far off. And yet I know the prayers of those nuns And holy friars, having money for their pains, Are wondrous; — and indeed do no man good —

Aside. And seeing they are not idle, but still doing, 'Tis likely they in time may reap some fruit, I mean in fulness of perfection.

Lod. Good Barabas, glance¹ not at our holy nuns.

Bar. No, but I do it through a burning zeal, Hoping ere long to set the house afire; For though they do a while increase and multiply

I'll have a saying to that nunnery. — *Aside.* As for the diamond, sir, I told you of, Come home and there's no price shall make us part,

Even for your honourable father's sake. — It shall go hard but I will see your death, —

Aside But now I must be gone to by a slave.

Lod. And, Barabas, I'll bear thee company.

Bar. Come then — here's the market-place. What's the price of this slave? Two hundred crowns!

Do the Turks weigh so much?

1 Off. Sir, that's his price.

Bar. What, can he steal that you demand so much?

Belike he has some new trick for a purse; And if he has, he is worth three hundred plates,²

So that, being bought, the town-seal might be got

To keep him for his lifetime from the gallows. The sessions day is critical to thieves,

And few or none 'scape but by being purg'd. *Lod.* Rat'st thou this Moor but at two hundred plates?

1 Off. No more, my lord.

Bar. Why should this Turk be dearer than that Moor?

1 Off. Because he is young and has more qualities.

Bar. What, hast thou the philosopher's stone? An thou hast, break my head with it, I'll forgive thee.

Slave. No, sir; I can cut and shave.

Bar. Let me see, sirrah, are you not an old shaver?

Slave. Alas, sir! I am a very youth.

Bar. A youth? I'll buy you, and marry you to Lady Vanity, if you do well.

Slave. I will serve you, sir.

Bar. Some wicked trick or other. It may be, under colour of shaving, thou'lt cut my throat for my goods. Tell me, hast thou thy health well?

Slave. Ay, passing well.

Bar. So much the worse; I must have one that's sickly, an't be but for sparing victuals: 't is not a stone of beef a day will maintain you in these chops; let me see one that's somewhat leaner.

1 Off. Here's a leaner, how like you him?

Bar. Where wast thou born?

1 Off. In Thrace; brought up in Arabia.

Bar. So much the better, thou art for my turn.

An hundred crowns? I'll have him; there's the coin. *[Gives money.]*

1 Off. Then mark him, sir, and take him hence.

Bar. Ay, mark him, you were best, for this is he

That by my help shall do much villainy.

Aside. My lord, farewell. Come, sirrah, you are mine.

As for the diamond, it shall be yours; I pray, sir, be no stranger at my house, All that I have shall be at your command.

Enter MATHIAS and his Mother [KATHERINE]

Math. What makes the Jew and Lodowick so private?

I fear me 'tis about fair Abigail. *[Aside.]*

Bar. Yonder comes Don Mathias, let us stay; *[Exit LODOWICK.]*

He loves my daughter, and she holds him dear: But I have sworn to frustrate both their hopes, And be reveng'd upon the governor.

Kath. This Moor is comeliest, is he not? Speak, son.

Math. No, this is the better, mother; view this well.

Bar. Seem not to know me here before your mother,

Lest she mistrust the match that is in hand. When you have brought her home, come to my house;

Think of me as thy father; son, farewell. *Math.* But wherefore talk'd Don Lodowick with you?

Bar. Tush! man, we talk'd of diamonds, not of Abigail.

Kath. Tell me, Mathias, is not that the Jew?

Bar. As for the comment on the Maccabees, I have it, sir, and 't is at your command.

Math. Yes, madam, and my talk with him was About the borrowing of a book or two.

Kath. Converse not with him, he's cast off from heaven.

Thou hast thy crowns, fellow; come, let's away.

Math. Sirrah, Jew, remember the book.

Bar. Marry will I, sir.

Exeunt [MATHIAS and his Mother].

Off. Come, I have made A reasonable market, let's away.

[Exeunt Officers with Slaves.]

Bar. Now let me know thy name, and there-withal

Thy birth, condition, and profession.

¹ Make insinuations.

² Pieces of silver coin.

³ Break off our conversation.

When you should come and hale him from the door.

Math. O treacherous Lodowick!

Bar. Even now as I came home, he slept me in,
And I am sure he is with Abigail.

Math. I'll rouse him thence.

Bar. Not for all Malta, therefore sheathe your sword.

If you love me, no quarrels in my house;
But steal you in, and seem to see him not;
I'll give him such a warning ere he goes
As he shall have small hopes of Abigail.
Away, for here they come.

Re-enter LODOWICK and ABIGAIL.

Math. What, hand in hand! I cannot suffer this.

Bar. Mathias, as thou lov'st me, not a word.

Math. Well, let it pass, another time shall serve.

Exi. [into the house.]

Lod. Barabas, is not that the widow's son?

Bar. Ay, and take heed, for he hath sworn your death.

Lod. My death? What, is the base-born peasant mad?

Bar. No, no, but happily he stands in fear
Of that which you, I think, ne'er dream upon,
My daughter here, a paltry silly girl.

Lod. Why, loves she Don Mathias?

Bar. Doth she not with her smiling answer you?

Abig. [Aside.] He has my heart; I smile against my will.

Lod. Barabas, thou know'st I've lov'd thy daughter long.

Bar. And so has she done you, even from a child.

Lod. And now I can no longer hold my mind.

Bar. Nor I the affection that I bear to you.

Lod. This is thy diamond, tell me shall I have it?

Bar. Win it, and wear it, it is yet unfoild.¹

O! but I know your lordship would disdain

To marry with the daughter of a Jew;

And yet I'll give her many a golden cross²

With Christian posies round about the ring.

Lod. 'T is not thy wealth, but her that I esteem.

Yet crave I thy consent.

Bar. And mine you have, yet let me talk to her.

This offspring of Cain, this Jebusite,

That never tasted of the Passover,

Nor e'er shall see the land of Canaan,

Nor our Messias that is yet to come;

This gentle maggot, Lodowick, I mean,

Must be deluded. Let him have thy hand,

But keep thy heart till Don Mathias comes.

Abig. [Aside.] What, shall I be betroth'd to Lodowick?

Bar. It's no sin to deceive a Christian;
For they themselves hold it a principle,

Faith is not to be held with heretics;
But all are heretics that are not Jews;
This follows well, and therefore, daughter,
fear not. —

[Aside.] I have entreated her, and she will grant.

Lod. Then, gentle Abigail, plight thy faith to me.

Abig. I cannot choose, seeing my father bids.
Nothing but death shall part my love and me.

Lod. Now have I that for which my soul hath long'd.

Bar. So have not I, but yet I hope I shall.

Abig. [Aside.] O wretched Abigail, what hast thou done?

Lod. Why on the sudden is your colour chang'd?

Abig. I know not, but farewell, I must be gone.

Bar. Stay her, but let her not speak one word more.

Lod. Mute o' the sudden! Here's a sudden change.

Bar. O, muse not at it, 'tis the Hebrews' guise,

That maidens new betroth'd should weep awhile.

Trouble her not; sweet Lodowick, depart:
She is thy wife, and thou shalt be mine heir.

Lod. O, is't the custom? Then I am resolv'd.

But rather let the brightsome heavens be dim,
And nature's beauty choke with stifling clouds,

Than my fair Abigail should frown on me. —
There comes the villain, now I'll be reveng'd.

Re-enter MATHIAS.

Bar. Be quiet, Lodowick, it is enough
That I have made thee sure³ to Abigail.

Lod. Well, let him go.

Bar. Well, but for me, as you went in at doors
You had been stabb'd, but not a word on't now;

Here must no speeches pass, nor swords be drawn.

Math. Suffer me, Barabas, but to follow him.

Bar. No; so shall I, if any hurt be done,
Be made an accessory of your deeds.

Revenge it on him when you meet him next.

Math. For this I'll have his heart.

Bar. Do so; lo, here I give thee Abigail.

Math. What greater gift can poor Mathi have?

Shall Lodowick rob me of so fair a love?
My life is not so dear as Abigail.

Bar. My heart misgives me, that, to cross your love,

He's with your mother; therefore after him.

Math. What, is he gone unto my mother?

Bar. Nay, if you will, stay till she comes herself.

Math. I cannot stay; for if my mother come,
She'll die with grief.

Exi.

¹ Q. *unsoyl'd*. But cf. II. iii. 58.

² A piece of money with a cross marked on it.

³ Satisfied.

Betrothed thee.

Abig. I cannot take my leave of him for tears.

Father, why have you thus incens'd them both?

Bar. What's that to thee?

Abig. I'll make 'em friends again.

Bar. You'll make 'em friends! Are there not Jews enow

In Malta, but thou must dote upon a Christian?

Abig. I will have Don Mathias, he is my love.

Bar. Yes, you shall have him. — Go, put her in.

Itha. Ay, I'll put her in. [*Puts ABIGAIL in*]

Bar. Now tell me, Ithamore, how lik'st thou this?

Itha. Farth, master, I think by this ³⁷⁰
You purchase both their lives; is it not so?

Bar. True; and it shall be cunningly perform'd.

Itha. O master, that I might have a hand in this.

Bar. Ay, so thou shalt, 't is thou must do the deed

Take this, and bear it to Mathias straight, ³⁷⁵

[*Gives a letter.*]

And tell him that it comes from Lodowick.

Itha. 'T is poison'd, is it not?

Bar. No, no, and yet it might be done that way.

It is a challenge feign'd from Lodowick. ³⁷⁹

Itha. Fear not; I will so set his heart afire,
That he shall verily think it comes from him.

Bar. I cannot choose but like thy readiness.
Yet be not rash, but do it cunningly.

Itha. As I behave myself in this, employ me hereafter.

Bar. Away then. *Exit* ITHAMORE. ³⁸⁵

So, now will I go in to Lodowick,
And, like a cunning spirit, feign some lie,
Till I have set 'em both at enmity. *Exit.*

ACT III

[SCENE I.]¹

Enter [BELLAMIRA,] a Courtesan.

Bell. Since this town was besieg'd, my gain grows cold.

The time has been that, but for one bare night,
A hundred ducats have been freely given:
But now against my will I must be chaste;
And yet I know my beauty doth not fail. ⁵
From Venice merchants, and from Padua
Were wont to come rare-witted gentlemen,
Scholars I mean, learned and liberal;
And now, save Pilia-Borsa, comes there none,
And he is very seldom from my house; ¹⁰
And here he comes.

Enter PILIA-BORSA.

Pilia. Hold thee, wench, there's something
for thee to spend. [*Shows a bag of silver.*]

Bell. 'T is silver. I disdain it.

¹ Outside of Bellamira's house.

Pilia. Ay, but the Jew has gold, ¹⁵
And I will have it, or it shall go hard.

Court. Tell me, how cam'st thou by this?

Pilia. Faith, walking the back-lanes, through the gardens, I chanc'd to cast mine eye up to the Jew's counting-house, where I saw some ²⁰ bags of money, and in the night I clamber'd up with my hooks, and, as I was taking my choice, I heard a rumbling in the house; so I took only this, and run my way. But here's the Jew's man. ²⁵

Enter ITHAMORE.

Bell. Hide the bag.

Pilia. Look not towards him, let's away.
Zoons, what a looking thou keep'st; thou'lt betray's anon

[*Exeunt* BELLAMIRA and PILIA-BORSA.]

Itha. O the sweetest face that ever I beheld!
I know she is a courtesan by her attire. Now ³⁰
would I give a hundred of the Jew's crowns that I had such a concubine.

Well, I have deliver'd the challenge in such sort,
As meet they will, and fighting die; brave sport! *Exit.*

[SCENE II.]²

Enter MATHIAS

Math. This is the place; now Abigail shall ^{see}
Whether Mathias holds her dear or no.

Enter LODOWICK.

Math [*reading*].³ What, dares the villain write in such base terms?

Lod. I did it; and revenge it if thou dar'st. *They fight.*

Enter BARABAS, above [*on a balcony*].

Bar. O! bravely fought; and yet they thrust not home. ⁵

Now, Lodowick! now, Mathias! So

So now they have show'd themselves to be tall ^[Both fall.]
fellows.

[*Cries*] within. Part 'em, part 'em.

Bar. Ay, part 'em now they are dead. Farewell, farewell. *Exit.*

Enter FERNEZ, KATHERINE [*and Attendants*].

Fern. What sight is this! — my Lodowick slain! ¹⁰

These arms of mine shall be thy sepulchre.

Kath. Who is this? My son Mathias slain!

Fern. O Lodowick! had'st thou perish'd by the Turk,

Wretched Fernez might have veng'd thy death.

Kath. Thy son slew mine, and I'll revenge his death. ¹⁵

Fern. Look, Katherine, look! — thy son gave mine these wounds.

² A street.

³ Q places reading after *Enter Lodowick*.

⁴ Brave.

Kath. O leave to grieve me, I am griev'd enough.
Fern. O! that my sighs could turn to lively breath;
 And these my tears to blood, that he might live.
Kath. Who made them enemies? ²⁰
Fern. I know not, and that grieves me most of all.
Kath. My son lov'd thine
Fern. And so did Lodowick him.
Kath. Lend me that weapon that did kill my son,
 And it shall murder me.
Fern. Nay, madam, stay; that weapon was my son's, ²⁵
 And on that rather should Ferneze die.
Kath. Hold, let's enquire the causers of their deaths,
 That we may venge their blood upon their heads.
Fern. Then take them up, and let them be interr'd
 Within one sacred monument of stone; ³⁰
 Upon which altar I will offer up
 My daily sacrifice of sighs and tears,
 And with my prayers pierce impartial heavens,
 Till they [reveal] the causers of our smarts,
 Which forc'd their hands divide united hearts.
 Come, Katherina, our losses equal are; ³⁵
 Then of true grief let us take equal share.
Exeunt [with the bodies].

[SCENE III.]¹*Enter ITHAMORE.*

Itha. Why, was there ever seen such villany,
 So neatly plotted, and so well perform'd?
 Both held in hand, and flatly both beguill'd?

Enter ABIGAIL.

Abig. Why, how now, Ithamore, why laugh'st thou so?
Itha. O mistress, ha! ha! ha! ⁵
Abig. Why, what ail'st thou?
Itha. O my master!
Abig. Ha!
Itha. O mistress! I have the bravest, gravest, secret, subtle, bottle-nos'd knave to my master, that ever gentleman had. ¹¹
Abig. Say, knave, why rail'st upon my father thus?
Itha. O, my master has the bravest policy.
Abig. Wherein?
Itha. Why, know you not?
Abig. Why, no. ¹⁶
Itha. Know you not of Mathias' and Don Lodowick's disaster?
Abig. No, what was it?
Itha. Why, the devil invented a challenge, ²⁰
 my master writ it, and I carried it, first to Lodowick, and *imprimis* to Mathias.
 And then they met, [and,] as the story says,
 In doleful wise they ended both their days.
Abig. And was my father furtherer of their deaths? ²⁵

¹ A room in Barabas's house.

Itha. Am I Ithamore?
Abig. Yes.
Itha. So sure did your father write, and I carry the challenge.
Abig. Well, Ithamore, let me request thee this ³⁰
 Go to the new-made nunnery, and inquire
 For any of the friars of Saint Jacques,
 And say, I pray them come and speak with me.
Itha. I pray, mistress, will you answer me but one question? ³⁵
Abig. Well, sirrah, what is 't?
Itha. A very feeling one: have not the n s fine sport with the friars now and then?
Abig. Go to, sirrah sauce, is this your question? Get ye gone. ⁴⁰
Itha. I will, forsooth, mistress. *Erit.*
Abig. Hard-hearted father, unkind Barabas! Was this the pursuit² of thy policy!
 To make me show them favour severally, ⁴⁴
 That by my favour they should both be slain?
 Admit thou lov'dst not Lodowick for his sire, ⁵
 Yet Don Mathias ne'er offended thee.
 But thou wert set upon extreme revenge,
 Because the [sire]⁴ dispossest⁵ thee once,
 And could'st not venge it, but upon his son, ⁵⁰
 Nor on his son, but by Mathias' means;
 Nor on Mathias, but by murdering me.
 But I perceive there is no love on earth,
 Pity in Jews, nor piety in Turks. ⁵⁴
 But here comes cursed Ithamore, with the friar.

Enter ITHAMORE and Friar [JACOMO].

F. Jac. Virgo, salve.
Itha. When! duck you!
Abig. Welcome, grave friar; Ithamore, begone. *Erit [ITHAMORE].*
 Know, holy sir, I am bold to solicit thee. ⁶⁰
F. Jac. Wherein?
Abig. To get me be admitted for a nun.
F. Jac. Why, Abigail, it is not yet long since
 That I did labour thy admission,
 And then thou did'st not like that holy life.
Abig. Then were my thoughts so frail and unconfirm'd, ⁶⁵
 And I was chain'd to follies of the world:
 But now experience, purchased with grief,
 Has made me see the difference of things.
 My sinful soul, alas, hath pac'd too long
 The fatal labyrinth of misbelief, ⁷⁰
 Far from the Sun⁵ that gives eternal life.
F. Jac. Who taught thee this?
Abig. The abbess of the house,
 Whose zealous admonition I embrace:
 O, therefore, Jacomo, let me be one,
 Although unworthy, of that sisterhood. ⁷⁵
F. Jac. Abigail, I will, but see thou change no more,
 For that will be most heavy to thy soul.
Abig. That was my father's fault.
F. Jac. Thy father's! how?
Abig. Nay, you shall pardon me. [*Aside.*] O Barabas,

² Object.³ Q. *sinne*.⁴ Q. *Pryor*. *Sire*, Tucker Brooke⁵ Q. *Sonne*.

Though thou deservest hardly at my hands, 80
Yet never shall these lips bewray¹ thy life.

F. Jac. Come, shall we go?

Abig. My duty waits on you. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV.]²

Enter BARABAS, reading a letter.

Bar. What, Abigail become a nun again!
False and unkind³; what, hast thou lost thy father?

And all unknown, and unconstrain'd of me,
Art thou again got to the nunnery?⁴
Now here she writes, and wills me to repent. 5
Repentance! *Spurca!* what pretendeth⁵ this?
I fear she knows — 'tis so — of my device
In Don Mathias' and Lodovico's deaths.
If so, 'tis time that it be seen into;
For she that varies from me in belief 10
Gives great presumption that she loves me not;
Or loving, doth dislike of something done.
But who comes here?

[*Enter ITHAMORE.*]

O Ithamore, come near;
Come near, my love; come near, thy master's life.

My trusty servant, nay, my second [self] 15
For I have now no hope but even in thee,
And on that hope my happiness is built.
When saw'st thou Abigail?

Itha. To-day. *With whom?*
Bar.

Itha. A friar
Bar. A friar! false villain, he hath done the deed. 20

Itha. How, sir?
Bar. Why, made mine Abigail a nun.

Itha. That's no lie, for she sent me for him.
Bar. O unhappy day!

False, credulous, inconstant Abigail!
But let 'em go: and, Ithamore, from hence 25
Ne'er shall she grieve me more with her disgrace;

Ne'er shall she live to inherit aught of mine,
Be blest of me, nor come within my gates,
But perish underneath my bitter curse,
Like Cain by Adam for his brother's death. 30

Itha. O master!
Bar. Ithamore, entreat not for her, I am mov'd,

And she is hateful to my soul and me:
We'll⁶ thou yield to this that I entreat,
I cannot think but that thou hat'st my life 35

Itha. Who, I, master? Why, I'll run to some rock,

And throw myself headlong into the sea;
Why, I'll do anything for your sweet sake.

Bar. O trusty Ithamore, no servant, but my friend,

I here adopt thee for mine only heir, 40
All that I have is thine when I am dead,
And whilst I live use half; spend as myself.
Here take my keys, — I'll give 'em thee anon.

Go buy thee garments; but thou shalt not want.

Only know this, that thus thou art to do. 45
But first go fetch me in the pot of rice
That for our supper stands upon the fire.

Itha. [*Aside.*] I hold my head my master's hungry — I go, sir. *Exit.*

Bar. Thus every villain ambles after wealth,
Although he ne'er be richer than in hope. 50
But, hush 't!

Re-enter ITHAMORE with the pot.

Itha. Here 'tis, master.

Bar. Well said, Ithamore.
What, hast thou brought the ladle with thee too?

Itha. Yes, sir, the proverb says he that eats
with the devil had need of a long spoon. I have brought you a ladle. 55

Bar. Very well, Ithamore, then now be secret;

And for thy sake, whom I so dearly love,
Now shalt thou see the death of Abigail,
That thou may'st freely live to be my heir.

Itha. Why, master, will you poison her 60
with a mess of rice porridge? That will preserve
life, make her round and plump, and batten⁷
more than you are aware.

Bar. Ay, but, Ithamore, seest thou this?
It is a precious powder that I bought 65
Of an Italian in Ancona once,
Whose operation is to bind, infect,
And poison deeply, yet not appear
In forty hours after it is ta'en.

Itha. How, master? 70
Bar. Thus, Ithamore.

This even they use in Malta here, — 'tis called
Saint Jacques' Even, — and then I say they use
To send their alms unto the nunneries.
Among the rest bear this, and set it there; 75
There's a dark entry where they take it in,
Where they must neither see the messenger,
Nor make inquiry who hath sent it them.

Itha. How so?
Bar. Belike there is some ceremony in 't. 80
There, Ithamore, must thou go place this pot!
Stay, let me spice it first.

Itha. Pray do, and let me help you, master.
Pray let me taste first.

Bar. Prythee do [*ITHAMORE tastes*]. What
say'st thou now? 85

Itha. Troth, master, I'm loth such a pot of
pottage should be spoil'd.

Bar. Peace, Ithamore, 'tis better so than
spar'd.

Assure thyself thou shalt have broth by the eye,⁸
My purse, my coffer, and myself is thine. 90

Itha. Well, master, I go.
Bar. Stay, first let me stir it, Ithamore.

As fatal be it to her as the draught
Of which great Alexander drunk and died:
And with her let it work like Borgia's wine, 95
Whereof his sire, the Pope, was poisoned.
In few,⁹ the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane,
The juice of hebon,¹⁰ and Cocytus' breath,

¹ Reveal.
² The same.

³ Unnatural.
⁴ Meaneth.

⁵ Q. *life*.
⁶ Q. *least*.

⁷ Feed. ⁸ In abundance. ⁹ In short.
¹⁰ A poison not certainly identified.

And all the poisons of the Stygian pool
Break from the fiery kingdom; and in this 100
Vomit your venom and invenom her
That like a fiend hath left her father thus.

Itha. [*Aside.*] What a blessing has he given 't!
Was ever pot of rice porridge so sauc'd! — What
shall I do with it? 105

Bar. O, my sweet Ithamore, go set it down,
And come again so soon as thou hast done,
For I have other business for thee.

Itha. Here 's a drench to poison a whole stable
of Flanders mares. I'll carry 't to the nuns 110
with a powder.

Bar. And the horse pestilence to boot; away!
Itha. I am gone.

Pay me my wages, for my work is done. *Exit.*

Bar. I'll pay thee with a vengeance, Itha-
more. *Exit.* 115

[SCENE V.]¹

*Enter FERNEZE, DEL BOSCO, Knights, and
Basso.*

Fern. Welcome, great basso; how fares Calymath?

What wind drives you thus into Malta-road?

Bas. The wind that bloweth all the world
besides, —

Desire of gold.

Fern. Desire of gold, great sir?
That 's to be gotten in the Western Ind: 5
In Malta are no golden minerals.

Bas. To you of Malta thus saith Calymath:
The time you took for respite is at hand,
For the performance of your promise pass'd,
And for the tribute-money I am sent. 10

Fern. Basso, in brief, shalt have no tribute
here,

Nor shall the heathens live upon our spoil.
First will we raze the city walls ourselves,
Lay waste the island, hew the temples down,
And, shipping off our goods to Sicily, 15
Open an entrance for the wasteful sea,
Whose billows beating the resistless banks,
Shall overflow it with their refluxence.

Bas. Well, Governor, since thou hast broke
the league

By flat denial of the promis'd tribute, 20
Talk not of razing down your city walls.
You shall not need trouble yourselves so far,
For Selim Calymath shall come himself,
And with brass bullets batter down your towers,
And turn proud Malta to a wilderness 25
For these intolerable wrongs of yours;
And so farewell.

Fern. Farewell. [*Exit Basso.*]

And now, you men of Malta, look about,
And let's provide to welcome Calymath. 30
Close your portcullis, charge your basilisks,²
And as you profitably take up arms,
So now courageously encounter them;
For by this answer, broken is the league,
And naught is to be look'd for now but wars, 35
And naught to us more welcome is than wars.

Exeunt.

¹ The council-house.

² Cannon.

[SCENE VI.]³

Enter Friar [JACOMO] and Friar [BARNARDINE].

F. [Jac.] O, brother, brother, all the nuns are
sick,

And physic will not help them; they must die.

F. [Barn.] The abbess sent for me to be con-
fess'd.

O, what a sad confession will there be!

F. Jac. And so did fair Maria send for me. 5
I'll to her lodging; whereabouts she lies. *Exit.*

Enter ABIGAIL.

F. Barn. What, all dead, save only Abigail?

Abig. And I shall die too, for I feel death
coming.

Where is the friar that convers'd with me? 9

F. Barn. O, he is gone to see the other nuns.

Abig. I sent for him, but seeing you are come,
Be you my ghostly father, and first know,

That in this house I liv'd religiously,
Chaste, and devout, much sorrowing for my sins;

But ere I came — 15

F. Barn. What then?

Abig. I did offend high Heaven so grievously,
As I am almost desperate for my sins;
And one offence torments me more than all.

You knew Mathias and Don Lodowick? 20

F. Barn. Yes, what of them?

Abig. My father did contract me to 'em both:

First to Don Lodowick; him I never lov'd;

Mathias was the man that I held dear,

And for his sake did I become a nun. 25

F. Barn. So, say how was their end?

Abig. Both jealous of my love, envid⁴ each
other,

And by my father's practice,⁵ which is there
Set down at large, the gallants were both slain.

[*Gives a written paper.*]

F. Barn. O monstrous villainy! 30

Abig. To work my peace, this I confess to
thee;

Reveal it not, for then my father dies.

F. Barn. Know that confession must not be
reveal'd,

The canon law forbids it, and the priest

That makes it known, being degraded first, 35

Shall be condemn'd, and then sent to the fire.

Abig. So I have heard; pray, therefore keep
it close.⁶

Death seizeth on my heart: ah, gentle friar,

Convert my father that he may be sav'd.

And witness that I die a Christian. [*Dies.*] 40

F. Barn. Ay, and a virgin too; that grieves
me most.

But I must to the Jew and excla⁷ on h⁸,
And make him stand in fear of me.

Re-enter Friar [JACOMO].

F. Jac. O brother, all the n⁹s are dead, let's
bury them.

F. Barn. First help to bury this, then go with
me 45

And help me to exclaim aga¹⁰ t the Jew.

³ The interior of a convent.

⁵ Plot.

⁴ Hated.

⁶ Secret.

F. Jac. Why, what has he done?
F. Barn. A thing that makes me tremble to unfold.
F. Jac. What, has he crucified a child?
F. Barn. No, but a worse thing 't was told me in shrift,
 Thou know'st 't is death an if it be reveal'd.⁵⁰
 Come, let's away. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV

[SCENE I.]¹

Enter BARABAS and ITHAMORE. Bells within.

Bar. There is no music to² a Christian's knell:

How sweet the bells ring now the nuns are dead,
 That sound at other times like tinker's pans!
 I was afraid the poison had not wrought;
 Or, though it wrought, it would have done no good,⁵

For every year they swell, and yet they live,
 Now all are dead, not one remains alive.

Itha. That's brave, master, but think you it will not be known?

Bar. How can it, if we two be secret?¹⁰

Itha. For my part fear you not.

Bar. I'd cut thy throat if I did.

Itha. And reason too

But here's a royal monastery hard by;
 Good master, let me poison all the monks.¹⁵

Bar. Thou shalt not need, for now the nuns are dead

They'll die with grief.

Itha. Do you not sorrow for your daughter's death?

Bar. No, but I grieve because she liv'd so long.

An Hebrew born, and would become a Christian!²⁰

Cazzo,³ diavolo.

Enter Friar JACOMO and Friar BARNARDINE.

Itha. Look, look, master, here come two religious caterpillars.

Bar. I smelt 'em ere they came.²⁴

Itha. God-a-mercy, nose! Come, let's begone.

F. Barn. Stay, wicked Jew, repent, I say, and stay.

F. Jac. Thou hast offended, therefore must be damn'd.

Bar. I fear they know we sent the poison'd broth.

Itha. And so do I, master; therefore speak 'em fair.

F. Barn. Barabas, thou hast³⁰

F. Jac. Ay, that thou hast

Bar. True, I have money, what though I have?

F. Barn. Thou art a

F. Jac. Ay, that thou art, a

Bar. What needs all this? I know I am a Jew.

F. Barn. Thy daughter ——³⁵

F. Jac. Ay, thy daughter ——

Bar. O speak not of her! then I die with grief.

F. Barn. Remember that ——

F. Jac. Ay, remember that ——⁴⁰

Bar. I must needs say that I have been a great usurer.

F. Barn. Thou hast committed

Bar. Fornication — but that was in another country; and besides, the wench is dead.

F. Barn. Ay, but, Barabas,⁴⁵
 Remember Mathias and Don Lodowick.

Bar. Why, what of them?

F. Barn. I will not say that by a forg'd challenge they met.

Bar. [*Aside.*] She has confest, and we are both undone, —

My bosom inmates! —— but I must dissemble. — *Aside.*

O holy friars, the burden of my sins⁵¹

Lie heavy on my soul; then pray you tell me,

Is't not too late now to turn Christian?

I have been zealous in the Jewish faith,

Hard-hearted to the poor, a covetous wretch,⁵⁵

That would for lucre's sake have sold my soul.

A hundred for a hundred I have ta'en;

And now for store of wealth may I compare

With all the Jews of Malta; but what is wealth?

I am a Jew, and therefore am I lost.⁶⁰

Would penance serve [to atone]⁴ for this my sin,

I could afford to whip myself to death

Itha. And so could I; but penance will not serve.

Bar. To fast, to pray, and wear a shirt of hair,

And on my knees creep to Jerusalem.⁶⁵

Cellars of wine, and cellars⁵ full of wheat,

Warehouses stuff'd with spices and with drugs,

Whole chests of gold, in bullion, and in coin,

Besides I know not how much weight in pearl,

Orient and round, have I within my house;⁷⁰

At Alexandria, merchandise unsold:

But yesterday two ships went from this town,

Their voyage will be worth ten thousand crowns.

In Florence, Venice, Antwerp, London, Seville,

Frankfort, Lubbeck, Moscow, and where not,⁷⁵

Have I debts owing; and in most of these,

Great sums of money lying in the banco;

All this I'll give to some religious house

So I may be baptiz'd, and live therein.

F. Jac. O good Barabas, come to our house.

F. Barn. O no, good Barabas, come to our house;⁸¹

And, Barabas, you know

Bar. I know that I have highly sinn'd.

You shall convert me, you shall have all my wealth.

F. Jac. O Barabas, their laws are strict.⁸⁵

Bar. I know they are, and I will be with you.

F. Barn. They wear no shirts, and they go barefoot too.

Bar. Then 't is not for me; and I am resolv'd

You shall confess me, and have all my goods.

¹ A street. ² Equal to. ³ A petty oath. (Italian).

⁴ Dyce emend. Q. omits.

⁵ Lofts.

F. Jac. Good Barabas, come to me. ⁹⁰
Bar. You see I answer him, and yet he stays;
 Rid him away, and go you home with me.
F. Jac. I'll be with you to-night.
Bar. Come to my house at one o'clock this
 night.
F. Jac. You hear your answer, and you may
 be gone. ⁹⁵
F. Barn. Why, go, get you away.
F. Jac. I will not go for thee.
F. Barn. Not! then I'll make thee, [rogue] ¹
F. Jac. How, dost call me rogue? *They fight.*
Itha. Part 'em, master, part 'em. ¹⁰⁰
[Bar.] This is mere frailty, brethren; be content.

Friar Barnadine, go you with *Ithamore*;
 You know my mind, let me alone with him.
[Aside to F. BARNARDINE.]
F. Jac. Why does he go to thy house? Let
 him be gone.
Bar. I'll give him something and so stop his
 mouth. ¹⁰⁵

Exit [ITHAMORE with Friar BARNARDINE]

I never heard of any man but he
 Malen'd the order of the Jacobins:
 But do you think that I believe his words?
 Why, brother, you converted Abigail;
 And I am bound in charity to requite it, ¹¹⁰
 And so I will. O *Jacomo*, fail not, but come.
F. Jac. But, Barabas, who shall be your god-
 fathers?

For presently you shall be shriv'd.
Bar. Marry, the Turk ² shall be one of my
 godfathers,

But not a word to any of your convent. ¹¹⁵
F. Jac. I warrant thee, Barabas. *Exit.*

Bar. So, now the fear is past, and I am safe,
 For he that shriv'd her is within my house;
 What if I murder'd him ere *Jacomo* comes?
 Now I have such a plot for both their lives ¹²⁰
 As never Jew nor Christian knew the like:
 One turn'd my daughter, therefore he shall die;
 The other knows enough to have my life,
 Therefore 'tis not requisite he should live.
 But are not both these wise men to suppose ¹²⁵
 That I will leave my house, my goods, and all,
 To fast and be well whipt? I'll none of that.
 Now, *Friar Barnardine*, I come to you,
 I'll feast you, lodge you, give you fair words,
 And after that, I and my trusty Turk — ¹³⁰
 No more, but so: it must and shall be done.

[Exit.]
 [SCENE II.] ⁴

Enter [BARABAS and] ITHAMORE.

Bar. *Ithamore*, tell me, is the friar asleep?

Itha. Yes; and I know not what the reason is,
 Do what I can he will not strip himself,
 Nor go to bed, but sleeps in his own clothes.
 I fear he me mistrusts what we intend. ⁵

Bar. No, 'tis an order which the friars use.
 Yet, if he knew our meanings, could he scape?

Itha. No, none can hear him, cry he ne'er so
 loud.

Bar. Why, true, therefore did I place him
 there.

The other chambers open towards the street. ¹⁰

Itha. You loiter, master; wherefore stay we
 thus?

O how I long to see him shake his heels.

Bar. Come on, sirrah.

Off with your girdle, make a handsome noose.

*[ITHAMORE takes off his girdle and
 ties a noose in it.]*

Friar, awake!

*[They put the noose round the Friar's
 neck.]*

F. Barn. What, do you mean to strangle me?

Itha. Yes, 'cause you use to confess.

Bar. Blame not us but the proverb, "Con-
 fess and be hanged." Pull hard!

F. Barn. What, will you [have] ⁶ my life? ²⁰

Bar. Pull hard, I say. — You would have had
 my goods.

Itha. Ay, and our lives too, therefore pull
 amain. *[They strangle him.]*

'Tis neatly done, sir, here's no print at all.

Bar. Then is it as it should be; take him up.

Itha. Nay, master, be rul'd by me a little. ²⁵
*[Stands the body upright against the wall and puts
 a staff in its hand.]* So, let him lean upon his
 staff. Excellent! he stands as if he were beg-
 ging of bacon. ⁶

Bar. Who would not think but that this friar
 liv'd? ³⁰

What time o' night is 't now, sweet *Ithamore*?

Itha. Towards one.

Bar. Then will not *Jacomo* be long from
 hence. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE III.] ⁷

Enter Friar JACOMO.

F. Jac. This is the hour wherein I shall pro-
 ceed; ⁸

O happy hour wherein I shall convert

An infidel, and bring his gold into

Our treasury!

But soft, is not this *Barnardine*? It is; ⁵

And, understanding I should come this way,

Stands here a purpose, meaning me some wrong,

And intercept my going to the Jew. —

Barnardine!

Wilt thou not speak? Thou think'st I see thee
 not; ¹⁰

Away, I'd wish thee, and let me go by.

No, wilt thou not? Nay, then, I'll force my way;

And see, a staff stands ready for the purpose:

As thou lik'st that, stop me another time.

*[Takes the staff and] strikes the
 body, which falls down.*

Enter BARABAS [and ITHAMORE].

Bar. Why, how now, *Jacomo*, what hast thou
 done? ¹⁵

⁵ Q save.

⁶ It would appear from the following scene that the
 body was stood up outside of the house.

⁷ Outside Barabas's house.

⁸ Succeed.

¹ So Tucker Brooke. Q goe

² Ithamore. ³ Convent.

⁴ A room in the house of Barabas.

F. Jac. Why, stricken him that would have struck at me.

Bar. Who is it? Barnardine! Now out, alas, he's slain!

Itha. Ay, master, he's slain; look how his brains drop out on 's nose.

F. Jac. Good sirs, I have done 't, but nobody knows it but you two; I may escape.

Bar. So might my man and I hang with you for company.

Itha. No, let us bear him to the magistrates.

F. Jac. Good Barabas, let me go.

Bar. No, pardon me; the law must have its course.

I must be forc'd to give in evidence,
That being importun'd by this Barnardine

To be a Christian, I shut him out,

And there he sat. Now I, to keep my word,

And give my goods and substance to your house,

Was up thus early, with intent to go

Unto your friary, because you stay'd.

Itha. Fie upon 'em, master; will you turn Christian when holy friars turn devils and murder one another?

Bar. No, for this example I'll remain a Jew: Heaven bless me! What, a friar a murderer!

When shall you see a Jew commit the like?

Itha. Why, a Turk could ha' done no more.

Bar. To-morrow is the sessions; you shall to it.

Come, Ithamore, let's help to take him hence.

F. Jac. Villains, I am a sacred person; touch me not.

Bar. The law shall touch you, we'll but lead you, we.

'Las, I could weep at your calamity!

Take in the staff too, for that must be shown:

Law wills that each particular be known.

Exeunt.

[SCENE IV.]²

Enter Courtesan [BELLAMIRA] and PILIA-BORSA.

Bell. Pilia-Borsa, did'st thou meet with Ithamore?

Pilia. I did.

Bell. And did'st thou deliver my letter?

Pilia. I did.

Bell. And what think'st thou? Will he come?

Pilia. I think so, and yet I cannot tell; for at the reading of the letter he look'd like a man of another world.

Bell. Why so?

Pilia. That such a base slave as he should [10] be saluted by such a tall³ man as I am, from such a beautiful dame as you.

Bell. And what said he?

Pilia. Not a wise word, only gave me a nod, as who should say, "Is it even so?" and so I [15] left him, being driven to a non-plus at the critical aspect of my terrible countenance.

Bell. And where didst meet him?

¹ Delayed.

² A verandah of Bellamira's house.

³ Brave.

Pilia. Upon mine own freehold, within forty feet of the gallows, conning his neck-verse, [20] I take it, looking of⁴ a friar's execution, whom I saluted with an old hempen proverb, *Hodie tibi, cras mihi*, and so I left him to the mercy of the hangman but the exercise⁵ being done, see where he comes.

Enter ITHAMORE.

Itha. I never knew a man take his death so patiently as this friar. He was ready to leap off ere the halter was about his neck; and when the hangman had put on his hempen tippet, he made such haste to his prayers, as if he had [30] had another cure to serve. Well, go whither he will, I'll be none of his followers in haste and, now I think on 't, going to the execution, a fellow met me with a muschatoes⁶ like a raven's wing, and a dagger with a hilt like a warm- [35] ing-pan, and he gave me a letter from one Madam Bellamira, saluting me in such sort as if he had meant to make clean my boots with his lips, the effect was, that I should come to her house. I wonder what the reason is; it [40] may be she sees more in me than I can find in myself. For she writes further, that she loves me ever since she saw me, and who would not requite such love? Here's her house, and here she comes, and now would I were gone; I am [45] not worthy to look upon her.

Pilia. This is the gentleman you writ to.

Itha. [Aside.] Gentleman! he flouts me, what gentry can be in a poor Turk of tenpence? I'll be gone.

Bell. Is 't not a sweet-fac'd youth, Pilia?

Itha. [Aside.] Again, "sweet youth!" — Did not you, sir, bring the sweet youth a letter?

Pilia. I did, sir, and from this gentlewoman, who, as myself, and the rest of the family, [55] stand or fall at your service.

Bell. Though woman's modesty should hale me back,

I can withhold no longer; welcome, sweet love.

Itha. [Aside.] Now am I clean, or rather foully, out of the way.

Bell. Whither so soon?

Itha. [Aside.] I'll go steal some money from my master to make me handsome. — Pray pardon me, I must go and see a ship discharg'd.

Bell. Canst thou be so unkind to leave me thus?

Pilia. An ye did but know how she loves you, sir.

Itha. Nay, I care not how much she loves me — Sweet Bellamira, would I had my master's wealth for thy sake!

Pilia. And you can have it, sir, an if you please.

Itha. If 't were above ground, I could and would have it; but he hides and buries it up, as partridges do their eggs, under the earth.

Pilia. And is 't not possible to find it out?

Itha. By no means possible.

Bell. [Aside to PILIA-BORSA.] What shall we do with this base villain then?

⁴ At.

⁵ Service.

⁶ Mustachios.

Pilia. [*Aside to her.*] Let me alone; do but you speak him fair.
But, [sir.] you know some secrets of the Jew,
Which, if they were reveal'd, would do him harm.

Itha. Ay, and such as—Go to, no more! I'll make him send me half he has, and glad he escapes so too. Pen and ink! I'll write unto him; we'll have money straight.

Pilia. Send for a hundred crowns at least.
[ITHAMORE] writes.

Itha. Ten hundred thousand crowns. "Master Barabas."

Pilia. Write not so submissively, but threatening him.

Itha. [writing.] "Sirrah, Barabas, send me a hundred crowns."

Pilia. Put in two hundred at least.

Itha. [writing.] "I charge thee send me three hundred by this bearer, and this shall be [so] your warrant: if you do not—no more, but so."

Pilia. Tell him you will confess.

Itha. [writing.] "Otherwise I'll confess all."

—Vanish, and return in a twinkling.
Pilia. Let me alone; I'll use him in his kind.

[Exit PILIA-BORSA with the letter.]

Itha. Hang him, Jew!

Bell. Now, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.—Where are my maids? Provide a running¹ banquet;

Send to the merchant, bid him bring me silks,
Shall Ithamore, my love, go in such rags? ¹⁰⁰

Itha. And bid the jeweller come hither too.

Bell. I have no husband, sweet; I'll marry thee.

Itha. Content: but we will leave this paltry land,

And sail from hence to Greece, to lovely Greece.
I'll be thy Jason, thou my golden fleece; ¹⁰⁵
Where painted carpets o'er the meads are hurl'd,

And Bacchus' vineyards overspread the world,
Where woods and forests go in goodly green,
I'll be Adonis, thou shalt be Love's Queen.
The meads, the orchards, and the primrose-
lanes, ¹¹⁰

Instead of sedge and reed, bear sugar-canes;
Thou in those groves, by Dis above,
Shalt live with me and be my love.

Bell. Whither will I not go with gentle Ithamore?

Re-enter PILIA-BORSA.

Itha. How now! hast thou the gold? ¹¹⁵

Pilia. Yes.

Itha. But came it freely? Did the cow give down her milk freely?

Pilia. At reading of the letter, he star'd and stamp'd and turn'd aside. I took him by [120] the beard, and look'd upon him thus; told him he were best to send it; then he hugg'd and embraç'd me.

Itha. Rather for fear than love.

Pilia. Then, like a Jew, he laugh'd and [125]

jeer'd, and told me he lov'd me for your sake, and said what a faithful servant you had been.

Itha. The more villain he to keep me thus. Here's goodly 'parel, is there not? ¹²⁰

Pilia. To conclude, he gave me ten crowns.

[Gives the money to ITHAMORE.]

Itha. But ten? I'll not leave him worth a grey groat. Give me a ream² of paper; we'll have a kingdom of gold for't.

Pilia. Write for five hundred crowns. ¹²⁴

Itha. [writing.] "Sirrah, Jew, as you love your life send me five hundred crowns, and give the bearer one hundred." Tell him I must have't.

Pilia. I warrant your worship shall have't.

Itha. And if he ask why I demand so much, tell him I scorn to write a line under a hundred crowns. ¹⁴¹

Pilia. You'd make a rich poet, sir. I am gone. ^{Exit.}

Itha. Take thou the money; spend it for my sake.

Bell. 'Tis not thy money, but thyself I weigh,
Thus Bellamira esteems of gold. ¹⁴⁵

[Throws it aside.]

But thus of thee.

Itha. That kiss again! she runs division³ of my lips. ^{Kisses him.}

What an eye she casts on me! It twinkles like a star.

Bell. Come, my dear love, let's in and sleep together. ¹⁴⁰

Itha. O, that ten thousand nights were put in one, that we might sleep seven years together afore we wake!

Bell. Come, amorous wag, first banquet, and then sleep. ^{Exit.}

[SCENE V]⁴

Enter BARABAS, reading a letter.

Bar. "Barabas, send me three hundred crowns.—"

Plain Barabas! O, that wicked courtesan!

He was not wont to call me Barabas.

"Or else I will confess:" ay, there it goes:

But, if I get him, *coupe de gorge* for that. ⁵

He sent a shaggy totter'd⁵ staring slave,
That when he speaks draws out his grisly beard,

And winds it twice or thrice about his ear;
Whose face has been a grindstone for men's swords;

His hands are hack'd, some fingers cut quite off; ¹⁰

Who, when he speaks, grunts like a hog, and looks

Like one that is employ'd in catzerie⁶

And crossbiting,⁷—such a rogue

As is the husband to a hundred whores:

And I by him must send three hundred crowns!

Well, my hope is, he will not stay there still; ¹⁵

And when he comes,—O, that he were but here!

² The early form of *ream* had no "l."

³ A musical term.

⁴ The street.

⁵ Playing sham husband to a courtesan.

⁶ Tattered.

⁷ Knavery.

Enter PILIA-BORSA.

Pilia. Jew, I must ha' more gold.

Bar. Why, want'st thou any of thy tale? ¹

Pilia. No; but three hundred will not serve his turn. ²¹

Bar. Not serve his turn, sir?

Pilia. No, sir, and, therefore, I must have five hundred more.

Bar. I'll rather — ²⁵

Pilia. O good words, sir, and send it you were best! See, there's his letter. [*Gives letter.*]

Bar. Might he not as well come as send?

Pray bid him come and fetch it, what he writes for you, ye shall have straight. ³⁰

Pilia. Ay, and the rest too, or else —

Bar. [*Aside*] I must make this villain away. — Please you dine with me, sir; — and you shall be most heartily poison'd.

Aside.

Pilia. No, God-a-mercy. Shall I have these crowns? ³⁵

Bar. I cannot do it, I have lost my keys.

Pilia. O, if that be all, I can pick ope your locks.

Bar. Or climb up to my counting-house window, you know my meaning.

Pilia. I know enough, and therefore talk not to me of your counting-house. The gold! or ⁴¹ know, Jew, it is in my power to hang thee.

Bar. [*Aside*.] I am betray'd. —

'Tis not five hundred crowns that I esteem, I am not mov'd at that: this angers me, ⁴⁵ That he, who knows I love him as myself, Should write in this imperious vein. Why, sir, You know I have no child, and unto whom Should I leave all but unto Ithamore?

Pilia. Here's many words, but no crowns. The crowns! ⁵⁰

Bar. Commend me to him, sir, most humbly, And unto your good mistress, as unknown.

Pilia. Speak, shall I have 'em, sir?

Bar. Sir, here they are. — [*Gives money.*]

O, that I should part with so much gold! — Here, take 'em, fellow, with as good a will — [*Aside*]; As I would see thee hang'd. — O, love stops my breath. ⁵⁶

Never lov'd man servant as I do Ithamore!

Pilia. I know it, sir.

Bar. Pray, when, sir, shall I see you at my house?

Pilia. Soon enough, to your cost, sir. Fare you well. *Exit.* ⁶⁰

Bar. Nay, to thine own cost, villain, if thou com'st!

Was ever Jew tormented as I am?

To have a shag-rag knave to come, —

Three hundred crowns, — and then five hundred crowns!

Well, I must seek a means to rid 'em all, ⁶⁵

And presently, for in his villany He will tell all he knows, and I shall die for 't. I have it:

I will in some disguise go see the slave, ⁶⁹ And how the villain revels with my gold. *Exit.*

[SCENE VI.]²

Enter Courtezan [BELLAMIRA,] ITHAMORE, and PILIA-BORSA.

Bell. I'll pledge thee, love, and therefore drink it off.

Itha. Say'st thou me so? Have at it; and, do you hear? [*Whispers.*]

Bell. Go to, it shall be so.

Itha. Of that condition I will drink it up. Here's to thee!

Bell. Nay, I'll have all or none. ⁵

Itha. There, if thou lov'st me, do not leave a drop.

Bell. Love thee! fill me three glasses.

Itha. Three and fifty dozen, I'll pledge thee.

Pilia. Knave! spoke, and like a knight-at-arms.

Itha. Hey, *Rivo Castigliano*! ⁸ a man's a man!

Bell. Now to the Jew.

Itha. Ha! to the Jew, and send me money he were best.

Pilia. What would'st thou do if he should send thee none?

Itha. Do nothing; but I know what I know; he's a murderer. ¹⁵

Bell. I had not thought he had been so brave a man.

Itha. You knew Mathias and the governor's son, he and I killed 'em both, and yet never touch'd 'em.

Pilia. O, bravely done. ²⁰

Itha. I carried the broth that poison'd the nuns; and he and I, snickle hand too fast, ⁴ strangled a friar.

Bell. You two alone?

Itha. We two; and 't was never known, nor never shall be for me. ²⁵

Pilia. [*Aside to BELLAMIRA.*] This shall with me unto the governor.

Bell. [*Aside to PILIA-BORSA.*] And fit it should, but first let's ha' more gold, — Come, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.

Itha. Love me little, love me long. Let music rumble ³⁰

Whilst I in thy incony ⁵ lap do tumble.

Enter BARABAS, with a lute, disguis'd.

Bell. A French musician! Come, let's hear your skill.

Bar. Must tuna my lute for sound, twang, twang, first.

Itha. Wilt drink, Frenchman? Here's to ³⁵ thee with a — Fox on this drunken hiccup!

Bar. Gramercy, monsieur.

Bell. Prythee, Pilia-Borsa, bid the fiddler give me the posy in his hat there.

Pilia. Sirrah, you must give my mistress your posy; ⁴¹

Bar. A votre commandement, madams.

Bell. How sweet, my Ithamore, the flowers smell!

² A verandah of Bellamira's house.

³ A familiar Bacchanalian exclamation

⁴ Probably corrupt. "Snickle" is a noose.

⁵ Dainty, sweet

Itha. Like thy breath, sweetheart; no violet
like 'em ⁴⁵
Pilia. Foh! methinks they stink like a holly-
hoek.

Bar. [*Aside.*] So, now I am reveng'd upon
'em all.
The scent thereof was death; I poison'd it.

Itha. Play, fiddler, or I'll cut your cat's guts
into chitterlings.

Bar. *Pardonnez moi*, he no in tune yet; so
now, now all be in.

Itha. Give him a crown, and fill me out more
wine.

Pilia. There 's two crowns for thee; play. ⁵⁵
Bar. (*Aside.*) How liberally the villain gives
me mine own gold! [*Plays.*]

Pilia. Methinks he fingers very well.

Bar. (*Aside.*) So did you when you stole my
gold. ⁶⁰

Pilia. How swift he runs!

Bar. (*Aside.*) You run swifter when you
threw my gold out of my window.

Bell. Musician, hast been in Malta long?

Bar. Two, three, four month, madame. ⁶⁵

Itha. Dost not know a Jew, one Barabas?

Bar. Very much; monsieur, you no be his
man?

Pilia. His man?

Itha. I scorn the peasant; tell him so. ⁷⁰

Bar. [*Aside.*] He knows it already.

Itha. 'Tis a strange thing of that Jew, he
lives upon pickled grasshoppers and sauc'd
mushrooms.

Bar. (*Aside.*) What a slave 's this? The gov-
ernor feeds not as I do. ⁷⁵

Itha. He never put on clean shirt since he was
circumcis'd.

Bar. (*Aside.*) O rascal! I change myself twice
a day. ⁸⁰

Itha. The hat he wears, Judas left under the
elder when he hang'd himself. ¹

Bar. (*Aside.*) 'T was sent me for a present
from the great Cham.

Pilia. A musty ² slave he is; — Whither now,
fiddler? ⁸⁵

Bar. *Pardonnez moi, monsieur*, me be no well.
Exit.

Pilia. Farewell, fiddler! One letter more to
the Jew.

Bell. Prythee, sweet love, one more, and
write it sharp. ⁹⁰

Itha. No, I'll send by word of mouth now.
— Bid him deliver thee a thousand crowns, by

the same token, that the nuns lov'd rice,
that Friar Barnardine slept in his own clothes;
any of 'em will do it. ⁹⁵

Pilia. Let me alone to urge it, now I know
the meaning.

Itha. The meaning has a meaning. Come
let 's in.

To undo a Jew is charity, and not sin. *Exeunt.*

¹ Referring to the tradition that Judas Iscariot
hanged himself upon an elder-tree.

² Q. sty.

ACT V

[SCENE I.] ²

*Enter FERNEZE, Knights, DEL BOSCO, [and
Officers].*

Fern. Now, gentlemen, betake you to your
arms,

And see that Malta be well fortifi'd;
And it behoves you to be resolute;
For Calymath, having hover'd here so long,
Will win the town, or die before the walls. ⁵
1 Knight. And die he shall, for we will never
yield.

*Enter COURTESAN [BELLAMIRA] and PILIA-
BORSA.*

Bell. O, bring us to the governor.

Fern. Away with her! she is a courtesan.

Bell. Whate'er I am, yet, governor, hear me
speak; ⁹

I bring thee news by whom thy son was slain:
Mathias did it not; it was the Jew.

Pilia. Who, besides the slaughter of these
gentlemen,

Poison'd his own daughter and the nuns,
Strangled a friar and I know not what ¹⁴

Mischief beside.

Fern. Had we but proof of this —

Bell. Strong proof, my lord; his man 's now
at my lodging,

That was his agent; he'll confess it all.

Fern. Go fetch him straight [*Exeunt Officers.*]
I always fear'd that Jew.

Enter [Officers with] BARABAS and ITHAMORE.

Bar. I'll go alone; dogs! do not hale me
thus.

Itha. Nor me neither, I cannot outrun you,
constable: — O my belly! ²¹

Bar. [*Aside.*] One dram of powder more had
made all sure.

What a damn'd slave was I!

Fern. Make fires, heat irons, let the rack be
fetch'd.

1 Knight. Nay, stay, my lord; 't may be he
will confess. ²⁵

Bar. Confess! what mean you, lords? Who
should confess?

Fern. Thou and thy Turk; 't was you that
slew my son.

Itha. Guilty, my lord, I confess. Your son
and Mathias were both contracted unto Abi-
gail; he forg'd a counterfeit challenge. ³⁰

Bar. Who carried that challenge?

Itha. I carried it, I confess; but who writ it?
Marry, even he that strangled Barnardine,
poison'd the nuns and his own daughter.

Fern. Away with him! his sight is death to
me. ³⁵

Bar. For what, you men of Malta? Hear me
speak:

She is a courtesan, and he a thief,

And he my bondman. Let me have law,
For none of this can prejudice my life.

Fern. Once more, away with him, you shall have law.

Bar. [*Aside.*] Devils, do your worst! I'll live in spite of you. —
As these have spoke, so be it to their souls! —
[*Aside.*] I hope the poison'd flowers will work anon.

Exeunt [Officers with BARABAS and ITHAMORE, BELLAMIRA and PILLIA-BORSA].

Enter [KATHERINE].¹

Kath. Was my Mathias murder'd by the Jew?
Ferneze, 't was thy son that murder'd him.

Fern. Be patient, gentle madam, it was he,
He forg'd the daring challenge made them fight.

Kath. Where is the Jew? Where is that murderer?

Fern. In prison till the law has pass'd on him.

Re-enter [First] Officer.

1 *Off.* My lord, the courtesan and her man are dead: ⁵⁰

So is the Turk and Barabas the Jew.

Fern. Dead!

1 *Off.* Dead, my lord, and here they bring his body.

Bosco. This sudden death of his is very strange.

Fern. Wonder not at it, sir, the Heavens are just; ⁵⁵

Their deaths were like their lives, then think not of 'em.

Since they are dead, let them be buried;
For the Jew's body, throw that o'er the walls,

To be a prey for vultures and wild beasts. —
So now away, and fortify the town. *Exeunt.* ⁶⁰

[SCENE II.]

[BARABAS discovered rising.]²

Bar. What, all alone? Well fare, sleepy drink.

I'll be reveng'd on this accursed town;
For by my means Calymath shall enter in.

I'll help to slay their children and their wives,
To fire the churches, pull their houses down, ⁵

Take my goods too, and seize upon my lands.
I hope to see the governor a slave,

And, rowing in a galley, whipt to death.

Enter CALYMATH, Bassoes, and Turks.

Caly. Whom have we there, a spy?

Bar. Yes, my good lord, one that can spy a place ¹⁰

Where you may enter, and surprise the town:
My name is Barabas: I am a Jew.

Caly. Art thou that Jew whose goods we heard were sold

For tribute-money?

Bar. The very same, my lord:
And since that time they have hir'd a slave, my man, ¹⁵

¹ Q. Mater.

² Outside the city walls.

To accuse me of a thousand villanies:
I was imprison'd, but escap'd their hands.

Caly. Didst break prison?

Bar. No, no,

I drank of poppy and cold mandrake juice; ²⁰
And being asleep, behke they thought me dead,
And threw me o'er the walls. so, or how else,

The Jew is here, and rests at your command.

Caly. 'T was bravely done. but tell me, Barabas, ²⁴

Canst thou, as thou report'st, make Malta ours?

Bar. Fear not, my lord, for here against the sluice ³

The rock is hollow, and of purpose digg'd
To make a passage for the running streams

And common channels of the city.
Now, whilst you give assault unto the walls, ³⁰

I'll lead five hundred soldiers through the vault,
And use the murtherers in the middle of the town,

Open the gates for you to enter in;
And by this means the city is your own. ³⁴

Caly. If this be true, I'll make thee governor.

Bar. And if it be not true, then let me die.

Caly. Thou'st doom'd thyself. Assault it presently.⁴ *Exeunt.*

[SCENE III.]⁵

Alarums. *Enter* [CALYMATH, Bassoes,] Turks, and BARABAS, with FERNEZE and Knights prisoners.

Caly. Now vail ⁶ your pride, you captive Christians,

And kneel for mercy to your conquering foe.
Now where's the hope you had of haughty

Spain?
Ferneze, speak, had it not been much better ⁴

To keep thy promise than be thus surpris'd?

Fern. What should I say? We are captives and must yield.

Caly. Ay, villains, you must yield, and under Turkish yokes

Shall groaning bear the burden of our ire;
And, Barabas, as erst we promis'd thee,

For thy desert we make thee governor; ¹⁰
Use them at thy discretion.

Bar. Thanks, my lord.
Fern. O fatal day, to fall into the hands

Of such a traitor and unhallowed Jew!
What greater misery could Heaven inflict?

Caly. 'T is our command: and, Barabas, we give ¹⁵

To guard thy person these our Janizaries:
Entreat them well, as we have used thee.

And now, brave bassoes, come, we'll walk about

The ruin'd town, and see the wrack we made: — ¹⁹

Farewell, brave Jew; farewell, great Barabas!

Exeunt [CALYMATH and Bassoes].

Bar. May all good fortune follow Calymath!
And now, as entrance to our safety,

To prison with the governor and these Captains, his consorts and confederates.

³ Conj. Collier. Q. truce.

⁴ At once.

⁵ An open place in the city.

⁶ Lower.

⁷ Q. kept.

Fern. O villain ! Heaven will be reveng'd on thee.

Ereunt [Turks, with FERNEZE and Knights.]

Bar. Away ! no more ; let him not trouble me.¹
Thus hast thou gotten, by thy policy,
No simple place, no small authority.
I now am governor of Malta ; true, —
But Malta hates me, and, in hating me,
My life 's in danger, and what boots it thee,
Poor Barabas, to be the governor,
Whenas thy life shall be at their command ?
No, Barabas, this must be look'd into ;
And since by wrong thou got'st authority,
Maintain it bravely by firm policy,
At least unprofitably lose it not :
For he that liveth in authority,
And neither gets him friends, nor fills his bags,
Lives like the ass, that Aesop speaketh of,
That labours with a load of bread and wine,
And leaves it off to snap on thistle-tops :
But Barabas will be more circumspect.
Begin betimes ; occasion's bald behind,
Shp not thine opportunity, for fear too late
Thou seek'st for much, but canst not compass
it. —
Within here !

Enter FERNEZE, with a Guard.

Fern. My lord ?

Bar. Ay, "lord," thus slaves will learn.
Now, governor ; — stand by there, wait within.
[*Ereunt* Guard.]

This is the reason that I sent for thee.
Thou seest thy life and Malta's happiness
Are at my arbitrement ; and Barabas
At his discretion may dispose of both ;
Now tell me, governor, and plainly too,
What think'st thou shall become of it and thee ?

Fern. This, Barabas ; since things are in thy
power,
I see no reason but of Malta's wrack,
Nor hope of thee but extreme cruelty ;
Nor fear I death, nor will I flatter thee.

Bar. Governor, good words ; be not so furious.
'T is not thy life which can avail me aught ;
Yet you do live, and live for me you shall :
And, as for Malta's ruin, think you not
'T were slender policy for Barabas
To dispossess himself of such a place ?
For sith, as once you said, 't is in² this isle,
In Malta here, that I have got my goods,
And in this city still have had success,
And now at length am grown your governor,
Yourselves shall see it shall not be forgot :
For, as a friend not known but in distress,
I'll rear up Malta, now remediless.

Fern. Will Barabas recover Malta's loss ?
Will Barabas be good to Christians ?

Bar. What wilt thou give me, governor, to
procure

A dissolution of the slavish bands
Wherein the Turk hath yok'd your land and you ?
What will you give me if I render you

¹ The scene is here supposed to shift to the governor's residence inside the citadel

² 'T is in, Cunningham emend. Q. *within*.

The life of Calymath, surprise his men,
And in an outhouse of the city shut
His soldiers, till I have consum'd 'em all with
fire ?

What will you give him that procureth this ?
Fern. Do but bring this to pass which thou
pretendest,

Deal truly with us as thou intimatest,
And I will send amongst the citizens,
And by my letters privately procure
Great sums of money for thy recompense
Nay more, do this, and live thou governor still.

Bar. Nay, do thou this, Ferneze, and be free ;
Governor, I enlarge thee ; live with me,
Go walk about the city, see thy friends :
Tush, send not letters to 'em, go thyself,
And let me see what money thou caust make.
Here is my hand that I'll set Malta free :

And thus we cast it : to a solemn feast
I will invite young Selim Calymath,
Where he thou present only to perform
One stratagem that I'll impart to thee,
Wherein no danger shall betide thy life,
And I will warrant Malta free for ever.

Fern. Here is my hand, believe me, Barabas,
I will be there, and do as thou desirest.
When is the time ?

Bar. Governor, presently :
For Calymath, when he hath view'd the town,
Will take his leave and sail toward Ottoman.

Fern. Then will I, Barabas, about his coin,¹⁰⁵
And bring it with me to thee in the evening.

Bar. Do so, but fail not ; now farewell, Ferne-
ze ! — [Exit FERNEZE.]

And thus far roundly goes the business :
Thus loving neither, will I live with both,
Making a profit of my policy ;
And he from whom my most advantage comes
Shall be my friend.

This is the life we Jews are us'd to lead ;
And reason too, for Christians do the like.
Well, now about effecting this device ;
First to surprise great Selim's soldiers,
And then to make provision for the feast,
That at one instant all things may be done.
My policy detests prevention :
To what event my secret purpose drives,
I know ; and they shall witness with their lives.
Exit.

[SCENE IV.]³

Enter CALYMATH and Bassoes.

Caly. Thus have we view'd the city, seen the
sack

And caus'd the ruins to be new-repair'd,
Which with our bombards⁴ shot and basilisk
We rent in sunder at our entry :

And now I see the situation,
And how secure this conquer'd island stands
Environ'd with the Mediterranean Sea,
Strong-countermin'd with other petty isles ;
And, toward Calabria, back'd by Sicily,
Where Syracusan Dionysius reign'd,
Two lofty turrets that command the town.
I wonder how it could be conquer'd thus.

³ Outside the city walls.

⁴ Cannons.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. From Barabas, Malta's governor, I bring
A message unto mighty Calymath,
Hearing his sovereign was bound for sea, 15
To sail to Turkey, to great Ottoman,
He humbly would entreat your majesty
To come and see his homely citadel,
And banquet with him ere thou leav'st the isle.

Caly. To banquet with him in his citadel? 20
I fear me, messenger, to feast my train
Within a town of war so lately pullag'd
Will be too costly and too troublesome:
Yet would I gladly visit Barabas,
For well has Barabas deserv'd of us. 25

Mess. Selim, for that, thus saith the governor,
That he hath in his store a pearl so big,
So precious, and withal so orient,
As, be it valued but indifferently,
The price thereof will serve to entertain 30
Selim and all his soldiers for a month;
Therefore he humbly would entreat your
highness
Not to depart till he has feasted you.

Caly. I cannot feast my men in Malta-walls,
Except he place his tables in the streets. 35

Mess. Know, Selim, that there is a monastery
Which standeth as an outhouse to the town.
There will he banquet them; but thee at home,
With all thy bassoes and brave followers.

Caly. Well, tell the governor we grant his
suit. 40

We'll in this summer evening feast with him.

Mess. I shall, my lord. *Exit.*

Caly. And now, bold bassoes, let us to our
tents,
And meditate how we may grace us best
To solemnize our governor's great feast. 45

Exeunt.

[SCENE V.]¹

Enter FERNEZE, Knights, and DEL BOSCO.

Fern. In this, my countrymen, be rul'd by me,
Have special care that no man sally forth
Till you shall hear a culverin discharg'd
By him that bears the linstock, kindled thus;
Then issue out and come to rescue me, 5
For happily I shall be in distress,
Or you released of this servitude.

1 *Knight.* Rather than thus to live as Turk-
ish thralls,

What will we not adventure?

Fern. On then, begone.

Knights. Farewell, grave governor! 10

[*Exeunt on one side Knights and DEL BOSCO; on the other FERNEZE.*]

[SCENE VI.]²

*Enter, above, [BARABAS,] with a hammer, very
busy; [and Carpenters].*

Bar. How stands the cords? How hang these
hinges? Fast?

Are all the cranes and pulleys sure?

¹ A street in Malta.

² A hall in the citadel, with a liery at the end.

1 *Carp.*

Bar. Leave nothing loose, all levell'd to my
mind.

Why now I see that you have art indeed.

There, carpenters, divide that gold amongst
you: [Gives money.] 5

Go swill in bowls of sack and muscadine!

Down to the cellar, taste of all my wines.

1 *Carp.* We shall, my lord, and thank you.

Exeunt [Carpenters].

Bar. And, if you like them, drink your fill
and die.

For so I live, perish may all the world! 10

Now, Selim Calymath, return me word

That thou wilt come, and I am satisfied.

Enter Messenger.

Now, sirrah, what, will he come?

Mess. He will; and has commanded all his
men

To come ashore, and march through Malta
streets, 15

That thou may'st feast them in thy citadel.

Bar. Then now are all things as my wish
would have 'em,

There wanteth nothing but the governor's pelf,
And see, he brings it.

Enter FERNEZE.

Now, governor, the sum,

Fern. With free consent, a hundred thousand
pounds.

Bar. Pounds, say'st thou, governor? Well,
since it is no more,

I'll satisfy myself with that; nay, keep it still,
For if I keep not promise, trust not me.

And, governor, now partake my policy:
First, for his army; they are sent before, 25

Enter'd the monastery, and underneath
In several places are field-pieces pitch'd,

Bombards, whole barrels full of gunpowder
That on the sudden shall disserve it,

And batter all the stones about their ears, 30
Whence none can possibly escape alive.

Now as for Calymath and his consorts
Here have I made a dainty gallery,

The floor whereof, this cable being cut,
Doth fall asunder; so that it doth sink 35

Into a deep pit past recovery.

Here, hold that knife [*throws down a knife*], and
when thou seest he comes,

And with his bassoes shall be blithely set,
A warning-piece shall be shot off from the tower,

To give thee knowledge when to cut the cord [40
And fire the house; say, will not this be brave?

Fern. O excellent! here, hold thee, Barab,
I trust thy word, take what I promis'd thee.

Bar. No, governor, I'll satisfy thee first,
Thou shalt not live in doubt of anything. 45

Stand close,³ for here they come [*FERNEZE re-
tires*]. Why, is not this

A kindly kind of trade to purchase tow
By treachery and sell 'em by deceit?

Now tell me, worldlings, underneath the sun
If greater falsehood ever has been done? 50

³ Con. led.

Enter CALYMATH and Bassoes.

Caly. Come, my companion bassoes; see, I pray,

How busy Barabas is there above
To entertain us in his gallery;
Let us salute him Save thee, Barabas!

Bar. Welcome, great Calymath!

Fern. [*Aside.*] How the slave jeers at him.

Bar. Will 't please thee, mighty Selim Calymath,

To ascend our homely stairs?

Caly. Ay, Barabas;—

Come bassoes, attend.¹

Fern. [*coming forward.*] Stay, Calymath!

For I will show thee greater courtesy

Than Barabas would have afforded thee.

Knight [*within.*] Sound a charge there!

A charge [*sounded within.* *FERN-
EZE*] cuts the cord: [*the floor of the
gallery gives way, and BARABAS
falls into*] a caldron.

[*Enter DEL BOSCO and Knights.*]

Caly. How now! what means this?

Bar. Help, help me! Christians, help!

See. See, Calymath, this was devis'd for thee!

Caly. Treason! treason! bassoes, fly!

Fern. No, Selim, do not fly;

See his end first, and fly then if thou canst.

Bar. O help me, Selim! help me, Christians!

Governor, why stand you all so pitiless?

Fern. Should I in pity of thy plants or thee,

Accursed Barabas, base Jew, relent?

No, thus I'll see thy treachery repaid,

But wish thou hadst behav'd thee otherwise.

Bar. You will not help me, then?

Fern. No, villain, no.

Bar. And, villains, know you cannot help me now.—

Then, Barabas, breathe forth thy latest [hate,]²

And in the fury of thy torments strive

To end thy life with resolution.

Know, governor, 't was I that slew thy son;

I fram'd the challenge that did make them meet.

Know, Calymath, I aim'd thy overthrow,

And had I but escap'd this stratagem,

I would have brought confusion on you all,

Damn'd Christians, dogs, and Turkish infidels!

But now begins the extremity of heat

To pinch me with intolerable pangs.

¹ Dyce, *ascend* ² C ingh emend. Q. *fate*.

Die, life! fly, soul! tongue, curse thy fill, and die!

Caly. Tell me, you Christians, what doth this portend?

Fern. This train he laid to have entrapp'd thy life.

Now, Selim, note the unhallowed deeds of Jews:

Thus he determin'd to have handled thee,

But I have rather chose to save thy life.

Caly. Was this the banquet he prepar'd for us?

Let's hence, lest further mischief be pretended.

Fern. Nay, Selim, stay, for since we have thee here,

We will not let thee part so suddenly:

Besides, if we should let thee go, all's one,

For with thy galleys could'st thou not get hence,

Without fresh men to rig and furnish them.

Caly. Tush, governor, take thou no care for that,

My men are all aboard,

And do attend my coming there by this.

Fern. Why heard'st thou not the trumpet sound a charge?

Caly. Yes, what of that?

Fern. Why then the house was fir'd,

Blown up, and all thy soldiers massacred.

Caly. O monstrous treason!

Fern. A Jew's courtesy:

For he that did by treason work our fall,

By treason hath delivered thee to us.

Know, therefore, till thy father hath made good

The ruins done to Malta and to us,

Thou canst not part; for Malta shall be freed,

Or Selim ne'er return to Ottoman.

Caly. Nay, rather, Christians, let me go to Turkey,

In person there to mediate⁴ your peace;

To keep me here will naught advantage you.

Fern. Content thee, Calymath, here thou must stay,

And live in Malta prisoner; for come all the world

To rescue thee, so will we guard us now,

As sooner shall they drink the ocean dry

Than conquer Malta, or endanger us.

So march away, and let due praise be given

Neither to Fate nor Fort⁵, but to Heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

³ Intended.

⁴ Q. *mediate*.

THE TROUBLESOME REIGN AND LAMENT- ABLE DEATH OF EDWARD THE SECOND

BY

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING EDWARD THE SECOND.
PRINCE EDWARD, his Son, afterwards King Edward the Third.
EARL OF KENT, Brother to King Edward the Second.
GAVESTON.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
BISHOP OF COVENTRY
BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.
WARWICK.
LANCASTER.
PEMBROKE.
ARUNDEL.
LEICESTER.
BERKELEY.
MORTIMER, the elder.
MORTIMER, the younger, his Nephew.
SPENCER, the elder.
SPENCER, the younger, his Son.

BALDOCK.
BEAUMONT.
TRUSSEL.
GURNEY.
MATREVIS.
LIGHTBORN.
SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT.
LEVUNE.
RICE AP HOWELL.
Abbot, Monks, Herald, Lords, Poor Men,
JAMES, Mower, Champion, Messengers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.

Q UEN ISABELLA, Wife to King Edward the Second.
Niece to King Edward the Second, daughter to the Duke of Gloucester.
Ladies.]

[ACT I]

[SCENE I.]¹

Enter GAVESTON, reading on a letter that was brought him from the King.

Gaveston. "My father is deceas'd! Come,
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend."
Ah! words that make me surfeit with delight!
What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston
Than live and be the favourite of a king! 5
Sweet prince, I come; these, these thy amorous lines
Might have enforc'd me to have swum from France,
And, like Leander, gasp'd upon the sand,
So thou would'st smile, and take me in thine arms.
The sight of London to my exil'd eyes 10
Is as Elysium to a new-come soul;
Not that I love the city, or the men.
But that it harbours him I hold so dear—
The king, upon whose bosom let me die,²
And with the world be still at enmity. 15
What need the arctic people love starlight,
To whom the sun shines both by day and night?

¹ A street in London.

² Dyce emends to *lie*. *Die* may be used in the sense of "swoon."

Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers!
My knee shall bow to none but to the king.
As for the multitude, that are but sparks 20
Rak'd up in embers of their poverty,—
*Tanti!*³ I'll fawn first on the wind
That glanceth at my lips, and flyeth away.

Enter three Poor Men.

But how now, what are these?
Poor Men. Such as desire your worship's service. 25
Gav. What canst thou do?
1 *P. Man.* I can ride.
Gav. But I have no horses.—What art thou?
2 *P. Man.* A traveller.
Gav. Let me see: thou would'st do well 30
To wait at my trencher and tell me lies at dinner time;
And as I like your discoursing, I'll have you.—
And what art thou?
3 *P. Man.* A soldier that hath serv'd against the Scot.
Gav. Why, there are hospitals for such as 35
I have no war, and therefore, sir, begone.
3 *P. Man.* Farewell, and perish by a soldier's hand,
That would'st reward them with an hospital.

³ "So much for them."

Gav. Ay, ay, these words of his move me as much

As if a goose should play the porpentine, 40
And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breast.

But yet it is no pain to speak men fair;
I'll flatter these, and make them live in hope. — [Aside.]

You know that I came lately out of France,
And yet I have not view'd my lord the king; 45
If I speed well, I'll entertain you all.

All. We thank you worship.

Gav. I have some business. Leave me to myself.

All. We will wait here about the court.

Exeunt.

Gav. Do — These are not men for me: 50

I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
Musicians, that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant king which way I please.
Music and poetry is his delight;

Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night, 55
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows;
And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,
Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad;
My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat-feet dance an antic hay.¹

Sometime a lovely boy in Dian's shape, 61
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
Crowns of pearl about his naked arms,
And in his sportful hands an olive tree,
To hide those parts which men delight to see, 65
Shall bathe him in a spring; and there hard by,
One like Actæon peeping through the grove
Shall by the angry goddess be transform'd,
And running in the likeness of an hart
By yelping hounds pull'd down, and seem to 70
die; —

Such things as these best please his majesty,
My lord. — Here comes the king, and the nobles

From the parliament. I'll stand aside.

[Retires.]

*Enter KING [EDWARD], LANCASTER, the Elder
MORTIMER, Young MORTIMER, EDMUND,
EARL of KENT; GUY, EARL of WARWICK,
and [Attendants].*

K. Edw. Lancaster!

Lan. My lord.

Gav. That Earl of Lancaster do I abhor. 75

[Aside.]
K. Edw. Will you not grant me this? — In spite of them

I'll have my will; and these two Mortimers,
That cross me thus, shall know I am displeas'd.

[Aside.]
E. Mor. If you love us, my lord, hate Gaveston. 80

Gav. That villain Mortimer! I'll be his death. [Aside.]

Y. Mor. Mine uncle here, this earl, and I myself

Were sworn to your father at his death,
That he should ne'er return into the realm;

And know, my lord, ere I will break my oath,
This sword of mine, that should offend your 86
foes,

Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,
And underneath thy banners march who will,
For Mortimer will hang his armour up.

Gav. Mort Dieu! [Aside.]

K. Edw. Well, Mortimer, I'll make thee rue these words. 91

Beseems it thee to contradict thy king?
Frown'st thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster?

The sword shall plane the furrows of thy brows,

And hew these knees that now are grown so stiff. 95

I will have Gaveston; and you shall know

What danger 't is to stand against your king.
Gav. Well done, Ned! [Aside.]

Lan. My lord, why do you thus incense your peers,

That naturally would love and honour you? 100
But for that base and obscure Gaveston?

Four earldoms have I, besides Lancaster —
Derby, Salisbury, Lincoln, Leicester, —

These will I sell, to give my soldiers pay,
Ere Gaveston shall stay within the realm; 105
Therefore, if he be come, expel him straight.

Kent. Barons and earls, your pride hath made me mute;

But now I'll speak, and to the proof, I hope.

I do remember, in my father's days,
Lord Percy of the north, being highly mov'd,
Braved Mowbray² in presence of the king; 111
For which, had not his highness lov'd him well,
He should have lost his head; but with his look
The undaunted spirit of Percy was appeas'd,
And Mowbray and he were reconcil'd: 115

Yet dare you brave the king unto his face? —
Brother, revenge it, and let these their heads

Preach upon poles, for trespass of their tongues.
War. O, our heads!

K. Edw. Ay, yours; and therefore I would wish you grant — 120

War. Bridle thy anger, gentle Mortimer.

Y. Mor. I cannot, nor I will not; I must speak. —

Cousin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,
And strike off his that makes you threaten us. 124

Come, uncle, let us leave the brain-sick king,
And henceforth parle with our naked swords.

E. Mor. Wiltshire hath men enough to save our heads.

War. All Warwickshire will love him for my sake.³

Lan. And northward Gaveston hath many friends. —

Adieu, my lord; d either change your mind, 130

Or look to see the throne, where you should sit,
To float in blood; and at thy wanton head,
The glozing⁴ head of thy base minion thrown.

Exeunt [all except KING EDWARD, KENT, GAVESTON, and Attendants].

² Mowbray, but the Q. spelling indicates the pronunciation

³ This line and the next are ironical. * Flattering.

¹ A rural dance.

K. Edw. I cannot brook these haughty men-aces.

Am I a king, and must be overrul'd? — 138

Brother, display my ensigns in the field;
I'll bandy¹ with the barons and the earls,
And either die or live with Gaveston.

Gav. I can no longer keep me from my lord. [Comes forward.]

K. Edw. What, Gaveston! welcome! — Kiss not my hand — 140

Embrace me, Gaveston, as I do thee.
Why should'st thou kneel? Know'st thou not who I am?

Thy friend, thyself, another Gaveston!
Not Hylas was more mourn'd of Heicules,
Than thou hast been of me since thy exile. 145

Gav. And since I went from hence, no soul in hell

Hath felt more torment than poor Gaveston.

K. Edw. I know it. — Brother, welcome home my friend.

Now let the treacherous Mortimers conspire,
And that high-minded Earl of Lancaster. 150
I have my wish, in that I joy thy sight;
And sooner shall the sea o'erwhelm my land,
Than bear the ship that shall transport thee hence.

I here create thee Lord High Chamberlain,
Chief Secretary to the state and me. 155

Earl of Cornwall, King and Lord of Man.
Gav. My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.

Kent. Brother, the least of these may well suffice

For one of greater birth than Gaveston.

K. Edw. Cease, brother, for I cannot brook these words. 160

Thy worth, sweet friend, is far above my gifts.
Therefore, to equal it, receive my heart.

If for these dignities thou be envied,
I'll give thee more; for, but to honour thee,
Is Edward pleas'd with kingly regiment.² 165
Fear'st³ thou thy person? Thou shalt have a guard.

Wantest thou gold? Go to my treasury.
Wouldst thou be lov'd and fear'd? Receive my seal;

Save or condemn, and in our name command
Whatso thy mind effects, or fancy likes, 170

Gav. It shall suffice me to enjoy your love,
Which whiles I have. I think myself as great
As Caesar riding in the Roman street,
With captive kings at his triumphant car.

Enter the BISHOP of COVENTRY.

K. Edw. Whither goes my lord of Coventry so fast? 175

B. of Cov. To celebrate your father's exequies.

But is that wicked Gaveston return'd?

K. Edw. Ay, priest, and lives to be reveng'd on thee,

That wert the only cause of his exile.

Gav. 'T is true; and but for reverence of these robes, 180

¹ Contend.

² Rule.

³ Fear'st for.

Thou should'st not plod one foot beyond this place.

B. of Cov. I did no more than I was bound to do;

And, Gaveston, unless thou be reclaim'd,
As then I did incense the parliament,
So will I now, and thou shalt back to France.

Gav. Saving your reverence, you must pardon me. 185

K. Edw. Throw off his golden mitre, rend his stole,

And in the channel⁴ christen him anew.

Kent. Ah, brother, lay not violent hands on him!

For he'll complain unto the see of Rome. 190

Gav. Let him complain unto the see of hell;
I'll be reveng'd on him for my exile.

K. Edw. No, spare his life, but seize upon his goods.

Be thou lord bishop and receive his rents,
And make him serve thee as thy chaplain. 195

I give him thee — here, use him as thou wilt.

Gav. He shall to prison, and there die in bolts.

K. Edw. Ay, to the Tower, the Fleet, or where thou wilt.

B. of Cov. For this offence, be thou accurst of God!

K. Edw. Who's there? Convey this priest to the Tower. 200

B. of Cov. True, true.⁵

K. Edw. But in the meantime, Gaveston, away,

And take possession of his house and goods.
Come, follow me, and thou shalt have my guard

To see it done, and bring thee safe again. 205
Gav. What should a priest do with so fair a house?

A prison may best besem his holiness. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE II.]⁶

Enter [on one side] both the MORTIMERS; [on the other,] WARWICK and LANCASTER.

War. 'T is true, the bishop is in the Tower,
And goods and body given to Gaveston.

Lan. What! will they tyrannise upon the church?

Ah, wicked king! accursed Gaveston!

This ground, which is corrupted with their steps,

Shall be their timeless⁷ sepulchre or mine. 5

Y. Mor. Well, let that peevish Frenchman guard him sure;

Unless his breast be sword-proof he shall die.

E. Mor. How now! why droops the Earl of Lancaster?

Y. Mor. Wherefore is Guy of Warwick discontent? 10

Lan. That villain Gaveston is made an earl.

E. Mor. An earl!

War. Ay, and besides Lord Chamberlain of the realm,
And Secretary too, and Lord of Man.

⁴ Gutter.
⁵ *I. e.*, You have used the true word "Convey" (= steal)

⁶ Westminster.

⁷ Untimely.

E. Mor. We may not, nor we will not suffer this. ¹⁵

Y. Mor. Why post we not from hence to levy men?

Lan. "My Lord of Cornwall" now at every word!

And happy is the man whom he vouchsafes,
For vailing of his bonnet,¹ one good look.
Thus, arm in arm, the king and he doth march.
Nay more, the guard upon his lordship waits; ²¹
And all the court begins to flatter him.

War. Thus leaning on the shoulder of the king,
e nods and scorns and smiles at those that pass.

E. Mor. Doth no man take exceptions at the slave? ²⁵

Lan. All stomach² him, but none dare speak a word.

Y. Mor. Ah, that bewrays³ their baseness, Lancaster!

Were all the earls and barons of my mind,
We'll hale him from the bosom of the king,
And at the court-gate hang the peasant up, ³⁰
Who, swoln with venom of ambitious pride,
Will be the ruin of the realm and us.

Enter the [ARCH]BISHOP of CANTERBURY [and an Attendant.]

War. Here comes my lord of Canterbury's grace.

Lan. His countenance bewrays he is displeas'd.

A. of Cant. First were his sacred garments rent and torn, ³⁵

Then laid their violent hands upon him; next
Himself imprisoned, and his goods ass seiz'd.
This certify the Pope; — away, take horse,
[*Exit Attend.*]

Lan. My lord, will you take arms ag' t the king?

A. of Cant. What need I? God himself is up in arms, ⁴⁰

When violence is offered to the church.

Y. Mor. Then will you join with us, that be his peers,

To banish or behead that Gaveston?

A. of Cant. What else, my lords? for it concerns me near;

The bishopric of Coventry is his. ⁴⁵

Enter QUEEN [ISABELLA].

Y. Mor. Madam, whither walks your majesty so fast?

Q. Isab. Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer,
To live in grief and baleful discontent;
For now my lord the king regards me not,
But dotes upon the love of Gaveston. ⁵⁰

He claps his cheeks, and hangs about his neck,
Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears;
And when I come he frowns, as who should say,
"Go whither thou wilt, seeing I have Gaveston."

E. Mor. Is it not strange that he is thus bewitch'd? ⁵⁵

¹ Removing it as a mark of respect.

² Feel resentment at.

³ Shows.

Y. Mor. Madam, return unto the court again.
That sly inveighing Frenchman we'll exile,
Or lose our lives, and yet, ere that day come,
The king shall lose his crown; for we have power,

And courage too, to be reveng'd at full. ⁶⁰

Q. Isab. But yet lift not your swords against the king.

Lan. No; but we will lift Gaveston from hence.

War. And war must be the means, or he'll stay still.

Q. Isab. Then let him stay; for rather th my lord

Shall be oppress'd by civil mutinies, ⁶⁵
I will endure a melancholy life,
And let him frolic with his minion.

A. of Cant. My lords, to ease all this, but hear me speak: —

We and the rest, that are his counsellors,
Will meet, and with a general consent ⁷⁰
Confirm him banishment with our hands and seals

Lan. What we confirm the king will frustrate.

Y. Mor. Then may we lawfully revolt from him,

War. But say, my lord, where shall this meeting be?

A. of Cant. At the New Temple. ⁷⁵

Y. Mor. Content.

A. of Cant. And, in the meantime, I'll entreat you all

To cross to Lambeth, and there stay with me.

Lan. Come then, let's away.

Y. Mor. Madam, farewell! ⁸⁰

Q. Isab. Farewell, sweet Mortimer, and, for my sake,

Forbear to levy arms against the king.

Y. Mor. Ay, if words will serve; if not, I must. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III.]⁴

Enter GAVESTON and KENT.

Gav. Edmund, the mighty Prince of Lancaster,
That hath more earldoms than an ass can bear,
And both the Mortimers, two goodly men,
With Gny of Warwick, that redoubted knight,
Are gone toward Lambeth — there let them remain! [*Exeunt.*]⁵

[SCENE IV.]⁵

Enter Nobles [LANCASTER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, the Elder MORTIMER, Young MORTIMER, the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY and Attendants].

Lan. Here is the form of Gaveston's exile:
May it please your lordship to subscribe your name.

A. of Cant. Give me the paper.
[*He subscribes, as do the others after him.*]

⁴ A street in London.

⁵ The New Temple.

Lan. Quick, quick, my lord; I long to write my name.
War. But I long more to see him banish'd hence.
Y. Mor. The name of Mortimer shall fright the king,
 Unless he be declin'd from that base peasant.
Enter KING [EDWARD,] GAVESTON. [and KENT].
K. Edw. What, are you mov'd that Gaveston sits here?
It is our pleasure; we will have it so.
Lan. Your grace doth well to place him by your side,
 For nowhere else the new earl is so safe.
E. Mor. What man of noble birth can brook this sight?
am male conveniunt!
 What a scornful look the peasant casts!
Pem. Can kingly lions fawn on creeping ants?
War. Ignoble vassal, that like Phaeton pir'st unto the guidance of the sun!
Y. Mor. Their downfall is at hand, their forces down;
 I will not thus be fac'd and over-peer'd.
K. Edw. Lay hands on that traitor Mortimer!
E. Mor. Lay hands on that traitor Gaveston!
Kent. Is this the duty that you owe your king?
War. We know our duties — let him know his peers.
K. Edw. Whither will you bear him? Stay, or ye shall die.
E. Mor. We are no traitors; therefore threaten not.
Lan. No, threaten not, my lord, but pay them home!
 Re I a king —
Y. Mor. Thou villain, wherefore talk'st thou of a king,
 it hardly art a gentleman by birth?
K. Edw. Were he a peasant, being my minion,
 make the proudest of you stoop to him.
Lan. My lord, you may not thus disparage us.
 ay, I say, with hateful Gaveston!
Y. Mor. And with the Earl of Kent that favours him.
 [Attendants remove KENT and GAVESTON.]
K. Edw. Nay, then, lay violent hands upon your king.
Y. Mor. er, sit thou in Edward's throne;
 Warwick and Lancaster, wear you my crown.
 a ever king thus over-rul'd as I?
Lan. Learn then to rule us better, and the realm.
Y. Mor. What we have done, our heart-blood shall maintain.
War. Think you that we can brook this upstart pride?
K. Edw. Anger'd wrathful fury stops my speech.

¹ "ow ill they agree!"

A. of Cant. Why are you mov'd? Be patient, my lord.
 And see what we your counsellors have done.
Y. Mor. My lords, now let us all be resolute, as
 And either have our wills, or lose our lives.
K. Edw. Meet you for this, proud overdaring peers?
 Ere my sweet Gaveston shall part from me,
 This isle shall fleet² upon the ocean,
 And wander to the unfrequented Inde.
A. of Cant. You know that I am legate to the Pope.
 On your allegiance to the see of Rome,
 Subscribe, as we have done, to his exile.
Y. Mor. Curse him, if he refuse; and then may we
 Depose him and elect another king.
K. Edw. Ay, there it goes! but yet I will not yield.
 Curse me, depose me, do the worst you can.
Lan. Then linger not, my lord, but do it straight.
A. of Cant. Remember how the bishop was abus'd!
 Either banish him that was the cause thereof,
 Or I will presently discharge these lords
 Of duty and allegiance due to thee.
K. Edw. [Aside.] It boots me not to threaten; I must speak fair.
 The legate of the Pope will be obey'd.
 My lord, you shall be Chancellor of the realm;
 Thou, Lancaster, High Admiral of our fleet;
 Young Mortimer and his uncle shall be earls;
 And you, Lord Warwick, President of the North;
 And thou, of Wales. If this content you not,
 Make several kingdoms of this monarchy,
 And share it equally amongst you all,
 So I may have some nook or corner left,
 To frolic with my dearest Gaveston.
A. of Cant. Nothing shall alter us, we are resolv'd.
Lan. Come, come, subscribe.
Y. Mor. Why should you love him whom the world hates so?
K. Edw. Because he loves me more than all the world.
 Ah, none but rude and savage-minded men
 Would seek the ruin of my Gaveston;
 You that be noble-born should pity him.
War. You that are princely-born should shake him off.
 For shame subscribe, and let the low³ depart.
E. Mor. Urge him, my lord.
A. of Cant. Are you content to banish him the realm?
K. Edw. I see I must, and therefore am content.
 Instead of ink, I'll write it with my tears.
 [Subscribes.]
Y. Mor. The king is love-sick for his minion.
K. Edw. 'T is done; and now, accursed hand, fall off!
Lan. Give it me; I'll have it publish'd in the streets.

² Float.

³ Fellow.

Y. Mor. I'll see him presently despatch'd away. 90

A. of Cant. Now is my heart at ease.

War. And so is mine.

Fem. This will be good news to the common sort.

E. Mor. Be it or no, he shall not linger here.

Exeunt all except KING EDWARD.

K. Edw. How fast they run to banish him I love!

They would not stir, were it to do me good. 95

Why should a king be subject to a priest?

Proud Rome! that hatchest such imperial grooms,

For these thy superstitious taper-lights,

Wherewith thy antichristian churches blaze,

I'll fire thy crazed buildings, and enforce 100

The papal towers to kiss the lowly ground!

With slaughtered priests make Tiber's channel swell,

And banks rais'd higher with their sepulchres!

As for the peers, that back the clergy thus,

If I be king, not one of them shall live. 105

Re-enter GAVESTON.

Gav. My lord, I hear it whispered everywhere, That I am banish'd, and must fly the land.

K. Edw. 'Tis true, sweet Gaveston — O! were it false!

The legate of the Pope will have it so,

And thou must hence, or I shall be depos'd. 110

But I will reign to be reveng'd of them;

And therefore, sweet friend, take it patiently.

Live where thou wilt, I'll send thee gold enough;

And long thou shalt not stay, or if thou dost, 115

I'll come to thee; my love shall ne'er decline.

Gav. Is all my hope turn'd to this hell of grief?

K. Edw. Rend not my heart with thy too piercing words:

Thou from this land, I from myself am banish'd.

Gav. To go from hence grieves not poor Gaveston;

But to forsake you, in whose gracious looks 120

The blessedness of Gaveston remains,

For nowhere else seeks he felicity.

K. Edw. And only this torments my wretched soul

That, whether I will or no, thou must depart.

Be governor of Ireland in my stead, 125

And there abide till fortune call thee home.

Here take my picture, and let me wear thine;

[*They exchange pictures.*]

O, might I keep thee here as I do this,

Happy were I! but now most miserable! 130

Gav. 'Tis something to be pitied of a king.

K. Edw. Thou shalt not hence — I'll hide

thee, Gaveston.

Gav. I shall be found, and then 't will grieve me more.

K. Edw. Kind words and mutual talk makes

our grief greater;

Therefore, with dumb embracement, let us

part. —

Stay, Gaveston, I cannot leave thee th 135

Gav. For every look, my lord¹ drops down a tear.

Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow.

K. Edw. The time is little that thou hast to stay,

And, therefore, give me leave to look my fill.

But come, sweet friend, I'll bear thee on thy way. 140

Gav. The peers will frown.

K. Edw. I pass² not for their anger. — Come let's go;

O that we might as well return as go.

Enter EDMUND and QUEEN ISABELLA.

Q. Isab. Whither goes my lord?

K. Edw. Fawn not on me, French strumpet! Get thee gone! 145

Q. Isab. On whom but on my husband should I fawn?

Gav. On Mortimer! with whom, ungentle queen —

I say no more. Judge you the rest, my lord.

Q. Isab. In saying this, thou wrong'st me, Gaveston. 149

Is 't not enough that thou corrupt'st my lord, And art a bawd to his affections,

But thou must call mine honour thus in question?

Gav. I mean not so; your grace must pardon me.

K. Edw. Thou art too familiar with that Mortimer,

And by thy means is Gaveston exil'd; 155

But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,

Or thou shalt ne'er be reconcil'd to me.

Q. Isab. Your highness knows it lies not in my power.

K. Edw. Away then! touch me not. — Come, Gaveston.

Q. Isab. Villain! 'tis thou that robb'st me of my lord. 160

Gav. Madam, 'tis you that rob me of my lord.

K. Edw. Speak not unto her; let her droop and pine.

Q. Isab. Wherein, my lord, have I deserv'd these words?

Witness the tears that Isabella sheds, Witness this heart, that, sighing for thee,

breaks, 165

How dear my lord is to poor Isabel.

K. Edw. And witness Heaven how dear thou art to me!

There weep; for till my Gaveston be repeal'd, Assure thyself thou com'st not in my sight.

Exeunt EDWARD and GAVESTON.

Q. Isab. O miserable and distressed queen! Would, when I left sweet France and was embark'd, 171

That charming Circe, walking on the waves,

Had chang'd my shape, or at the marriage-day

The cup of Hymen had been full of poison,

Or with those arms that twin'd about my neck

I had been stifled, and not liv'd to see 175

The king my lord thus to abandon me!

¹ Altered to *love* in Dodsley, &c.

² Care.

Like frantic Juno will I fill the earth
 With ghastly murmur of my sighs and cries ;
 For never doted Jove on Ganymede
 So much as he on cursed Gaveston. 180
 But that will more exasperate his wrath ;
 I must entreat him, I must speak him fair,
 And be a means to call home Gaveston.
 And yet he'll ever dote on Gaveston ; 185
 And so am I for ever miserable.

Re-enter Nobles [LANCASTER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, the Elder MORTIMER, and Young MORTIMER] to the Queen.

Lan. Look where the sister of the King of France
 Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her breast !

War. The king, I fear, hath ill-entreated her.

Pem. Hard is the heart that injures such a saint. 190

Y. Mor. I know 't is 'long of Gaveston she weeps.

E. Mor. Why ? He is gone.

Y. Mor. Madam, how fares your grace ?

Q. Isab. Ah, Mortimer ! now breaks the king's hate forth.

And he confesseth that he loves me not.

Y. Mor. Cry quittance, madam, then ; and love not him. 195

Q. Isab. No, rather will I die a thousand deaths !

And yet I love in vain ; — he 'll ne'er love me.

Lar. Fear ye not, madam ; now his minion's gone,

His wanton humour will be quickly left. 200

Q. Isab. O never, Lancaster ! I am enjoin'd
 To sue upon you all for his repeal ;

This wills my lord, and this must I perform,
 Or else be banish'd from his highness' presence.

Lan. For his repeal ? Madam, he comes not back,

Unless the sea cast up his shipwrack'd body. 205

War. And to behold so sweet a sight as that,
 There's none here but would run his horse to death.

Y. Mor. But, madam, would you have us call him home ?

Q. Isab. Ay, Mortimer, for till he be restor'd,
 The angry king hath banish'd me the court ; 210

And, therefore, as thou lov'st and tend'rest me,
 Be thou my advocate unto these peers

Y. Mor. What ! would you have me plead for Gaveston ?

E. Mor. Plead for him he that will, I am resolv'd

Lan. And so am I, my lord. Dissuade the queen. 215

Q. Isab. O Lancaster ! let him dissuade the king,

For 't is against my will he should return.

War. Then speak not for him, let the peasant go.

Q. Isab. 'T is for myself I speak, and not for him.

Pem. No speaking will prevail, and therefore cease. 220

Y. Mor. Fair queen, forbear to angle for the fish

Which, being caught, strikes him that takes it dead ;

I mean that vile torpedo, Gaveston,
 That now, I hope, floats on the Irish seas.

Q. Isab. Sweet Mortimer, sit down by me awhile, 225

And I will tell thee reasons of such weight

As thou wilt soon subscribe to his repeal.
Y. Mor. It is impossible ; but speak your mind.

Q. Isab. Then thus, — but none shall hear it but ourselves.

[*Talks to Young MORTIMER apart.*]

Lan. My lords, albeit the queen win Mortimer, 230

Will you be resolute, and hold with me ?

E. Mor. Not I, against my nephew.

Pem. Fear not, the queen's words cannot alter him.

War. No ? Do but mark how earnestly she pleads !

Lan. And see how coldly his looks make denial ! 235

War. She smiles ; now for my life his mind is chang'd !

Lan. I'll rather lose his friendship, I, than grant.

Y. Mor. Well, of necessity it must be so.

My lords, that I abhor base Gaveston,
 I hope your honours make no question, 240

And therefore, though I plead for his repeal,
 'T is not for his sake, but for our avail ;

Nay for the realm's behoof, and for the king's.

Lan. Fie, Mortimer, dishonour not thyself !
 Can this be true, 't was good to banish him ? 245

And is this true, ¹ to call him home again ?
 Such reasons make white black, and dark night day.

Y. Mor. My lord of Lancaster, mark the respect. ²

Lan. In no respect can contraries be true.

Q. Isab. Yet, good my lord, hear what he can allege. 250

War. All that he speaks is nothing ; we are resolv'd.

Y. Mor. Do you not wish that Gaveston were dead ?

Pem. I would he were !

Y. Mor. Why, then, my lord, give me but leave to speak.

E. Mor. But, nephew, do not play the sophister. 255

Y. Mor. This which I urge is of a burning zeal
 To mend the king, and do our country good.

Know you not Gaveston hath store of gold,
 Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends

As he will front the mightiest of us all ? 260

And whereas he shall live and be below'd,

'T is hard for us to work his overthrow.

War. Mark you but that, my lord of Lancaster.

¹ *Qy. for t* read good (?)

² Consideration

Y. Mor. But were he here, detested as he is,
How easily might some base slave be suborn'd
To greet his lordship with a pomard, 266
And none so much as blame the murderer,
But rather praise him for that brave attempt,
And in the chronicle enrol his name
For purging of the realm of such a plague! 270
Pem. He saith true.

Lan. Ay, but how chance this was not done
before?

Y. Mor. Because, my lords, it was not
thought upon.

Nay, more, when he shall know it lies in us
To banish him, and then to call him home, 275
'T will make him vail¹ the top-flag of his pride,
And fear to offend the meanest nobleman.

E. Mor. But how if he do not, nephew?

Y. Mor. Then may we with some colour² rise
in arms;

For howsoever we have borne it out, 280
'Tis treason to be up against the king.
So we shall have the people of our side,
Which for his father's sake lean to the king,
But cannot brook a night-grown mushroom,
Such a one as my lord of Cornwall is, 285
Should bear us down of the nobility.
And when the commons and the nobles join,
'Tis not the king can buckler Gaveston;
We'll pull him from the strongest hold he hath.
My lords, if to perform this I be slack, 290
Think me as base a groom as Gaveston.

Lan. On that condition, Lancaster will grant.

War. And so will Pembroke and I.

E. Mor. And I. 294

Y. Mor. In this I count me highly gratified,
And Mortimer will rest at your command.

Q. Isab. And when this favour Isabel for-
gets,
Then let her live abandon'd and forlorn.—
But see, in happy time, my lord the king,
Having brought the Earl of Cornwall on his
way, 300
Is new return'd. This news will glad him much,
Yet not so much as me. I love him more
Than he can Gaveston; would he lov'd me
But half so much, then were I treble-blest.

Re-enter KING EDWARD, mourning.

K. Edw. He's gone, and for his absence thus
I mourn. 305
Did never sorrow go so near my heart
As doth the want of my sweet Gaveston;
And could my crown's revenue bring him back,
I would freely give it to his enemies,
And think I gain'd, having bought so dear a
friend. 310

Q. Isab. Hark! how he harps upon his minion.

K. Edw. My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,
Which beats upon it like the Cyclops' hammers,
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,
And makes me frantic for my Gaveston. 315
Ah! had some bloodless Fury rose from hell,
And with my kingly sceptre struck me dead,
When I was forc'd to leave my Gaveston!

Lan. *Diablo!* What passions call you these?

¹ Lower.

² Pretext.

Q. Isab. My gracious lord, I come to bring
you news. 320

K. Edw. That you have parley'd with your
Mortimer!

Q. Isab. That Gaveston, my lord, shall be
repeal'd

K. Edw. Repeal'd! The news is too sweet to
be true?

Q. Isab. But will you love me, if you find it so?

K. Edw. If it be so, what will not Edward
do? 325

Q. Isab. For Gaveston, but not for Isabel.

K. Edw. For thee, fair queen, if thou lov'st
Gaveston.

I'll hang a golden tongue about thy neck,
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good success. 330

Q. Isab. No other jewels hang about my neck
Than these, my lord, nor let me have more
wealth

Than I may fetch from this rich treasury.

O how a kiss revives poor Isabel!

K. Edw. Once more receive my hand; and
let this be

A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me 335

Q. Isab. And may it prove more happy than
the first!

My gentle lord, bespeak these nobles fair,
That wait attendance for a gracious look,
And on their knees salute your majesty.

K. Edw. Courageous Lancaster, embrace thy
king! 340

And, as gross vapours perish by the sun,

Even so let hatred with thy sovereign's smile.

Live thou with me as my companion.

Lan. This salutation overjoys my heart.

K. Edw. Warwick shall be my chiefest
counsellor: 345

These silver hairs will more adorn my court

Than gaudy silks, or rich embroidery.

Chide me, sweet Warwick, if I go astray.

War. Slay me, my lord, when I offend your
grace.

K. Edw. In solemn triumphs, and in public
shows, 350

Pembroke shall bear the sword before the king.

Pem. And with this sword Pembroke will
fight for you.

K. Edw. But wherefore walks young Mortimer
aside?

Be thou commander of our royal fleet;

Or, if that lofty office like thee not,

I make thee here Lord Marshal of the realm.

Y. Mor. My lord, I'll marshal so your ene-
mies,

As England shall be quiet, and you safe.

K. Edw. And as for you, Lord Mortimer of
Chirke, 355

Whose great achievements in our foreign war
Deserves no common place nor mean reward,

Be you the general of the levied troops,
That now are ready to assail the Scots.

E. Mor. In this your grace hath highly
honoured me,

For with my nature war doth best agree. 360

Q. Isab. Now is the King of England rich
and strong,

Having the love of his renowned peers.

K. *Edw.* Ay, Isabel, ne'er was my heart so light.
Clerk of the crown, direct our warrant forth
For Gaveston to Ireland

[*Enter BEAUMONT with warrant.*]

Beaumont, fly 370
As fast as Iris or Jove's Mercury.
Beau. It shall be done, my gracious lord.

[*Exit.*]
K. *Edw.* Lord Mortimer, we leave you to your charge.

Now let us in, and feast it royally. 374
Against our friend the Earl of Cornwall comes,
We'll have a general tilt and tournament;
And then his marriage shall be solemnised.
For wot you not that I have made him sure¹
Unto our cousin, the Earl of Gloucester's heir?
Lan. Such news we hear, my lord. 380

K. *Edw.* That day, if not for him, yet for my sake,
Who in the triumph will be challenger,
Spare for no cost; we will requit your love.

War. In this, or aught, your highness shall command us.

K. *Edw.* Thanks, gentle Warwick: come, let's in and revel. 386

Ereunt all except the MORTIMERS.
K. *Edw.* Nephew, I must to Scotland; thou stayest here.

Leave now to oppose thyself against the king.
Thou seest by nature he is mild and calm,
And seeing his mind so dotes on Gaveston,
Let him without controulment have his will. 390
The mightiest kings have had their minions:
Great Alexander loved Hephæstion;
The conquering Hercules² for Hylas wept;
And for Patroclus stern Achilles droopt;
And not kings only, but the wisest men: 395
The Roman Tully lov'd Octavius;
Grave Socrates, wild Alcibiades.
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enjoy that vain, light-headed earl; 400
For ripper years will wean him from such toys.

Y. *Mor.* Uncle, his wanton humour grieves not me;

But this I scorn, that one so basely born
Should by his sovereign's favour grow so pert,
And riot it with the treasure of the realm. 405
While soldiers mutiny for want of pay,
He wears a lord's revenue on his back,
And Midas-like, he jets³ it in the court,
With base outlandish cullions⁴ at his heels, 409
Whose proud fantastic liveries make such show
As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appear'd.
I have not seen a dapper Jack so brisk;
He wears a short Italian hooded cloak
Larded with pearl, and, in his Tuscan cap,
A jewel of more value than the crown. 415
While others walk below, the king and he
From out a window laugh at such as we,
And flout our train, and jest at our attire.
Uncle, 'tis this that makes me impatient.

¹ Afflanced him.

² Qq. *Hector.*

³ Struts.

⁴ Scoundrels.

E. *Mor.* But, nephew, now you see the king is chang'd.

Y. *Mor.* Then so am I, and live to do him service: 428

But whiles I have a sword, a hand, a heart,
I will not yield to any such upstart.
You know my mind; come, uncle, let's away. 430
Ereunt.

[ACT II]

[SCENE I.]⁵

Enter [Young] SPENCER and BALDOCK.

Bald. Spencer, seeing that our lord th' Earl of Gloucester's dead,

Which of the nobles dost thou mean to serve?

Y. *Spen.* Not Mortimer, nor any of his side,
Because the king and he are enemies.

Baldock, learn this of me, a factious lord
Shall hardly do himself good, much less us;

But he that hath the favour of a king,
May with one word advance us while we live.

The liberal Earl of Cornwall is the man
On whose good fortune Spencer's hope depends.

Bald. What, mean you then to be his follower?

Y. *Spen.* No, his companion; for he loves me well.

And would have once preferr'd me to the king.⁶

Bald. But he is banish'd; there's small hope of him.

Y. *Spen.* Ay, for a while; but, Baldock, mark the end. 15

A friend of mine told me in secrecy
That he's repeal'd, and sent for back again;

And even now a post came from the court
With letters to our lady from the king;

And as she read she smil'd, which makes me think 20

It is about her lover Gaveston.
Bald. 'Tis like enough; for since he was exil'd

She neither walks abroad, nor comes in sight.
But I had thought the match had been broke off;⁷

And that his banishment had chang'd her mind.
Y. *Spen.* Our lady's first love is not wavering;

My life for thine, she will have Gaveston.
Bald. Then hope I by her means to be preferr'd,

Having read unto her since she was a child.

Y. *Spen.* Then, Baldock, you must cast the scholar off, 30

And learn to court it like a gentleman.
'Tis not a black coat and a little band,

A velvet-cap'd coat, fac'd before with serge,
And smelling to a nosegay all the day,

Or holding of a napkin in your hand, 35
Or saying a long grace at a table's end,
Or making low legs⁷ to a nobleman,

Or looking downward with your eyelids close,
And saying, "Truly, an't may please your honour,"

Can get you any favour with great men; 40

⁵ Gloucester's house.

⁶ Ad ced me to the king's service.

⁷ Bo

You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,
And now and then stab, as occasion serves.

Bald. Spencer, thou know'st I hate such formal toys,

And use them but of mere hypocrisy.
Mine old lord whiles he liv'd was so precise, 45
That he would take exceptions at my buttons,
And being like pun's heads, blame me for the bigness;

Which made me curate-like in mine attire,
Though inwardly licentious enough
And apt for any kind of villainy. 50

I am none of these common pedants, I,
That cannot speak without *propterea quod*.¹

Y. Spen. But one of those that saith *quandoquidem*.²

And hath a special gift to form a verb.

Bald. Leave off this jesting, here my lady comes. 53

Enter the Lady [KING EDWARD'S Niece.]

Niece. The grief for his exile was not so much
As is the joy of his returning home.

This letter came from my sweet Gaveston —
What need'st thou, love, thus to excuse thyself?
I know thou couldst not come and visit me. 60
[*Reads.*] "I will not long be from thee, though I die."

This argues the entire love of my lord;
[*Reads.*] "When I forsake thee, death seize on my heart:"

But stay thee here where Gaveston shall sleep.
[*Puts the letter into her bosom.*]

Now to the letter of my lord the king. — 65
He wills me to repair unto the court,
And meet my Gaveston. Why do I stay,
Seeing that he talks thus of my marriage-day?
Who's there? Baldock!

See that my coach be ready, I must hence. 70
Bald. It shall be done, madam.

Niece. And meet me at the park-pale presently. *Exit BALDOCK.*

Spencer, stay you and bear me company,
For I have joyful news to tell thee of.
My lord of Cornwall is a-coming over, 75
And will be at the court as soon as we.

Y. Spen. I knew the king would have him home again.

Niece. If all things sort³ out as I hope they will,
Thy service, Spencer, shall be thought upon.

Y. Spen. I humbly thank your ladyship. 80

Niece. Come, lead the way; I long till I am there. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II.]⁴

Enter KING EDWARD, QUEEN ISABELLA, KENT,
LANCASTER, YOUNG MORTIMER, WARWICK,
PEMBROKE, and Attendants.

K. Edw. The wind is good, I wonder why he stays;

I fear me he is wrack'd upon the sea.

Q. Isab. Look, Lancaster, how passionate⁵ he is,
And still his mind runs on his minion!

¹ Lat. "because."

² Turn.

³ Sorrowful.

⁴ Lat. "since."

⁵ Before Tynemouth Castle,

Lan. My lord, —

K. Edw. How now! what news? Is Gaveston arriv'd? 5

Y. Mor. Nothing but Gaveston! — What means your grace?

You have matters of more weight to think upon;
The King of France sets foot in Normandy.

K. Edw. A trifle! we'll expel him when we please. 10

But tell me, Mortimer, what's thy device
Against the stately triumph we decreed?

Y. Mor. A homely one, my lord, not worth the telling.

K. Edw. Pray thee let me know it.

Y. Mor. But, seeing you are so desirous, thus it is. 15

A lofty cedar-tree, fair flourishing,
On whose top-branches kindly eagles perch,
And by the bark a canker⁶ creeps me up,
And gets into the highest bough of all:

The motto, *Aequae tandem*.⁷ 20

K. Edw. And what is yours, my lord of Lancaster?

Lan. My lord, mine's more obscure than Mortimer's.

Pliny reports there is a flying fish
Which all the other fishes deadly hate,
And therefore, being pursued, it takes the air:
No sooner is it up, but there's a fowl 25
That seizeth it; this fish, my lord, I bear:
The motto this: *Undique mors est*.⁸

K. Edw. Proud Mortimer! ungentle Lancaster!

Is this the love you bear your sovereign? 30
Is this the fruit your reconciliation bears?

Can you in words make show of amity,
And in your shields display your rancorous minds!

What call you this but private libelling
Against the Earl of Cornwall and my brother?

Q. Isab. Sweet husband, be content, they all love you. 35

K. Edw. They love me not that hate my Gaveston.

I am that cedar, shake me not too much;
And you the eagles; soar ye ne'er so high,
I have the jesses⁹ that will pull you down; 40
And *Aequae tandem* shall that canker cry
Unto the proudest peer of Britany.

Though thou compar'st him to a flying fish,
And threatenest death whether he rise or fall,

'Tis not the hugest monster of the sea. 45
Nor foulest harpy that shall swallow him.

Y. Mor. If in his absence thus he favours him,

What will he do whenas he shall be present?

Lan. That shall we see; look where his lordship comes.

Enter GAVESTON.

K. Edw. My Gaveston! 50
Welcome to Tynemouth! Welcome to thy friend!

⁶ Canker-worm. ⁸ Lat. "On all sides is death."

⁷ Lat. "Justly at length."

⁹ The straps round a hawk's legs, to which the falconer's leash was fastened.

Thy absence made me droop and pine away,
For, as the lovers of fair Danae,
When she was lock'd up in a brazen tower,
Desir'd her more, and wax'd outrageous, 55
So did it fare¹ with me; and now thy sight
Is sweeter far than was thy parting hence
Bitter and irksome to my sobbing heart.

Gav. Sweet lord and king, your speech preventeth² mine,
Yet have I words left to express my joy: 60
The shepherd nipt with biting winter's rage
Frolics not more to see the painted spring,
Than I do to behold your majesty.

K. Edw. Will none of you salute my Gaveston?

Lan. Salute him? yes. Welcome, Lord Chamberlain! 65

Y. Mor. Welcome is the good Earl of Cornwall!

War. Welcome, Lord Governor of the Isle of Man!

Pem. Welcome, Master Secretary!

Kent. Brother, do you hear them?

K. Edw. Still will these earls and barons use me thus. 70

Gav. My lord, I cannot brook these injuries.

Q. Isab. [*Aside*] Aye me, poor soul, when these begin to jar.

K. Edw. Return it to their throats, I'll be thy warrant.

Gav. Base, leaden earls, that glory in your birth,

Go sit at home and eat your tenants' beef; 75
And come not here to scoff at Gaveston,
Whose mounting thoughts did never creep so low

As to bestow a look on such as you.

Lan. Yet I disdain not to do this for you.
[*Draws his sword and offers to stab GAVESTON.*]

K. Edw. Treason! treason: where's the traitor? 80

Pem. Here! here!

K. Edw. Convey hence Gaveston; they'll murder him.

Gav. The life of thee shall salve this foul disgrace.

Y. Mor. Villain! thy life, unless I miss mine aim. 85 [Wounds GAVESTON.]

Q. Isab. Ah! furious Mortimer, what hast thou done?

Y. Mor. No more than I would answer, were he slain.

[*Exit GAVESTON with Attendants.*]

K. Edw. Yes, more than thou canst answer, though he live.

Dear shall you both aby³ this riotous deed.
Out of my presence! Come not near the court.

Y. Mor. I'll not be barr'd the court for Gaveston. 90

Lan. We'll hale him by the ears unto the block.

K. Edw. Look to your own heads; his is sure enough.

¹ Qq. 1594-1612, *sure*. ² Anticipateth.

³ Pay for.

War. Look to your own crown, if you back him thus.

Kent. Warwick, these words do ill beseeem thy years.

K. Edw. Nay, all of them conspire to cross me thus, 95

But if I live, I'll tread upon their heads
That think with high looks thus to tread me down.

Come, Edmund, let's away and levy men,
'T is war that must abate these barons' pride.

Exeunt KING [EDWARD, QUEEN ISABELLA and KENT].

War. Let's to our castles, for the king is mov'd. 100

Y. Mor. Mov'd may he be, and perish in his wrath!

Lan. Cousin, it is no dealing with him now, He means to make us stoop by force of arms;

And therefore let us jointly here protest,
To persecute that Gaveston to the death. 105

Y. Mor. By heaven, the abject villain shall not live!

War. I'll have his blood, or die in seeking it.

Pem. The like oath Pembroke takes.

Lan. And so doth Lancaster.

Now send our heralds to defy the king; 110
And make the people swear to put him down.

Enter a Messenger. ⁴

Y. Mor. Letters! From whence?

Mess. From Scotland, my lord.

[*Giving letters to MORTIMER.*]

Lan. Why, how now, cousin, how fares all our friends?

Y. Mor. My uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots. 115

Lan. We'll have him ransom'd, man; be of good cheer.

Y. Mor. They rate his ransom at five thousand pound.

Who should defray the money but the king,
Seeing he is taken prisoner in his wars? 120

I'll to the king.

Lan. Do, cousin, and I'll bear thee company.

War. Meantime, my lord of Pembroke and myself

Will to Newcastle here, and gather head.⁵

Y. Mor. About it then, and we will follow you.

Lan. Be resolute and full of secrecy. 125

War. I warrant you. [*Exit with PEMBROKE.*]

Y. Mor. Cousin, and if he will not ransom him,

I'll thunder such a peal into his ears,
As never subject did unto his king.

Lan. Content, I'll bear my part—Holla! 130
who's there?

[*Enter Guard.*]

Y. Mor. Ay, marry, such a guard this doth well.

Lan. Lead on the way.

Guard. Whither will your lordships?

Y. Mor. Whither else but to the king. 135

⁴ Qq. P t.

⁵ An y.

Guard His highness is dispos'd to be alone.

Lan. Why, so he may, but we will speak to him.

Guard. You may not in, my lord.

Y. Mor. May we not?

[*Enter KING EDWARD and KENT.*]

K. Edw. How now!
What noise is this? Who have we there?
Is't you? [*Going.*]¹⁴⁰

Y. Mor. Nay, stay, my lord, I come to bring you news;

Mine uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

K. Edw. Then ransom him.

Lan. 'T was in your wars; you should ransom him.

Y. Mor. And you shall ransom him, or else ———¹⁴⁵

Kent. What! Mortimer, you will not threaten him?

K. Edw. Quiet yourself, you shall have the broad seal,

To gather for him throughout the realm.

Lan. Your minion Gaveston hath taught you this

Y. Mor. My lord, the family of the Mortimers¹⁵⁰

Are not so poor, but, would they sell their land, 'T would levy men enough to anger you.

We never beg, but use such prayers as these.

K. Edw. Shall I still be haunted thus?

Y. Mor. Nay, now you're here alone, I'll speak my mind.¹⁵⁵

Lan. And so will I, and then, my lord, farewell.

Y. Mor. The idle triumphs, masques, lascivious shows,

And prodigal gifts bestow'd on Gaveston, Have drawn thy treasury dry, and made thee weak;

The murmuring commons, overstretched, [break].¹⁶⁰

Lan. Look for rebellion, look to be depos'd. Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,

And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates. The wild O' Neill, with swarms of Irish kerns,²

Lives uncontroll'd within the English pale.¹⁶⁵ Unto the walls of York the Scots made road,

And unresisted drave away rich spoils.

Y. Mor. The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas,

While in the harbour ride thy ships unrigg'd.

Lan. What foreign prince sends thee ambassadors?¹⁷⁰

Y. Mor. Who loves thee, but a sort³ of flatterers?

Lan. Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valois, Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.

Y. Mor. Thy court is naked, being bereft of those¹⁷⁵

That make a king seem glorious to the world; I mean the peers, whom thou should'st dearly love.

Libels are cast again thee in the street; Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.

¹ Sp Dodsley. Qq. hath. ² Foot soldiers. ³ Band.

Lan. The Northern borderers seeing their houses burnt,

Their wives and children slain, run up and down,¹⁸⁰

Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.

Y. Mor. When wert thou in the field with banner spread,

But once? and then thy soldiers marcht like players,

With garish robes, not armour; and thyself, Bedaub'd with gold, rode laughing at the rest,

Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,¹⁸⁵ Where women's favours hung like labels down.

Lan. And therefore came it, that the fleeing⁴ Scots,

To England's high disgrace, have made this jug;

"Maids of England, sore may you mourn,—¹⁹⁰
For your demans⁵ you have lost at Bannocks-

bourn,—⁶
With a heave and a ho!

What weeneth the King of England,
So soon to have won Scotland?—¹⁹⁵
With a rombelow!⁷

Y. Mor. Wigmore⁷ shall fly, to set my uncle free.

Lan. And when 'tis gone, our swords shall purchase more.

If ye be mov'd, revenge it as you can;
Look next to see us with our ensigns spread.

K. Edw. My swelling heart for very anger breaks!²⁰⁰

How oft have I been baited by these peers,
And dare not be reveng'd, for their power is great!

Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels Affright a lion? Edward, unfold thy paws,

And let their lives' blood slake thy fury's hunger.²⁰⁵

If I be cruel and grow tyrannous,
Now let them thank themselves, and rue too late.

Kent. My lord, I see your love to Gaveston Will be the ruin of the realm and you,

For now the wrathful nobles threaten wars,²¹⁰ And therefore, brother, banish him for ever.

K. Edw. Art thou an enemy to my Gaveston?

Kent. Ay, and it grieves me that I favoured him.

K. Edw. Traitor, begone! whine thou with Mortimer.²¹⁵

Kent. So will I, rather than with Gaveston.

K. Edw. Out of my sight, and trouble me no more!

Kent. No marvel though thou scorn thy noble peers,

When I thy brother am rejected thus.

K. Edw. Away! [*Exit KENT.*]

Poor Gaveston, that has no friend but me,²¹⁵ Do what they can, we'll live in Tynemouth here,

And, so I walk with him about the walls, What care I though the earls begirt us round?—

Here comes she that is cause of all these jars.

⁴ Jeering. ⁵ Lovers.
⁶ Bannockburn was not yet fought. The rhyme is taken from the *Chronicles*

⁷ Young Mortimer's estate.

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA with [KING EDWARD'S Niece, two] Ladies, [GAVESTON,] BALDOCK and Young SPENCER.

Q. Isab. My lord, 'tis thought the earls are up in arms. ²²⁵

K. Edw. Ay, and 'tis likewise thought you favour 'em.

Q. Isab. Thus do you still suspect me without cause?

Niece. Sweet uncle! speak more kindly to the queen.

Gav. My lord, dissemble with her, speak her fair.

K. Edw. Pardon me, sweet, I forgot myself. ²³⁰

Q. Isab. Your pardon is quickly got of Isabel.

K. Edw. The younger Mortimer is grown so brave,

That to my face he threatens civil wars.

Gav. Why do you not commit him to the Tower?

K. Edw. I dare not, for the people love him well. ²³⁵

Gav. Why, then we 'll have him privily made away.

K. Edw. Would Lancaster and he had both carous'd

A bowl of poison to each other's health!

But let them go, and tell me what are these?

Niece. Two of my father's servants whilst he liv'd,— ²⁴⁰

Mayst please your grace to entertain them now.

K. Edw. Tell me, where wast thou born? What is thine arms?

Bald. My name is Baldock, and my gentry I fetcht from Oxford, not from heraldry.

K. Edw. The fitter art thou, Baldock, for my turn. ²⁴⁵

Wait on me, and I 'll see thou shalt not want.

Bald. I humbly thank your majesty.

K. Edw. Knowest thou him, Gaveston?

Gav. Ay, my lord; His name is Spencer, he is well allied;

For my sake, let him wait upon your grace; ²⁵⁰ Scarce shall you find a man of more desert.

K. Edw. Then, Spencer, wait upon me; for his sake

I 'll grace thee with a higher style ere long.

Y. Spen. No greater titles happen unto me, Than to be favoured of your majesty! ²⁵⁵

K. Edw. Cousin, this day shall be your marriage-feast.

And, Gaveston, think that I love thee well

To wed thee to our niece, the only heir

Unto the Earl of Gloucester late deceas'd.

Gav. I know, my lord, many will stomach ¹ me, ²⁶⁰

But I respect neither their love nor hate.

K. Edw. The headstrong barons shall not limit me;

He that I list to favour shall be great.

Come, let's away; and when the marriage ends, Have at the rebels, and their 'complices! ²⁶⁵

Exeunt.

¹ Feel resentment at.

[SCENE III.] ²

Enter KENT, LANCASTER, Young MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBERKE, [and others].

Kent. My lords, of love to this our native land I come to join with you and leave the king; And in your quarrel and the realm's behoof Will be the first that shall adventure life.

Lan. I fear me, you are sent of policy, ⁵ To undermine us with a show of love.

War. He is your brother, therefore have we cause

To cast ³ the worst, and doubt of your revolt. *Kent.* Mine honour shall be hostage of my truth;

If that will not suffice, farewell, my lords. ¹⁰

Y. Mor. Stay, Edmund; never was Plantagenet

False to his word, and therefore trust we thee. *Pem.* But what's the reason you should leave him now?

Kent. I have inform'd the Earl of Lancaster. *Lan.* And it sufficeth. Now, my lords, know ¹⁵ this,

That Gaveston is secretly arriv'd,

And here in Tynemouth frolics with the king. Let us with these our followers scale the walls,

And suddenly surprise them unawares. ¹⁹

Y. Mor. I 'll give the onset.

War. And I 'll follow thee. *Y. Mor.* This tottered ⁴ ensign of my ancestors,

Which swept the desert shore of that dead sea Whereof we got the name of Mortimer,

Will I advance upon these castle-walls. Drums, strike alarum, raise them from their ²⁵ sport,

And ring aloud the knell of Gaveston!

Lan. None be so hardy as to touch the king; But neither spare you Gaveston nor his friends. ²⁶

Exeunt.

[SCENE IV.] ⁵

Enter KING EDWARD and Young SPENCER.

K. Edw. O tell me, Spencer, where is Gaveston?

Spen. I fear he is slain, my gracious lord.

K. Edw. No, here he comes; now let them spoil and kill

[*Enter* QUEEN ISABELLA, KING EDWARD'S Niece, GAVESTON, and Nobles.]

Fly, fly, my lords, the earls have got the hold; Take shipping and away to Scarborough; ⁵

Spencer and I will post away by land.

Gav. O stay, my lord, they will not injure you.

K. Edw. I will not trust them; Gaveston, away!

Gav. Farewell, my lord.

K. Edw. Lady, farewell. ¹⁰

Niece. Farewell, sweet cle, till we meet again.

² Near Tynemouth Castle.

³ Suspect.

⁴ Tattered.

⁵ Near Tynemouth Castle.

K. Edw. Farewell, sweet Gaveston; and farewell, niece.

Q. Isab. No farewell to poor Isabel thy queen?

K. Edw. Yes, yes, for Mortimer, your lover's sake. *Exeunt all but QUEEN ISABELLA.*

Q. Isab. Heavens can witness I love none but you!

From my embracements thus he breaks away.
O that mine arms could close this isle about,
That I might pull him to me where I would!
Or that these tears that drizzle from mine eyes
Had power to mollify his stony heart,
That when I had him we might never part.

Enter the Barons, [LANCASTER, WARWICK, Young MORTIMER, and others]. Alarums.

Lan. I wonder how he scap'd!

Y. Mor. Who's this? The queen!

Q. Isab. Ay, Mortimer, the miserable queen,
Whose pining heart her inward sighs have
blasted,

And body with continual mourning wasted. ²⁵
These hands are tir'd with haling of my lord
From Gaveston, from wicked Gaveston,
And all in vain; for, when I speak him fair,
He turns away, and smiles upon his minion.

Y. Mor. Cease to lament, and tell us where 's
the king? ³⁰

Q. Isab. What would you with the king?
Is't him you seek?

Lan. No, madam, but that cursed Gaveston.
Far be it from the thought of Lancaster
To offer violence to his sovereign.

We would but rid the realm of Gaveston: ³⁵
Tell us where he remains, and he shall die.

Q. Isab. He's gone by water to Scarborough;

Pursue him quickly, and he cannot scape;
The king hath left him, and his train is small.

War. Foreslow¹ no time, sweet Lancaster;
let's march. ⁴⁰

Y. Mor. How comes it that the king and he
is parted?

Q. Isab. That thus your army, going several
ways,

Might be of lesser force; and with the power
That he intendeth presently to raise,
Be easily suppress'd; therefore be gone. ⁴⁵

Y. Mor. Here in the river rides a Flemish
boy;²

Let's all aboard, and follow him amain.

Lan. The wind that bears him hence will fill
our sails.

Come, come aboard, 't is but an hour's sailing.

Y. Mor. Madam, stay you within this castle
here. ⁵⁰

Q. Isab. No, Mortimer, I'll to my lord the
king.

Y. Mor. Nay, rather sail with us to Scarborough.

Q. Isab. You know the king is so suspicious,
As if he hear I have but talk'd with you,
Mine honour will be call'd in question; ⁵⁵

And therefore, gentle Mortimer, be gone.

Y. Mor. Madam, I cannot stay to answer you,
But think of Mortimer as he deserves.

[*Exeunt all except QUEEN ISABELLA.*]

Q. Isab. No well hast thou deserv'd sweet
Mortimer,

As Isabel could live with thee for ever! ⁶⁰

In vain I look for love at Edward's hand,
Whose eyes are fix'd on none but Gaveston;

Yet once more I'll importune him with prayers.
If he be strange and not regard my words,

My son and I will over into France, ⁶⁵
And to the king my brother there complain,
How Gaveston hath robb'd me of his love:

But yet I hope my sorrows will have end,
And Gaveston thus blessed day be slain. *Exit.*

[SCENE V.]³

Enter GAVESTON, pursued.

Gav. Yet, lusty lords, I have escap'd your
hands,

Your threats, your 'larums, and your hot pur-
suits;

And though divorced from King Edward's eyes,
Yet liveth Pierce of Gaveston unsurpris'd,⁴

Breathing, in hope (*malgrado*⁵ all your beards, ⁷
That muster rebels thus against your king),
To see his royal sovereign once again.

Enter the Nobles, [WARWICK, LANCASTER, PEMBROKE, Young MORTIMER, Soldiers, JAMES, and other Attendants of PEMBROKE].

War. Upon him, soldiers, take away his
weapons.

Y. Mor. Thou proud disturber of thy coun-
try's peace,

Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broils, ¹⁰
Base flatterer, yield! and were it not for shame,
Shame and dishonour to a soldier's name,
Upon my weapon's point here shouldst thou
fall,

And welter in thy gore.

Lan. Monster of men!
That, like the Greekish strumpet,⁶ train'd⁷ to ¹⁵
arms

And bloody wars so many valiant knights;
Look for no other fortune, wretch, than death!

King Edward is not here to buckler thee.

War. Lancaster, why talk'st thou to the
slave? ¹⁹

Go, soldiers, take him hence, for, by my sword,
His head shall off. Gaveston, short warning

Shall serve thy turn; it is our country's cause
That here severely we will execute

Upon thy person. Hang him at a bough. ²⁴

Gav. My lord! —

War. Soldiers, have him away; —
But for thou wert the favourite of a king,

Thou shalt have so much honour at our hands —
Gav. I thank you all, my lords: then I per-
ceive,

That heading is one, d hanging is the other, ³⁰
And death is all.

³ The open country.

⁶ Helen of Troy.

⁴ Uncaptured.

⁷ Drew.

⁵ Ital. "in spite of."

¹ Delay.

² A small vessel.

Enter Earl of ARUNDEL.

Lan. How now, my lord of Arundel?

Arun. My lords, King Edward greets you all by me

War. Arundel, say your message.

Arun. His majesty,
Hearing that you had taken Gaveston,
Entreateth you by me, yet but he may
See him before he dies; for why, he says,
And sends you word, he knows that die he shall;
And if you gratify his grace so far,
He will be mindful of the courtesy.

War. How now?

Gav. Renowned Edward, how thy name
Revises poor Gaveston!

War. No, it needeth not,
Arundel, we will gratify the king
In other matters; he must pardon us in this.
Soldiers, away with him!

Gav. Why, my lord of Warwick,
Will not these delays beget my hopes?
I know it, lords, it is this life you aim at,
Yet grant King Edward this.

Y. Mor. Shalt thou appoint
What we shall grant? Soldiers, away with him!
Thus we'll gratify the king:
We'll send his head by thee; let him bestow
His tears on that, for that is all he gets
Of Gaveston, or else his senseless trunk.

Lan. Not so, my lords, lest he bestow more
cost

In burying him than he hath ever earn'd.

Arun. My lords, it is his majesty's request,
And in the honour of a king he swears,
He will but talk with him, and send him back.

War. When? can you tell? Arundel, no; we
wot

He that the care of his realm remits,
And drives his nobles to these exigents¹
For Gaveston, will, if he sees² him once,
Violate any promises to possess him.

Arun. Then if you will not trust his grace in
keep,

My lords, I will be pledge for his return.

Y. Mor. 'Tis honourable in thee to offer this;
But for we know thou art a noble gentleman,
We will not wrong thee so, to make away
A true man for a thief.

Gav. How mean'st thou, Mortimer? That is
over-base.

Y. Mor. Away, base groom, robber of king's
renown!

Question with thy companions and thy mates.
Pem. My Lord Mortimer, and you, my lords,
each one,

To gratify the king's request therein,
Touching the sending of this Gaveston,
Because his majesty so earnestly
Desires to see the man before his death,
I will upon mine honour undertake
To carry him, and bring him back again;
Provided this, that you my lord of Arundel
Will join with me.

¹ Extremities

² Cunningham's emendation for *Q. cease*.

War. Pembroke, what wilt thou do?
Cause yet more bloodshed? Is it not enough
That we have taken him, but must we now
Leave him on "had I wist,"³ and let him go?

Pem. My lords, I will not over-woo your
honours,

But if you dare trust Pembroke with the pris-
oner,

Upon mine oath, I will return him back.

Arun. My lord of Lancaster, what say you in
this?

Lan. Why, I say, let him go on Pembroke's
word.

Pem. And you, Lord Mortimer?

Y. Mor. How say you, my lord of Warwick?

War. Nay, do your pleasures, I know how
't will prove.

Pem. Then give him me.

Gav. Sweet sovereign, yet I come
To see thee ere I die.

War. Yet not perhaps,

If Warwick's wit and policy prevail. [*Aside.*]

Y. Mor. My lord of Pembroke, we deliver
him you,

Return him on your honour. Sound, away!

*Exeunt all except PEMBROKE, AR-
UNDEL, GAVESTON, [JAMES, and
other] Attendants of PEMBROKE.*

Pem. My lord [Arundel,] you shall go with
me.

My house is not far hence; out of the way

A little, but our men shall go along.

We that have pretty wenches to our wives,
Sir, must not come so near and baulk their lips.

Arun. 'Tis very kindly spoke, my lord of
Pembroke,

Your honour hath an adamant of power

To draw a prince.

Pem. So, my lord. Come hither, James:

I do commit this Gaveston to thee,

Be thou this night his keeper; in the morning

We will discharge thee of thy charge. Be gone.

Gav. Unhappy Gaveston, whither goest thou
now?

*Exit with [JAMES and the other] At-
tendants.*

Horse-boy. My lord, we'll quickly be at Cob-
ham. *Exeunt.*

[ACT III]

[SCENE I.]⁴

*Enter GAVESTON mourning, [JAMES and other]
Attendants of PEMBROKE.*

Gav. O treacherous Warwick! thus to wrong
thy friend.

James. I see it is your life these arms pursue.

Gav. Weaponless must I fall, and die in
bands?

O! must this day be period of my life?

Centre of all my bliss! An ye be men,
Speed to the king.

³ "Had I known — the exclamation of those who
repent of what they have rashly done." (Dyce.)

⁴ The open country.

Enter WARWICK and his company

War. My lord of Pembroke's men,
Strive you no longer—I will have that Gaveston.
James. Your lordship does dishonour to your-
self,

And wrong our lord, your honourable friend.

War. No, James, it is my country's cause I follow. ¹⁰

Go, take the villain; soldiers, come away.
We'll make quick work. Commend me to your master,

My friend, and tell him that I watch'd it well.
Come, let thy shadow¹ parley with King Edward.

Gav. Treacherous earl, shall I not see the king? ¹⁵

War. The king of Heaven, perhaps; no other king.

Away! *Exeunt WARWICK and his men with GAVESTON.*

James. Come, fellows, it booteth not for us to strive,

We will in haste go certify our lord. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.]²

Enter KING EDWARD and [Young] SPENCER, [BALDOCK, and Nobles of the KING's side, and Soldiers] with drums and fifes.

K. Edw. I long to hear an answer from the barons

Touching my friend, my dearest Gaveston.

Ah! Spencer, not the riches of my realm

Can ransom him! Ah, he is mark'd to die!

I know the malice of the younger Mortimer, ⁵

Warwick I know is rough, and Lancaster

Inexorable, and I shall never see

My lovely Pierce, my Gaveston again!

The barons overbear me with their pride.

Y. Spen. Were I King Edward, England's sovereign, ¹⁰

Son to the lovely Eleanor of Spain,

Great Edward Longshanks' issue, would I bear

These braves, this rage, and suffer uncontroll'd

These barons thus to beard me in my land,

In mine own realm? My lord, pardon my speech. ¹⁵

Did you retain your father's magnanimity,

Did you regard the honour of your name,

You would not suffer thus your majesty

Be counterbuff'd of³ your nobility.

Strike off their heads, and let them preach on

poles! ²⁰

No doubt, such lessons they will teach the rest,

As by their preachments they will profit much,

And learn obedience to their lawful king.

K. Edw. Yea, gentle Spencer, we have been

too mild, ²⁵

Too kind to them; but now have drawn our sword,

And if they send me not my Gaveston,

We'll steel it⁴ on their crest, and poll their

tops.

¹ Ghost.

² Near Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire.

³ Checked by. ⁴ Use our steel.

Bald. This haught⁵ resolve becomes your majesty,

Not to be tied to their affection,

As though your highness were a schoolboy still,

And must be aw'd and govern'd like a child. ³¹

Enter the Elder SPENCER, with his truncheon and Soldiers.

E. Spen. Long live my sovereign, the noble Edward,

In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars!

K. Edw. Welcome, old man, com'st thou in Edward's and? ³⁵

Then tell thy prince of whence, and what thou art.

E. Spen. Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,

Brown bills and targeteers, four hundred strong,

Sworn to defend King Edward's royal right,

I come in person to your majesty,

Spencer, the father of Hugh Spencer there, ⁴⁰

Bound to your highness everlastingly,

For favour done, in him, unto us all.

K. Edw. Thy father, Spencer?

Y. Spen. True, an it like your grace,

That pours, in lieu of all your goodness shown,

His life, my lord, before your princely feet ⁴⁵

K. Edw. Welcome ten thousand times, old man, again.

Spencer, this love, this kindness to thy king,

Argues thy noble mind and disposition.

Spencer, I here create thee Earl of Wiltshire,

And daily will enrich thee with our favour, ⁵⁰

That, as the sunshine, shall reflect o'er thee.

Beside, the more to manifest our love,

Because we hear Lord Bruce doth sell his land,

And that the Mortimers are in hand⁶ withal,

Thou shalt have crowns of us t' outbid the

barons: ⁵⁵

And, Spencer, spare them not, but lay it on.

Soldiers, a largess, and thrice welcome all!

Y. Spen. My lord, here comes the queen.

Enter QUEEN [ISABELLA,] and her son [PRINCE EDWARD,] and LEVUNE, a Frenchman.

K. Edw. Madam, what news?

Q. Isab. News of dishonour, lord, and discontent. ⁶⁰

Our friend Levune, faithful and full of trust,

Informeth us, by letters and by words,

That Lord Valois our brother, King of France,

Because your highness hath been slack in ho- ⁶⁵

gath, hath seized Normandy into his hands.

These be the letters, this the messenger.

K. Edw. Welcome, Levune. Tush, Sib, if

this be all

Valois and I will soon be friends again. —

But to my Gaveston; shall I never see,

Never behold thee now? — Madam in this mat- ⁷⁰

ter,

We will employ you and your little son;

You shall go parley with the king of France. —

Boy, see you bear you bravely to the king,

And do your message with a majesty.

⁵ High-spirited.

⁶ Negotiating.

P. Edw. Commit not to my youth things of more weight ⁷⁵

Than fits a prince so young as I to bear,
And fear not, lord and father, Heaven's great beams

On Atlas' shoulder shall not lie more safe,
Than shall your charge committed to my trust.

Q. Isab. Ah, boy! this towardness makes thy mother fear ⁸⁰

Thou art not mark'd to many days on earth.

K. Edw. Madam, we will that you with speed be shipp'd,

And this our son; Levune shall follow you
With all the haste we can despatch him hence.

Choose of our lords to bear you company, ⁸⁵
And go in peace; leave us in wars at home.

Q. Isab. Unnatural wars, where subjects brave their king;

God end them once! My lords, I take my leave,
To make my preparation for France.

[*Exit with PRINCE EDWARD.*]

*Enter [ARUNDEL].*¹

K. Edw. What, Lord [Arundel], dost thou come alone? ⁹⁰

Arun. Yea, my good lord, for Gaveston is dead.

K. Edw. Ah, traitors! have they put my friend to death?

Tell me, Arundel, died he ere thou cam'st,
Or didst thou see my friend to take his death?

Arun. Neither, my lord; for as he was surpris'd, ⁹⁵

Begirt with weapons and with enemies round,
I did your highness' message to them all;

Demanding him of them, entreating rather,
And said, upon the honour of my name,

That I would undertake to carry him ¹⁰⁰
Unto your highness, and to bring him back.

K. Edw. And tell me, would the rebels deny me that?

Y. Spen. Proud recreants!

K. Edw. Yea, Spencer, traitors all.

Arun. I found them at the first inexorable;
The Earl of Warwick would not bide the hearing, ¹⁰⁵

Mortimer hardly; Pembroke and Lancaster
Spake least: and when they flatly had denied,

Refusing to receive me pledge for him,
The Earl of Pembroke mildly thus bespake;

"My lords, because our sovereign sends for him, ¹¹⁰

And promiseth he shall be safe return'd,
I will this undertake, to have him hence,

And see him re-delivered to your hands."

K. Edw. Well, and how fortunes [it] that he came not?

Y. Spen. Some treason, or some villainy, was cause. ¹¹⁵

Arun. The Earl of Warwick seiz'd h' on his way;

For being delivered unto Pembroke's men,
Their lord rode home thinking his prisoner safe;

But ere he came, Warwick in ambush lay,

¹ Qq. *Lord Maitre[vis]*, throughout the scene. Corrected by Dyce.

And bare him to his death; and in a trench ¹²⁰
Strake off his head, and march'd unto the camp.

Y. Spen. A bloody part, flatly 'gainst law of arms!

K. Edw. O shall I speak, or shall I sigh and die!

Y. Spen. My lord, refer your vengeance to the sword

Upon these barons; hearten up your men; ¹²⁵
Let them not unreveng'd murder your friends!

Advance your standard, Edward, in the field,
And march to fire them from their starting holes.

K. Edw. (*kneeling.*) By earth, the common mother of us all,

By Heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof, ¹³⁰
By this right hand, and by my father's sword,

And all the honours 'longing to my crown,
I will have heads and lives for him, as many

As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers! — ^[Rises]

Treacherous Warwick! traitorous Mortimer! ¹³⁵
If I be England's king, in lakes of gore

Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail,
That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood,

And stain my royal standard with the same,
That so my bloody colours may suggest ¹⁴⁰

Remembrance of revenge immortally
On your accursed traitorous progeny,

You villains, that have slain my Gaveston!
And in this place of honour and of trust,

Spencer, sweet Spencer, I adopt thee here: ¹⁴⁵
And merely of our love we do create thee

Earl of Gloucester, and Lord Chamberlain.
Despite of times, despite of enemies.

Y. Spen. My lord, here's a messenger from the barons.

Desires access unto your majesty. ¹⁵⁰

K. Edw. Admit him near.

Enter the Herald from the Barons with his coat of arms.

H. Long live King Edward, England's lawful lord!

K. Edw. So wish not they, I wis, that sent thee hither.

Thou com'st from Mortimer and his 'complices,
A ranker rout of rebels never was. ¹⁵⁵

Well, say thy message.

Her. The barons up in arms, by me salute
Your highness with long life and happiness;

And bid me say, as plainer to your grace,
That if without effusion of blood ¹⁶⁰

You will this grief have ease and remedy,
That from your princely person you remove

This Spencer, as a putrifying branch,
That deads the royal vine, whose golden leaves

Empale your princely head, your diadem, ¹⁶⁵
Whose brightness such pernicious upstarts dim,

Say they; and lovingly advise your grace,
To cherish virtue and nobility,

And have old servitors in high esteem,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers. ¹⁷⁰

This granted, they, their honours, and their lives,
Are to your highness vow'd and consecrate.

Y. Spen. Ah, traitors! will they still display their pride?

Groan for this grief, behold how thou art maim'd!

K. Edw. Go take that haughty Mortimer to the Tower,
There see him safe bestow'd, and for the rest,
Do speedy execution on them all.
Begone!

Y. Mor. What, Mortimer! can ragged stony walls
Immure thy virtue that aspires to Heaven?
No, Edward, England's scourge, it may not be;
Mortimer's hope surmounts his fortune far.

[*The captive Barons are led off.*]

K. Edw. Sound drums and trumpets! March
with me, my friends,

Edward this day hath crown'd him king anew.
Exeunt all except Young SPENCER,

LEVUNE, and BALDOCK.

Y. Spen. Levune, the trust that we repose in thee,

Begets the quiet of King Edward's land
Therefore begone in haste, and with advice
Bestow that treasure on the lords of France,
That, therewith all enchanted, like the guard
That suffered Jove to pass in showers of gold
To Danaë, all aid may be denied
To Isabel, the queen, that now in France
Makes friends, to cross the seas with her young son,

And step into his father's regiment.
Levune. That's it these barons and the subtle queen

Long levell'd at.

Bal. Yea, but, Levune, thou seest
These barons lay their heads on blocks together;

What they intend, the hangman frustrates clean.

Levune. Have you no doubt, my lords, I'll
clap so close
Among the lords of France with England's gold,
That Isabel shall make her plaints in vain,
And France shall be obdurate with her tears.

Y. Spen. Then make for France again;
Levune, away!

Proclaim King Edward's wars and victories.

Exeunt.

[ACT IV]

[SCENE I.]²

Enter KENT.

Kent. Fair blows the wind for France; blow gentle gale,

Till Edmund be arriv'd for England's good!
Nature, yield to my country's cause in this.

A brother? No, a butcher of thy friends!
Proud Edward, dost thou banish me thy presence?

But I'll to France, and cheer the wronged queen,

And certify what Edward's looseness is.
Unnatural king! to slaughter noblemen

¹ Rule.

² Near the Tower of London.

And cherish flatterers! Mortimer, I stay
Thy sweet escape. stand gracious, gloomy night,
To his device.

Enter Young MORTIMER, disguised.

Y. Mor. Holla! who walketh there?
Is't you, my lord?

Kent. Mortimer, 'tis I;
But hath thy potion wrought so happily?
Y. Mor. It hath, my Lord; the warders all asleep,

I thank them, gave me leave to pass in peace.
But hath your grace got shipping unto France?
Kent. Fear it not. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.]³

Enter QUEEN [ISABELLA] and her son [PRINCE EDWARD].

Q. Isab. Ah, boy! our friends do fail us all
in France
The lords are cruel, and the king unkind;
What shall we do?

P. Edw. Madam, return to England,
And please my father well, and then a fig
For all my uncle's friendship here in France.
I warrant you, I'll win his highness quickly;
'A loves me better than a thousand Spencers.

Q. Isab. Ah, boy, thou art deceiv'd, at least
in this,
To think that we can yet be tun'd together;
No, no, we jar too far. Unkind Valois!
Unhappy Isabel! when France rejects,
Whither, oh! whither dost thou bend thy steps?

Enter SIR JOHN of HAINAULT.

Sir J. Madam, what cheer?
Q. Isab. Ah! good Sir John of Hainault,
Never so cheerless, nor so far distrest.

Sir J. I hear, sweet lady, of the king's unkindness;
But droop not, madam; noble minds contemn
Despair. Will your grace with me to Hainault,
And there stay time's advantage with your son?

How say you, my lord, will you go with your friends,
And share of all our fortunes equally?

P. Edw. So pleaseth the queen, my mother, me it likes.

The King of England, nor the court of France,
Shall have me from my gracious mother's side,
Till I be strong enough to break a staff;
And then have at the proudest Spencer's head.

Sir J. Well said, my lord.

Q. Isab. O, my sweet heart, how do I moan
thy wrongs,

Yet triumph in the hope of thee, my joy!
Ah, sweet Sir John! even to the utmost verge
Of Europe, or the shore of Tanais,
Will we with thee to Hainault — so we will: —
The marquis is a noble gentleman;
His grace, I dare presume, will welcome me.
But who are these?

³ Paris.

⁴ T. Brooke emend. *Qq. shake off.*

Enter KENT and Young MORTIMER.

Kent. Madam, long may you live,
Much happier than your friends in England do!
Q. Isab. Lord Edmund and Lord Mortimer
alive!

Welcome to France! The news was here, my
lord,

That you were dead, or very near your death.

Y. Mor. Lady, the last was truest of the
twain;

But Mortimer, reserv'd for better hap,
Hath shaken off the thralldom of the Tower,

And lives t' advance your standard, good my
lord.

P. Edw. How mean you? An¹ the king, my
father, lives?

No, my Lord Mortimer, not I, I trow.

Q. Isab. Not, son! why not? I would it were
no worse.

But, gentle lords, friendless we are in France.

Y. Mor. Monsieur le Grand, a noble friend of
yours,

Told us, at our arrival, all the news:
How hard the nobles, how unkind the king

Hath show'd himself; but, madam, right makes
room

Where weapons want; and, though a many
friends

Are made away, away, as Warwick, Lancaster,
And others of our party and faction;

Yet have we friends, assure your grace, in Eng-
land

Would cast up caps, and clap their hands for
joy,

To see us there, appointed² for our foes.

Kent. Would all were well, and Edward well
reclaim'd,

For England's honour, peace, and quietness.

Y. Mor. But by the sword, my lord, 't must
be deserv'd;

The king will ne'er forsake his flatterers.

Sir J. My lord of England, sith th' ungente
king

Of France refuseth to give aid of arms

To this distressed queen his sister here,

Go you with her to Hainault. Doubt ye not,

We will find comfort, money, men, and friends
Ere long, to bid the English king a base.⁴

How say, young prince? What think you of
the match?

P. Edw. I think King Edward will outrun
us all.

Q. Isab. Nay, son, not so; and you must not
discourage

Your friends, that are so forward in your aid.

Kent. Sir John of Hainault, pardon us, I pray;
These comforts that you give our woful queen

Bind us in kindness all at your command.

Q. Isab. Yea, gentle brother; and the God of
heaven

Prosper your happy motion, good Sir John.

Y. Mor. This noble gentleman, forward in
arms,

Was born, I see, to be our anchor-hold.

Sir John of Hainault, be it thy renown,
That England's queen and nobles in distress,

Have been by thee restor'd and comforted.

Sir J. Madam, along, and you my lords, with
me,

That England's peers may Hainault's welcome
see.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III.]⁵

*Enter KING [EDWARD,] ARUNDEL, the Elder
and Younger SPENCER, with others.*

K. Edw. Thus after many threats of wrath-
ful war,

Triumpheth England's Edward with his friends;
And triumph, Edward, with his friends uncon-
troll'd!

My lord of Gloucester, do you hear the news?

Y. Spen. What news, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, man, they say there is great
execution

Done through the realm; my lord of Arundel,
You have the note, have you not?

Arun. From the Lieutenant of the Tower,
my lord.

K. Edw. I pray let us see it. [*Takes the note.*]

What have we there?

Read it, Spencer.

[*Hands the note to*] Young SPEN-
CER [*who*] reads the names.

Why, so; they bark'd apace a month ago:
Now, on my life, they'll neither bark nor bite.

Now, sirs, the news from France? Gloucester,
I trow

The lords of France love England's gold so well
As Isabella gets no aid from thence.

What now remains? Have you proclaim'd,
my lord,

Reward for them can bring in Mortimer?

Y. Spen. My lord, we have, and if he be in
England,

'A will be had ere long, I doubt it not.

K. Edw. If, dost thou say? Spencer, as true
as death,

He is in England's ground; our portmasters
Are not so careless of their king's command.

Enter a Post.

How now, what news with thee? From whence
come these?

Post. Letters, my lord, and tidings forth of
France;—

To you, my lord of Gloucester, from Levune.

[*Gives letters to* Young SPENCER.]

K. Edw. Read.

Y. Spen. [*reads*].

"My duty to your honour premised, &c., I
have, according to instructions in that behalf,

dealt with the King of France his lords, and
effected that the queen, all discontented and
discomforted, is gone whither, if you ask, with
Sir John of Hainault, brother to the marquis,
into Flanders. With them are gone Lord Ed-
mund, and the Lord Mortimer, having in their
company divers of your nation, and others; and,

⁵ The Royal Palace, London.

¹ If.

² Equipped.

³ Earned

⁴ Challenge. A reference to the g e of prisoner's
base.

as constant report goeth, they intend to give King Edward battle in England, sooner than he can look for them. This is all the news of import.

Your honour's in all service, LEVUNE."⁴⁰
K. *Edw.* Ah, villains! hath that Mortimer escap'd?

With him is Edmund gone associate?
And will Sir John of Hainault lead the round?
Welcome, a' God's name, madam, and your son;
England shall welcome you and all your rout.⁴⁶
Gallop apace, bright Phoebus, through the sky,
And dusky night, in rusty iron car,
Between you both shorten the time, I pray,
That I may see that most desired day.⁵⁰
When we may meet these traitors in the field.
Ah, nothing grieves me but my little boy
Is thus misled to countenance their ills.
Come, friends, to Bristow,¹ there to make us
strong;
And, winds, as equal be to bring them in,⁵⁵
As you injurious were to bear them forth!

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV.]²

Enter QUEEN [ISABELLA], her son, [PRINCE EDWARD], KENT, Young MORTIMER, and SIR JOHN [of HAINAULT].

Q. *Isab.* Now, lords, our loving friends and countrymen,
Welcome to England all, with prosperous winds!
Our kindest friends in Belgia have we left,
To cope with friends at home; a heavy case
When force to force is knit, and sword and glaive⁵
In civil broils make kin and countrymen
Slaughter themselves in others, and their sides
With their own weapons gor'd! But what's the help?

Misgoverned kings are cause of all this wrack;
And, Edward, thou art one among them all,¹⁰
Whose looseness hath betray'd thy land to spoil,
Who made the channels overflow with blood.
Of thine own people patron shouldst thou be,
But thou —¹⁴

Y. *Mor.* Nay, madam, if you be a warrior,
You must not grow so passionate in speeches.
Lords,
Sith that we are by sufferance of Heaven
Arriv'd and armed in this prince's right,
Here for our country's cause swear we to him²⁰
All homage, fealty, and forwardness;
And for the open wrongs and injuries
Edward hath done to us, his queen and land,
We come in a s to wreak it with the sword;
That England's queen in peace may repossess
Her dignities and honours; and withal²⁵
We may remove these flatterers from the king,
That havoc England's wealth and treasury.

Sir J. Sound trumpets, my lord, and forward let us march.

Edward will think we come to flatter him.³⁰
Kent. I would he never had been flattered more.
[*Exeunt.*]

¹ Bristol.

² Near arwich.

[SCENE V.]³

Enter KING EDWARD, BALDOCK, and Young SPENCER, flying about the stage.

Y. *Spn.* Fly, fly, my lord! the queen is over-strong;
Her friends do multiply, and yours do fail.
Shape we our course to Ireland, there to breathe.

K. *Edw.* What! was I born to fly and run away,

And leave the Mortimers conquerors behind? s
Give me my horse, and let's reinforce our troops.

And in this bed of honour die with fame.
Bald. O no, my lord, this princely resolution
Fits not the time; away! we are pursu'd.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter KENT, with sword and target.

Kent. This way he fled, but I am come too late.¹⁶

Edward, alas! my heart relents for thee.
Proud traitor, Mortimer, why dost thou chase
Thy lawful king, thy sovereign, with thy sword?
Vile wretch! and why hast thou, of all unkind,
Borne arms against thy brother and thy king?
Rain showers of vengeance on my cursed head,
Thou God, to whom in justice it belongs¹⁷
To punish this unnatural revolt!
Edward, this Mortimer aims at thy life!
O fly him, then! But, Edmund, calm this rage,
Dissemble, or thou diest; for Mortimer²¹
And Isabel do kiss, while they conspire;
And yet she bears a face of love forsooth.
Fie on that love that hatcheth death and hate!
Edmund, away! Bristow to Longshanks' blood
Is false. Be not found single for suspect.²⁴²⁵
Proud Mortimer pries near unto thy walks.

Enter QUEEN [ISABELLA], PRINCE [EDWARD],
Young MORTIMER, and SIR JOHN of HAINAULT.

Q. *Isab.* Successful battle gives the God of kings
To them that fight in right and fear his wrath.
Since then successfully we have prevailed,³⁰
Thanked be Heaven's great architect, and you.
Ere farther we proceed, my noble lords,
We here create our well-beloved son,
Of love and care unto his royal person,
Lord Warden of the realm, and sith the fates³⁵
Have made his father so unfortunate,
Deal you, my lords, in this, my loving lords,
As to your wisdoms fittest seems in all.

Kent. Madam, without offence, if I may ask,
How will you deal with Edward in his fall?⁴⁰

P. *Edw.* Tell me, good uncle, what Edward do you mean?

Kent. Nephew, your father; I dare not call him king.

Y. *Mor.* My lord of Kent, what needs these questions?

'T is not in her controlment, nor in ours,
But as the realm and parliament shall please,⁴⁵

³ Near Bristol.

⁴ Lest you are suspected.

So shall your brother be disposed of. —
I like not this relenting mood in Edmund.
Madam, 'tis good to look to him betimes.

[Aside to the QUEEN.]

Q. Isab. My lord, the Mayor of Bristow
knows our mind.

Y. Mor. Yea, madam, and they scape not
easily 50

That fled the field.

Q. Isab. Baldock is with the king,

A goodly chancellor, is he not, my lord?

Sir J. So are the Spencers, the father and
the son.

Kent. This Edward is the ruin of the realm.

Enter RICE AP HOWELL and the Mayor of Bristow,
with the Elder SPENCER [prisoner, and
Attendants].

Rice. God save Queen Isabel, and her princely
son! 55

Madam, the mayor and citizens of Bristow,

In sign of love and duty to this presence,

Present by me this traitor to the state,

Spencer, the father to that wanton Spencer,

That, like the lawless Catiline of Rome, 60
Revelled in England's wealth and treasury.

Q. Isab. We thank you all.

Y. Mor. Your loving care in this

Deserveth princely favours and rewards.

But where's the king and the other Spencer fled?

Rice. Spencer the son, created Earl of Gloucester, 65

Is with that smooth-tongu'd scholar Baldock
gone

And shipt but late for Ireland with the king.

Y. Mor. [Aside.] Some whirlwind fetch them
back or sink them all! —

They shall be started thence, I doubt it not.

P. Edw. Shall I not see the king my father
yet? 70

Kent. [Aside.] Unhappy's Edward, chas'd
from England's bounds.

Sir J. Madam, what resteth, why stand you
in a muse?

Q. Isab. I rue my lord's ill-fortune; but alas!
Care of my country call'd me to this war.

Y. Mor. Madam, have done with care and
sad complaint; 75

Your king hath wrong'd your country and himself,

And we must seek to right it as we may.

Meanwhile, have hence this rebel to the block.

Your lordship cannot privilege your head.

E. Spen. Rebel is he that fights against his
prince; 80

So fought not they that fought in Edward's right.

Y. Mor. Take him away, he prates.

[Exeunt Attendants with the Elder
SPENCER.]

You, Rice ap Howell,

Shall do good service to her majesty,

Being of countenance in your country here, 85

To follow these rebellious runagates.

We in meanwhile, madam, must take advice

How Baldock, Spencer, and their complices

May in their fall be followed to their end.

Exeunt.

[SCENE VI.]¹

Enter the Abbot, Monks, [KING] EDWARD,
Young SPENCER, and BALDOCK [the three latter
disguised].

Abbot. Have you no doubt, my lord; have
you no fear;

As silent and as careful we will be,

To keep your royal person safe with us,

Free from suspect and fall invasion

Of such as have your majesty in chase, 5

Yourself, and those your chosen company,

As danger of this stormy time requires.

K. Edw. Father, thy face should harbour no
deceit.

O! hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart,

Pierced deeply with sense of my distress, 10

Could not but take compassion of my state.

Stately and proud, in riches and in train,

Whilom I was, powerful, and full of pomp:

But what is he whom rule and empery

Have not in life or death made miserable? 15

Come, Spencer; come, Baldock, come, sit down
by me,

Make trial now of that philosophy,

That in our famous nurseries of arts

Thou suck'dst from Plato and from Aristotle.

Father, this life contemplative is Heaven. 20

O that I might this life in quiet lead!

But we, alas! are chas'd; and you, my friends,

Your lives and my dishonour they pursue.

Yet, gentle monks, for treasure, gold, nor fee,

Do you betray us and our company. 25

Monks. Your grace may sit secure, if none but
we

Do wot of your abode.

Y. Spen. Not one alive; but shrewdly I suspect

A gloomy fellow in a mead below.

'A gave a long look after us, my lord; 30

And all the land I know is up in arms,

Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.

Bald. We were embark'd for Ireland,
wretched we!

With awkward winds and [with] sore tempests
driven

To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear 35

Of Mortimer and his confederates.

K. Edw. Mortimer! who talks of Mortimer?

Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer,

That bloody man? Good father, on thy lap

Lay I this head, laden with mickle care. 40

O might I never open these eyes again!

Never again lift up this drooping head!

O never more lift up this dying heart!

Y. Spen. Look up, my lord. — Baldock, this
drowsiness

Betides no good; here even we are betray'd. 45

Enter, with Welsh hooks, RICE AP HOWELL, a
Mower, and LEICESTER.

Mow. Upon my life, these be the men yeseek.

Rice. Fellow, enough. — My lord, I pray be

short, 'sion warrants what we do.

¹ The abbey of Neath.

Leices. The queen's commission, urged by Mortimer;

What cannot gallant Mortimer with the queen?

Alas! see where he sits, and hopes unseen

T' escape their hands that seek to reave his life.

Too true it is, *Quem dies vidit vemens superbum.*

*Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem.*¹

But, Leicester, leave to grow so passionate.

Spencer and Baldock, by no other names,

I do arrest you of high treason here.

Stand not on titles, but obey th' arrest;

'Tis in the name of Isabel the queen.

My lord, why droop you thus?

K. Edw. O day, the last of all my bliss on earth!

Centre of all misfortune! O my stars,

Why do you lour unkindly on a king?

Comes Leicester, then, in Isabella's name

To take my life, my company from me?

Here, man, rip up this panting breast of mine,

And take my heart in rescue of my friends!

Rice. Away with them!

Y. Spen. It may become thee yet

To let us take our farewell of his grace.

Abbot My heart with pity earns² to see this sight,—

[*Aside.*] A king to bear these words and proud

commands.

K. Edw. Spencer, ah, sweet Spencer, thus

then must we part?

Y. Spen. We must, my lord, so will the angry

Heavens.

K. Edw. Nay, so will hell and cruel Mortimer;

The gentle Heavens have not to do in this.

Bald. My lord, it is in vain to grieve or storm.

Here humbly of your grace we take our leaves;

Our lots are cast; I fear me, so is thine.

K. Edw. In Heaven we may, in earth ne'er

shall we meet:

And, Leicester, say, what shall become of us?

Leices. Your majesty must go to Killingworth³

K. Edw. Must! it is somewhat hard, when

kings must go.

Leices. Here is a litter ready for your grace,

That waits your pleasure, and the day grows old.

Rice. As good be gone, as stay and be benighted.

K. Edw. A litter hast thou? Lay me in a

hearse,

And to the gates of hell convey me hence;

Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,

And hags howl for my death at Charon's shore,

For friends hath Edward none but these and these,

And these must die under a tyrant's sword.

Rice. My lord, be going; care not for these,

For we shall see them shorter by the heads.

K. Edw. Well, that shall be, shall be: part

we must!

Sweet Spencer, gentle Baldock, part we must!

Hence feigned weeds! unfeigned are my woes;

[*Throws off his disguise.*]

¹ "Whom the dawn sees proud, evening sees prostrate." Seneca, *Thyestes*, 613.

² Yea, grieves.

³ Kenilworth.

Father, farewell! Leicester, thou stay'st for me,

And go I must. Life, farewell, with my friends.

Exeunt EDWARD and LEICESTER.

Y. Spen. O! is he gone? Is noble Edward

gone?

Parted from hence, never to see us more?

Rent, sphere of Heaven! and, fire, forsake thy

oib!

Earth, melt to air! gone is my sovereign,

Gone, gone, alas! never to make return.

Bald. Spencer, I see our souls are fleet

hence;

We are depriv'd the sunshine of our life:

Make for a new life, man, throw up thy eyes,

And heart, and hand to Heaven's immortal

throne;

Pay nature's debt with cheerful countenance;

Reduce we all our lessons unto this:

To die, sweet Spencer, therefore live we all;

Spencer, all live to die, and rise to fall.

Rice. Come, come, keep these preachments

till you come to the place appointed. You,

and such as you are, have made wise work in

England. Will your lordships away?

Mow. Your lordship, I trust, will remember

me?

Rice. Remember thee, fellow! what else?

Follow me to the town. [*Exeunt.*]

[ACT V]

[SCENE I.]⁴

Enter KING [EDWARD,] LEICESTER, the BISHOP [of WINCHESTER] for the crown [and TRUSSEL.]

Leices. Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament,

Imagine Killingworth Castle were your court,

And that you lay for pleasure here a space,

Not of compulsion or necessity.

K. Edw. Leicester, if gentle words might

comfort me,

Thy speeches long ago had eas'd my sorrows;

For kind and loving hast thou always been.

The griefs of private men are soon allay'd,

But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck,

Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds;

But, when the imperial lion's flesh is gor'd,

He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,

[And] highly scorning that the lowly earth

Should drink his blood, mounts up into the air.

And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind

The ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,

And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,

That thus hath pent and mew'd me in a prison;

For such outrageous passions cloy my soul,

As with the wings of rancour and disdain

Full often am I soaring up to Heaven,

To plain me to the gods against them both.

But when I call to mind I am a king,

Methinks I should revenge me of my wrongs,

That Mortimer and Isabel have done.

But what are kings, when regiment⁵ is gone,

⁴ A room in Kenilworth Castle.

⁵ Rule

But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?
My nobles rule, I bear the name of king,
I wear the crown, but am controll'd by them,
By Mortimer, and my unconstant queen, 30
Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy,
Whilst I am lodg'd within this cave of care,
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
To company my heart with sad laments,
That bleeds within me for this strange ex-
change. 35

But tell me, must I now resign my crown,
To make usurping Mortimer a king?

B. of Win. Your grace mistakes, it is for
England's good,
And princely Edward's right we crave the
crown.

K. Edw. No, 't is for Mortimer, not Edward's
head; 40

For he's a lamb, encompassed by wolves,
Which in a moment will abridge his life.
But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
Heavens turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire!
Or like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon, 45
Engirt the temples of his hateful head;
So shall not England's vine be perished,
But Edward's name survives, though Edward
dies.

Leices. My lord, why waste you thus the time
away?

They stay your answer; will you yield your
crown? 50

K. Edw. Ah, Leicester, weigh how hardly I
can brook

To lose my crown and kingdom without cause,
To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss, 54
In which extreme my mind here murdered is.
But what the heavens appoint, I must obey!
Here, take my crown; the life of Edward too;
[*Taking off the crown.*]

Two kings in England cannot reign at once.
But stay awhile, let me be king till night,
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown, 60
So shall my eyes receive their last content.
My head, the latest honour due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wished right.
Continue ever thou celestial sun;

Let never silent night possess this clime: 65
Stand still you watches of the element;
All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
That Edward may be still fair England's
king!

But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,
And needs I must resign my wished crown. 70
Inhuman creatures! nurs'd with tiger's milk!
Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow!
My diadem I mean, and guiltless life.
See, monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again!
[*He puts on the crown.*]

What, fear you not the fury of your king? 75
But, hapless Edward, thou art fondly led;
They pass² not for thy frowns as late they did,
But seek to make a new-elected king;
Which fills my mind with strange despairing
thoughts,

¹ Foolishly.² Care.

Which thoughts are martyred with endless
torments, 80

And in this torment comfort find I none,
But that I feel the crown upon my head;
And therefore let me wear it yet awhile.

Trus. My lord, the parliament must have
present news,
And therefore say, will you resign or no? 85

The King rageth.
K. Edw. I'll not resign, but whilst I live [be
king.]³

Traitors, be gone and join with Mortimer!
Elect, conspire, install, do what you will. —
Their blood and yours shall seal these treach-
eries!

B. of Win. This answer we'll return, and so
farewell. [*Going with TRUSSEL.*] 90

Leices. Call them again, my lord, and speak
them fair;

For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.

K. Edw. Call thou them back, I have no
power to speak.

Leices. My lord, the king is willing to resign.
B. of Win. If he be not, let him choose. 95

K. Edw. O would I might, but heavens and
earth conspire

To make me miserable! Here receive my
crown,

Receive it? No, these innocent hands of mine
Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime.

He of you all that most desires my blood, 100
And will be call'd the murderer of a king,
Take it. What, are you mov'd? Pity you me?

Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,
And Isabel, whose eyes, being turn'd to steel,
Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear. 105

Yet stay, for rather than I'll look on them,
Here, here! [*Gives the crown.*]

Now, sweet God of Heaven,
Make me despise this transitory pomp,
And sit for aye enthroned in Heaven!

Come, death, and with thy fingers close my
eyes, 110

Or if I live, let me forget myself.

B. of Win. My lord —

K. Edw. Call me not lord; away — out of my
sight!

Ah, pardon me: grief makes me lunatic!
Let not that Mortimer protect my son; 115

More safety is there in a tiger's jaws,
Than his embracements. Bear this to the queen,
Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs;

[*Gives a handkerchief.*]

If with the sight thereof she be not mov'd,
Return it back and dip it in my blood. 120

Commend me to my son, and bid him rule
Better than I. Yet how have I transgress'd,
Unless it be with too much clemency?

Trus. And thus most humbly do we take our
leave. 124

K. Edw. Farewell; [*Exeunt the BISHOP
of WINCHESTER and TRUSSEL.*]

I know the next news that they bring
Will be my death; and welcome shall it be;

To wretched men, death is felicity.

³ Qq. omit. Added by Do ey.

Enter BERKELEY,¹ [who gives a paper to LEICESTER].

Leices. Another post! what news brings he?

K. Edw. Such news as I expect — come, Berkeley, come,

And tell thy message to my naked breast. 130

Berk. My lord, think not a thought so villainous

Can harbour in a man of noble birth.

To do your highness service and devoir,

And save you from your foes, Berkeley would die.

Leices. My lord, the council of the queen commands 135

That I resign my charge.

K. Edw. And who must keep me now? Must you, my lord?

Berk. Ay, my most gracious lord; so 'tis decreed.

K. Edw. [taking the paper.] By Mortimer, whose name is written here! 139

Well may I read his name that rends my heart! [Tears it.]

This poor revenge has something eas'd my mind. So may his limbs be torn, as is this paper!

Hear me, immortal Jove, and grant it too!

Berk. Your grace must hence with me to Berkeley straight.

K. Edw. Whither you will; all places are alike, 145

And every earth is fit for burial.

Leices. Favour him, my lord, as much as lieth in you.

Berk. Even so betide my soul as I use him.

K. Edw. Mine enemy hath pitied my estate,

And that's the cause that I am now remov'd.

Berk. And thinks your grace that Berkeley will be cruel? 151

K. Edw. I know not; but of this am I assured,

That death ends all, and I can die but once.

Leicester, farewell!

Leices. Not yet, my lord; I'll bear you on your way. Exeunt. 155

[SCENE II.]²

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA and Young MORTIMER.

Y. Mor. Fair Isabel, now have we our desire;

The proud corrupters of the light-brain'd king Have done their homage to the lofty gallows, And he himself lies in captivity.

Be rul'd by me, and we will rule the realm. 5

In any case take heed of childish fear,

For now we hold an old wolf by the ears,

That, if he slip, will seize upon us both,

And gripe the sorer, being gript himself.

Think therefore, madam, that imports us much

To erect³ your son with all the speed we may, 11

And that I be protector over him;

For our behoof will bear the greater sway

Whenas a king's name shall be under writ.

¹ Old edd. *Bartley*, showing pronunciation.

² The Royal Palace, London.

³ Cro

Q. Isab. Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabel, Be thou persuaded that I love thee well, 16

And therefore, so the prince my son be safe,

Whom I esteem as dear as these mine eyes,

Conclude against his father what thou wilt, 20

And I myself will willingly subscribe.

Y. Mor. First would I hear news that he were depos'd,

And then let me alone to handle him.

Enter Messenger.

Letters! from whence?

Mess. From Killingworth, my lord.

Q. Isab. How fares my lord the king?

Mess. In health, madam, but full of pensive- 25

ness. Q. Isab. Alas, poor soul, would I could ease his grief!

[Enter the BISHOP of WINCHESTER with the crown.]

Thanks, gentle Winchester. [To the Messenger.] Sirrah, be gone. [Exit Messenger.]

B. of Win. The king hath willingly resign'd his crown.

Q. Isab. O happy news! send for the prince, my son.

B. of Win. Further, or this letter was seal'd, Lord Berkeley came, 30

So that he now is gone from Killingworth;

And we have heard that Edmund laid a plot

To set his brother free; no more but so.

The lord of Berkeley is so pitiful

As Leicester that had charge of him before. 35

Q. Isab. Then let some other be his guardian.

Y. Mor. Let me alone, here is the privy seal, [Exit the BISHOP of WINCHESTER.]

Who's there? — Call hither Gurney and Matrevis. [To Attendants within.]

To dash the heavy-headed Edmund's drift, 39 Berkeley shall be discharg'd, the king remov'd, And none but we shall know where he lieth.

Q. Isab. But, Mortimer, as long as he survives,

What safety rests for us, or for my son?

Y. Mor. Speak, shall he presently be despatch'd and die?

Q. Isab. I would he were, so 't were not by my means. 45

Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY.

Y. Mor. Enough. —

Matrevis, write a letter presently

Unto the lord of Berkeley from ourself

That he resign the king to thee and Gurney; 49

And when 'tis done, we will subscribe our names.

Mat. It shall be done, my lord.

Y. Mor.

Gurney. My lord.

Y. Mor. As thou intend'st to rise by Mortimer,

Who now makes Fortune's wheel turn as he please,

Seek all the means thou canst to make h' 54

droop,

And neither give him kind word nor good look.

Gur. I warrant you, my lord.

Y. Mor. And this above the rest: because we hear
That Edmund casts¹ to work his liberty,
Remove him still from place to place by night,
Till at the last he come to Killingworth, 60
And then from thence to Berkeley back again;
And by the way, to make him fret the more,
Speak curstly to him, and in any case
Let no man comfort him, if he chance to weep,
But amplify his grief with bitter words. 65
Mat. Fear not, my lord, we'll do as you command.
Y. Mor. So now away; post thitherwards
again.
Q. Isab. Whither goes this letter? To my
lord the king?
Commend me humbly to his majesty,
And tell him that I labour all in vain 70
To ease his grief, and work his liberty;
And bear him this as witness of my love.
[*Gives a ring.*]
Mat. I will, madam. *Exit with GURNEY.*
*Enter PRINCE [EDWARD], and KENT talking
with him.*
Y. Mor. Finely dissembled. Do so still, sweet
queen.
Here comes the young prince with the Earl of
Kent. 75
Q. Isab. Something he whispers in his childish
ears.
Y. Mor. If he have such access unto the
prince,
Our plots and stratagems will soon be dash'd.
Q. Isab. Use Edmund friendly, as if all were
well.
Y. Mor. How fares my honourable lord of
Kent? 80
Kent. In health, sweet Mortimer. How fares
your grace?
Q. Isab. Well, if my lord your brother were
enlarg'd.
Kent. I hear of late he hath depos'd himself.
Q. Isab. The more my grief.
Y. Mor. And mine.
Kent. [*Aside.*] Ah, they do dissemble!
Q. Isab. Sweet son, come hither, I must talk
with thee. 85
Y. Mor. You being his uncle, and the next
of blood,
Do look to be protector o'er the prince.
Kent. Not I, my lord; who should protect the
son,
But she that gave him life? I mean the queen.
P. Edw. Mother, persuade me not to wear
the crown. 90
Let him be king — I am too young to reign.
Q. Isab. But be content, seeing 't is his high-
ness' pleasure.
P. Edw. Let me but see h' first, and then
I will.
Kent. Ay, do, sweet nephew.
Q. Isab. Brother, you know it is possible. 95
P. Edw. Why, is he dead?
Q. Isab. No, God forbid!

¹ Plots.

Kent. I would those words proceeded from
your heart
Y. Mor. Instant Edmund, dost thou fa-
vour him,
That wast the cause of his imprisonment? 100
Kent. The more cause have I now to make
amends.
Y. Mor. [*Aside to Q. Isab.*] I tell thee, 't is
not meet that one so false
Should come about the person of a prince. —
My lord, he hath betray'd the king his brother,
And therefore trust him not. 105
P. Edw. But he repents, and sorrows for it
now.
Q. Isab. Come, son, and go with this gentle
lord and me.
P. Edw. With you I will, but not with Mor-
timer.
Y. Mor. Why, youngling, 'sdain'st thou so
of Mortimer?
Then I will carry thee by force away. 110
P. Edw. Help, uncle Kent! Mortimer will
wrong me.
Q. Isab. Brother Edmund, strive not; we are
his friends;
Isabel is nearer than the Earl of Kent.
Kent. Sister, Edward is my charge, redeem
him.
Q. Isab. Edward is my son, and I will keep
him. 115
Kent. Mortimer shall know that he hath
wrong'd me! —
[*Aside.*] Hence will I haste to Killingworth
Castle,
And rescue aged Edward from his foes.
To be reveng'd on Mortimer and thee.
*Exeunt [on one side QUEEN ISA-
BELLA, PRINCE EDWARD, and
Young MORTIMER; on the other
KENT.]*

[SCENE III.]²

*Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY [and Soldiers,]
with KING [EDWARD].*
Mat. My lord, be not pensive, we are your
friends;
Men are ordain'd to live in misery,
Therefore come, — dalliance dangereth our
lives.
K. Edw. Friends, whither must unhappy
Edward go?
Will hateful Mortimer appoint no rest? 5
Must I be vexed like the nightly bird,
Whose sight is loathsome to all winged fowls?
When will the fury of his mind assuage?
When will his heart be satisfied with blood?
If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast,
And give my heart to Isabel and him; 11
It is the chiefest mark they level³ at.
Gur. Not so my liege, the queen hath given
this charge
To keep your grace in safety;
Your passions make your dolours to increase.
K. Edw. This ge makes my misery to in-
crease. 15

² Kenilworth Castle.³ Aim.

But can my air of life continue long
When all my senses are annoy'd with stench?
Within a dungeon England's king is kept,
Where I am starv'd for want of sustenance. 20
My daily diet is heart-breaking sobs,
That almost rents the closet of my heart.
Thus lives old Edward not reliev'd by any,
And so must die, though pitied by many.
O, water, gentle friends, to cool my thirst, 25
And clear my body from foul excrements!

Mat. Here's channel¹ water, as our charge is given.

Sit down, for we'll be barbers to your grace.

K. Edw. Traitors, away! What, will you murder me,

Or choke your sovereign with puddle water? 30

Gur. No; but wash your face, and shave away your beard,

Lest you be known and so be rescued.

Mat. Why strive you thus? Your labour is in vain!

K. Edw. The wren may strive against the lion's strength,

But all in vain so vainly do I strive 35

To seek for mercy at a tyrant's hand

They wash him with puddle water, and shave his beard away.

Immortal powers¹ that knows the painful cares
That wait upon my poor distressed soul,

O level all your looks upon these daring men,

That wrongs their hege and sovereign, Eng-
land's king! 40

O Gaveston, 'tis for thee I am wrong'd,

For me, both thou and both the Spencers died!

And for your sakes a thousand wrongs I'll take

The Spencers' ghosts, wherever they remain, 44

Wish well to mine, then tush, for them I'll die.

Mat. 'Twixt theirs and yours shall be no en-
mity.

Come, come away; now put the torches out,

We'll enter in by darkness to Killingworth.

Enter KENT.

Gur. How now, who comes there?

Mat. Guard the king sure: it is the Earl of
Kent. 50

K. Edw. O gentle brother, help to rescue me!

Mat. Keep them asunder: thrust in the king.

Kent. Soldiers, let me but talk to him one word.

Gur. Lay hands upon the earl for this assault.

Kent. Lay down your weapons, traitors! Yield
the king! 55

Mat. Edmund, yield thou thyself, or thou
shalt die.

Kent. Base villains, wherefore do you gripe
me thus?

Gur. Bind him and so convey him to the court.

Kent. Where is the court but here? Here is
the king;

And I will visit him; why stay you me? 60

Mat. The court is where Lord Mortimer re-
mains;

Thither shall your honour go; and so farewell.

*Exeunt MATREVIS and GURNEY,
with KING EDWARD.*

¹ Gutter

Kent. O miserable is that commonweal,
Where lords keep courts, and kings are lockt
in prison!

Sol. Wherefore stay we? On, sirs, to the
court! 65

Kent. Ay, lead me whither you will, even to
my death,
Seeing that my brother cannot be releas'd.

Exeunt.

[SCENE IV.]²

Enter Young MORTIMER, alone.

Y. Mor. The king must die, or Mortimer
goes down;

The commons now begin to pity him.

Yet he that is the cause of Edward's death,

Is sure to pay for it when his son's of age;

And therefore will I do it cunningly. 5

This letter, written by a friend of ours,

Contains his death, yet bids them save his life.

[*Reads.*]

"*Edwardum occidere nolite timere, bonum est:*
Fear not to kill the king, 'tis good he die."

But read it thus, and that's another sense: 10

"*Edwardum occidere nolite, timere bonum est:*
Kill not the king, 'tis good to fear the worst."

Unpointed as it is, thus shall it go,

That, being dead, if it chance to be found,

Matrevis and the rest may bear the blame, 15

And we be quit that caus'd it to be done.

Within this room is lock'd the messenger

That shall convey it, and perform the rest;

And by a secret token that he bears,

Shall he be murdered when the deed is done. —

Lightborn, come forth! 21

[*Enter LIGHTBORN.*]

Art thou as resolute as thou wast?

Light. What else, my lord? And far more
resolute.

Y. Mor. And hast thou cast³ how to ac-
complish it?

Light. Ay, ay, and none shall know which way
he died. 25

Y. Mor. But at his looks, Lightborn, thou
wilt relent.

Light. Relent! ha, ha! I use much to relent.

Y. Mor. Well, do it bravely, and be secret.

Light. You shall not need to give instructions;

'Tis not the first time I have kill'd a man. 30

I learn'd in Naples how to poison flowers;

To strangle with a lawn⁴ thrust through the
throat;

To pierce the windpipe with a needle's point;

Or whilst one is asleep, to take a quill

And blow a little powder in his ears; 35

Or open his mouth and pour quicksilver down.

And yet I have a braver way than these.

Y. Mor. What's that?

Light. Nay, you shall pardon me; none shall
know my tricks.

Y. Mor. I care not how it is, so it be not
spied. 40

Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis.

[*Gives letter.*]

² The Royal Palace, London.

³ Pl ed.

⁴ A piece of fine linen.

At every ten mile end thou hast a horse.
Take this, [*Gives money*] away! and never see
me more.

Light No?

Y. Mor. No;

Unless thou bring me news of Edward's death.

Light. That will I quickly do. Farewell, my
lord. [*Exit.*]

Y. Mor. The prince I rule, the queen do I
command,

And with a lowly congé to the ground,
The proudest lords salute me as I pass,

I seal, I cancel, I do what I will.

Fear'd am I more than lov'd; — let me be fear'd,
And when I frown, make all the court look
pale.

I view the prince with Aristarchus' eyes,

Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy.

They thrust upon me the protectorship,

And sue to me for that that I desire.

While at the council-table, grave enough,

And not unlike a bashful puritan,

First I complain of imbecility,

Saying it is *onus quam gravissimum*,¹

Till being interrupted by my friends,

Suscepi that *provinciam*² as they term it;

And to conclude, I am Protector now.

Now is all sure the queen and Mortimer

Shall rule the realm, the king; and none rule us.

Mine enemies will I plague, my friends advance;

And what I list command who dare control?

*Major sum quam cui possit fortuna nocere.*³

And that this be the coronation-day,

It pleaseth me, and Isabel the queen.

[*Trumpets within.*]

The trumpets sound, I must go take my place.

*Enter the young KING, QUEEN [ISABELLA,] the
ARCHBISHOP [of CANTERBURY,] Champion
and Nobles.*

A. of Cant. Long live King Edward, by the
grace of God

King of England and Lord of Ireland!

Cham. If any Christian, Heathen, Turk, or
Jew,

Dares but affirm that Edward's not true king,

And will avouch his saying with the sword,

I am the champion that will combat him.

Y. Mor. None comes, sound trumpets.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

K. Edw. Thrd. Ch pion, here's to thee.

[*Gives a purse.*]

Q. Isab. Lord Mortimer, now take him to
your charge.

Enter Soldiers, with KENT prisoner.

Y. Mor. What traitor have we there with
blades and bills?

Sol. Edmund, the Earl of Kent.

K. Edw. Thrd. What hath he done?

Sol. 'A would have taken the king away per-
force,

As we were bringing him to Killingworth.

¹ Lat. "a very heavy burden"

² Lat. "I have undertaken that office."

³ Lat. "I am too great for fortune to injure." Ovid,
Met.orphoses, vi. 195.

Y. Mor. Did you attempt this rescue, Ed-
mund? Speak.

Kent. Mortimer, I did; he is our king,
And thou compell'st this prince to wear the
crown.

Y. Mor. Strike off his head! he shall have
martial law.

Kent. Strike off my head! Base traitor, I defy
thee!

K. Edw. Thrd. My lord, he is my uncle, and
shall live.

Y. Mor. My lord, he is your enemy, and shall
die.

Kent. Stay, villains!

K. Edw. Thrd. Sweet mother, if I cannot
pardon him,

Entreat my Lord Protector for his life.

Q. Isab. Son, be content; I dare not speak a
word

K. Edw. Thrd. Nor I, and yet methinks I
should command,

But, seeing I cannot, I'll entreat for him —

My lord, if you will let my uncle live,

I will requite it when I come to age.

Y. Mor. 'T is for your highness' good, and
for the realm's —

How often shall I bid you bear him hence?

Kent. Art thou king? Must I die at thy com-
mand?

Y. Mor. At our command — Once more away
with him.

Kent. Let me but stay and speak, I will not go.

Either my brother or his son is king,

And none of both them thirst for Edmund's
blood.

And therefore, soldiers, whither will you hale
me?

Soldiers hale KENT away, and carry
him to be beheaded.

K. Edw. Thrd. What safety may I look for
at his hands,

If that my uncle shall be murdered thus?

Q. Isab. Fear not, sweet boy, I'll guard thee
from thy foes;

Had Edmund liv'd, he would have sought thy
death.

Come, son, we'll ride a-hunting in the park.

K. Edw. Thrd. And shall my uncle Edmund
ride with us?

Q. Isab. He is a traitor; think not on him;
come.

[SCENE V.]⁴

Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY.

Mat. Gurney, I wonder the king dies not,
Being in a vault up to the knees in water,

To which the channels of the castle run,
From whence a damp continually riseth,

That were enough to poison any man,
Much more a king brought up so tenderly.

Gur. And so do I, Matrevis: yesternight
I opened but the door to throw him meat,

And I was almost stifled with the savour.

Mat. He hath a body able to endure

⁴ Berkeley Castle.

More than we can inflict and therefore now
Let us assail his mind another while.

Gur. Send for him out thence, and I will an-
gei him.

Mat. But stay, who's this?

Enter LIGHTBORN.

Light. My Lord Protector greets you.
[*Gives letter.*]

Gur. What's here? I know not how to con-
strue it.

Mat. Gurney, it was left unpointed for the
nonce;

"*Edwardum occidere nolite timere,*"

That's his meaning.

Light. Know ye this token? I must have the
king.

Mat. Ay, stay awhile, thou shalt have an-
swer straight.

[*Aside.*] This villain's sent to make away the
king.

Gur. [*Aside.*] I thought as much.

Mat. [*Aside.*] And when the murder's done,
See how he must be handled for his labour.

*Pereat iste!*¹ Let him have the king —

What else? Here is the keys, this is the lake,²
Do as you are commanded by my lord.

Light. I know what I must do. Get you away.
Yet be not far off, I shall need your help;

See that in the next room I have a fire,
And get me a spit, and let it be red-hot.

Mat. Very well

Gur. Need you anything besides?

Light. What else? A table and a feather-bed.

Gur. That's all?

Light. Ay, ay; so, when I call you, bring it in.

Mat. Fear not thou that.

Gur. Here's a light, to go into the dungeon.

[*Gives a light, and then exit with
MATREVIS.*]

Light. So now

Must I about this gear; ne'er was there any
So finely handled as this king shall be.

For, here's a place indeed, with all my heart!

K. Edw. Who's there? What light is that?

Wherefore com'st thou?

Light. To comfort you, and bring you joyful
news

K. Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in
thy looks.

Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

Light. To murder you, my most gracious lord!

Far is it from my heart to do you harm.

The queen sent me to see how you were used,

For she relents at this your misery:

And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,

To see a king in this most piteous state?

K. Edw. Weep'st thou already? List awhile
to me

And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,

Or as Matrevis', hewn from the Caucasus,

Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.

This dungeon where they keep me is the sink

Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

¹ Purposely.

² Lat. "Let this man die."

³ Perhaps for "lock."

⁴ Busine

Light. O villains!

K. Edw. And there in mire and puddle have
I stood

This ten days' space; and, lest that I should
sleep,

One plays continually upon a drum.

They give me bread and water, being a king;

So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,

My mind's distempered, and my body's numb'd,

And whether I have limbs or no I know not.

O, would my blood dropp'd out from every vein,

As doth this water from my tattered robes.

Tell Isabel, the queen, I look'd not thus,

When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,

And there unhors'd the Duke of Cleremont.

Light. O speak no more, my lord! this breaks
my heart.

Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.

K. Edw. These looks of thine can harbour
nought but death:

I see my tragedy written in thy brows.

Yet stay awhile; forbear thy bloody hand,

And let me see the stroke before it comes,

That even then when I shall lose my life,

My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

Light. What means your highness to mistrust
me thus?

K. Edw. What mean'st thou to dissemble
with me thus?

Light. These hands were never stain'd with
innocent blood,

Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

K. Edw. Forgive my thought for having such
a thought.

One jewel have I left; receive thou this.

[*Giving jewel.*]

Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,

But every joint shakes as I give it thee.

O, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,

Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy
soul!

Know that I am a king: O, at that name

I feel a hell of grief! Where is my crown?

Gone, gone! and do I remain alive?

Light. You're overwatch'd, my lord; lie down
and rest.

K. Edw. But that grief keeps me waking, I
should sleep;

For not these ten days have these eye-lids clos'd.

Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear

Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here?

Light. If you mistrust me, I'll begone, my
lord.

K. Edw. No, no, for if thou mean'st to mur-
der me,

Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay.

Light. He sleeps.

K. Edw. [*waking.*] O let me not die yet!

Stay, O stay a while!

Light. How now, my lord?

K. Edw. Something still buzzeth in mine
ears,

And tells me if I sleep I never wake;

This fear is that which makes me tremble thus,

And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?

⁵ Worn out with waking.

Light. To rid thee of thy life. — Matrevis,
come! 106

[Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY.]

K. Edw. I am too weak and feeble to resist. —

Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul!

Light. Run for the table.

K. Edw. O spare me, or despatch me in a
trice. [MATREVIS brings in a table.] 110

Light. So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,
But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body.

[KING EDWARD is murdered.]

Mat. I fear me that this cry will raise the
town,

And therefore, let us take horse and away. 114

Light. Tell me, sir, was it not bravely done?

G. U. I. I will take this for thy reward.

GURNEY stabs LIGHTBORN [who dies].

Come, let us cast the body in the moat,

And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord.

Away! *Exeunt [with the bodies].*

[SCENE VI.]¹

Enter Young MORTIMER and MATREVIS.

Y. Mor. Is 't done, Matrevis, and the murderer dead?

Mat. Ay, my good lord; I would it were undone!

Y. Mor. Matrevis, if thou now growest penitent

I'll be thy ghostly father; therefore choose, 5

Whether thou wilt be secret in this,
Or else die by the hand of Mortimer.

Mat. Gurney, my lord, is fled, and will, I fear,
Betray us both, therefore let me fly.

Y. Mor. Fly to the savages!

Mat. I humbly thank your honour. [Exit.] 10

Y. Mor. As for myself, I stand as Jove's huge
tree,

And others are but shrubs compar'd to me.

All tremble at my name, and I fear none;

Let 's see who dare impeach me for his death!

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA.

Q. Isab. Ah, Mortimer, the king my son hath
news 15

His father's dead, and we have murdered
him!

Y. Mor. What if he have? The king is yet a
child.

Q. Isab. Ay, but he tears his hair, and wrings
his hands,

And vows to be reveng'd upon us both.

Into the council-chamber he is gone, 20

To crave the aid and succour of his peers.

Ay me! see here he comes, and they with him.

Now, Mortimer, begins our tragedy.

Enter KING [EDWARD THE THIRD], LO 3
[and Attendants].

1 *Lord.* Fear not, my lord, know that you are
a king.

K. Edw. Third. Villain! — 25

Y. Mor. How now, my lord!

K. Edw. Third. Think not that I am frightened
with thy words!

My father's murdered through thy treachery;
And thou shalt die, and on his mournful hearse
Thy hateful and accursed head shall lie, 30
To witness to the world, that by thy means
His kingly body was too soon interr'd.

Q. Isab. Weep not, sweet son!

K. Edw. Third. Forbid me not to weep, he
was my father,

And, had you lov'd him half so well as I, 35
You could not bear his death thus patiently.

But you, I fear, conspir'd with Mortimer.

1 *Lord.* Why speak you not unto my lord the
king?

Y. Mor. Because I think scorn to be accus'd.
Who is the man dares say I murdered him? 40

K. Edw. Third. Traitor! in me my loving
father speaks,

And plainly saith, 't was thou that murd'redest
him.

Y. Mor. But has your grace no other proof
than this?

K. Edw. Third. Yes, if this be the hand of
Mortimer. [Shewing letter.]

Y. Mor. [Aside.] False Gurney hath betray'd
me and himself. 45

Q. Isab. [Aside.] I fear'd as much; murder
cannot be hid.

Y. Mor. It is my hand; what gather you by
this?

K. Edw. Third. That thither thou didst send
a murderer.

Y. Mor. What murderer? Bring forth the
man I sent.

K. Edw. Third. Ah, Mortimer, thou knowest
that he is slain; 50

And so shalt thou be too. — Why stays he here?

Bring him unto a hurdle, drag him forth;

Hang him, I say, and set his quarters up;

But bring his head back presently to me.

Q. Isab. For my sake, sweet son, pity Mortimer! 55

Y. Mor. Madam, entreat not, I will rather
die,

Than sue for life unto a paltry boy.

K. Edw. Third. Hence with the traitor! with
the murderer!

Y. Mor. Base Fortune, now I see, that in thy
wheel

There is a point, to which when men aspire, 60
They tumble headlong down: that point I
touch'd,

And, seeing there was no place to mount up
higher,

Why should I grieve at my declining fall? —

Farewell, fair queen; weep not for Mortimer,

That scorns the world, and, as a traveller, 65

Goes to discover countries yet unknown.

K. Edw. Third. What! suffer you the traitor
to delay?

[Young MORTIMER is taken away
by 1 Lord and Attendants.]

Q. Isab. As thou receivest thy life from
me,

Spill not the blood of gentle Mortimer!

¹ The Royal Palace, London.

K. Edw. Thrd. This argues that you spilt
my father's blood, 70
Else would you not entreat for Mortimer.

Q. Isab. I spill his blood? No!

K. Edw. Thrd. Ay, madam, you, for so the
rumour runs.

Q. Isab. That rumour is untrue, for loving
thee,

Is this report rais'd on poor Isabel. 75

K. Edw. Thrd. I do not think her so unnat-
ural.

2 *Lord.* My lord, I fear me it will prove too
true.

K. Edw. Thrd. Mother, you are suspected
for his death,

And therefore we commit you to the Tower
Till farther trial may be made thereof, 80
If you be guilty, though I be your son,
Think not to find me slack or pitiful.

Q. Isab. Nay, to my death, for too long have
I liv'd

Whenas my son thinks to abridge my days.

K. Edw. Thrd. Away with her, her words
enforce these tears, 85

And I shall pity her if she speak again.

Q. Isab. Shall I not mourn for my beloved
lord,

And with the rest accompany him to his grave?

2 *Lord.* Thus, madam, 't is the king's will
you shall hence.

Q. Isab. He hath forgotten me, stay, I am his
mother. 90

2 *Lord.* That boots not; therefore, gentle
madam, go.

Q. Isab. Then come, sweet death, and rid me
of this grief. [Exit.]

[Re-enter 1 Lord, with the head of Young MOR-
TIMER.]

1 *Lord.* My lord, here is the head of Morti-
mer.

K. Edw. Thrd. Go fetch my father's hearse,
where it shall lie;

And bring my funeral robes. [Exeunt Attendants.]

Accurs'd head, 95
Could I have rul'd thee then, as I do now,
Thou had'st not hatch'd this monstrous treach-
ery!—

Here comes the hearse; help me to mourn, my
lords.

[Re-enter Attendants with the hearse and funeral
robes.]

Sweet father, here unto thy murdered ghost
I offer up this wicked traitor's head; 1
And let these tears, distilling from mine eyes,
Be witness of my grief and oecency.

[Exeunt.]

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

OR

HIERONIMO IS MAD AGAIN

BY

THOMAS KYD

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Ghost of Andrea, a Spanish nobleman, } Cho
 Revenge,
 KING OF SPAIN
 DON CYPRIAN, DUKE OF CASTILE, his brother.
 LORENZO, the Duke's son
 BEL-IMPERIA, Lorenzo's sister
 VICEROY OF PORTUGAL
 BALTHAZAR, his son.
 DON PEDRO, the Viceroy's brother.
 HIERONIMO, Marshal of Spain.
 ISABELLA, his wife.
 HORATIO, their son.
 Spanish General.
 Deputy.
 DON BAZULTO, an old n.
 Three Citizens.
 Portuguese Ambassador.
 ALEXANDRO, } Portuguese Noblemen.
 VILLUPPO, }

Two Portuguese.
 PEDRINGANO, Bel-imperia's servant.
 CHRISTOPHIL, Bel-imperia's custodian.
 LORENZO's Page.
 SERPERINE, Balthazar's servant.
 Isabella's Maid.
 Messenger
 Hangman
 SOLIMAN, Sultan of Turkey (Balthazar), }
 ERASTUS, Knight of Rhodes (Lorenzo), } in
 THE BASHAW (Hieronimo), } Hieronimo's
 PERSEDA (Bel-imperia), } Play.
 Three Kings and two Dumb-show.
 Hymen and two }
 BAZARDO, a Painter, } In the additions to
 PEDRO and JACQUES, Hieronimo's } the play.
 servants,
 Army, Royal Suites, Noblemen, Halberdiers, Officers,
 Three Watchmen, Servants, etc.]

ACT I

[SCENE I. INDUCTION.]

*Enter the GHOST OF ANDREA, and with him
 REVENGE.*

Ghost. When this eternal substance of my
 soul

Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh,
 Each in their function serving other's need,
 I was a courtier in the Spanish court.
 My name was Don Andrea; my descent,
 Though not ignoble, yet inferior far
 To gracious fortunes of my tender youth:
 For there in prime and pride of all my years,
 By duteous service and deserving love,
 In secret I possess'd a worthy dame,
 Which hight sweet Bel-imperia by name.
 But in the harvest of my summer joys
 Death's winter nipp'd the blossoms of my bliss,
 Forcing divorce betwixt my love and me.
 For in the late conflict with Portingale
 My valour drew me into danger's mouth
 Till life to death made passage through my
 wounds.

When I was slain, my soul descended straight
 To pass the flowing stream of Acheron;
 But churlish Charon, only boatman there,
 Said that, my rites of burial not perform'd,
 I might not sit amongst his passengers.
 Ere Sol had slept three nights in Thetis' lap,
 And slak'd his smoking chariot in her flood,
 y Don Horatio, our knight m hal's son, 25

My funerals and obsequies were done.
 Then was the ferryman of hell content
 To pass me over to the slimy strand,
 That leads to fell Avernus' ugly waves.
 There, pleasing Cerberus with honey'd speech,
 I pass'd the perils of the foremost porch.
 Not far from hence, amidst ten thousand
 souls,
 Sat Minos, Aeacus, and Rhadamanth;
 To whom no sooner 'gan I make approach,
 To crave a passport for my wand'ring ghost,
 But Minos, in graven leaves of lottery,
 Drew forth the manner of my life and death.
 "This knight," quoth he, "both liv'd and died
 in love;
 And for his love tried fortune of the wars;
 And by war's fortune lost both love and life." 40
 "Why then," said Aeacus, "convey him hence,
 To walk with lovers in our fields of love,
 And spend the course of everlasting time
 Under green myrtle-trees and cypress shades."
 "No, no," said Rhadamanth, "it were not
 well, 45
 With loving souls to place a martialist.
 He died in war, and must to martial fields,
 Where wounded Hector lives in lasting pain,
 And Achilles' Myrmidons do scour the plain."
 Then Minos, mildest censor of the three,
 Made this device to end the difference:
 "Send him," quoth he, "to our infernal king,
 To doom him as best seems his majesty."
 To this effect my passport straight was drawn.
 In keeping on my way to Pluto's court, 50

Through dreadful shades of ever-glooming
 night,
 I saw more sights than thousand tongues can
 tell,
 Or pens can write, or mortal hearts can think.
 Three ways there were. that on the right-hand
 side
 Was ready way unto the 'foresaid fields, 60
 Where lovers live and bloody martialists;
 But either sort contain'd within his bounds.
 The left-hand path, declining fearfully,
 Was ready downfall to the deepest hell,
 Where bloody Furies shakes their whips of
 steel, 65
 And poor Ixion turns an endless wheel;
 Where usurers are chok'd with melting gold,
 And wantons are embrac'd with ugly snakes,
 And murderers groan with never-killing
 wounds,
 And perjur'd wights scalded in boiling lead, 70
 And all foul sins with torments overwhelm'd.
 'Twixt these two ways I trod the middle path,
 Which brought me to the fair Elysian green,
 In midst whereof there stands a stately tower,
 The walls of brass, the gates of adamant. 75
 Here finding Pluto with his Proserpine,
 I show'd my passport, humbled on my knee;
 Whereat fair Proserpine began to smile,
 And begg'd that only she might give my doom.
 Pluto was pleas'd, and seal'd it with a kiss. 80
 Forthwith, Revenge, she rounded¹ thee in th'
 ear,
 And bade thee lead me through the gates of
 horn,²
 Where dreams have passage in the silent night.
 No sooner had she spoke, but we were here —
 I wot not how — in twinkling of an eye. 85
 Revenge. Then know, Andrea, that thou art
 arriv'd
 Where thou shalt see the author of thy death,
 Don Balthazar, the prince of Portingale,
 Depriv'd of life by Bel-imperia. 90
 Here sit we down to see the mystery,
 And serve for Chorus in this tragedy.

[SCENE II.]³

Enter SPANISH KING, GENERAL, CASTILE,
 and Hieronimo.

King. Now say, lord General, how fares our
 camp?

Gen. All well, my sovereign liege, except
 some few

That are deceas'd by fortune of the war.

King. But what portends thy cheerful
 countenance,

And posting to our presence thus in haste? 5

Speak, man, hath fortune given us victory?

Gen. Victory, my liege, and that with little
 loss.

King. Our Portingals will pay us tribute
 then?

Gen. Tribute and wonted homage there-
 withal.

¹ Whispered.² See *Aeneid*, vi. 893.³ The Court of Spain.

King. Then bless'd be heaven and guider of
 the heavens,
 From whose fair influence such justice flows. 10

Cast. O multum dulcede Deo, tibi militat
aether,

Et conjuratae currato poplite gentes

*Succumbunt recti sonor est victoria juris.*⁴

King. Thanks to my loving brother of
 Castile. 15

But, General, unfold in brief discourse

Your form of battle and your war's success,

That, adding all the pleasure of thy news

Unto the height of former happiness,

With deeper wage and greater dignity 20

We may reward thy blissful chivalry.

Gen. Where Spain and Portingale do jointly
 knit

Their frontiers, leaning on each other's bound,

There met our armies in their proud array;

Both furnish'd well, both full of hope and
 fear, 25

Both menacing alike with daring shows,

Both vaunting sundry colours of device,

Both cheerly sounding trumpets, drums, and
 fifes,

Both raising dreadful clamours to the sky,

That valleys, hills, and rivers made rebound, 30

And heav'n itself was frighted with the sound.

Our battles both were pitch'd in squadron form,

Each corner strongly fenc'd with wings of shot;

But ere we join'd and came to push of pike,

I brought a squadron of our readiest shot 35

From out our rearward to begin the fight:

They brought another wing to encounter us.

Meanwhile, our ordnance play'd on either side,

And captains strove to have their valours
 tried.

Don Pedro, their chief horsemen's colonel, 40

Did with his cornet⁵ bravely make attempt

To break the order of our battle ranks:

But Don Rogero, worthy man of war,

March'd forth against him with our musketeers,

And stopp'd the malice of his fell approach. 45

While they maintain hot skirmish to and fro,

Both battles join, and fall to handy-blows,

Their violent shot resembling th' ocean's rage,

When, roaring loud, and with a swelling tide,

It beats upon the rampiers of huge rocks, 50

And gapes to swallow neighbour-bounding
 lands.

Now, while Bellona rageth here and there,

Thick storms of bullets ran like winter's hail,

And shivered lances dark the troubled air.

Pede pes et cuspidis cuspidis; 55

*Arma sonant armis, vir petiturque viro.*⁶

On every side drop captains to the ground,

And soldiers, some ill-maim'd, some slain out-
 right.

Here falls a body sund' red from his head,

There legs and arms lie bleeding on the
 grass, 60

Mingled with weapons and unbowell'd steeds,

⁴ Adapted from Claudian's *De Tertio Consulatu**Honoris*, 96-98⁵ Troop of cavalry.⁶ A comb' tion of phrases from Statius, Virgil, and
 Curtius.

That scattering overspread the purple plain.
In all this turmoil, three long hours and more,
The victory to neither part inclin'd,
Till Don Andrea, with his brave lancers, 65
In their main battle made so great a breach,
That, half dismay'd, the multitude retir'd:
But Balthazar, the Portingals' young prince,
Brought rescue, and encourag'd them to stay.
Here-hence the fight was eagerly renew'd, 70
And in that conflict was Andrea slain.
Brave man at arms, but weak to Balthazar.
Yet while the prince, insulting over him,
Breath'd out proud vaunts, sounding to our
reproach,

Friendship and hardy valour join'd in one 75
Prick'd forth Horatio, our knight marshal's son,
To challenge forth that prince in single fight.
Not long between these twain the fight endur'd,
But straight the prince was beaten from his
horse,

And forc'd to yield him prisoner to his foe. 80
When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
And our carbines pursu'd them to the death,
Till, Phoebus waving¹ to the western deep,
Our trumpeters were charg'd to sound retreat.

King. Thanks, good lord General, for these
good news; 85

And for some argument of more to come,
Take this and wear it for thy sovereign's sake.
Gives him his chain.

But tell me now, hast thou confirm'd a peace?

Gen. No peace, my liege, but peace con-
ditional,

That if with homage tribute be well paid, 90
The fury of your forces will be stay'd:
And to this peace their vicerey hath subscrib'd,
Gives the King a paper.

And made a solemn vow that, during life,
His tribute shall be truly paid to Spain.

King. These words, these deeds, become thy
person well. 95

But now, knight marshal, frolic with thy king,
For 't is thy son that wins this battle's prize.

Hier. Long may he live to serve my sover-
eign hege,

And soon decay, unless he serve my liege.

King. Nor thou, nor he, shall die without
reward. *A tucket² afar off.* 100

What means this war³ g of this trumpet's
sound?

Gen. This tells me that your grace's men of
war,

Such as war's fortune hath reserv'd from
death,

Come marching on towards your royal seat,
To show themselves before your majesty; 105

For so I gave in charge at my depart.

Whereby by demonstration shall appear

That all, except three hundred or few more,

Are safe return'd, and by their foes enrich'd.

The Army enters; BALTHAZAR, between LO-
RENZO and HORATIO, captive.

King. A glad some sight! I long to see them
here. *They enter and pass by.* 110

Was that the warlike prince of Portingale,
That by our nephew was in triumph led?

Gen. It was, my hege, the prince of Fortin-
gale.

King. But what was he that on the other
side

Held him by th' arm, as partner of the
prize? 115

Hier. That was my son, my gracious sover-
eign;

Of whom though from his tender infancy
My loving thoughts did never hope but well,

He never pleas'd his father's eyes till now,
Nor fill'd my heart with over-cloying joys. 120

King. Go, let them march once more about
these walls,

That, staying them, we may confer and talk
With our brave prisoner and his double guard.

[*Exit a messenger.*]

Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth us
That in our victory thou have a share, 125

By virtue of thy worthy son's exploit.

Enter again.

Bring hither the young prince of Portingale:
The rest march on; but, ere they be dismiss'd,

We will bestow on every soldier
Two ducats and on every leader ten, 130

That they may know our largess welcomes
them.

Exeunt all but [the KING], BALTHAZAR, LORENZO and HORATIO.

Welcome, Don Balthazar! welcome, nephew!
And thou, Horatio, thou art welcome too.

Young prince, although thy father's hard mis-
deeds,

In keeping back the tribute that he owes, 135
Deserve but evil measure at our hands,

Yet shalt thou know that Spain is honourable.

Bal. The trespass that my father made in
peace

Is now controll'd⁴ by fortune of the wars;
And cards once dealt, it boots not k why
so. 140

His men are slain, a weakening to his realm;
His colours seiz'd, a blot unto his name;

His son distress'd, a cor'sive⁴ to his heart:
These punishments may clear his late offences.

King. Ay, Balthazar, if he observe this
truce, 145

Our peace will grow the stronger for these wars.
Meanwhile live thou, though not in liberty,

Yet free from bearing any servile yoke;
For in our hearing thy deserts were great,

And in our sight thyself art gracious. 150

Bal. And I shall study to deserve this grace.

King. But tell me—for their holding makes
me doubt—

To which of these twain art thou prisoner?

Lor. To me, my liege.

Hor. To me, my sovereign.

Lor. This hand first took his courser by the
reins. 155

Hor. But first my lance did put him from
his horse.

¹ Moving.

² Flourish of tr pets.

³ Curbed.

⁴ Corrosive.

Lor. I seiz'd his weapon, and enjoy'd it first.
Hor. But first I forc'd him lay his weapons down.

King. Let go his arm, upon our privilege.

They let him go.
Say, worthy prince, to whether did'st thou yield?

Bal. To him in courtesy, to this perforce.
 He spake me fair, this other gave me strokes,
 He proms'd life, this other threat'ned death;
 He won my love, this other conquer'd me,
 And, truth to say, I yield myself to both.

Hier. But that I know your grace for just and wise,

And might seem partial in this difference,
 Enforc'd by nature and by law of arms
 My tongue should plead for young Horatio's right.

He hunted well that was a lion's death,
 Not he that in a garment wore his skin;
 So hares may pull dead lions by the beard.

King. Content thee, marshal, thou shalt have no wrong,

And, for thy sake, thy son shall want no right.
 Will both abide the censure of my doom?

Lor. I crave no better than your grace awards

Hor. Nor I, although I sit beside my right.
King. Then by my judgment, thus your strife shall end:

You both deserve, and both shall have reward.
 Nephew, thou took'st his weapon and his horse:

His weapons and his horse are thy reward.
 Horatio, thou didst force him first to yield:

His ransom therefore is thy valour's fee;
 Appoint the sum, as you shall both agree.

But, nephew, thou shalt have the prince in guard,

For thine estate best fitteth such a guest;
 Horatio's house were small for all his train.

Yet, in regard thy substance passeth his,
 And that just guerdon may befall desert,

To him we yield the armour of the prince.
 How likes Don Balthazar of this device?

Bal. Right well, my liege, if this proviso were,
 That Don Horatio bear us company,

Whom I admire and love for chivalry.
King. Horatio, leave him not that loves thee

Now let us hence to see our soldiers paid,
 And feast our prisoner on our friendly guest.

[SCENE III.]¹

Enter VICEROY, ALEXANDRO, VILLUPPO.

Vic. Is our ambassador despatch'd for Spain?

Alex. Two days, my liege, are past since his depart.

Vic. And tribute-payment gone along with him?

Alex. Ay, my good lord.

Vic. Then rest we here awhile in our unrest,
 And feed our sorrows with some inward sighs,
 For deepest cares break never into tears.

But wherefore sit I in a regal throne?

This better fits a wretch's endless moan.

Falls to the ground.

Yet this is higher than my fortunes reach,

And therefore better than my state deserves.

Ay, ay, this earth, image of melancholy,

Seeks him whom fates adjudge to misery.

Here let me lie; now am I at the lowest.

Qui jacet in terra, non habet unde cadat.

In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo;

*Nil superest ut jam possit obesse magis.*²

Yes, Fortune may bereave me of my crown:

Here, take it now; — let Fortune do her worst,

She will not rob me of this sable weed.

O no, she envies none but pleasant things.

Such is the folly of despightful chance!

Fortune is blind, and sees not my deserts;

So is she deaf, and hears not my laments;

And could she hear, yet is she wulful-mad,

And therefore will not pity my distress.

Suppose that she could pity me, what then?

What help can be expected at her hands

Whose foot [is] standing on a rolling stone,

And mind more mutable than fickle winds?

Why wail I, then, where's hope of no redress?

O yes, complaining makes my grief seem less.

My late ambition hath distain'd my faith;

My breach of faith occasion'd bloody wars;

Those bloody wars have spent my treasury;

And with my treasury my people's blood;

And with their blood, my joy and best belov'd,

My best belov'd, my sweet and only son.

O, wherefore went I not to war myself?

The cause was mine; I might have died for both.

My years were mellow, his but young and green

My death were natural, but his was forc'd.

Alex. No doubt, my liege, but still the prince survives.

Vic. Survives! Ay, where?

Alex. In Spain, a prisoner by mischance of war.

Vic. Then they have slain him for his father's fault.

Alex. That were a breach to common law of arms.

Vic. They reckon no laws that meditate revenge.

Alex. His ransom's worth will stay from foul revenge.

Vic. No; if he liv'd, the news would soon be here.

Alex. Nay, evil news fly faster still than good.

Vic. Tell me no more of news, for he is dead.

Vil. My sovereign, pardon the author of ill news.

And I'll bewray the fortune of thy son.

Vic. Speak on, I'll guerdon thee, whate'er it be.

Mine ear is ready to receive ill news;

My heart grown hard 'gainst mischief's battery.

Stand up, I say, and tell thy tale at large.

¹ The Court of Portugal.

² The source of this passage has not been found.

³ So Manly. *Qq.* treasure.

⁴ Reveal.

Vil. Then hear that truth which these mine eyes have seen.
 When both the armies were in battle join'd, 60
 Don Balthazar, amidst the thickest troops,
 To win renown did wondrous feats of arms.
 Amongst the rest, I saw him, hand to hand,
 In single fight with their lord-general;
 Till Alexandro, that here counterfeits 65
 Under the colour of a duteous friend,
 Discharg'd his pistol at the prince's back
 As though he would have slain their general:
 But therewithal Don Balthazar fell down;
 And when he fell, then we began to fly: 70
 But, had he liv'd, the day had sure been ours.
Alex. O wicked forgery! O traitorous mis-
 creant!
Vic. Hold thou thy peace! But now, Vil-
 luppo, say,
 Where then became ¹ the carcase of my son?
Vil. I saw them drag it to the Spanish tents.
Vic. Ay, ay, my nightly dreams have told me
 this. — 75
 Thou false, unkind, unthankful, traitorous
 beast,
 Wherein had Balthazar offended thee,
 That thou shouldst thus betray him to our foes?
 Was 't Spanish gold that bleared so thine eyes 80
 That thou couldst see no part of our deserts?
 Perchance, because thou art Tercera's ² lord,
 Thou hadst some hope to wear this diadem,
 If first my son and then myself were slain;
 But thy ambitious thought shall break thy
 neck. 85
 Ay, this was it that made thee spill his blood;
Takes the crown and puts it on again
 But I'll now wear it till thy blood be spilt.
Alex. Vouchsafe, dread sovereign, to hear
 me speak.
Vic. Away with him! His sight is second
 hell.
 Keep him till we determine of his death: 90
[They take him out.] ³
 If Balthazar be dead, he shall not live.
 Villuppo, follow us for thy reward.

Exit Viceroy.

Vil. Thus have I with an envious, forged
 tale

Deceiv'd the king, betray'd mine enemy,
 And hope for guerdon of my villany. *Exit.* 95

[SCENE IV.] ⁴

Enter HORATIO and BEL-IMPERIA.

Bel. Signior Horatio, this is the place and
 hour,

Wherein I must entreat thee to relate
 The circumstance of Don Andrea's death,
 Who, living, was my garland's sweetest flower,
 And in his death hath buried my delights. 5

Hor. For love of him and service to yourself,
 I will ⁵ refuse this heavy doleful charge;
 Yet tears and sighs, I fear, will hinder me.
 When both our armies were enjoin'd in fight,
 Your worthy chevalier amidst the thick'st, 10

¹ What became of.

² An island in the Azores.

³ Add. Manly.

⁴ The Court of Spain.

⁵ Ne will, will not.

For glorious cause still aiming at the fairest,
 Was at the last by young Don Balthazar
 Encount'rd hand to hand. Their fight was
 long,
 Their hearts were great, their clamours mena-
 cing,
 Their strength alike, their strokes both dan-
 gerous. 15
 But wrathful Nemesis, that wicked power,
 Envyng at Andrea's praise and worth,
 Cut short his life, to end his praise and worth.
 She, she herself, disguis'd in armour's mask —
 As Pallas was before proud Pergamus — 20
 Brought in a fresh supply of halberdiers,
 Which paunch'd ⁶ his horse, and ding'd ⁷ him to
 the ground.

Then young Don Balthazar with ruthless rage,
 Taking advantage of his foe's distress,
 Did finish what his halberdiers begun, 25
 And left not, till Andrea's life was done.
 Then, though too late, incens'd with just re-
 morse, ⁸

I with my band set forth against the prince,
 And brought him prisoner from his halberdiers.

Bel. Would thou hadst slain him that so slew
 my love! 30

But then was Don Andrea's carcase lost?

Hor. No, that was it for which I chiefly
 strove,

Nor stepp'd I back till I recover'd him.

I took him up, and wound him in mine arms;
 And wielding ⁹ him unto my private tent, 35
 There laid him down, and dew'd him with my
 tears,

And sigh'd and sorrowed as became a friend.

But neither friendly sorrow, sighs, nor tears

Could win pale Death from his usurped right.

Yet this I did, and less I could not do: 40

I saw him honoured with due funeral.

This scarf I pluck'd from off his lifeless arm,

And wear it in remembrance of my friend.

Bel. I know the scarf: would he had kept it
 still!

For had he liv'd, he would have kept it still, 45

And worn it for his Bel-imperia's sake;

For 't was my favour at his last depart.

But now wear thou it both for him and me;

For after him thou hast deserv'd it best.

But for thy kindness in his life and death, 50

Be sure, while Bel-imperia's life endures,

She will be Don Horatio's thankful friend.

Hor. And, madam, Don Horatio will not
 slack

Humbly to serve fair Bel-imperia.

But now, if your good liking stand thereto, 55

I'll crave your pardon to go seek the prince;

For so the duke, your father, gave me charge.

Bel. Ay, go, Horatio, leave me here alone;

For solitude best fits my cheerless mood.

Exit HORATIO.

Yet what avails to wail Andrea's death, 60

From whence Horatio proves my second love?

Had he not lov'd Andrea as he did,

He could not sit in Bel-imperia's thoughts.

⁶ Stab in the belly, disembowel.

⁷ Knocked.

⁸ Vexation.

⁹ Carrying.

But how can love find harbour in my breast
Till I revenge the death of my belov'd?⁹ 65
Yes, second love shall further my revenge!
I'll love Horatio, my Andrea's friend,
The more to spite the prince that wrought his
end,
And where Don Balthazar, that slew my love,
Himself now pleads for favour at my hands, 70
He shall, in rigour of my just disdain,
Reap long repentance for his murderous deed.
For what was 't else but murderous cowardice,
So many to oppress one valiant knight,
Without respect of honour in the fight? 75
And here he comes that murd' red my delight.

Enter LORENZO AND BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Sister, what means this melancholy
walk?
Bel. That for a while I wish no company.
Lor. But here the prince is come to visit you.
Bel. That argues that he lives in liberty. 80
Bal. No, madam, but in pleasing servitude.
Bel. Your prison then, belike, is your conceit.
Bal. Ay, by conceit my freedom is enthrall'd.
Bel. Then with conceit enlarge yourself
again.
Bal. What, if conceit have laid my heart to
gage? 85
Bel. Pay that you borrowed, and recover it.
Bal. I die, if it return from whence it lies.
Bel. A heartless man, and live? A miracle!
Bal. Ay, lady, love can work such miracles.
Lor. Tush, tush, my lord! let go these am-
bages.¹ 90
And in plain terms acquaint her with your love.
Bel. What boots complaint, when there's no
remedy?
Bal. Yes, to your gracious self must I com-
plain,
In whose fair answer lies my remedy,
On whose perfection all my thoughts attend, 95
On whose aspect mine eyes find beauty's bower,
In whose translucent breast my heart is lodg'd.
Bel. Alas, my lord, these are but words of
course.²
And but devis'd³ to drive me from this place.
*She, in going in, lets fall her glove,
which HORATIO, coming out, takes
up.*

Hor. Madam, your glove. 100

Bel. Thanks, good Horatio; take it for thy
pains.

Bal. Signior Horatio stoop'd in happy time!
Hor. I reap'd more grace than I deserv'd or
hop'd.

Lor. My lord, be not dismay'd for what is
past:

You know that women oft are humorous.⁴ 105
These clouds will overblow with little wind;
Let me alone, I'll scatter them myself.
Meanwhile, let us devise to spend the time
In some delightful sports and revelling.

Hor. The king, my lords, is coming hither
straight, 110

To feast the Portingale ambassador;
Things were in readiness before I came.

Bal. Then here it fits us to attend the king,
To welcome hither our ambassador, 115
And learn my father and my country's health.

[SCENE V.]⁵

Enter the Banquet, Trumpets, the KING, and
Ambassador.

King. See, lord Ambassador, how Spain en-
treats

Their prisoner Balthazar, thy viceroy's son.

We pleasure more in kindness than in wars.

Amb. Sad is our king, and Portingale la-
ments,

Supposing that Don Balthazar is slain. 120

Bal. So am I!—slain by beauty's tyranny.

You see, my lord, how Balthazar is slain:

I frolic with the Duke of Castile's son,

Wrapp'd every hour in pleasures of the court,

And grac'd with favours of his majesty. 125

King. Put off your greetings, till our feast be
done;

Now come and sit with us, and taste our cheer.

Sit to the banquet.

Sit down, young prince, you are our second

guest;

Brother, sit down; and, nephew, take your
place.

Signior Horatio, wait thou upon our cup; 130

For well thou hast deserved to be honoured.

Now, lordings, fall to; Spain is Portugal,

And Portugal is Spain: we both are friends;

Tribute is paid, and we enjoy our right.

But where is old Hieronimo, our marshal? 135

He promis'd us, in honour of our guest,

To grace our banquet with some pompous⁶ jest.

Enter HIERONIMO, with a drum, three knights,

each his scutcheon; then he fetches three kings;

they take their crowns and them captive.

Hieronimo, this masque contents mine eye,

Although I sound not well the mystery.

Hier. The first arm'd knight, that hung his
scutcheon up, 140

He takes the scutcheon and gives it
to the KING.

Was English Robert, Earl of Gloucester,

Who, when King Stephen bore sway in Albion,

Arriv'd with five and twenty thousand men

In Portingale, and by success of war

Enforc'd the king, then but a Saracen, 145

To bear the yoke of the English monarchy.

King. My lord of Portingale, by this you see

That which may comfort both your king and

you,

And make your late discomfort seem the less.

But say, Hieronimo, what was the next? 150

Hier. The second knight, that hung his
scutcheon up, He doth as he did before.

Was Edmund, Earl of Kent in Albion,

When English Richard wore the diadem.

He came likewise, and razed Lisbon walls,

And took the King of Portingale in fight; 155

⁵ The same.

⁶ Stately.

¹ Circumlocutions. ³ So 1599. Allde, 1594, *devise*.
² Formal phrases. ⁴ Carriciora = ical.

For which and other such-like service done
He after was created Duke of York.

King. This is another special argument,
That Portingale may deign to bear our yoke,
When it by little England hath been yok'd.⁴⁵
But now, Hieronimo, what were the last?

Hier. The third and last, not least, in our
account, *Doing as before.*

Was, as the rest, a valiant Englishman,
Brave John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster,
As by his scutcheon plainly may appear.⁵⁰
He with a puissant army came to Spain,
And took our King of Castile prisoner.

Amb. This is an argument for our viceroy
That Spain may not insult for her success,
Since English warriors likewise conquered
Spain.⁵⁵

And made them bow their knees to Albion.

King. Hieronimo, I drink to thee for this de-
vice,

Which hath pleas'd both the ambassador and
me

Pledge me, Hieronimo, if thou love the king.

Takes the cup of Horatio.

My lord, I fear we sit but over-long,⁶⁰

Unless our dainties were more delicate;

But welcome are you to the best we have.

Now let us in, that you may be despatch'd:

I think our council is already set.

Exeunt omnes.

[CHORUS.]

Andrea. Come we for this from depth of un-
derground,⁶⁵

To see him feast that gave me my death's
wound?

These pleasant sights are sorrow to my soul.
Nothing but league, and love, and banqueting?

Revenge. Be still, Andrea; ere we go from
hence,

I'll turn their friendship into fell despite,⁷⁰

Their love to mortal hate, their day to night,

Their hope into despair, their peace to war,

Their joys to pain, their bliss to misery.

ACT II

[SCENE I.]¹

Enter LORENZO and BALTHAZAR.

Lor. My lord, though Bel-imperia seem thus
coy,

Let reason hold you in your wonted joy.

In time the savage bull sustains the yoke,²

In time all haggard³ hawks will stoop to lure,

In time small wedges cleave the hardest oak,⁴

In time the flint is pierc'd with softest shower,

And she in time will fall from her disdain,

And rue the sufferance of your friendly pain.

Bal. No, she is wilder, and more hard withal,

¹ Palace of Don Cyprian.

² Lines 3-6, 9-10 are taken almost literally from Watson's *Hecatompathia*, Sonnet 47. Watson copied Serafino.

³ Wayward.

Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall¹⁰
But wherefore blot I Bel-imperia's name?

It is my fault, not she, that merits blame.

My feature is not to content her sight,

My words are rude and work her no delight.

The lines I send her are but harsh and ill,¹⁵

Such as do drop from Pan and Marsyas' quill.

My presents are not of sufficient cost,

And being worthless, all my labour's lost.

Yet might she love me for my valiancy:

Ay, but that's sland'ring by captivity.²⁰

Yet might she love me to content her sire:

Ay, but her reason masters his desire.

Yet might she love me as her brother's fri^d:

Ay, but her hopes aim at some other end.

Yet might she love me to uprear her state:²⁵

Ay, but perhaps she hopes some nobler mate

Yet might she love me as her beauty's thrall.

Ay, but I fear she cannot love at all.

Lor. My lord, for my sake leave this ecstasy,

And doubt not but we'll find some remedy.³⁰

Some cause there is that lets you not be lov'd;

First that must needs be known, and then re-
mov'd.

What, if my sister love some other knight?

Bal. My summer's day will turn to winter's
night.

Lor. I have already found a stratagem³⁵

To sound the bottom of this doubtful theme.

My lord, for once you shall be rul'd by me;

Hinder me not, whate'er you hear or see.

By force or fair means will I cast about

To find the truth of all this question out.⁴⁰

Ho, Pedringano!

Ped.

Lor.

Signior!

Vien qui presto.

Enter PEDRINGANO.

Ped. Hath your lordship any service to com-
mand me?

Lor. Ay, Pedringano, service of import;

And—not to spend the time in trifling words—

Thus stands the case: it is not long, thou

know'st,⁴⁵

Since I did shield thee from my father's wrath,

For thy conveyance⁴ in Andrea's love,

For which thou wert adjudg'd to punishment.

I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment,

And since, thou knowest how I have favoured⁵⁰
thee.

Now to these favours will I add reward,

Not with fair words, but store of golden coin,

And lands and living join'd with dignities,

If thou but satisfy my just demand.⁵⁴

Tell truth, and have me for thy lasting friend.

Ped. Whate'er it be your lordship shall de-
mand,

My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,

If case⁵ it lie in me to tell the truth.

Lor. Then, Pedringano, this is my demand:

Whom loves my sister Bel-imperia?⁶⁰

For she reposeth all her trust in thee.

Speak, man, and gain both friendship and re-
ward:

I mean, whom loves she in Andr^{'s} place?

⁴ Secret behavior.

⁵ In c

Ped. Alas, my lord, since Don Andrea's death
I have no credit with her as before, 65
And therefore know not, if she love or no.

Lor. Nay, if thou dally, then I am thy foe,
Draws his sword.

And fear shall force what friendship cannot win.
Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals,
Thou diest for more esteeming her than me. 70

Ped. O, stay, my lord!

Lor. Yet speak the truth, and I will guerdon
thee,
And shield thee from whatever can ensue,
And will conceal what'er proceeds from thee.
But if thou dally once again, thou diest. 75

Ped. If madam Bel-imperia be in love —

Lor. What, villain! Ifs and ands? 76

Offers to kill him.

Ped. O, stay, my lord! She loves Horatio.

BALTHAZAR starts back.

Lor. What, Don Horatio, our knight mar-
shal's son?

Ped. Even him, my lord. 80

Lor. Now say but how know'st thou he is her
love,

And thou shalt find me kind and liberal.

Stand up, I say, and fearless tell the truth.

Ped. She sent him letters, which myself
perus'd,

Full-fraught with lines and arguments of love,
Preferring him before Prince Balthazar. 85

Lor. Swear on this cross¹ that what thou
say'st is true,

And that thou wilt conceal what thou hast told.

Ped. I swear to both, by him that made us all.

Lor. In hope thine oath is true, here's thy
reward; 90

But if I prove thee perjur'd and unjust,
This very sword whereon thou took'st thine
oath

Shall be the worker of thy tragedy.

Ped. What I have said is true, and shall —
for me —

Be still conceal'd from Bel-imperia. 95

Besides, your honour's liberality

Deserves my duteous service, even till death.

Lor. Let this be all that thou shalt do for me:

Be watchful when and where these lovers meet,

And give me notice in some secret sort. 100

Ped. I will, my lord.

Lor. Then shalt thou find that I am liberal.

Thou know'st that I can more advance thy state

Than she; be therefore wise, and fail me not.

Go and attend her, as thy custom is, 105

Lest absence make her think thou dost amiss.

Exit PEDRINGANO.

Why so: *tam armis quam ingenio*:

Where words prevail not, violence prevails;

But gold doth more than either of them both.

How likes Prince Balthazar this stratagem? 110

Bal. Both well and ill; it makes me glad and

sad.

Glad, that I know the hinderer of my love;

Sad, that I fear she hates me whom I love:

Glad, that I know on whom to be reveng'd;

Sad, that she'll fly me, if I take revenge. 115

¹ Sword-hilt.

Yet must I take revenge, or die myself,
For love resisted grows impatient.

I think Horatio be my destin'd plague:

First, in his hand he brandished a sword,

And with that sword he fiercely waged war, 120

And in that war he gave me dangerous wounds,

And by those wounds he forced me to yield,

And by my yielding I became his slave.

Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,

Which pleasing words do harbour sweet con-
ceits, 125

Which sweet conceits are lim'd with sly deceits,

Which sly deceits smooth Bel-imperia's ears,

And through her ears dive down into her heart,

And in her heart set him, where I should stand.

Thus hath he ta'en my body by his force, 130

And now by sleight would captivate my soul;

But in his fall I'll tempt the destinies,

And either lose my life, or win my love.

Lor. Let's go, my lord; your staying stays
revenge.

Do you but follow me, and gain your love: 135

Her favour must be won by his remove. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.]²

Enter HORATIO and BEL-IMPERIA.

Hor. Now, madam, since by favour of your
love

Our hidden smoke is turn'd to open flame,

And that with looks and words we feed our
thought

(Two chief contents, where more cannot be had);

Thus, in the midst of love's fair blandishments,

Why show you sign of inward languishments, 6

PEDRINGANO sheweth all to the

PRINCE and LORENZO, placing

them in secret.

Bel. My heart, sweet friend, is like a ship at
sea:

She wisheth port, where, riding all at ease,

She may repair what stormy times have worn,

And leaning on the shore, may sing with joy 10

That pleasure follows pain, and bliss annoy.

Possession of thy love is th' only port,

Wherein my heart, with fears and hopes long
toss'd,

Each hour doth wish and long to make resort,

There to repair the joys that it hath lost, 15

And, sitting safe, to sing in Cupid's choir

That sweetest bliss is crown of love's desire.

BALTHAZAR and LORENZO above.

Bal. O sleep, mine eyes, see not my love pro-
fan'd;

Be deaf, my ears, hear not my discontent;

Die, heart; another joys what thou deserv'st. 20

Lor. Watch still, mine eyes, to see this love
disjoin'd;

Hear still, mine ears, to hear them both lament;

Live, heart, to joy at fond Horatio's fall.

Bel. Why stands Horatio speechless all this
while? 24

Hor. The less I speak, the more I meditate.

Bel. But whereon dost thou chiefly meditate?

Hor. On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue.

² The same.

Bal. On pleasures past, and dangers to ensue.
Bel. What dangers and what pleasures dost thou mean?
Hor. Dangers of war, and pleasures of our love.
Lor. Dangers of death, but pleasures none at all.
Bel. Let dangers go, thy war shall be with me
 But such a war as breaks no bond of peace.
 Speak thou fair words, I'll cross them with fair words;
 Send thou sweet looks, I'll meet them with sweet looks;
 Write loving lines, I'll answer loving lines;
 Give me a kiss, I'll countercheck thy kiss.
 Be this our warring peace, or peaceful war.
Hor. But, gracious madam, then appoint the field,
 Where trial of this war shall first be made.
Bal. Ambitious villain, how his boldness grows!
Bel. Then be thy father's pleasant bower the field,
 Where first we vow'd a mutual amity:
 The court were dangerous, that place is safe.
 Our hour shall be, when Vesper gins to rise,
 That summons home distressful travellers.
 There none shall hear us but the harmless birds;
 Haply the gentle nightingale
 Shall carol us asleep, ere we be ware,
 And, singing with the prickle at her breast,
 Tell our delight and mirthful dalliance.
 Till then each hour will seem a year and more.
Hor. But, honey-sweet and honourable love,
 Return we now into your father's sight;
 Dangerous suspicion waits on our delight.
Lor. Ay, danger mixed with jealous¹ despite
 Shall send thy soul into eternal night. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE III.]³

Enter KING OF SPAIN, PORTINGALE AMBASSADOR, DON CYPRIAN, etc.

King. Brother of Castile, to the prince's love
 What says your daughter Bel-imperia?
Cyp. Although she coy it,⁴ as becomes her kind,
 And yet dissemble that she loves the prince,
 I doubt not, I, but she will stoop in time.
 And were she froward, which she will not be,
 Yet herein shall she follow my advice,
 Which is to love him, or forgo my love.
King. Then, lord Ambassador of Portingale,
 Advise thy king to make this marriage up,
 For strengthening of our late-conferred league,
 I know no better means to make us friends.
 Her dowry shall be large and liberal.
 Besides that she is daughter and half-her
 Unto our brother here, Don Cyprian,
 And shall enjoy the moiety of his land,
 I'll grace her marriage with an uncle's gift;
 And this it is, in case the match go forward:

¹ Travellers and travellers were not distinguished in Elizabethan spelling

³ Kittredge suggests *mix'd with jealous*. (Manly.)

⁴ The Court of Spain. ⁵ Pretend to be shy.

The tribute which you pay, shall be releas'd;
 And if by Balthazar she have a son,
 He shall enjoy the kingdom after us.
Amb. I'll make the motion to my sovereign liege,
 And work it, if my counsel may prevail.
King. Do so, my lord, and if he give consent,
 I hope his presence here will honour us,
 In celebration of the nuptial day;
 And let himself determine of the time.
Amb. Will't please your grace command me aught beside?
King. Commend me to the king, and so farewell.
 But where's Prince Balthazar to take his leave?
Amb. That is perform'd already, my good lord.
King. Amongst the rest of what you have in charge,
 The prince's ransom must not be forgot:
 That's none of mine, but his that took his prisoner;
 And well his forwardness deserves reward.
 It was Horatio, our knight marshal's son.
Amb. Between us there's a price already pitch'd,
 And shall be sent with all convenient speed.
King. Then once again farewell, my lord.
Amb. Farewell, my lord of Castile, and the rest. *Exit.*
King. Now, brother, you must take some little pains
 To win fair Bel-imperia from her will.
 Young virgins must be ruled by their friends.
 The prince is amiable, and loves her well;
 If she neglect him and forgo his love,
 She both will wrong her own estate and ours.
 Therefore, whiles I do entertain the prince
 With greatest pleasure that our court affords,
 Endeavour you to win your daughter's thought:
 If she give back,⁵ all this will come to naught. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV.]⁶

Enter HORATIO, BEL-IMPERIA, and PEDRINGANO.

Hor. Now that the night begins with sable wings
 To overcloud the brightness of the sun,
 And that in darkness pleasures may be done:
 Come, Bel-imperia, let us to the bower,
 And there in safety pass a pleasant hour.
Bel. I follow thee, my love, and will not back,
 Although my fainting heart controls my soul.
Hor. Why, make you doubt of Pedringano's faith?
Bel. No, he is as trusty as my second self.
 Go, Pedringano, watch without the gate,
 And let us know if any make approach.
Ped. [Aside.] Instead of watching, I'll deserve more gold
 By fetching Don Lorenzo to this match.
Exit PEDRINGANO.
Hor. What means thy love?

⁵ Refuse. ⁶ Hieronimo's garden. ⁷ Checks.

Bel. I know not what myself;
And yet my heart foretells me some mischance.

Hor. Sweet, say not so; fair fortune is our friend, 18

And heavens have shut up day to pleasure us.
The stars, thou see'st, hold back their twinkling shine,

And Luna hides herself to pleasure us.

Bel. Thou hast prevail'd; I'll conquer my misdoubt, 20

And in thy love and counsel drown my fear.

I fear no more; love now is all my thoughts.

Why sit we not? for pleasure asketh ease.

Hor. The more thou sitt'st within these leafy bowers,

The more will Flora deck it with her flowers. 23

Bel. Ay, but if Flora spy Horatio here,
Her jealous eye will think I sit too near.

Hor. Hark, madam, how the birds record¹ by night,

For joy that Bel-imperia sits in sight.

Bel. No, Cupid counterfeits the nightingale, 30

To frame sweet music to Horatio's tale

Hor. If Cupid sung, then Venus is not far:

Ay, thou art Venus, or some fairer star

Bel. If I be Venus, thou must needs be Mars,
And where Mars reigneth, there must needs be wars. 33

Hor. Then thus begin our wars: put forth thy hand,

That it may combat with my ruder hand.

Bel. Set forth thy foot to try the push of mine.

Hor. But first my looks shall combat against thine.

Bel. Then ward thyself: I dart this kiss at thee. 40

Hor. Thus I retort the dart thou threw'st at me.

Bel. Nay, then to gain the glory of the field,
My twining arms shall yoke and make thee yield.

Hor. Nay, then my arms are large and strong withal:

Thus elms by vines are compass'd, till they fall. 45

Bel. O, let me go; for in my troubled eyes
Now may'st thou read that life in passion dies.

Hor. O, stay a while, and I will die with thee;

So shalt thou yield, and yet have conquer'd me.

Bel. Who's there? Pedringano? We are betray'd! 50

Enter LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, SERBERINE, PEDRINGANO, disguised.

Lor. My lord, away with her, take her aside. —

O, sir, forbear: your valour is already tried.

Quickly despatch, my masters.

Hor. *They hang him in the arbour.*
What, will you murder me?

Lor. Ay, thus, and thus: these are the fruits of love. *They stab him.*

¹ Sing.

Bel. O, save his life, and let me die for him!
O, save him, brother; save him, Balthazar. 55
I lov'd Horatio, but he lov'd not me.

Bal. But Balthazar loves Bel-imperia.

Lor. Although his life were still ambitious,
proud,

Yet is he at the highest now he is dead. 60

Bel. Murder! murder! Help, Hieronimo, help!

Lor. Come, stop her mouth; away with her. *Exeunt.*

Enter HIERONIMO in his shirt, etc.

Hier. What outcries pluck me from my naked bed,

And chill my throbbing heart with trembling fear,

Which never danger yet could daunt before?

Who calls Hieronimo? Speak, here I am. 65

I did not slumber; therefore 't was no dream.
No, no, it was some woman cried for help,

And here within this garden did she cry,
And in this garden must I rescue her. — 70

But stay, what murderous spectacle is this?
A man hang'd up and all the murderers gone!

And in my bower, to lay the guilt on me!
This place was made for pleasure, not for death.

He cuts him down.
Those garments that he wears I oft have seen — 75

Alas, it is Horatio, my sweet son!

O no, but he that whilom was my son!

O, was it thou that call'dst me from my bed?

O speak, if any spark of life remain:

I am thy father; who hath slain my son? 80

What savage monster, not of human kind,

Hath here been glutted with thy harmless blood,

And left thy bloody corpse dishonoured here,

For me, amidst these dark and deathful shades.

To drown thee with an ocean of my tears? 85

O heavens, why made you night to cover sin?

By day this deed of darkness had not been.

O earth, why didst thou not in time devour

The vile² profaner of this sacred bower?

O poor Horatio, what hadst thou misdone, 90

To leese³ thy life, ere life was new begun?

O wicked butcher, whatso'er thou wert,

How couldst thou strangle virtue and desert?

Ay me most wretched, that have lost my joy,

In leessing my Horatio, my sweet boy! 95

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. My husband's absence makes my heart to throb: —

Hieronimo!

Hier. Here, Isabella, help me to lament;

For sighs are stopp'd, and all my tears are spent.

Isab. What world of grief! my son Horatio!

O, where's the author of this endless woe? 100

Hier. To know the author were some ease of grief.

For in revenge my heart would find relief.

Isab. Then is he gone? and is my son gone too?

O, gush out, tears, fountains and floods of tears; 105

² Vile.

³ Lose.

Blow, sighs, and raise an everlasting storm;
 For outrage fits our cursed wretchedness
¹ [Ay me, Hieronimo, sweet husband, speak']
 Hier. He suppd' with us to-night, frolic and merry,
 And said he would go visit Balthazar 110
 At the duke's palace, there the prince doth lodge.
 He had no custom to stay out so late
 He may be in his chamber, some go see
 Roderigo, ho'

Enter PEDRO and JAKUES.

Isab. Ay me, he raves! — Sweet Hieronimo! 115
 Hier. True, all Spain takes note of it
 Besides, he is so generally belov'd,
 His majesty the other day did grace him
 With waiting on his cup these be favours,
 Which do assure me he cannot be short-liv'd 120
 Isab. Sweet Hieronimo!
 Hier. I wonder how this fellow got his clothes! —
 Surrah, surrah, I'll know the truth of all
 Jaques, run to the Duke of Castile's presently,
 And bid my son Horatio to come home 125
 I and his mother have had strange dreams to-night.
 Do ye hear me, sir?

Jaques. Ay, sir.
 Hier. Well, sir, be gone
 Pedro, come hither, know'st thou who this is?
 Ped. Too well, sir
 Hier. Too well! Who, who is it? Peace, Isabella!
 Nay, blush not, man.
 Ped. It is my lord Horatio. 131
 Hier. Ha, ha, St. James' but this doth make me
 laugh,
 That there are more deluded than myself.
 Ped. Deluded?
 Hier. Ay:
 I would have sworn myself, within this hour, 135
 That this had been my son Horatio:
 His garments are so like
 Ha! are they not great persuasions?
 Isab. O, would to God it were not so!
 Hier. Were not, Isabella? Dost thou dream it is?
 Can thy soft bosom entertain a thought 141
 That such a black deed of mischief should be done
 On one so pure and spotless as our son?
 Away, I am ashamed.

Isab. Dear Hieronimo,
 Cast a more serious eye upon thy grief; 145
 Weak apprehension gives but weak belief
 Hier. It was a man, sure, that was hang'd up
 here;

A youth, as I remember I cut him down.
 If it should prove my son now after all —
 Say you? say you? — Light! lend me a taper;
 Let me look again — O God! 151
 Confusion, mischief, torment, death and hell,
 Drop all your stings at once in my cold bosom,
 That now is stiff with horror: kill me quickly!
 Be gracious to me, thou infective night, 155
 And drop this deed of murder down on me;
 Gird in my waste of grief with thy large darkness,
 And let me not survive to see the light

¹ First passage of additions begins here.

² Infectious.

May put me in the mind I had a son.

Isab. O sweet Horatio! O my dearest son! 160
 Hier. How strangely had I lost my way to grief!]
 Sweet, lovely rose, ill-pluckt before thy
 time,
 Fair, worthy son, not conquer'd, but betray'd,
 I'll kiss thee now, for words with tears are
 stay'd
 Isab. And I'll close up the glasses of his sight,
 For once these eyes were only my delight. 165
 Hier. See'st thou this handkercher besmear'd
 with blood?

It shall not from me, till I take revenge.
 See'st thou those wounds that yet are bleeding
 fresh?
 I'll not entomb them, till I have reveng'd. 170
 Then will I joy amidst my discontent,
 Till then my sorrow never shall be spent
 Isab. The heavens are just; murder cannot
 be hid.

Time is the author both of truth and right,
 And time will bring this treachery to light. 175
 Hier. Meanwhile, good Isabella, cease thy
 plaints,

Or, at the least, dissemble them awhile.
 So shall we sooner find the practice out,
 And learn by whom all this was brought about.
 Come, Isabel, now let us take him up, 180
 They take him up.
 And bear him in from out this cursed place.
 I'll say his dirge; singing fits not this case.

O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas,
 Hieronimo sets his breast unto his sword.
 Musceat, ei nostro detur medicina dolori;
 Aut, si quis faciant annorum oblivia, succos 185
 Praebat; ipse metam magnum quaecunque per
 orbem

Gramina Sol pulchras effert in luminis oras;
 Ipse bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneni,
 Quicquid et herbarum vi caeca nenia necit:
 Omnia perpetiar, lethum quoque, dum semel omnia
 Noster in extinctio moriatur pectore sensus — 191
 Ergo tuos oculos nunquam, mea vita, videbo,
 Et tua perpetuus sepehvit lumina somnus?
 Emoriar tecum sic, juvat ire sub umbras. —
 At tamen absistam propropto cedere letho, 195
 Ne mortem vindicta tuam tam nulla sequatur³

Here he throws it from him and
 bears the body away.

[CHORUS.]

Andrea. Brought'st thou me hither to in-
 crease my pain?
 I look'd that Balthazar should have been slain;
 But 'tis my friend Horatio that is slain,
 And they abuse fair Bel-imperia, 200
 On whom I doted more than all the world,
 Because she lov'd me more than all the world.
 Revenge. Thou talk'st of harvest, when the
 corn is green:
 The end is crown of every work well done;
 The sickle comes not, till the corn be ripe. 205
 Be still; and ere I lead thee from this place,
 I'll show thee Balthazar in heavy case.

³ A cento of passages from Virgil, Tibullus, and others

ACT III

[SCENE I.]¹

Enter VICEROY OF PORTINGALE, Nobles, ALEXANDRO, VILLUPPO.

Vic. Infortunate condition of kings,
Seated amidst so many helpless doubts!
First we are plac'd upon extremest height,
And oft supplanted with exceeding hate,
But ever subject to the wheel of chance;
And at our highest never joy we so
As we both doubt and dread our overthrow.
So striveth not the waves with sundry winds
As Fortune toileth in the affairs of kings,
That would be fear'd, yet fear to be belov'd,
Sith fear or love to knigs is flattery.
For instance, lordings, look upon your king,
By hate deprived of his dearest son,
The only hope of our successive line

Nob. I had not thought that Alexandro's
heart
Had been envenom'd with such extreme hate,
But now I see that words have several works,
And there's no credit in the countenance.

Vil. No; for, my lord, had you beheld the
train²

That feigned love had colour'd in his looks,
When he in camp consorted³ Balthazar,
Far more inconstant had you thought the sun,
Than hourly coast⁴ the centre of the earth,
Than Alexandro's purpose to the prince.

Vic. No more, Villuppo, thou hast said
enough,
And with thy words thou slay'st our wounded
thoughts.

Nor shall I longer dally with the world,
Procrastinating Alexandro's death.
Go some of you, and fetch the traitor forth,
That, as he is condemned, he may die.

*Enter ALEXANDRO with a Nobleman and hal-
berts.*

Nob. In such extremes will nought but pa-
tience serve.

Alex. But in extremes what patience shall I
use?

Nor discontents it me to leave the world,
With whom there nothing can prevail but wrong.

Nob. Yet hope the best.

Alex. 'Tis heaven is my hope.
As for the earth, it is too much infect
To yield me hope of any of her mould.

Vic. Why linger ye? Bring forth that daring
fiend,
And let him die for his accursed deed.

Alex. Not that I fear the extremity of death
(For nobles cannot stoop to servile fear)
Do I, O king, thus discontented live.
But this, O this, torments my labouring soul,
That thus I die suspected of a sin
Whereof, as heav'n's have known my secret
thoughts,
So am I free from this suggestion.

Vic. No more, I say! to the tortures!
When?

Bind him, and burn his body in those flames,
They bind him to a stake.

That shall prefigure those unquenched fires
Of Phlegethon, prepared for his soul

Alex. My guiltless death will be aveng'd on
thee.

On thee, Villuppo, that hath malic'd⁵ thus,
Or for thy meed hast falsely me accus'd.

Vil. Nay, Alexandro, if thou menace me,
I'll lend a hand to send thee to the lake
Where those thy words shall perish with thy
works,

Injurious traitor! monstrous homicide!

Enter AMBASSADOR.

Amb. Stay, hold a while;
And here — with pardon of his majesty —
Lay hands upon Villuppo.

Vic. Ambassador,
What news hath urg'd this sudden entrance?

Amb. Know, sovereign lord, that Balthazar
doth live.

Vic. What say'st thou? Liveth Balthazar
our son?

Amb. Your highness' son, Lord Balthazar,
doth live;

And, well entreated in the court of Spain,
Humbly commends him to your majesty.

These eyes beheld; and these my followers,
With these, the letters of the king's commands,

Are happy witnesses of his highness' health.
Gives him letters.

*The King looks on the letters, and
proceeds.*

Vic. "Thy son doth live, your tribute is re-
ceiv'd;

Thy peace is made, and we are satisfied
The rest resolve upon as things propos'd
For both our honours and thy benefit."

Amb. These are his highness' farther articles.
He gives him more letters.

Vic. Accursed wretch, to intimate these ill
Against the life and reputation

Of noble Alexandro! Come, my lord, unbind
him. —

Let him unbind thee, that is bound to death,
To make a quital⁷ for thy discontent.

They unbind him.
Alex. Dread lord, in kindness⁸ you could do
no less

Upon report of such a damned fact;
But thus we see our innocence hath sav'd

The hopeless life which thou, Villuppo, sought
By thy suggestions to have massacred.

Vic. Say, false Villuppo, wherefore didst thou
thus

Falsely betray Lord Alexandro's life?
Him whom thou know'st that no unkindness else

But even the slaughter of our dearest son
Could once have mov'd us to have misconceiv'd.

Alex. Say, treacherous Villuppo, tell the
king:

¹ The Court of Portugal.
² Gaule.

³ Accompanied.
⁴ Moves round.

⁵ An exclamation of impatience.
⁶ Slandered.

⁷ Requital.
⁸ Nature.

Wherein¹ hath Alexandro us'd thee ill?

Vil. Rent with remembrance of so foul a deed,

My guilty soul submits me to thy doom;
For not for Alexandro's injuries,
But for reward and hope to be preferr'd,⁹⁵
Thus have I shamelessly hazarded his life.

Vic. Which, villain, shall be ransom'd with thy death;

And not so mean² a torment as we here
Devis'd for him who, thou said'st, slew our son,
But with the bitt'rest torments and extremes¹⁰⁰
That may be yet invented for thine end.

ALEXANDRO seems to entreat.
Entreat me not; go, take the traitor hence.

Exit VILLUPPO.
And, Alexandro, let us honour thee
With public notice of thy loyalty. —
To end those things articulated here¹⁰⁵
By our great lord, the mighty King of Spain,
We with our council will deliberate.
Come, Alexandro, keep us company. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.]³

Enter HIERONIMO.

Hier. O eyes! no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears;

O life! no life, but lively form of death;
O world! no world, but mass of public wrongs,
Confus'd and fill'd with murder and misdeeds!
O sacred heav'n's! if this unhalloved deed,⁵
If this inhuman and barbarous attempt,
If this incomparable murder thus
Of mine, but now no more my son,
Shall unreveal'd and unrevenged pass,
How should we term your dealings to be just,¹⁰
If you unjustly deal with those that in your justice trust?

The night, sad secretary to my moans,
With direful visions wake my vexed soul,
And with the wounds of my distressful son
Solicit me for notice of his death.¹⁵

The ugly fiends do sally forth of hell,
And frame my steps to unfrequented paths,
And fear my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts.
The cloudy day my discontents records,
Early begins to register my dreams,²⁰
And drive me forth to seek the murderer.
Eyes, life, world, heav'n's, hell, night, and day,
See, search, shew, send some man, some mean,
that may — *A letter falleth.*

What's here? a letter? Tush! it is not so! —
A letter written to Hieronimo! *Red ink.*²⁵

"For want of ink, receive this bloody writ.
Me hath my hapless brother hid from thee;
Revenge thyself on Balthazar and him:
For these were they that murdered thy son.
Hieronimo, revenge Horatio's death,³⁰
And better fare than Bel-imperia doth."
What means this unexpected miracle?
My son slain by Lorenzo and the prince!
What cause had they Horatio to malign?
Or what might move thee, Bel-imperia,³⁵

To accuse thy brother, had he been the me ?
Hieronimo, beware! — thou art betray'd,
And to entrap thy life this train is laid.

Advise thee therefore, be not credulous:
This is devised to endanger thee,⁴⁰

That thou, by this, Lorenzo shouldst accuse;
And he, for thy dishonour done, should draw
Thy life in question and thy name in hate.

Dear was the life of my beloved son,
And of his death behoves me be reveng'd;⁴⁵

Then hazard not thine own, Hieronimo,
But live t' effect thy resolution.

I therefore will by circumstances⁴ try,
What I can gather to confirm this writ;

And, heark'ning near the Duke of Castile's house,⁵⁰

Close, if I can, with Bel-imperia,
To listen more, but nothing to bewray.

Enter PEDRINGANO.

Now, Pedringano!

Ped. Now, Hieronimo!

Hier. Where's thy lady?

Ped. I know not; here's my lord.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. How now, who's this? Hieronimo?

Hier. My lord.

Ped. He asketh for my lady Bel-imperia.⁵⁵

Lor. What to do, Hieronimo? The duke,
my father, hath

Upon some disgrace awhile remov'd her hence;
But, if it be ought I may inform her of,

Tell me, Hieronimo, and I'll let her know it.⁶⁰

Hier. Nay, nay, my lord, I thank you; it
shall not need.

I had a suit unto her, but too late,
And her disgrace makes me unfortunate.

Lor. Why so, Hieronimo? Use me.

Hier. O no, lord, I dare not; it must not be.⁶⁵

I humbly thank your lordship.

⁵ *Hier.* Who? You, my lord?

I reserve your favour for a greater honour;

This is a very toy, my lord, a toy.

Lor. All's one, Hieronimo, account me with it.

Hier. I'll do my best, my lord, to bring;⁷⁰

I must confess I ha' been too slack, too tardy,

Too remiss unto your honour.

Lor. How now, Hieronimo?

Hier. In troth, my lord, it is a thing of nothing:

The murder of a son, or so —

A thing of nothing, my lord!

Lor. Why then, farewell.⁷⁵

Hier. My grief no heart, my thoughts no
tongue can tell. *Exit.*

Lor. Come hither, Pedringano, see'st thou
this?

Ped. My lord, I see it, and suspect it too.

Lor. This is that damned villain Serberine
That hath, I fear, reveal'd Horatio's death.⁸⁰

Ped. My lord, he could not, 't was so lately
done;

And since he hath not left my company.

⁴ Indirect means.

⁵ Second p ge of additions begins here, replacing
eronimo's speech in ll. 65-66.

¹ So Hazlitt. Qq. *Or wherein.*

² Moderate.

³ The Court of Spain.

Lor. Admit he have not, his condition's
such,
As fear or flattering words may make him
false.

I know his humour, and therewith repent 85
That e'er I us'd him in this enterprise.
But, Pedringano, to prevent the worst,
And 'cause I know thee secret as my soul,
Here, for thy further satisfaction, take thou
this, *Gives him more gold.*

And hearken to me — thus it is devis'd. 90
This night thou must (and, prythee, so resolve),
Meet Serberine at Saint Luigi's Park —
Thou know'st 'tis here hard by behind the
house;

There take thy stand, and see thou strike him
sure,

For die he must, if we do mean to live. 95
Ped. But how shall Serberine be there, my
lord?

Lor. Let me alone; I'll send to him to meet
The prince and me, where thou must do this
deed.

Ped. It shall be done, my lord, it shall be
done;

And I'll go arm myself to meet him there. 100

Lor. When things shall alter, as I hope they
will,

Then shalt thou mount for this; thou know'st
my mind. *Exit PEDRINGANO.*

*Che le Ieron!*¹

Enter PAGE.

Page. My lord?

Lor. Go, sirrah,
To Serberine, and bid him forthwith meet
The prince and me at Saint Luigi's Park, 105
Behind the house; this evening, boy!

Page. I go, my lord.
Lor. But, sirrah, let the hour be eight o'clock:
Bid him not fail.

Page. I fly, my lord. *Exit.*

Lor. Now to confirm the complot thou hast
cast

Of all these practices, I'll spread the watch, 110
Upon precise commandment from the king,
Strongly to guard the place where Pedringano
This night shall murder hapless Serberine.

Thus must we work that will avoid distrust;
Thus must we practise to prevent mishap, 115
And thus one ill another must expulse.

This sly enquiry of Hieronimo
For Bel-imperia breeds suspicion,
And this suspicion bodes a further ill.

As for myself, I know my secret fault, 120
And so do they; but I have dealt for them:

They that for coin their souls endangered,
To save my life, for coin shall venture theirs;
And better it's that base companions² die

Than by their life to hazard our good haps. 125
Nor shall they live, for me to fear their faith:

I'll trust myself, myself shall be my friend;
For die they shall, —

Slaves are ordained to no other end. *Exit.*

¹ Unintelligible. Probably a corruption of a call to the
Page.

² Fellows.

[SCENE III.]³

Enter PEDRINGANO, with a pistol.

Ped. Now, Pedringano, bid thy pistol hold,
And hold on, Fortune! once more favour me;
Give but success to mine attempting spirit,
And let me shift for taking of mine aim,
Here is the gold: this is the gold propos'd; 5
It is no dream that I adventure for,
But Pedringano is possess'd thereof.

And he that would not strain his conscience
For him that thus his liberal purse hath
stretch'd,

Unworthy such a favour, may he fail, 10
And, wishing, want when such as I prevail.

As for the fear of apprehension,
I know, if need should be, my noble lord
Will stand between me and ensuing harms;

Besides, this place is free from all suspect. 15
Here therefore will I stay and take my stand.

Enter the Watch.

1 *Watch.* I wonder much to what intent
it is

That we are thus expressly charg'd to watch.

2 *Watch.* 'Tis by commandment in the
king's own name.

3 *Watch.* But we were never wont to watch
and ward 20

So near the duke his brother's house before.

2 *Watch.* Content yourself, stand close,
there's somewhat in't.

Enter SERBERINE.

Ser. Here, Serberine, attend and stay thy
pace;

For here did Don Lorenzo's page appoint
That thou by his command shouldst meet with
him. 25

How fit a place — if one were so dispos'd —
Methinks this corner is to close with one.

Ped. Here comes the bird that I must seize
upon.

Now, Pedringano, or never, play the man!

Ser. I wonder that his lordship stays so
long, 30

Or wherefore should he send for me so late?

Ped. For this, Serberine! — and thou shalt
ha't. *Shoots the dag.*⁴

So, there he lies; my promise is perform'd.

The Watch.

1 *Watch.* Hark, gentlemen, this is a pistol
shot.

2 *Watch.* And here's one slain; — stay the
murderer 35

Ped. Now by the sorrows of the souls in
hell, *He strives with the Watch.*

Who first lays hand on me, I'll be his priest.⁵

3 *Watch.* Sirrah, confess, and therein play
the priest.

Why hast thou thus unkindly kill'd the man?
Ped. Why? Because he walk'd abroad so
late. 40

³ Saint Luigi's Park.

⁴ Pistol.

⁵ Mu. dei him (i.e. present at his death).

3 *Watch.* Come, sir, you had been better kept your bed,
Than have committed this misdeed so late.

2 *Watch.* Come, to the marshal's with the murderer!

1 *Watch.* On to Hieronimo's! help me here To bring the murd'ed body with us too. 45

Ped. Hieronimo? Carry me before whom you will.

Whate'er he be, I'll answer him and you;
And do your worst, for I defy you all. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV.]¹

Enter LORENZO and BALTHAZAR.

Bal. How now, my lord, what makes you rise so soon?

Lor. Fear of preventing our mishaps too late.

Bal. What mischief is it that we not mistrust?

Lor. Our greatest ills we least mistrust, my lord,
And inexpected harms do hurt us most. 5

Bal. Why, tell me, Don Lorenzo, tell me, man,

If ought concerns our honour and your own.

Lor. Nor you, nor me, my lord, but both in one;

For I suspect — and the presumption's great —
That by those base confederates in our fault 10
Touching the death of Don Horatio,
We are betray'd to old Hieronimo.

Bal. Betray'd, Lorenzo? Tush! it cannot be.

Lor. A guilty conscience, urged with the thought

Of former evils, easily cannot err. 15

I am persuaded — and dissuade me not —
That all's revealed to Hieronimo.

And therefore know that I have cast it thus: —

Enter Page.

But here's the page. How now? what news with thee?

Page. My lord, Serberine is slain.

Bal. Who? Serberine, my man? 20

Page. Your highness' man, my lord.

Lor. Speak, page, who murdered him?

Page. He that is apprehended for the fact.²

Lor. Who?

Page. Pedringano.

Bal. Is Serberine slain, that lov'd his lord so well?

Injurious villain, murderer of his friend! 25

Lor. Hath Pedringano murdered Serberine?

My lord, let me entreat you to take the pains

To exasperate and hasten his revenge

With your complaints unto my lord the king.

This their dissension breed a greater doubt. 30

Bal. Assure thee, Don Lorenzo, he shall die,

Or else his highness hardly shall deny.³

Meanwhile I'll haste the marshal-sessions,

For die he shall for this his damned deed.

Exit BALTHAZAR.

¹ Palace of Don Cyprian. ³ Resist with difficulty.

² Deed.

Lor. Why so, this fits our former policy, 35
And thus experience bids the wise to deal.

I lay the plot, he prosecutes the point.

I set the trap, he breaks the worthless twigs,

And sees not that wherewith the bird was

him'd.⁴

Thus hopeful men, that mean to hold their

own, 40

Must look like fowlers to their dearest friends.

He runs to kill whom I have help⁵ to catch,

And no man knows it was my reaching fetch.⁶

'Tis hard to trust unto a multitude,

Or any one, in mine opinion, 45

When men themselves their secrets will reveal.

Enter a Messenger with a letter.

Boy!

Page. My lord.

Lor. What's he?

Mes. I have a letter to your lordship.

Lor. From whence?

Mes. From Pedringano that's imprison'd.

Lor. So he is in prison then?

Mes. Ay, my good lord. 50

Lor. What would he with us? — He writes

us here,

To stand good lord, and help him in distress. —

Tell him I have his letters, know his mind;

And what we may, let him assure him of.

Fellow, begone, my boy shall follow thee. 55

Exit Messenger.

This works like wax; yet once more try thy

wits.

Boy, go, convey this purse to Pedringano;

Thou know'st the prison, closely⁷ give it him,

And be advis'd that none be there about. 60

Bid him be merry still, but secret;

And though the marshal-sessions be to-day,

Bid him not doubt of his delivery.

Tell him his pardon is already sign'd,

And thereon bid him boldly be resolv'd:

For, were he ready to be turned off —⁸ 65

As 't is my will the uttermost be tried —

Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still.

Show him this box, tell him his pardon's in 't;

But open 't not, an if thou lov'st thy life.

But let him wisely keep his hopes unknown. 70

He shall not want while Don Lorenzo lives.

Away!

Page. I go, my lord, I run.

Lor. But, sirrah, see that this be cleanly⁹

done. *Exit Page.*

Now stands our fortune on a tickle point,

And now or never ends Lorenzo's doubts. 75

One only thing is uneffected yet,

And that's to see the executioner.

But to what end? I list not trust the air

With utterance of our pretence¹⁰ therein,

For fear the privy whisp'ring of the wind 80

Convey our words amongst unfriendly ears,

That he too open to advantages.

E quel che voglio io, nessun lo sa;

Intendo io: quel mi basterà. 'Exit.

⁴ Snared.

⁵ Helped.

⁶ Deep-reaching device. ^{Qq.} have dialect form *catch*.

⁷ Secretly.

⁹ Cleverly.

⁸ Hanged.

¹⁰ Intention.

[SCENE V.]¹*Enter Boy with the box.*

Boy. My master hath forbidden me to look in this box, and, by my troth, 't is likely, if he had not warned me, I should not have had so much idle time; for we men's-kind in our minority are like women in their uncertainty: [5] that they are most forbidden, they will soonest attempt so I now.—By my bare honesty, here's nothing but the bare empty box! Were it not sin against secrecy, I would say it were a piece of gentlemanlike knavery. I must go [10] to Pedringano, and tell him his pardon is in this box; nay, I would have sworn it, had I not seen the contrary. I cannot choose but smile to think how the villain will flout the gallows, scorn the audience, and discount on the [15] hangman, and all presuming of his pardon from hence. Will 't not be an odd jest for me to stand and grace every jest he makes, pointing my finger at this box, as who would say, "Mock on, here's thy warrant." Is 't not a scurvy jest [20] that a man should jest himself to death? Alas! poor Pedringano, I am in a sort sorry for thee; but if I should be hanged with thee, I cannot weep.

Exit.[SCENE VI.]²*Enter Hieronimo and the Deputy.*

Hier. Thus must we toil in other men's extremes,
That know not how to remedy our own;
And do them justice, when unjustly we,
For all our wrongs, can compass no redress.
But shall I never live to see the day,
That I may come, by justice of the heavens,
To know the cause that may my cares allay?
This toils my body, this consumeth age,
That only I to all men just must be,
And neither gods nor men be just to me [10]
Dep. Worthy Hieronimo, your office asks
A care to punish such as do transgress.
Hier. So is 't my duty to regard his death
Who, when he liv'd, deserv'd my dearest blood.
But come, for that we came for. let's begin, [15]
For here lies that which bids me to be gone.

*Enter Officers, Boy, and PEDRINGANO, with a letter in his hand, bound.**Dep.* Bring forth the prisoner, for the court is set.

Ped. Gramercy, boy, but it was time to come;
For I had written to my lord anew
A nearer matter that concerneth him, [20]
For fear his lordship had forgotten him,
But sith he hath rememb'red me so well—
Come, come, come on, when shall we to this gear?³

Hier. Stand forth, thou monster, murderer of men,

And here, for satisfaction of the world, [25]
Confess thy folly, and repent thy fault;
For there's thy place of execution.

Ped. This is short work. Well, to your marshalship

First I confess—nor fear I death therefore—
I am the man, 't was I slew Serberine. [30]
But, sir, then you think this shall be the place,
Where we shall satisfy you for this gear?

Dep. Ay, Pedringano.*Ped.*

Now I think not so.
Hier. Peace, impudent, for thou shalt find [35]
it so,

For blood with blood shall, while I sit as judge,
Be satisfied, and the law discharg'd.
And though myself cannot receive the like,
Yet will I see that others have their right.
Despatch: the fault's approved⁴ and confess'd,
And by our law he is condemn'd to die. [40]

Hangm. Come on, sir, are you ready?*Ped.* To do what, my fine, officious knave?*Hangm.* To go to this gear.

Ped. O sir, you are too forward: thou
wouldst fain furnish me with a halter, to [45]
disfurnish me of my habit.⁵ So I should go out
of this gear, my raiment, into that gear, the
rope. But, hangman, now I spy your knavery,
I'll not change without boot,⁶ that's flat.

Hangm. Come, sir.*Ped.* So, then, I must up?*Hangm.* No remedy.*Ped.* Yes, but there shall be for my coming down.*Hangm.* Indeed, here's a remedy for that. [50]*Ped.* How? Be turn'd off?*Hangm.* Ay, truly. Come, are you ready? I pray, sir, despatch; the day goes away.

Ped. What, do you hang by the hour? If
you do, I may chance to break your old
custom. [55]

Hangm. Faith, you have reason; for I am like to break your young neck.

Ped. Dost thou mock me, hangman? Pray
God, I be not preserved to break your knave's
pate for this [60]

Hangm. Alas, sir! you are a foot too low to
reach it, and I hope you will never grow so high
while I am in the office.

Ped. Sirrah, dost see yonder boy with [70] the box in his hand?*Hangm.* What, he that points to it with his finger?*Ped.* Ay, that companion.*Hangm.* I know him not; but what of [75] him?*Ped.* Dost thou think to live till his old doublet will make thee a new truss?

Hangm. Ay, and many a fair year after, to
truss up many an honest man than either
thou or he. [80]

Ped. What hath he in his box, as thou think'st?

Hangm. Faith, I cannot tell, nor I care not
greatly; methinks you should rather hearken
to your soul's health. [85]

Ped. Why, sirrah, hangman, I take it that that is good for the body is likewise good for¹ Proved² The hangman got the clothes of the criminals he executed.³ Advantage.⁴ A street.⁵ A Court of Justice.⁶ Business.

the soul: and it may be, in that box is balm for both.

Hangm. Well, thou art even the merriest piece of man's flesh that e'er groan'd at my office door!

Ped. Is your roguery become an office with a knave's name?

Hangm. Ay, and that shall all they witness that see you seal it with a thief's name.

Ped. I prithee, request this good company to pray with me.

Hangm. Ay, marry, sir, this is a good motion. My masters, you see here 's a good fellow.

Ped. Nay, nay, now I remember me, let them alone till some other time; for now I have no great need.

Hier. I have not seen a wretch so impudent. O monstrous times, where murder's set so light,

And where the soul, that should be shrin'd in heaven,

Solely delights in interdicted things, Still wand'ring in the thorny passages,

That intercepts itself of ¹ happiness.

Murder! O bloody monster! God forbid

A fault so foul should 'scape unpunished.

Despatch, and see this execution done!

This makes me to remember thee, my son.

Exit HIERONIMO

Ped. Nay, soft, no haste.

Dep. Why, therefore stay you? Have you hope of life?

Ped. Why, ay!

Hangm. As how?

Ped. Why, rascal, by my pardon from the king.

Hangm. Stand you on that? Then you shall off with this.

Dep. So, executioner; — convey him hence;

But let his body be unburi'd:

Let not the earth be choked or infect

With that which heav'n contemns, and men neglect.

[SCENE VII.]²

Enter HIERONIMO.

Hier. Where shall I run to breathe abroad my woes,

My woes, whose weight hath wearied the earth?

Or mine exclaims, that have surcharg'd the air

With ceaseless plaints for my deceased son?

The blust'ring winds, conspiring with my words,

At my lament have mov'd the leafless trees,

Disrob'd the meadows of their flow'ring green,

Made mountains marsh with spring-tides of my tears,

And broken through the brazen gates of hell.

Yet still tormented is my tortured soul

With broken sighs and restless passions,

That, winged, mount; and, hovering in the air,

Beat at the windows of the brightest heavens,

Soliciting for justice and revenge:

But they are plac'd in those empyreal heights,³

¹ Hinder it from.

² Hieronimo's house.

³ So Schick. Qq. *imperial*.

Where, countermur'd⁴ with walls of diamond. I find the place impregnable; and they Resist my woes, and give my words no way.

Enter Hangman with a letter.

Hangm. O lord, sir! God bless you, sir! the man, sir, Petergade, sir, he that was so full of merry conceits —

Hier. Well, what of him?

Hangm. O lord, sir, he went the wrong way; the fellow had a fair commission to the contrary. Sir, here is his passport, I pray you, sir, we have done him wrong.

Hier. I warrant thee, give it me.

Hangm. You will stand between the gallows and me?

Hier. Ay, ay.

Hangm. I thank your lord worship.

Exit Hangman.

Hier. And yet, though somewhat nearer me concerns,

I will, to ease the grief that I sustain, Take truce with sorrow while I read on this.

"My lord, I write,⁵ as mine extremes requir'd, That you would labour my delivery:

If you neglect, my life is desperate,

And in my death I shall reveal the troth.

You know, my lord, I slew him for your sake,

And was confederate with the prince and you;

Won by rewards and hopeful promises,

I help to murder Don Horatio too." —

Help he to murder mine Horatio?

And actors in th' accursed tragedy

Wast thou, Lorenzo, Balthazar and thou,

Of whom my son, my son deserv'd so well?

What have I heard, what have mine eyes be-

held?

O sacred heavens, may it come to pass

That such a monstrous and detested deed,

So closely smother'd, and so long conceal'd,

Shall thus by this be venged or reveal'd?

Now see I what I durst not then suspect,

That Bel-imperia's letter was not feign'd.

Nor feigned she, though falsely they have

wrong'd

Both her, myself, Horatio, and themselves.

Now may I make compare 'twixt hers and this,

Of every accident I ne'er could find

Till now, and now I feelingly perceive

They did what heav'n unpunish'd would not

leave.

O false Lorenzo! are these thy flattering looks?

Is this the honour that thou didst my son?

And Balthazar — bane to thy soul and me! —

Was this the ransom he reserv'd thee for?

Woe to the cause of these constrained wars!

Woe to thy baseness and captivity,

Woe to thy birth, thy body, and thy soul,

Thy cursed father, and thy conquer'd self!

And bann'd with bitter execrations be

The day and place where he did pity thee!

But wherefore waste I mine unfruitful words,

When nought but blood will satisfy my woes?

I will go plain me to my lord the king,

And cry aloud for justice through the court,

⁴ Doubly fenced

⁵ Manly emends to *writ*.

Wearing the flints with these my withered feet;
And either purchase justice by entreats,
Or tire them all with my revenging threats. ⁷⁵
Exit.

[SCENE VIII.]¹

Enter ISABELLA and her Maid.

Isab. So that you say this herb will purge
the eye,
And thus, the head? —
Ah! — but none of them will purge the heart!
No, there 's no medicine left for my disease,
Nor any physic to recure the dead. ⁵

She runs lunatic.

Horatio! O, where 's Horatio?
Maid. Good madam, affright not thus your-
self

With outrage² for your son Horatio:
He sleeps in quiet in the Elysian fields.

Isab. Why, did I not give you gowns and
goodly things, ¹⁰

Bought you a whistle and a whipstalk too,
To be revenged on their villanies?

Maid. Madam, these humours do torment my
soul.

Isab. My soul — poor soul, thou talk'st³ of
things

Thou know'st not what — my soul hath silver
wings, ¹⁵

That mounts me up unto the highest heavens;

To heaven? Ay, there sits my Horatio,

Back'd with a troop of fiery Cherubins,

Dancing about his newly healed wounds, ²⁰

Singing sweet hymns and chanting heav'nly notes,

Rare harmony to greet his innocence,

That died, ay died, a mirror in our days.

But say, where shall I find the men, the mur-
derers,

That slew Horatio? Whither shall I run

To find them out that murdered my son? ²⁵

Exeunt.

[SCENE IX.]⁴

BEL-IMPERIA at a window.

Bel. What means this outrage that is off'red
me?

Why am I thus sequest'red from the court?

No notice! Shall I not know the cause

Of these my secret and suspicious ills?

Accursed brother, unkind murderer, ⁵

Why bend'st⁵ thou thus thy mind to martyr me?

Hieronimo, why writ I of thy wrongs,

Or why art thou so slack in thy revenge?

Andrea, O Andrea! that thou saw'st

Me for thy friend Horatio handled thus, ¹⁰

And him for me thus causeless murdered! —

Well, force perforce, I must constrain myself

To patience, and apply me⁶ to the time,

Till heaven, as I have hop'd, shall set me free.

Enter CHRISTOPHIL.

Chris. Come, madam Bel-imperia, this may
not be. *Exeunt.* ¹⁵

¹ The same.

² 1623. Earlier edd. *talkes*.

³ Outcry.

⁴ Palace of Don Cyprian.

⁵ 1 . rlier edd. *bends*.

⁶ Adapt myself.

[SCENE X.]⁷

Enter LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, and the Page.

Lor. Boy, talk no further, thus far things go
well.

Thou art assur'd that thou sawest him dead?
Page. Or else, my lord, I live not.

Lor. That's enough.

As for his resolution in his end,

Leave that to him with whom he sojourns now. ⁵

Here, take my ring and give it Christophil,

And bid him let my sister be enlarg'd,

And bring her hither straight. — *Exit Page.*

This that I did was for a policy,

To smooth and keep the murder secret, ¹⁰

Which, as a nine-days' wonder, being o'erblown,

My gentle sister will I now enlarge.

Bal. And time, Lorenzo. for my lord the
duke,

You heard, enquired for her yester-night.

Lor. Why, and my lord, I hope you heard me
say ¹⁵

Sufficient reason why she kept away;

But that's all one. My lord, you love her?

Bal. *Ay.*

Lor. Then in your love beware; deal cun-
ningly.

Salve all suspicions, only soothe⁸ me up;

And if she hap to stand on terms⁹ with us — ²⁰

As for her sweetheart and concealment so —

Jest with her gently: under feigned jest

Are things conceal'd that else would breed un-
rest.

But here she comes.

Enter BEL-IMPERIA.

Now, sister, —

Bel. Sister? No!

Thou art no brother, but an enemy; ²⁵

Else wouldest thou not have us'd thy sister so:

First, to affright me with thy weapons drawn,

And with extremes abuse my company; ³⁰

And then to hurry me, like whirlwind's rage,

Amidst a crew of thy confederates, ³⁵

And clap me up where none might come at me,

Nor I at any to reveal my wrongs.

What madding fury did possess thy wits?

Or wherein is 't that I offended thee?

Lor. Advise you better, Bel-imperia, ⁴⁰

For I have done you no disparagement;

Unless, by more discretion than deserv'd,

I sought to save your honour and mine own.

Bel. Mine honour? Why, Lorenzo, wherein
is 't

That I neglect my reputation so, ⁴⁵

As you, or any, need to rescue it?

Lor. His highness and my father were resolv'd

To come confer with old Hieronimo

Concerning certain matters of estate

That by the viceroy was determined. ⁵⁰

Bel. And wherein was mine honour touch'd
in that?

Bal. Have patience, Bel-imperia; hear the
rest.

⁷ The s. e.

⁸ Back.

⁹ Haggle, hold out.

¹⁰ Companion.

Lor. Me, next in sight, as messenger they sent
To give him notice that they were so nigh:
Now when I came, consorted with the prince, 50
And unexpected in an arbour there
Found Bel-imperia with Horatio —

Bel. How then?

Lor. Why, then, remembering that old disgrace,
Which you for Don Andrea had endur'd, 55
And now were likely longer to sustain,
By being found so meanly accompanied,
Thought rather — for I knew no readier mean —
To thrust Horatio forth my father's way.

Bal. And carry you obscurely somewhere else, 60
Lest that his highness should have found you there.

Bel. Ev'n so, my lord? And you are witness
That this is true which he entreatheth of?
You, gentle brother, forg'd this for my sake,
And you, my lord, were made his instrument?
A work of worth, worthy the noting too! 65
But what's the cause that you conceal'd me since?

Lor. Your melancholy, sister, since the news
Of your first favourite Don Andrea's death,
My father's old wrath hath exasperate. 70

Bal. And better was't for you, being in disgrace,
To absent yourself, and give his fury place.

Bel. But why had I no notice of his ire?

Lor. That were to add more fuel to your fire,
Who burnt like Aetna for Andrea's loss. 75

Bel. Hath not my father then enquir'd for me?

Lor. Sister, he hath, and thus excus'd I thee.

He whispereth in her ear.

But Bel-imperia, see the gentle prince;
Look on thy love, behold young Balthazar,
Whose passions by thy presence are increas'd; 80
And in whose melancholy thou may'st see
Thy hate, his love; thy flight, his following thee.

Bel. Brother, you are become an orator —
I know not, I, by what experience —
Too politic for me, past all compare, 85
Since last I saw you; but content yourself:
The prince is meditating higher things.

Bal. 'Tis of thy beauty, then, that conquers kings;

Of those thy tresses, Ariadne's twines,
Wherewith my liberty thou hast surpris'd; 90
Of that thine ivory front, my sorrow's map,
Wherein I see no haven to rest my hope.

Bel. To love and fear, and both at once, my lord,

In my conceit, are things of more import
Than women's wits are to be busied with. 95

Bal. 'Tis I that love.

Bel. Whom?

Bal. Bel-imperia.

Bel. But I that fear.

Bal. Whom?

Bel. Bel-imperia.

Lor. Fear yourself?

Bel. Ay, brother.

Lor. How?

Bel. As those

That what they love are loth d fear to lose.

Bal. Then, fair, let Balthazar your keeper be. 100

Bel. No, Balthazar doth fear as well as we.
Et tremulo metu pavidum junxere timorem —
Est vanum stolidae proditioms opus.

Lor. Nay, and you argue things so cunningly,
We'll go continue this discourse at court. 105

Bal. Led by the loadstar of her heavenly looks,

Wends poor oppressed Balthazar,
As o'er the mountains walks the wanderer,
Uncertain to effect his pilgrimage. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE XI.]²

Enter two PORTINGALES, and HIERONIMO meets them.

1 *Port.* By your leave, sir.

Hier. 'Tis neither as you think, nor as you think,

Nor as you think; you're wide all

These slippers are not mine, they were my son Horatio's.

My son? and what's a son? A thing begot 5

Within a pair of minutes — thereabout;

A lump bred up in darkness, and doth serve

To ballace these light creatures we call women;

And, at nine months' end, creeps forth to light

What is there yet in a son, 10

To make a father dote, rave, or run mad?

Being born, it pouts, cries, and breeds teeth

What is there yet in a son? He must be fed,

Be taught to go, and speak. Ay, or yet

Why might not a man love a calf as well? 15

Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid,

As for a son? Methinks, a young bacon,

Or a fine little smooth horse coll,

Should move a man as much as doth a son:

For one of these, in very little time, 20

Will grow to some good use, whereas a son,

The more he grows in stature and in years,

The more unsquar'd, unbevell'd, he appears,

Reckons his parents among the rank of fools,

Strikes care upon their heads with his mad riots, 25

Makes them look old before they meet with age.

This is a son! — And what a loss were this,

Consider'd truly? — O, but my Horatio

Grew out of reach of these insatiate humours:

He lov'd his loving parents, 30

He was my comfort, and his mother's joy,

The very arm that did hold up our house:

Our hopes were stored up in him,

None but a damned murderer could hate him.

He had not seen the back of nineteen year, 35

When his strong arm unhors'd

The proud Prince Balthazar, and his great mind,

Too full of honour, took him unto mercy,

That valiant, but ignoble Portingale!

Well, heaven is heaven still! 40

And there is Nemesis, and Furies,

And things call'd whips,

And they sometimes do meet with murderers:

¹ So Hazlitt. Qq. *Est.*

² A street.

³ So Schlick. Qq. *Et.*

⁴ Third page of additions beg' here.

⁵ Ballast.

⁶ Unpolished.

⁷ Qq. *us to.*

They do not always scape, that is some comfort
Ay, ay, ay, and then time steals on, 45
And steals, and steals, till violence leaps forth
Like thunder wrapt in a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all.]

Good leave have you nay, I pray you go,
 For I'll leave you, if you can leave me so. 50

2 Port. Pray you, which is the next way to
 my lord the duke's?

Hier. The next way from me.

1 Port. To his house, we mean.

Hier. O, hard by: 'tis yon house that you
 see.

2 Port. You could not tell us if his son were
 there?

Hier. Who, my Lord Lorenzo?

1 Port. Ay, sir.

*He goeth in at one door and comes
 out at another.*

Hier. O, forbear!

For other talk for us far fitter were. 55

But if you be importunate to know

The way to him, and where to find him out,

Then list to me, and I'll resolve your doubt.

There is a path upon your left-hand side 60

That leadeth from a guilty conscience

Unto a forest of distrust and fear—

A darksome place, and dangerous to pass:

There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts,

Whose baleful humours if you but uphold, 65

It will conduct you to despair and death—

Whose rocky cliffs when you have once beheld,

Within a hugy dale of lasting night,

That, kindled with the world's iniquities,

Doth cast up filthy and detested fumes — 70

Not far from thence, where murderers have built

A habitation for their cursed souls,

There, in a brazen cauldron, fix'd by Jove,

In his fell wrath, upon a sulphur flame,

Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing him 75

In boiling lead and blood of innocents.

1 Port. Ha, ha, ha!

Hier. Ha, ha, ha! Why, ha, ha, ha! Fare-
 well, good ha, ha, ha! *Exit.*

2 Port. Doubtless this man is passing lunatic,
 Or imperfection of his age doth make him dote.
 Come, let's away to seek my lord the duke. 81

Exeunt.

[SCENE XII.]¹

*Enter HIERONIMO, with a pomard in one hand
 and a rope in the other.*

Hier. Now, sir, perhaps I come and see the
 king;

The king sees me, and fain would hear my suit.

Why, is not this a strange and seld-seen² thing,

That standers-by with toys should strike me
 mute?

Go to, I see their shifts, and say no more. 5

Hieronimo, 'tis time for thee to trudge.

Down by the dale that flows with purple gore

Standeth a fiery tower, there sits a judge

Upon a seat of steel and molten brass,

And 'twixt his teeth he holds a fire-brand, 10

That leads unto the lake where hell doth stand.

¹ The Court of Spain.

² Seldom seen.

Away, Hieronimo! to him be gone;

He'll do thee justice for Horatio's death.

Turn down this path thou shalt be with him
 straight;

Or this, and then thou need'st not take thy
 breath 17

This way or that way? — Soft and fair, not
 so.

For if I hang or kill myself, let's know

Who will revenge Horatio's murder then?

No, no! fie, no! pardon me, I'll none of that.

He flings away the dagger and halter.

This way I'll take, and this way comes the
 king: *He takes them up again.* 20

And here I'll have a fling at him, that's flat;

And, Balthazar, I'll be with thee to bring;³

And thee, Lorenzo! Here's the king—nay, stay;

And here, ay here—there goes the hare away!⁴

*Enter KING, AMBASSADOR, CASTILE, and LO-
 RENZO.*

King Now show, ambassador, what our vice-
 roy saith: 25

Hath he receiv'd the articles we sent?

Hier. Justice, O justice to Hieronimo.

Lor. Back! see'st thou not the king is busy?

Hier. O, is he so?

King. Who is he that interrupts our business?

Hier. Not I [*Aside.*] Hieronimo, beware! go
 by, go by! 30

Amb. Renowned King, he hath receiv'd and
 read

Thy kingly proffers, and thy promis'd league,

And, as a man extremely over-joy'd

To hear his son so princely entertain'd,

Whose death he had so solemnly bewail'd, 35

This for thy further satisfaction

And kingly love he kindly lets thee know:

First, for the marriage of his princely son

With Bel-imperia, thy beloved niece,

The news are more delightful to his soul, 40

Than myrrh or incense to the offended heavens.

In person, therefore, will he come himself,

To see the marriage rites solemnized,

And, in the presence of the court of Spain,

To knit a sure inexplicable⁵ band 45

Of kingly love and everlasting league

Betwixt the crowns of Spain and Portugal.

There will he give his crown to Balthazar,

And make a queen of Bel-imperia.

King. Brother, how like you this our vice-
 roy's love? 50

Cast. No doubt, my lord, it is an argument

Of honourable care to keep his friend,

And wondrous zeal to Balthazar his son;

Nor am I least indebted to his grace,

That bends his liking to my daughter thus. 55

Amb. Now last, dread lord, here hath his
 highness sent

(Although he send not that his son return)

His ransom due to Don Horatio.

³ Give thee a lesson.

⁴ This phrase usually means, "There the matter
 ends." Perhaps here it might mean, "There begins the
 chase."

⁵ I. e. inextricable, which some modern edd. read.
 Alde, *inexceable*.

Hier. Horatio! who calls Horatio?

King. And well rememb'ed: thank his majesty.

Here, see it given to Horatio.

Hier. Justice, O, justice, justice, gentle king!

King. Who is that? Hieronimo?

Hier. Justice, O, justice! O my son, my son! My son, whom naught can ransom or redeem!

Lor. Hieronimo, you are not well-advis'd.

Hier. Away, Lorenzo, hinder me no more;

For thou hast made me bankrupt of my bliss.

Give me my son! you shall not ransom him!

Way! I'll rip the bowels of the earth,
He diggeth with his dagger.

And ferry over to th' Elysian plains,
And bring my son to show his deadly wounds.
Stand from about me!

I'll make a pickaxe of my poniard,
And here surrender up my marshalship;
For I'll go marshal up the fiends in hell,
To be avenged on you all for this.

King. What means this outrage?

Will none of you restrain his fury?

Hier. Nay, soft and fair! you shall not need to strive.

Needs must he go that the devils drive. *Exit.*

King. What accident hath happ'd Hieronimo?
I have not seen him to demean him so.

Lor. My gracious lord, he is with extreme pride,

Conceiv'd of young Horatio his son
And covetous of having to himself
The ransom of the young prince Balthazar,
Distract, and in a manner lunatic.

King. Believe me, nephew, we are sorry for't:
This is the love that fathers bear their sons.

But, gentle brother, go give to him this gold,
The prince's ransom; let him have his due.
For what he hath, Horatio shall not want;
Haply Hieronimo hath need thereof.

Lor. But if he be thus helplessly distract,
'Tis requisite his office be resign'd,
And giv'n to one of more discretion.

King. We shall increase his melancholy so.
'Tis best that we see further in it first,

Till when, ourself will execute¹ the place.

And, brother, now bring in the ambassador,
That he may be a witness of the match

'Twixt Balthazar and Bel-imperia,

And that we may prefix a certain time,
Wherein the marriage shall be solemniz'd,

That we may have thy lord, the viceroy, here.

Amb. Therein your highness highly shall content

His majesty, that longs to hear from hence.

King. On, then, and hear you, lord ambassador — *Exeunt.*

[SCENE XIII.]²

³[Enter JAQUES and PEDRO.]

Jaq. I wonder, Pedro, why our master thus
At midnight sends us with our torches light,
When man, and bird, and beast, are all at rest,
Save those that watch for rape and bloody murder.

¹ So Collier. Qq. exempt.

² Hieronimo's garden.

³ Fourth passage of additions.

Ped. O Jaques, know thou that our master's mind

Is much distraught, since his Horatio died,
And — now his aged years should sleep in rest,
His heart in quiet — like a desperate man,
Grows lunatic and childish for his son.
Sometimes, as he doth at his table sit,
He speaks as if Horatio stood by him;
Then starting in a rage, falls on the earth,
Cries out, "Horatio, where is my Horatio?"
So that with extreme grief and cutting sorrow
There is not left in him one inch of man:
See, where he comes.

Enter HIERONIMO.

Hier. I pry through every crevice of each wall,
Look on each tree, and search through every brake,
Beat at the bushes, stamp our grandam earth,
Dive in the water, and stare up to heaven,
Yet cannot I behold my son Horatio. —
How now, who's there? Spirits, spirits?

Ped. We are your servants that attend you, sir.

Hier. What make you with your torches in the dark?

Ped. You bid us light them, and attend you here.

Hier. No, no, you are deceiv'd! I not; — you are deceiv'd!

Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now?
Light me your torches at the mid of noon,
When-as the sun-god rides in all his glory;
Light me your torches then.

Ped. Then we burn⁴ daylight.

Hier. Let it be burnt; Night is a murderous slut,

That would not have her treasons to be seen;
And yonder pale-fac'd Hecate there, the moon,
Doth give consent to that is done in darkness;
And all those stars that gaze upon her face,
Are aglets⁵ on her sleeve, pins on her train;
And those that should be powerful and divine,
Do sleep in darkness when they most should shine.

Ped. Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting words:

The heav'ns are gracious, and your miseries
And sorrow makes you speak you know not what.

Hier. Villain, thou liest! and thou dost nought
But tell me I am mad. Thou liest, I am not mad!

I know thee to be Pedro, and he Jaques.

I'll prove it to thee; and were I mad, how could I?

Where was she that same night when my Horatio

Was murder'd? She should have shone: search thou the book.

Had the moon shone, in my boy's face there was a kind of grace,

That I know — nay, I do know — had the murderer seen him,

His weapon would have fall'n and cut the earth,
Had he been fram'd of naught but blood and death.

Alack! when mischief doth it knows not what,
What shall we say to mischief?

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Dear Hieronimo, come in a-doors;
O, seek not means so to increase thy sorrow.

⁴ Waste. ⁵ Metal ornaments, orig. points of laces.

one of the murderers : were he as strong as Hector,
thus would I tear and drag him up and down

He beats the painter in, then comes
out again, with a book in his
hand.]

[SCENE XIII.]¹

Enter HIERONIMO, with a book in his hand.

[Hier.] *Vindicta mihi!*

Ay, heaven will be reveng'd of every ill;
Nor will they suffer murder unrepaid.
Then stay, Hieronimo, attend their will:
For mortal men may not appoint their time! ⁵
"Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter."
Strike, and strike home, where wrong is off'red
thee;

For evils unto ills conductors be,
And death's the worst of resolution.
For he that thinks with patience to contend ¹⁰
To quiet life, his life shall easily end. —
"Fata si miser os juvant, habes salutem;
Fata si vitam negant, habes sepulchrum":

If destiny thy miseries do ease,
Then hast thou health, and happy shalt thou be;
If destiny deny thee life, Hieronimo, ¹⁵
Yet shalt thou be assured of a tomb;
If neither, yet let this thy comfort be:
Heaven covereth him that hath no burial.

And to conclude, I will revenge his death! ²⁰
But how? Not as the vulgar wits of men,
With open, but inevitable ills,²
As by a secret, yet a certain mean,
Which under kinship³ will be cloaked best.

Wise men will take their opportunity, ²⁵
Closely and safely fitting things to time.
But in extremes advantage hath no time;
And therefore all times fit not for revenge.
Thus therefore will I rest me in unrest,

Dissembling quiet in unquietness, ³⁰
Not seeming that I know their villanies,
That my simplicity may make them think
That ignorantly I will let all slip;
For ignorance, I wot, and well they know,
*Remedium malorum iners est.*⁴ ³⁵

Nor ought avails it me to menace them,
Who, as a wintry storm upon a plain,
Will bear me down with their nobility.
No, no, Hieronimo, thou must enjoin
Thine eyes to observation, and thy tongue ⁴⁰
To milder speeches than thy spirit affords,
Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to rest,
Thy cap to courtesy, and thy knee to bow,
Till to revenge thou know when, where, and
how. ⁴⁵

How now, what noise? What coil⁵ is that you
keep?

[Enter a Serv. t.]

Serv. Here are a sort⁶ of poor petitioners
That are importunate, and it shall please you,
sir,
That you should plead their cases to the king.

¹ Hieronimo's house

² Not with open but with inevitable injuries.

³ Kindness.

⁵ Turmoil.

⁴ From Seneca's *Oedipus*, 515.

⁶ Group, band.

Hier. That I should plead their several ac-
tions?

Why, let them enter, and let me see them. ⁵⁰

Enter three Citizens and an Old Man.

1 Cit. So, I tell you this: for learning and
for law,

There is not any advocate in Spain
That can prevail, or will take half the pain
That he will, in pursuit of equity.

Hier. Come near, you men, that thus impor-
tune me. — ⁵⁵

[Aside.] Now must I bear a face of gravity;
For thus I us'd, before my marshalship,
To plead in causes as *corregidor*.⁷ —
Come on, sirs, what's the matter?

2 Cit. Sir, an action.

Hier. Of battery?

1 Cit. Mine of debt.

Hier. Give place.

2 Cit. No, sir, mine is an action of the case. ⁶⁰

3 Cit. Mine an *ejectioe firmæ*⁸ by a lease. ⁶⁵

Hier. Content you, sirs; are you determined
That I should plead your several actions?

1 Cit. Ay, sir, and here's my declaration. ⁷⁰

2 Cit. And here's my band

3 Cit. And here's my lease.

They give him papers.

Hier. But wherefore stands yon silly man so
mute,
With mournful eyes and hands to heaven up-
rear'd?

Come hither, father, let me know thy cause.

Senex. O worthy sir, my cause, but slightly
known, ⁷⁵

May move the hearts of warlike Myrmidons,
And melt the Corsic rocks with ruthful tears.

Hier. Say, father, tell me, what's thy suit?

Senex. No, sir, could my woes

Give way unto my most distressful words,

Then should I not in paper, as you see, ⁸⁰

With ink bewray what blood began in me.

Hier. What's here? "The humble supplica-
tion

Of Don Bazulto for his murd'red son."

Senex. Ay, sir.

Hier. No, sir, it was my murd'red son:

O my son, my son, O my son Horatio! ⁸⁵

But mine, or thine, Bazulto, be content.

Here, take my handkercher and wipe thine eyes,

Whiles wretched I in thy mishaps may see

The lively portrait of my dying self.

He draweth out a bloody napkin.

O no, not this; Horatio, this was thine; ⁹⁰

And when I dy'd it in thy dearest blood,

This was a token 'twixt thy soul and me,

That of thy death revenged I should be.

But here, take this, and this — what, my

purse? —

Ay, this, and that, and all of them are thine;

For all as one are our extremities. ⁹⁵

1 Cit. O, see the kindness of Hieronimo!

⁷ Advocate Properly, magistrate.

⁸ "A universal remedy given for all personal wrongs
... so called because the plaintiff's whole case ... is
set forth at length in the original "t." (Blackstone.)

⁹ A writ to eject a tenant.

And by appointment and our condescent¹
To-morrow are they to be married.
To this intent we entertain thyself,
Thy followers, their pleasure, and our peace. 20
Speak, men of Portugal, shall it be so?
If ay, say so; if not, say flatly no.

Vic. Renowned King, I come not, as thou think'st,

With doubtful followers, unresolved men,
But such as have upon thine articles
Confirm'd thy motion, and contented me. 25
Know, sovereign, I come to solemnize
The marriage of thy beloved niece,
Fair Bel-imperia, with my Balthazar, —
With thee, my son, whom sith I live to see, 30
Here take my crown, I give it her and thee,
And let me live a solitary life,
In ceaseless prayers,
To think how strangely heaven hath thee pre-
serv'd.

King See, brother, see, how nature strives
in him! 35

Come, worthy Viceroy, and accompany
Thy friend with thine extremities;²
A place more private fits this princely mood.
Vic. Or here, or where your highness thinks
it good.

Exeunt all but CASTILE and LORENZO.

Cast. Nay, stay, Lorenzo, let me talk with
you. 40

See'st thou this entertainment of these kings?
Lor. I do, my lord, and joy to see the same.

Cast. And know'st thou why this meeting is?
Lor. For her, my lord, whom Balthazar doth
love, 45

And to confirm their promised marriage.
Cast. She is thy sister?

Lor. Who, Bel-imperia? Ay,
My gracious lord, and this is the day,
That I have long'd so happily to see.

Cast. Thou wouldst be loth that any fault of
thine
Should intercept her in her happiness? 50

Lor. Heavens will not let Lorenzo err so
much.

Cast. Why then, Lorenzo, listen to my words:
It is suspected, and reported too,
That thou, Lorenzo, wrong'st Hieronimo, o,
And in his suits towards his majesty 55
Still keep'st him back, and seek'st to cross his
suit.

Lor. That I, my lord — ?
Cast. I tell thee, son, myself have heard it
said,

When (to my sorrow) I have been ashamed
To answer for thee, though thou art my son. 60
Lorenzo, know'st thou not the common love
And kindness that Hieronimo hath won
By his deserts within the court of Spain?
Or see'st thou not the king my brother's care
In his behalf, and to procure his health? 65
Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passions,
And he exclaim against thee to the king,
What honour were 't in this assembly,
Or what a scandal were 't among the kings

To hear Hieronimo exclaim on thee? 70
Tell me — and look thou tell me truly too —
Whence grows the ground of this report in
court?

Lor. My lord, it lies not in Lorenzo's power
To stop the vulgar, liberal of their tongues.
A small advantage makes a water-breach, 75
And no man lives that long contenteth all

Cast. Myself have seen thee busy to keep
back

Him and his supplications from the king.
Lor. Yourself, my lord, hath seen his passions,
That ill besem'd the presence of a king: 80

And, for I pitied him in his distress,
I held him thence with kind and courteous
words

As free from malice to Hieronimo

As to my soul, my lord.

Cast. Hieronimo, my son, mistakes thee then.

Lor. My gracious father, believe me, so he
doth. 85

But what's a silly man, distract in mind
To think upon the murder of his son?

Alas! how easy is it for him to err!
But for his satisfaction and the world's, 90

'T were good, my lord, that Hieronimo and I
Were reconcil'd, if he misconster me.

Cast. Lorenzo, thou hast said; it shall be so.
Go one of you, and call Hieronimo.

Enter BALTHAZAR and BEL-IMPERIA.

Bal. Come, Bel-imperia, Balthazar's content,
My sorrow's ease and sovereign of my bliss, 95
Sith heaven hath ordain'd thee to be mine:
Disperse those clouds and melancholy looks,
And clear them up with those thy sun-bright
eyes,

Wherein my hope and heaven's fair beauty lies.

Bel. My looks, my lord, are fitting for my
love, 101

Which, new-begun, can show no brighter yet.

Bal. New-kindled flames should burn as
morning sun

Bel. But not too fast, lest heat and all be
done.

I see my lord my father.

Bal. Truce, my love; 105

I will go salute him.

Cast. Welcome, Balthazar,
Welcome, brave prince, the pledge of Castile's
peace!

And welcome, Bel-imperia! — How now, girl?
Why com'st thou sadly to salute us th?

Content thyself, for I am satisfied: 110

It is not now as when Andrea liv'd;

We have forgotten and forgiven that,

And thou art grac'd with a happier love. —

But, Balthazar, here comes Hieronimo;

I'll have a word with him. 115

Enter HIERONIMO and a Servant.

Hier. And where's the duke?

Serv. Yonder.

Hier. Even so. —

What new device have they devised, trow? 3

¹ Consent.

² Extreme show of feeling.

³ Think you.

*Pocas palabras!*¹ mild as the lamb!

Is 't I will be reveng'd? No, I am not the man.

Cast. Welcome, Hieronimo. 129

Lor. Welcome, Hieronimo.

Bal. Welcome, Hieronimo.

Hier. My lords, I thank you for Horatio.

Cast. Hieronimo, the reason that I sent To speak with you, is this.

Hier. What, so short? 125

Then I'll be gone, I thank you for 't.

Cast. Nay, stay, Hieronimo! — go call him, son.

Lor. Hieronimo, my father craves a word with you.

Hier. With me, sir? Why, my lord, I thought you had done.

Lor. No, [*Aside*] would he had!

Cast. Hieronimo, I hear You find yourself aggrieved at my son, 131

Because you have not access unto the king;

And say 't is he that intercepts your suits.

Hier. Why, is not this a miserable thing, my lord?

Cast. Hieronimo, I hope you have no cause, And would be loth that one of your deserts 135

Should once have reason to suspect my son,

Considering how I think of you myself

Hier. Your son Lorenzo! Whom, my noble lord?

The hope of Spain, mine honourable friend? 140

Grant me the combat of them, if they dare

Draws out his sword.

I'll meet him face to face, to tell me so!

These be the scandalous reports of such

As love not me, and hate my lord too much.

Should I suspect Lorenzo would prevent 145

Or cross my suit, that lov'd my son so well?

My lord, I am asham'd it should be said.

Lor. Hieronimo, I never gave you cause.

Hier. My good lord, I know you did not.

Cast. There then pause; 150

And for the satisfaction of the world,

Hieronimo, frequent my homely house,

The Duke of Castile, Cyprian's ancient seat;

And when thou wilt, use me, my son, and it.

But here, before Prince Balthazar and me,

Embrace each other, and be perfect friends. 155

Hier. Ay, marry, my lord, and shall.

Friends, quoth he? See, I'll be friends with you all:

Especially with you, my lovely lord;

For divers causes it is fit for us

That we be friends, the world's suspicious, 160

And men may think what we imagine not.

Bal. Why, this is friendly done, Hieronimo.

Lor. And that I hope old grudges are forgot.

Hier. What else? It were a shame it should not be so.

Cast. Come on, Hieronimo, at my request; 165

Let us entreat your company to-day. *Exeunt.*

Hier. Your lordship's to command. — Pah! keep your way:

Chi mi fa più carezze che non suole,

Tradito mi ha, o tradir mi vuole.

[*Exit.*]

¹ Span. "few words."

[CHORUS.]

Enter GHOST and REVENGE.

Ghost. Awake, Erichtho! Cerberus, awake!

Solicit Pluto, gentle Proserpine! 171

To combat, Acheron and Erebus!

For ne'er, by Styx and Phlegethon in hell,²

Nor ferried Charon to the fiery lakes

Such fearful sights, as poor Andrea sees,³ 175

Revenge, awake!

Revenge. Awake? For why?

Ghost. Awake, Revenge; for thou art ill-ad- 180

vis'd

To sleep away what thou art warn'd to watch!

Revenge. Content thyself, and do not trouble 185

me.

Ghost. Awake, Revenge, if love — as love

hath had — 180

Have yet the power or prevalence in hell!

Hieronimo with Lorenzo is join'd in league,

And intercepts our passage to revenge.

Awake, Revenge, or we are woe-begone!

Revenge. Thus worldlings ground what they have dream'd upon.⁴ 185

Content thyself, Andrea, though I sleep,

Yet is my mood soliciting their souls.

Sufficeth thee that poor Hieronimo

Cannot forget his son Horatio.

Nor dies Revenge, although he sleep awhile;

For in quiet, quietness is feign'd, 190

And slumb'ring is a common worldly wile.

Behold, Andrea, for an instance, how

Revenge hath slept, and then imagine thou,

What 't is to be subject to destiny. 195

Enter a Dumb-Show.

Ghost. Awake, Revenge; reveal this mystery.

Revenge. Lo! the two first the nuptial torches 200

bore

As brightly burning as the mid-day's sun;

But after them doth Hymen hie as fast,

Clothed in sable and a saffron robe, 205

And blows them out, and quencheth them with

blood,

As discontent that things continue so.

Ghost. Sufficeth me; thy meaning's der- 210

stood,

And thanks to thee and those infernal powers

That will not tolerate a lover's woe. 205

Rest thee, for I will sit to see the rest.

Revenge. Then argue not, for thou hast thy request. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV

[SCENE I.]⁵

Enter BEL-IMPERIA and HIERONIMO.

Bel. Is this the love thou bear'st Horatio?

Is this the kindness that thou counterfeit's?

Are these the fruits of thine incessant tears?

² Qq. read *in hell* at end of l. 3. The passage is clearly corrupt.

³ Early Qq. read *see*.

⁴ Rely upon what they have dreamed.

⁵ Palace of Don Cyp n.

Hieronimo, are these thy passions,
Thy protestations and thy deep laments,
That thou wert wont to weary men withal? 5
O unkind father! O deceitful world!
With what excuses canst thou show thyself
From this dishonour and the hate of men,
Thus to neglect the loss and life of him
Whom both my letters and thine own belief 10
Assures thee to be causeless slaughtered?
Hieronimo, for shame, Hieronimo,
Be not a history to after-times
Of such ingratitude unto thy son.
Unhappy mothers of such children then!
But monstrous fathers to forget so soon
The death of those whom they with care and
cost
Have tend' red so, thus careless should be lost.
Myself, a stranger in respect of thee, 20
So lov'd his life, as still I wish their deaths.
Nor shall his death be unreveng'd by me,
Although I bear it out for fashion's sake;
For here I swear, in sight of heaven and earth,
Shouldst thou neglect the love thou shouldst
retain, 25
And give it over and devise no more,
Myself should send their hateful souls to hell
That wrought his downfall with extremest
death.

Hier. But may it be that Bel-imperia
Vows such revenge as she hath deign'd to say? 30
Why, then I see that heaven applies our drift,
And all the saints do sit soliciting
For vengeance on those cursed murderers.
Madam, 't is true, and now I find it so,
I found a letter, written in your name, 35
And in that letter, how Horatio died.
Pardon, O pardon, Bel-imperia,
My fear and care in not believing it;
Nor think I thoughtless think upon a mean
To let his death be unreveng'd at full. 40
And here I vow — so you but give consent,
And will conceal my resolution —
I will ere long determine of their deaths
That causeless thus have murdered my son.
Bel. Hieronimo, I will consent, conceal, 45
And ought that may effect for thine avail,
Join with thee to revenge Horatio's death.
Hier. On, then; [and] whatsoever I devise,
Let me entreat you, grace my practices,
For-why¹ the plot's already in mine head. 50
Here they are.

Enter BALTHAZAR and LORENZO.

Bal. How now, Hieronimo?
What, courting Bel-imperia?
Hier. Ay, my lord;
Such courting as, I promise you,
She hath my heart, but you, my lord, have hers.
Lor. But now, Hieronimo, or never, 55
We are to entreat your help.
Hier. My help?
Why, my good lords, assure yourselves of me;
For you have giv'n me cause, — ay, by my faith
have you!

¹ Qq insert after l. 8, *With what dishonour and the hate of men.*

² Supports our intention.

³ Be e.

Bal. It pleas'd you, at the entertainment of
the ambassador,
To grace the king so much as with a show. 60
Now, were your study so well furnished,
As, for the passing of the first night's sport,
To entertain my father with the like,
Or any such-like pleasing motion,
Assure yourself, it would content them well. 65
Hier. Is this all?
Bal. Ay, this is all.
Hier. Why then, I'll fit you; say no more.
When I was young, I gave my mind
And plied myself to fruitless poetry;
Which though it profit the professor naught, 70
Yet is it passing pleasing to the world.
Lor. And how for that?

Hier. Marry, my good lord, thus: —
And yet methinks, you are too quick with us —
When in Toledo there I studied,
It was my chance to write a tragedy. 75
See here, my lords — *He shows them a book.*
Which, long forgot, I found this other day.
Now would your lordships favour me so much
As but to grace me with your acting it —
I mean each one of you to play a part — 80
Assure you it will prove most passing strange,
And wondrous plausible⁴ to that assembly.
Bal. What, would you have us play a trag-
edy?

Hier. Why, Nero thought it no disparage-
ment,
'And kings and emperors have ta'en delight 85
To make experience of their wits in plays.
Lor. Nay, be not angry, good Hieronimo;
The prince but ask'd a question.
Bal. In faith, Hieronimo, an you be in e-est,
I'll make one.

Lor. And I another. 90
Hier. Now, my good lord, could you entreat
Your sister Bel-imperia to make one?
For what's a play without a woman in it?
Bel. Little entreaty shall serve me, Hieron-
imo;

For I must needs be employed in your play. 95
Hier. Why, this is well. I tell you, lordings,
It was determined to have been acted
By gentlemen and scholars too,
Such as could tell what to speak.

Bal. And now
It shall be play'd by princes and courtiers, 100
Such as can tell how to speak.
If, as it is our country manner,
You will but let us know the argument.

Hier. That shall I roundly. The chronicles
of Spain
Record this written of a knight of Rhodes: 105
He was betroth'd, and wedded at the length,
To one Perseda, an Italian dame,
Whose beauty ravish'd all that her beheld,
Especially the soul of Soliman,
Who at the marriage was the chiefest guest. 110
By sundry means sought Soliman to win
Perseda's love, and could not gain the same.
Then 'gan he break his passions to a friend,
One of his bashaws,⁵ whom he held full d-

⁴ Pleasing.

⁵ Usual Elizabethan form of *pacha*.

Her had this bashaw long solicited, 115
And saw she was not otherwise to be won,
But by her husband's death, this knight of
Rhodes,

Whom presently by treachery he slew.
She, stirr'd with an exceeding hate therefore,
As cause of this slew Solman, 120
And, to escape the bashaw's tyranny,
Did stab herself: and thus the tragedy.

Lor. O excellent!

Bel. But say, Hieronimo,
What then became of him that was the bashaw?
Hier. Marry, thus: mov'd with remorse of
his misdeeds, 125

Ran to a mountain-top, and hung himself.
Bal. But which of us is to perform that part?
Hier. O, that will I, my lords; make no doubt
of it.

I'll play the murderer, I warrant you;
For I already have conceited that. 130

Bal. And what shall I?

Hier. Great Solman, the Turkish emperor.

Lor. And I?

Hier. Erastus, the knight of Rhodes.

Bel. And I?

Hier. Perseda, chaste and resolute.
And here, my lords, are several abstracts
drawn, 135

For each of you to note your parts,
And act it, as occasion's off'red you.
You must provide a Turkish cap,
A black mustachio and a falchion;

Gives a paper to BALTHAZAR.

You with a cross, like to a knight of Rhodes; 140

Gives another to LORENZO.

And, madam, you must attire yourself

He giveth BEL-IMPERIA another.

Like Phoebe, Flora, or the huntress [Dian],¹

Which to your discretion shall seem best.

And as for me, my lords, I'll look to one,

And, with the ransom that the viceroy sent, 145

So furnish and perform this tragedy,

As all the world shall say, Hieronimo

Was liberal in gracing of it so.

Bal. Hieronimo, methinks a comedy were

better.

Hier. A comedy? 150

Fie! comedies are fit for common wits;

But to present a kingly troop withal,

Give me a stately-written tragedy;

Tragedia cothurnata, fitting kings,

Containing matter, and not common things. 155

My lords, all this must be performed,

As fitting for the first night's revelling.

The Italian tragedians were so sharp of wit,

That in one hour's meditation

They would perform anything in action. 160

Lor. And well it may; for I have seen the

like

In Paris 'mongst the French tragedians.

Hier. In Paris? mass! and well remembered!

There's one thing more that rests for us to do.

Bal. What's that, Hieronimo? Forget not

anything. 165

Hier. Each one of us

¹ Supplied by Kittredge (Manly).

Must act his part in unknown languages,
That it may breed the more variety:
As you, my lord, in Latin, I in Greek,
You in Italian; and for because I know 170
That Bel-imperia hath practised the French,
In courtly French shall all her phrases be.

Bel. You mean to try my cunning then, Hieronimo?

Bal. But this will be a mere confusion
And hardly shall we all be understood. 175

Hier. It must be so; for the conclusion

Shall prove the invention² and all was good:

And I myself in an oration,

And with a strange and wondrous show besides,

That I will have there behind a curtain, 180

Assure yourself, shall make the matter known;

And all shall be concluded in one scene,

For there's no pleasure ta'en in tediousness.

Bal. How like you this?

Lor. Why, thus my lord:

We must resolve to soothe his humours up 185

Bal. On then, Hieronimo, farewell till soon.

Hier. You'll ply this gear?

Lor. I warrant you.

Exeunt all but HIERONIMO.

Hier. Why so:

Now shall I see the fall of Babylon,

Wrought by the heavens in this confusion.

And if the world like not this tragedy, 190

Hard is the hap of old Hieronimo. *Exit.*

[SCENE II.]³

Enter ISABELLA with a weapon.

Isab. Tell me no more! — O monstrous ho-
cides!

Since neither piety or pity moves

The king to justice or compassion,

I will revenge myself upon this place,

Where thus they murdered my beloved son. 5

She cuts down the arbour.

Down with these branches and these loathsome

boughs

Of this unfortunate and fatal pine!

Down with them, Isabella; rent them up,

And burn the roots from whence the rest is

sprung!

I will not leave a root, a stalk, a tree, 10

A bough, a branch, a blossom, nor a leaf,

No, not an herb within this garden-plot, —

Accursed complot⁴ of my misery!

Fruitless for ever may this garden be,

Barren the earth, and blissless whosoever 15

Imagines not to keep it unmanur'd!⁵

An eastern wind, commix'd with noisome airs,

Shall blast the plants and the young saplings;

The earth with serpents shall be pestered,

And passengers, for fear to be infect, 20

Shall stand aloof, and, looking at it, tell:

"There, murd' red, died the son of Isabel."

Ay, here he died, and here I him embrace:

² Boas gives *intention* as Qq. reading.

³ Hieronimo's garden.

⁴ Usually conspiracy; here, accomplice (to accu-
date the pun).

⁵ Untilled.

See, where his ghost solicits with his wounds
 Revenge on her that should revenge his death.²⁵
 Hieronimo, make haste to see thy son ;
 For sorrow and despair hath cited me
 To hear Horatio plead with Rhadamanth.
 Make haste, Hieronimo, to hold excus'd¹
 Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths³⁰
 Whose hateful wrath bereav'd him of his breath.
 Ah, nay, thou dost delay their deaths,
 Forgives the murderers of thy noble son,
 And none but I bestir me — to no end !
 And as I curse this tree from further fruit,³⁵
 So shall my womb be cursed for his sake ;
 And with this weapon will I wound the breast,
 The hapless breast, that gave Horatio suck.
She stabs herself.

[SCENE III.]²

Enter HIERONIMO ; he knocks up the curtain.
Enter the DUKE of CASTILE.

Cast. How now, Hieronimo, where's your fellows,

That you take all this pain ?

Hier. O sir, it is for the author's credit,
 To look that all things may go well.
 But, good my lord, let me entreat your grace,⁵
 To give the king the copy of the play :
 This is the argument of what we show.

Cast. I will, Hieronimo.

Hier. One thing more, my good lord.

Cast. What's that ?

Hier. Let me entreat your grace¹⁰
 That, when the train are pass'd into the gallery,
 You would vouchsafe to throw me down the
 key.

Cast. I will, Hieronimo. *Exit CASTILE.*

Hier. What, are you ready, Balthazar ?
 Bring a chair and a cushion for the king.¹⁵

Enter BALTHAZAR, with a chair.

Well done, Balthazar ! hang up the title.
 Our scene is Rhodes. What, is your beard on ?
Bal. Half on ; the other is in my hand.

Hier. Despatch for shame ; are you so long ?
Exit BALTHAZAR.

Bethink thyself, Hieronimo,
 Recall thy wits, recount thy former wrongs²⁰
 Thou hast receiv'd by murder of thy son,
 And lastly, not least ! how Isabel,
 Once his mother and thy dearest wife,
 All woe-begone for him, hath slain herself.²⁵
 Behoves thee then, Hieronimo, to be reveng'd !
 The plot is laid of dire revenge.
 On, then, Hieronimo, pursue revenge ;
 For nothing wants but acting of revenge !
Exit Hieronimo.

[SCENE IV.]³

*Enter Spanish KING, VICEROY, the DUKE OF
 CASTILE, and their train [to the gallery].⁴*

King. Now, Viceroy, shall we see the tragedy
 Of Soliman, the Turkish emperor,

¹ Make excuses for.

³ The same.

² Palace of Don Cyprian.

⁴ Added by Manly.

Perform'd of pleasure by your son the prince,
 My nephew Don Lorenzo, and my niece.¹

Vic. Who ? Bel-imperia ?

King. Ay, and Hieronimo, our marshal,
 At whose request they deign to do 't themselves.
 These be our pastimes in the court of Spain.
 Here, brother, you shall be the bookkeeper.
 This is the argument of that they show.

He giveth him a book.

*Gentlemen, this play of Hieronimo, in sundry¹⁰
 languages, was thought good to be set down in Eng-
 lish, more largely, for the easier understanding to
 every public reader.*

*Enter BALTHAZAR, BEL-IMPERIA, and HIERO-
 NIMO.*

Bal. Bashaw, that Rhodes is ours, yield heavens
 the honour,
 And holy Mahomet, our sacred prophet !¹⁵

*And be thou grac'd with every excellence
 That Soliman can give, or thou desire.
 But thy desert in conquering Rhodes is less
 Than in reserving this fair Christian nymph,
 Perseda, blusful lamp of excellence,²⁰
 Whose eyes compel, like powerful adamant,
 The warlike heart of Soliman to wait*

King. See, Viceroy, that is Balthazar, your
 son,

That represents the emperor Soliman.
 How well he acts his amorous passion !²⁵

Vic. Ay, Bel-imperia hath taught him that.

Cast. That's because his mind runs all on
 Bel-imperia.

Hier. Whatever joy earth yields, betide your
 majesty

Bal. Earth yields no joy without Perseda's love
Hier. Let then Perseda on your grace attend.³⁰

Bal. She shall not wait on me, but I on her :
 Drawn by the influence of her lights, I yield.

*But let my friend, the Rhodian knight, come forth,
 Erasto, dearer than my life to me,
 That he may see Perseda, my belov'd.³⁵*

Enter ERASTO.

King. Here comes Lorenzo : look upon the
 plot,

And tell me, brother, what part plays he ?
Bel. Ah, my Erasto, welcome to Perseda

Lor. Thrice happy is Erasto that thou liv'st ;
 Rhodes' loss is nothing to Erasto's joy ;⁴⁰
 Sith his Perseda lives, his life survives.

Bal. Ah, bashaw, here is love between Erasto
 And fair Perseda, sovereign of my soul

Hier. Remove Erasto, mighty Soliman,
 And then Perseda will be quickly won.⁴⁵

Bal. Erasto is my friend ; and while he lives,
 Perseda never will remove her love.

Hier. Let not Erasto live to grieve great Soliman.
Bal. Dear is Erasto in our princely eye.

Hier. But if he be your rival, let him die.⁵⁰
Bal. Why, let him die ! — so love commandeth me.

Yet grieve I that Erasto should so die.
Hier. Erasto, Soliman saluteth thee,
 And lets thee wit by me his highness' will,
 Which is, thou shouldst be thus employ'd.

Stabs hi

Bel
Erasto! See, Soliman, Erasto's slain! 56
 Bal Yet liveth Soliman to comfort thee.
*Fair queen of beauty, let not favour die,
 But with a gracious eye behold his grief
 That with Perseda's beauty is increas'd,
 If by Perseda his grief be not releas'd.*
 Bel Tyrant, desist soliciting vain suits;
*Relentless are mine ears to thy laments,
 As thy butcher is pitiless and base,
 Which seiz'd on my Erasto, harmless knight.* 60
*Yet by thy power thou thinkest to command,
 And to thy power Perseda doth obey,
 But, were she able, thus she would revenge
 Thy treacheries on thee, ignoble prince.*
 Stabs him.
And on herself she would be thus reveng'd 70
 Stabs herself.
 King, Well said!—Old marshal, this was
 bravely done!
 Hier. But Bel-imperia plays Perseda well!
 Vic. Were this in earnest, Bel-imperia,
 You would be better to my son than so. 74
 King. But now what follows for Hieronimo?
 Hier. Marry, this follows for Hieronimo.
 Here break we off our sundry languages,
 And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue.
 Haply you think—but bootless are your
 thoughts—
 That this is fabulously counterfeit, 80
 And that we do as all tragedians do,—
 To die to-day, for fashioning our scene,
 The death of Ajax or some Roman peer,
 And in a minute starting up again,
 Revive to please to-morrow's audience. 85
 No, princes; know I am Hieronimo,
 The hopeless father of a hapless son,
 Whose tongue is tun'd to tell his latest tale,
 Not to excuse gross errors in the play. 89
 I see, your looks urge instance of these words;
 Behold the reason urging me to this!
 Shows his dead son.
 See here my show, look on this spectacle!
 Here lay my hope, and here my hope hath end;
 Here lay my heart, and here my heart was slain;
 Here lay my treasure, here my treasure lost; 95
 Here lay my bliss, and here my bliss bereft:
 But hope, heart, treasure, joy, and bliss,
 All fled, fail'd, died, yea, all decay'd with this.
 From forth these wounds came breath that gave
 me life;
 They murder'd me that made these fatal
 marks. 100
 The cause was love, whence grew this mortal
 hate;
 The hate, Lorenzo and young Balthazar;
 The love, my son to Bel-imperia.
 But night, the coverer of accursed crimes,
 With pitchy silence hush'd these traitors'
 harms, 105
 And lent them leave, for they had sort'd¹ lei-
 sure
 To take advantage in my garden-plot
 Upon my son, my dear Horatio.
 There merciless they butcher'd up my boy, 109

¹ Chosen.

In black, dark night, to pale, dim, cruel death,
 He shrieks: I heard—and yet, methinks, I
 hear—
 His dismal outcry echo in the air.
 With soonest speed I hasted to the noise,
 Where hanging on a tree I found my son,
 Through-girt² with wounds, and slaughter'd as
 you see. 118
 And griev'd I, think you, at this spectacle?
 Speak, Portuguese, whose loss resembles mine:
 If thou canst weep upon thy Balthazar,
 'Tis like I wail'd for my Horatio.
 And you, my lord, whose reconciled son 120
 March'd in a net, and thought himself unseen,
 And rated me for brainsick lunacy,
 With "God amend that mad Hieronimo!"—
 How can you brook our play's catastrophe?
 And here behold this bloody handkercher, 125
 Which at Horatio's death I weeping dipp'd
 Within the river of his bleeding wounds:
 It as propitious, see, I have reserved,
 And never hath it left my bloody heart,
 Soliciting remembrance of my vow 130
 With these, O, these accursed murderers:
 Which now perform'd, my heart is satisfied.
 And to this end the bashaw I became
 That might revenge me on Lorenzo's life,
 Who therefore was appointed to the part, 135
 And was to represent the knight of Rhodes,
 That I might kill him more conveniently.
 So, Viceroy, was this Balthazar, thy son,
 That Soliman which Bel-imperia,
 In person of Perseda, murdered; 140
 Solely appointed to that tragic part
 That she might slay him that offended her.
 Poor Bel-imperia miss'd her part in this:
 For though the story saith she should have
 died,
 Yet I of kindness, and of care to her, 144
 Did otherwise determine of her end;
 But love of him whom they did hate too much
 Did urge her resolution to be such.
 And, princes, now behold Hieronimo,
 Author and actor in this tragedy, 150
 Bearing his latest fortune in his fist;
 And will as resolute conclude his part,
 As any of the actors gone before.
 And, gentles, thus I end my play;
 Urge no more words. I have no more to say. 155
 He runs to hang himself.
 King. O hearken, Viceroy! Hold, Hieronimo!
 Brother, my nephew and thy son are slain!
 Vic. We are betray'd; my Balthazar is
 slain!
 Break ope the doors; run, save Hieronimo.
 They break in and hold Hieronimo.
 Hieronimo, do but inform the king of these
 events; 160
 Upon mine honour, thou shalt have no harm.
 Hier. Viceroy, I will not trust thee with my
 life,
 Which I this day have offered to my son.
 Accursed wretch! 164
 Why stay'st thou him that was resolv'd to die?

² Pierced, from *gird*, to smite.

King. Speak, traitor! damned, bloody murderer, speak!

For now I have thee, I will make thee speak.
Why hast thou done this undeserving deed?

Vic. Why hast thou murdered my Balthazar?

Cast. Why hast thou butchered both my children thus? 170

Hier. O, good words!

As dear to me was my Horatio
As yours, or yours, or yours, my lord, to you.
My guiltless son was by Lorenzo slain,
And by Lorenzo and that Balthazar 175
Am I at last revenged thoroughly,
Upon whose souls may heavens be yet aveng'd
With greater far than these afflictions.

Cast. But who were thy confederates in this?

Vic. That was thy daughter Bel-imperia; 180
For by her hand my Balthazar was slain:
I saw her stab him.

King. Why speak'st thou not?

Hier. What lesser liberty can kings afford
Than harmless silence? Then afford it me.
Sufficieth, I may not, nor I will not tell thee. 185

King. Fetch forth the tortures, traitor as thou art,

I'll make thee tell.

Hier. Indeed,

Thou may'st torment me as his wretched son
Hath done in murthering my Horatio;
But never shalt thou force me to reveal 190
The thing which I have vow'd inviolate.
And therefore, in despite of all thy threats,
Pleas'd with their deaths, and eas'd with their
revenge,

First take my tongue, and afterwards my heart.

He bites out his tongue.

[*Hier.* But are you sure they are dead?

Cast. Ay, slave, too sure.

Hier. What, and yours too? 190

Vic. Ay, all are dead; not one of them survive.

Hier. Nay, then I care not, come, and we shall
be friends;

Let us lay our heads together.

See, here's a goodly noose will hold them all. 200

Vic. O damned devil, how secure¹ he is!

Hier. Secure? Why, dost thou wonder at it?

*I tell thee, Viceroy, this day I have seen revenge,
And in that sight am grown a prouder monarch,
Than ever sat under the crown of Spain.* 205

*Had I as many lives as there be stars,
As many heavens to go to, as those lives,
I'd give them all, ay, and my soul to boot,
But I would see thee ride in this red pool*

Cast. But who were thy confederates in this? 210

Vic. That was thy daughter Bel-imperia;

For by her hand my Balthazar was slain:
I saw her stab him

Hier. O, good words!

As dear to me was my Horatio, 215
As yours, or yours, or yours, my lord, to you.
My guiltless son was by Lorenzo slain,
And by Lorenzo and that Balthazar
Am I at last revenged thoroughly,

Upon whose souls may heavens be yet avenged 220
With greater far than these afflictions

*Methinks, since I grew unward with revenge,
I cannot look with scorn enough on death.*

King. What, dost thou mock us, slave? — Bring
tortures forth 224

Hier. Do, do, do and meantime I'll torture you.

*You had a son, as I take it, and your son
Should ha' been married to your daughter:*

Ha, was it not so? — You had a son too,

He was my hege's nephew, he was proud

And politic, had he liv'd, he might ha' come 230

To wear the crown of Spain, I think 't was so —

'T was I that kill'd him, look you, this same hand,

*'T was it that slabb'd his heart — do ye see? this
hand —*

For one Horatio, if you ever knew him: a youth,

One that they hang'd up in his father's garden; 235

One that did force your valiant son to yield,

While your more valiant son did take him prisoner.

Vic. Be deaf, my senses; I can hear no more

King. Fall, heaven, and cover us with thy sad
ruins. 239

Cast. Roll all the world within thy pitchy cloud.

Hier. Now do I applaud what I have acted

Nunc iners cadat manus!

Now to express the rupture of my part, —

First take my tongue, and afterward my heart.]

King. O monstrous resolution of a wretch! 245

See, Viceroy, he hath bitten forth his tongue,

Rather than to reveal what we requir'd.

Cast. Yet can he write.

King. And if in this he satisfy us not,

We will devise th' extremest kind of death 250

That ever was invented for a wretch.

Then he makes signs for a knife to

mend his pen.

Cast. O, he would have a knife to mend his
pen.

Vic. Here, and advise thee that thou write
the truth. —

Look to my brother! save Hieronimo!

*He with a knife stabs the DUKE and
himself.*

King. What age hath ever heard such monstrous
deeds? 255

My brother, and the whole succeeding hope

That Spain expected after my decease!

Go, bear his body hence, that we may mourn

The loss of our beloved brother's death.

That he may be entomb'd whate'er befall. 260

I am the next, the nearest, last of all.

Vic. And thou, Don Pedro, do the like for :

Take up our hapless son, untimely slain;

Set me with him, and he with woeful me,

Upon the main-mast of a ship unmann'd, 265

And let the wind and tide haul me along

To Scylla's barking and untamed gulf,

Or to the loathsome pool of Acheron,

To weep my want for my sweet Balthazar:

Spain hath no refuge for a Portingale. 270

The trumpets sound a dead march; the

KING OF SPAIN mourning after his

brother's body, and the KING OF PORTINGAL bearing the body of his son.

¹ Schick emend. Early Qq. *mors caede* or *mers caede*.

¹ Fifth passage of additions, replacing ll. 171-1

² Some Qq. read *sla*. ³ Assured.

[CHORUS.]

Enter GHOST and REVENGE.

Ghost. Ay, now my hopes have end in their effects,
 When blood and sorrow finish my desires :
 Horatio murdered in his father's bower ,
 Vild Serberine by Pedringano slain ;
 False Pedringano hang'd by quant device ; 5
 Fair Isabella by herself misdane ;
 Prince Balthazar by Bel-imperia stabb'd ;
 The Duke of Castile and his wicked son
 Both done to death by old Hieronimo ;
 My Bel-imperia fall'n as Dido fell, 10
 And good Hieronimo slain by himself .
 Ay, these were spectacles to please my soul !
 Now will I beg at lovely Proserpine
 That, by the virtue of her princely doom,
 I may consort ¹ my friends in pleasing sort, 15
 And on my foes work just and sharp revenge
 I'll lead my friend Horatio through those fields,
 Where never-dying wars are still mur'd , ²
 I'll lead fair Isabella to that train,
 Where pity weeps, but never feeleth pain , 20
 I'll lead my Bel-imperia to those joys,
 That vestal virgins and fair queens possess ;
 I'll lead Hieronimo where Orpheus plays,
 Adding sweet pleasure to eternal days. 24

¹ lect, group.² Carried on.

But say, Revenge, for thou must help, or none,
 Against the rest how shall my hate be shown ?

Rev. This hand shall hale them down to
 deepest hell,
 Where none but Furies, bugs, ³ and tortures
 dwell.

Ghost. Then, sweet Revenge, do this at my
 request :

Let me be judge, and doom them to unrest. 30
 Let loose poor Tityus from the vulture's gripe,
 And let Don Cyprian supply his room ;
 Place Don Lorenzo on Ixion's wheel,
 And let the lover's endless pains surcease 34
 (Juno forgets old wrath, and grants him ease) ;
 Hang Balthazar about Chimaera's neck,
 And let him there bewail his bloody love,
 Repining at our joys that are above ;
 Let Serberine go roll the fatal stone,
 And take from Sisyphus his endless moan ; 40
 False Pedringano, for his treachery,
 Let him be dragg'd through boiling Acheron,
 And there live, dying still in endless flames,
 Blaspheming gods and all their holy names.

Rev. Then haste we down to meet thy friends
 and foes : 44

To place thy friends in ease, the rest in woes ;
 For here though death hath end their misery,
 I'll there begin their endless tragedy. *Exeunt.*

³ Terrors, bugbe .

BUSSY D'AMBOIS

BY

GEORGE CHAPMAN

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

HENRY III., King of France.

MONSIEUR, his brother.

THE DUKE OF GUISE.

MONTSURRY, a Count.

BUSSY D'AMBOIS.

BARRISOR,

L'ANOU,

PYRRHOT,

BRISAC,

MELYNELL,

FRIAR COMOLET.

MAFFE, steward to Monsieur.

NUNTUS.

Murderers.

BEHEMOTH, } Spirits.

CARTOPHYLAX, }

UMBRA of FRIAR.

ELENOR, Duchess of Guise

TAMYRA, Countess of Montsurry.

BEAUPRE, niece to Elenor.

PERO, maid to Tamyra.

CHARLOTTE, maid to Beaupre.

PYRA, a court lady.

ANNAPELLE, maid to Elenor.

Lords, Ladies, Pages, &c.

Sc E. — Paris.]

PROLOGUE

Not out of confidence that none but we¹
 Are able to present this tragedy,
 Not out of envy at the grace of late
 It did receive, nor yet to derogate
 From their deserts who² give out boldly that³
 They move with equal feet on the same flat;
 Neither for all nor any of such ends
 We offer it, gracious and noble friends,
 To your review; we, far from emulation
 And (charitably judge) from imitation,
 With this work entertain you, a piece known
 And still believ'd in Court to be our own.
 To quit our claim, doubting our right or merit,
 Would argue in us poverty of spirit
 Which we must not subscribe to. Field⁴ is
 gone,
 Whose action first did give it name, and one⁵
 Who came the nearest to him, is denied
 By his gray beard to show the height and
 pride
 Of D'Ambois' youth and bravery, yet to hold
 Our title still a-foot, and not grow cold
 By giving it o'er, a third man⁶ with his best
 Of care and pains defends our interest;
 As Richard⁷ he was lik'd, nor do we fear
 In personating D'Ambois he'll appear
 To faint, or go less, so⁷ your free consent,
 As heretofore, give him encouragement.

¹ The company of actors — the "King's men."

² A rival company which had given the play.

³ Nathaniel Field, b 1587, one of the "King's men."

⁴ Not identified

⁵ Supposed to be Ilyard Swanston.

⁶ Perhaps Ricardo, in Massinger's *Picture*. (Phelps).

⁷ II.

ACT I

SCENE I.³

Enter BUSSY D'AMBOIS, poor.

Bu. Fortune, not Reason, rules the state of
 things,
 Reward goes backwards, Honour on his head;
 Who is not poor, is monstrous; only need
 Gives form and worth to every human seed.
 As cedars beaten with continual storms,
 So great men flourish; and do imitate
 Unskilful statuary, who suppose,
 In forming a Colossus, if they make him
 Straddle enough, strut, and look big, and gape,
 Their work is goodly: so men merely great
 In their affected gravity of voice,
 Sourness of countenance, manners' cruelty,
 Authority, wealth, and all the spawn of fortune,
 Think they bear all the kingdom's worth before
 them;
 Yet differ not from those colossic statues,
 Which, with heroic forms without o'erspread,
 Within are nought but mortar, flint, and lead.
 Man is a torch borne in the wind; a dream
 But of a shadow, summ'd with all his substance;
 And as great seamen, using all their wealth
 And skills in Neptune's deep invisible paths,
 In tall ships richly built and ribb'd with brass,
 To put a girdle round about the world,
 When they have done it (coming near their
 haven)
 Are glad to give a warning-piece,² and call
 A poor, staid fisherman, that never past

¹ A glade, near the Court.

² Discharge a signal shot.

His country's sight, to waft and guide them in ·
So when we wander furthest through the waves
Of glassy Glory, and the gulfs of State, ¹⁹
Tipt with all titles, spreading all our reaches,
As if each private arm would sphere the earth,
We must to Virtue for her guide resort,
Or we shall shipwreck in our safest port.

Proculit.

[Enter] Monsieur, with two Pages.

[Mo.] There is no second place in numerous
state ¹

That holds more than a cipher, in a king ²⁵
All places are contain'd. His word and looks
Are like the flashes and the bolts of Jove;
His deeds inimitable, like the sea ³⁵
That shuts still as it opens and leaves no tracts
Nor prints of precedent for mean men's facts ²
There's but a thread betwixt me and a crown.

I would not wish it out, unless by nature;
Yet to prepare me for that possible fortune,
'Tis good to get resolved spirits about me.
I follow'd D'Ambois to this green retreat; ⁴⁵
A man of spirit beyond the reach of fear,
Who (discontent with his neglected worth)
Neglects the light, and loves obscure abodes;
But he is young and haughty, apt to take
Fire at advancement, to bear state and flour-
ish; ⁵⁰

In his rise therefore shall my bounties shine.
None loathes the world so much, nor loves to
scoff it,
But gold and grace will make him surfeit of it.
What, D'Ambois?

Bu. He, sir.

Mo. Turn'd to earth, alive?

Up, man; the sun shines on thee. Let it shine:
Bu. I am no mote to play in 't, as great men are. ⁵⁵

Mo. Call'st thou men great in state, motes
in the sun?

They say so that would have thee freeze in
shades,

They (like the gross Sicilian gourmandist)
Empty their noses in the cates ³ they love, ⁶⁰
That none may eat but they. Do thou but bring
Light to the banquet Fortune sets before thee,
And thou wilt loathe the lean darkness like thy
death.

Who would believe thy mettle could let sloth
Rust and consume it? If Themistocles ⁶⁵
ad liv'd obscur'd thus in th'Athenian State,
Xerxes had made both him and it his slaves.
If brave Camillus had lurk'd so in Rome,
He had not five times been Dictator there,
Nor four times triumph'd. If Epaminondas ⁷⁰
(Who liv'd twice twenty years obscur'd in
Thebes)

Had liv'd so still, he had been still unnam'd,
And paid his country nor himself their right;
But putting forth his strength, he rescu'd both
From imminent ruin; and, like burnisht steel, ⁷⁵
After long use he shin'd; for as the light
Not only serves to show, but render us

¹ Punning on (1) the series of numbers; (2) a populous
kingdom. (Boas.)

² Deeds.

³ Delicacies.

Mutually profitable; so our lives
In acts exemplary, not only win
Ourselves good names, but do to others give ⁸⁰
Matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live.

Bu. What would you wish me?

Mo. Leave the troubled streams,
And live, as thrivers do, at the well-head.

Bu. At the well-head? Alas, what should I
do

With that enchanted glass? See devils there?
Or, like a strumpet, learn to set my looks ⁸⁵
In an eternal brake, ⁴ or practise juggling,
To keep my face still fast, my heart still loose;
Or bear (like dame's schoolmistresses their rid-
dles)

Two tongues, and be good only for a shift; ⁵ ⁹⁰
Flatter great lords, to put them still in mind
Why they were made lords; or pl ^e humor-
ous ⁶ ladies

With a good carriage, tell them idle tales
To make their physick work; spend a man's life
In sights and visitations, that will make ⁹⁵
His eyes as hollow as his mistress' heart.
To do none good, but those that have no need;
To gain being forward, though you break for
haste

All the commandments ere you break your fast;
But believe backwards, make your period ¹⁰⁰
And creed's last article, "I believe in God",
And (hearing villanies preach'd) t'unfold their
art.

Learn to commit them: 'tis a great man's part.
Shall I learn this there?

Mo. No, thou need'st not learn,
Thou hast the theory; now go there and prac-
tise. ¹⁰⁵

Bu. Ay, in a threadbare suit; when men
come there,
They must have high naps, ⁷ and go from thence
bare:

A man may drown the parts ⁸ of ten rich men
In one poor suit; brave barks ⁹ and outward
gloss

Attract Court loves, be in parts ne'er so gross.

Mo. Thou shalt have gloss enough, and all
things fit ¹¹¹

T'enchase in all show thy long-smothered spirit:
Be rul'd by me then. The old Scythians
Painted blind Fortune's powerful hands with
wings,

To show her gifts come swift and suddenly, ¹¹⁵
Which, if her favourite be not swift to take,
He loses them for ever. Then be wise.
Stay but awhile here, and I'll send to thee.

Exit Monsieur with Pages.

Bu. What will he send? Some crowns? It is
to sow them ¹¹⁹
Upon my spirit, and make them spring a crown
Worth millions of the seed-crowns he will send.
Like to disparaging ¹⁰ noble husbandmen,
He'll put his plow into me, plow me up.
But his unsweating thrift is policy,

⁴ A frame for holding an object fixed.

⁵ Equivocation, trickery.

⁸ Abilities

⁶ Whimsical.

⁹ Fine coverings.

⁷ Clothes with rich surface.

¹⁰ Changing parks into plow-land.

And learning-hating policy is ignorant ¹²⁵
 To fit his seed-land soil ; a smooth plain ground
 Will never nourish any politic seed
 I am for honest actions, not for great.
 If I may bring up a new fashion,
 And rise in Court for virtue, speed his plow ! ¹³⁰
 The King hath known me long as well as he,
 Yet could my fortune never fit the length
 Of both their understandings till this hour
 There is a deep nick in Time's restless wheel
 For each man's good, when which nick comes, ¹³⁵
 it strikes ;

As rhetoric yet works not persuasion,
 But only is a mean to make it work,
 So no man riseth by his real merit,
 But when it cries "clink" in his raiser's spirit.
 Many will say, that cannot rise at all, ¹⁴⁰
 Man's first hour's rise is first step to his fall.
 I'll venture that ; men that tall low must die,
 As well as men cast headlong from the sky.

Enter MAFFE.

Ma. Humour of princes ! Is this wretch
 endu'd
 With any merit worth a thousand crowns ? ¹⁴⁵
 Will my lord have me be so ill a steward
 Of his revenue, to dispose a sum
 So great with so small cause as shows in him ?
 I must examine this. Is your name D'Ambois ?

Bu. Sir ?
Ma. Is your name D'Ambois ?
Bu. Who have we here ? ¹⁵⁰
 Serve you the Monsieur ?

Ma. How ?
Bu. Serve you the Monsieur ?
Ma. Sir, y'are very hot. I do serve the Mon-
 sieur ;

But in such place as gives me the command
 Of all his other servants. And because
 His grace's pleasure is to give your good ¹⁵⁵
 His pass¹ through my command, methinks you
 might

Use me with more respect.
Bu. Cry you mercy ! ²
 Now you have opened my dull eyes, I see you,
 And would be glad to see the good you speak
 of.

What might I call your name ?
Ma. Monsieur Maffe.
Bu. Monsieur Maffe ? Then, good Monsieur
 Maffe, ¹⁶¹

Pray let me know you better.
Ma. Pray do so,
 That you may use me better. For yourself,
 By your no better outside, I would judge you
 To be some poet ; have you given my lord ¹⁶⁵
 Some pamphlet ?

Bu. Pamphlet ?
Ma. Pamphlet, sir, I say.
Bu. Did your great master's goodness leave
 the good

That is to pass your charge to my poor use,
 To your discretion ?

Ma. Though he did not, sir,
 I hope 't is no rude office to ask reason ¹⁷⁰

¹ Its passage.

² g pardon !

How that his grace gives me in charge, goes
 from me ?

Bu. That's very perfect, sir.
Ma. Why, very good, sir ;
 I pray then give me leave ; if for no pamphlet,
 May I not know what other merit in you, ¹⁷⁴
 Makes his compunction willing to relieve you ?

Bu. No merit in the world, sir.
Ma. That is strange.

Y'are a poor soldier, are you ?
Bu. That I am, sir.

Ma. And have commanded ?
Bu. Ay, and gone without, sir.

Ma. [Aside] I see the man ; a hundred
 crowns will make him ¹⁷⁹
 Swagger and drink healths to his grace's bounty,
 And swear he could not be more bountiful ;
 So there's nine hundred crowns sav'd.— Here,
 tall soldier,

His grace hath sent you a whole hundred crowns.
Bu. A hundred, sir ? Nay, do his highness
 right,

I know his hand is larger, and perhaps ¹⁸⁵
 I may deserve more than my outside shows.

I am a scholar, as I am a soldier,
 And I can poetise ; and (being well encourag'd)
 May sing his fame for giving ; yours for deliver-
 ing ¹⁸⁹

(Like a most faithful steward) what he gives.
Ma. What shall your subject be ?

Bu. I care not much
 If to his bounteous grace I sing the praise
 Of fair great noses, and to you of long ones.

What qualities have you, sir, beside your chain²
 And velvet jacket ?³ Can your worship dance ?
Ma. A pleasant fellow, faith ; it see my
 lord ¹⁹⁶

Will have him for his jester ; and by 'r lady,
 Such men are now no fools ; 't is a knight's place.
 If I (to save his grace some crowns) should urge
 him

T'abate his bounty, I should not be heard ; ²⁰⁰
 I would to heaven I were an errant ass,

For then I should be sure to have the ears
 Of these great men, where now their jesters
 have them.

'T is good to please him, yet I'll take no notice
 Of his preferment, but in policy ²⁰⁵

Will still be grave and serious, lest he think
 I fear his wooden dagger.⁴ Here, sir Ambo !

Bu. How, Ambo, sir ?
Ma. Ay, is not your name Ambo ?

Bu. You call'd me lately D'Ambois ; h
 your worship

So short a head ?
Ma. I cry thee mercy, D'Ambois.

A thousand crowns I bring you from my lord.
 If you be thrifty, and play the good husband,
 you may make ²¹²

This a good standing living : 't is a bounty
 His highness might perhaps have bestow'd bet-
 ter.

Bu. Go, y'are a rascal ; hence, away, you
 rogue ! ²¹⁵

³ Badges of a steward's office.
⁴ The weapon of the Fool, as of the Vice in The or
 alities.

Ma. What mean you, sir?

Bu. Hence! prate no more!
Or, by thy villain's blood, thou prat'st thy last!
A barbarous groom grudge at his master's
bounty!

But since I know he would as much abhor²¹⁰
His hind should argue what he gives his friend,
Take that, sir, for your aptness to dispute.

[*Strikes him.*] *Exit.*

Ma. These crowns are set in blood, blood be
their fruit. *Exit.*

[SCENE II.]¹

[*Enter*] HENRY, GUISE, MONTSURRY, ELENOR,
TAMARA, BEAUPRE, PERO, CHARLOTTE,
PYRA, ANNABELLE.

He Duchess of Guise, your grace is much en-
riched

In the attendance of that English virgin,
That will initiate her prime of youth
(Dispos'd to Court conditions) under the hand
Of your preferr'd instructions and command,⁵
Rather than any in the English Court,
Whose ladies are not match in Christendom
For graceful and confirm'd behaviours;
More than the Court, where they are bred, is
equall'd.

Gu. I like not their Court fashion; it is too
crestfall'n¹⁰

In all observance, making demigods
Of their great nobles; and of their old queen,
An ever-young and most immortal goddess.

Mo. No question she's the rarest queen in
Europe.

Gu. But what's that to her immortality?¹⁵

He. Assure you, cousin Guise, so great a cour-
tier,

So full of majesty and royal parts,
No queen in Christendom may vaunt herself.
Her Court approves it, that's a Court indeed,
Not mixt with clowneries us'd in common
houses,²⁰

But, as Courts should be, th' abstracts of their
kingdoms,

In all the beauty, state, and worth they hold;
So is hers, amply, and by her inform'd.

The world is not contracted in a man
With more proportion and expression,²⁵
Than in her Court, her kingdom. Our French
Court

Is a mere mirror of confusion to it:

The king and subject, lord and every slave,
Dance a continual hay,² our rooms of state
Kept like our stables; no place more observ'd
Than a rude market-place: and though our
custom³¹

Keep this assur'd confusion from our eyes,

'Tis ne'er the less essentially unsightly,
Which they would soon see, would they change
their form³⁴

To this of ours, and then compare them both;
Which we must not affect,³ because in kingdoms

¹ A room in the Court. From a misplaced stage-direction in So. I (Q. 1641), it appears that Henry and Guise are playing chess here.

² A boisterous country dance.

³ Desire.

Where the king's change doth breed the sub-
ject's terror.

Pure innovation is more gross than error.

Mo. No question we shall see them imitate
(Though afar off) the fashions of our Courts,⁴⁰
As they have ever ap'd us in attire.

Never were men so weary of their skins,
And apt to leap out of themselves as they;

Who, when they travel⁴ to bring forth rare men,
Come home, delivered of a fine French suit.⁴⁵

Their brains lie with their tailors, and get babies
For their most complete issue; he's sole heir
To all the moral virtues that first greets
The light with a new fashion, which becomes
them

Like apes, disfigur'd with the attires of men.⁵⁰

He. No question they much wrong their real
worth

In affectation of outlandish scum;

But they have faults, and we more; they fool-
ish-proud

To jet⁵ in others' plumes so haughtily;
We proud, that they are proud of foolery,⁵⁵

Holding our worths more complete for their
vaunts.

Enter Monsieur, D'AMBOIS.

Mo. Come, mine own sweetheart, I will enter
thee.

Sir, I have brought a gentleman to Court,
And pray you would vouchsafe to do him grace.

He. D'Ambois, I think?

Bu. That's still my name, my lord,⁶⁰
Though I be something altered in attire.

He. We like your alteration, and must tell you
We have expected th' offer of your service;

For we (in fear to make mild virtue proud)
Use not to seek her out in any man.⁶⁵

Bu. Nor doth she use to seek out any man:
He that will win must woo her; [she's not
shameless.]⁶

Mo. I urg'd her modesty in him, my lord,
And gave her those rites that he says she
merits.

He. If you have woo'd and won, then, brother,
wear him.⁷⁰

Mo. Th' art mine, sweetheart. See, here's the
Guise's Duchess,

The Countess of Montsurry, Beaupre.
Come, I'll enseat⁷ thee. Ladies, y'are too many

To be in council; I have here a friend
That I would gladly enter in your graces.⁷⁵

Bu. Save you, ladies.

Du. If you enter him in our graces, my lord,
methinks by his blunt behaviour he should come
out of himself.

Ta. Has he never been courtier, my lord?⁸⁰

Mo. Never, my lady.

Be. And why did the toy take him in th' head
now?

Bu. 'Tis leap-year, lady, and therefore very
good to enter a courtier.⁸⁵

He. Mark, Duchess of Guise, there is one is
not bashful.

⁴ "Travel" and "travall" were not distinguished in Elizabethan spelling.

⁵ Strut.

⁶ From Qq. of 1607, 8.

⁷ Introduce.

Du. No, my lord, he is much guilty of the bold extremity.

Ta. The man 's a courtier at first sight.

Bu. I can sing pricksong,¹ lady, at first sight; and why not be a courtier as suddenly?

Be. Here 's a courtier rotten before he be ripe.

Bu. Think me not impudent, lady; I am yet no courtier; I desire to be one, and would gladly take entrance, madam, under your princely colours.

Enter BARRISOR, L'ANOU, PYRRHOT.

Du. Soft, sir, you must rise by degrees, first being the servant² of some common lady, or knight's wife, then a little higher to a lord's wife; next a little higher to a countess; yet a little higher to a duchess, and then turn the ladder.

Bu. Do you allow a man, then, four mistresses when the greatest mistress is allowed but three servants?

Du. Where find you that statute, sir?

Bu. Why, be judged by the groom-porters.³

Du. The groom-porters?

Bu. Ay, madam; must not they judge of all gamings 't' th' Court?

Du. You talk like a gamester.

Gu. Sir, know you me?

Bu. My lord?

Gu. I know not you. Whom do you serve?

Bu. Serve, my lord?

Gu. Go to, companion,⁴ your courtship 's too saucy.

Bu. [*Aside.*] Saucy! Companion! 'Tis the Guise, but yet those terms might have been spared of the guiserd.⁵ Companion! He 's jealous, by this light. Are you blind of that side, duke? I'll to her again for that. — Forth, [121] princely mistress, for the honour of courtship. Another riddle!

Gu. Cease your courtship, or by heaven I'll cut your throat.

Bu. Cut my throat? Cut a whetstone, young Accius Naevius.⁶ Do as much with your tongue, as he did with a razor. Cut my throat!

Bu. What new-come gallant have we here, that dares mate⁷ the Guise thus?

L'A. 'Sfoot, 't is D'Ambois. The duke mistakes him, on my life, for some knight of the new edition.⁸

Bu. Cut my throat! I would the king fear'd thy cutting of his throat no more than I fear thy cutting of mine.

Gu. I'll do 't, by this hand.

Bu. That hand dares not do 't. Y'ave cut too many throats already, Guise; and robb'd the realm of many thousand souls, more precious than thine own. — Come madam, talk on [141]

'Sfoot, can you not talk? Talk on, I say; another riddle.

Py. Here 's some strange distemper.

Ba. Here 's a sudden transmigration with D'Ambois, — out of the knight's ward⁹ into the duchess' bed.

L'A. See what a metamorphosis a brave suit can work.

Py. 'Slight, step to the Guise and discover him.

Ba. By no means; let the new suit work, we'll see the issue.

Gu. Leave your courting.

Bu. I will not. — I say, mistress, and I will stand unto it, that if a woman may have three servants, a man may have three-score mistresses.

Gu. Sirrah, I'll have you whipt out of the Court for this insolence.

Bu. Whipt? Such another syllable out a th' presence, if thou dar'st, for thy dukedom.

Gu. Remember, poltroon.

Mo. Pray thee, forbear.

Bu. Passion of death! Were not the king here, he should strow the chamber like a rush.

Mo. But leave courting his wife, then.

Bu. I will not. I'll court her in despite of him. Not court her! Come, madam, talk on, fear me nothing. [*To Guise.*] Well may'st thou drive thy master from the Court, but never [127] D'Ambois.

Mo. His great heart will not down; 't is like the sea,

That partly by his own internal heat,
Partly the stars' daily and nightly motion,
Their heat and light, and partly of the place,
The divers frames, but chiefly by the moon,
Bristled with surges, never will be won
(No, not when th' hearts of all those powers are burst)

To make retreat into his settled home,
Till he be crown'd with his own quiet foam.

He. You have the mate.¹⁰ Another?

Gu. No more.

Exit GUISE, after him the King,

Monsieur whispering.

Ba. Why, here 's the lion, scar'd with the throat of a dunhill cock, a fellow that has [125] newly shak'd off his shackles; now does he crow for that victory.

L'A. 'T is one of the best jigs that ever was acted.

Py. Whom does the Guise suppose him to be, trow?

L'A. Out of doubt, some new denizen'd lord, and thinks that suit newly drawn out a' th' mercer's books.

Ba. I have heard of a fellow, that by a fixt imagination looking upon a bull-baiting, had a visible pair of horns grew out of his forehead; and I believe this gallant, overjoyed with the conceit of Monsieur's cast¹¹ suit, imagines himself to be the Monsieur.

L'A. And why not; as well the ass, stalk-

¹ Music written with points.

² Lover.

³ Officials of the English court who furnished cards, dice, etc. and decided gaming disputes.

⁴ Fellow.

⁵ The point is obscure. Perhaps, gizzard = throat.

⁶ A Roman augur who cut a whetstone before Tarquin

⁷ Checkmate, overcome.

⁸ Recent creation. An allusion to the lavish practice of James I.

⁹ A part of the "Counter" prison.

¹⁰ Checkmate.

¹¹ C. off.

ing in the lion's case,¹ bare himself like a lion, braving all the hunger beasts out of the forest?

Py. Peace, he looks this way.

Ba. Marry, let him look, sir. What will you say now if the Guise be gone to fetch a blanket² for him?

L'A. Faith, I believe it for his honour sake.

Py. But, if D'Ambois carry it clean?

Ereunt Ladies.

Ba. True, when he curvets in the blanket.

Py. Ay, marry, sir.

L'A. 'Sfoot, see how he stares on's.

Ba. Lord bless us, let's away.

Bu. Now, sir, take your full view; how does the object please ye?

Ba. If you ask my opinion, sir, I think your suit sits as well as if 't had been made for you.

Bu. So, sir, and was that the subject of your ridiculous jollity?

L'A. What's that to you, sir?

Bu. Sir, I have observ'd all your floorings,³ and resolve yourselves ye shall give a strict account for 't.

Enter BRISAC, MELYNELL.

Ba. Oh, miraculous jealousy!⁴ Do you think yourself such a singular subject for laughter that none can fall into the matter of our merriment but you?

L'A. This jealousy of yours, sir, confesses some close defect in yourself, that we never dream'd of.

Py. We held discourse of a perfum'd ass, that being disguis'd in a lion's case, imagin'd himself a lion. I hope that toucht not you.

Bu. So, sir; your descants⁵ do marvellous well fit this ground. We shall meet where your buffoonly laughers will cost ye the best blood in your bodies.

Ba. For life's sake let's be gone; he'll kill's outright else.

Bu. Go, at your pleasures, I'll be your ghost to haunt you; an ye sleep an't, hang me.

L'A. Go, go, sir, court your mistress.

Py. And be advis'd; we shall have odds against you.

Bu. Tush! valour stands not in number; I'll maintain it, that one man may beat three boys.

Br. Nay, you shall have no odds of him in number, sir, he's a gentleman as good as the proudest of you, and ye shall not wrong him.

Ba. Not, sir?

Me. Not, sir though he be not so rich, he's a better man than the best of you; and I will not endure it.

L'A. Not you, sir?

Br. No, sir, not I.

Bu. I should thank you for this kindness, if I thought these perfum'd musk-cats (being out of this privilege) durst but once mew at us.

¹ Skin.

² To toss him

³ Come off superior.

⁴ Sneers.

⁵ Suspicion.

⁶ *Descant* and *ground* are used with a play on the ordinary meanings and the musical ones of accompaniment, variation.

Ba. Does your confident spirit doubt that, sir? Follow us and try.

L'A. Come, sir, we'll lead you a dance.

Ereunt.

ACT II

SCENE I.

[*Enter*] HENRY, GUISE, MONTSURRY, and Attendants.

He. This desperate quarrel sprung out of their envies

To D'Ambois' sudden bravery,⁸ and great spirit.

Gu. Neither is worth their envy.

He. Less than either

Will make the gall of envy overflow.

She feeds on outcast entrails like a kite;

In which foul heap, if any ill lies hid,

She sticks her beak into it, shakes it up,

And hurls it all abroad, that all may view it.

Corruption is her nutriment; but touch her

With any precious ointment, and you kill her.

Where she finds any filth in men, she feasts,

And with her black throat bruits it through

the world

(Being sound and healthful). But if she but

taste

The slenderest pittance of commended virtue,

She surfeits on it, and is like a fly

That passes all the body's soundest parts,

And dwells upon the sores; or if her squint eye

Have power to find none there, she forges some.

She makes that crooked ever which is straight;

Calls valour giddiness, justice tyranny;

A wise man may shun her, she not herself;

Whithersoever she flies from her harms,

She bears her foes still clasp't in her own arms:

And therefore, Cousin Guise, let us avoid her.

Enter Nuntius.

Nu. What Atlas or Olympus lifts his head

So far past covert, that with air enough

My words may be inform'd, and from their

height

I may be seen, and heard through all the world?

A tale so worthy, and so fraught with wonder

Sticks in my jaws, and labours with event.

He. Comest thou from D'Ambois?

Nu. From him, and the rest,

His friends and enemies; whose stern fight I

saw,

And heard their words before and in the fray.

He. Relate at large what thou hast seen and

heard.

Nu. I saw fierce D'Ambois and his two brave

friends

Enter the field, and at their heels their foes.

Which were the famous soldiers, Barrisor,

L'Anou, and Pyrrhot, great in deeds of arms:

All which arriv'd at the evenest piece of earth

The field afforded, the three challengers

Turn'd head, drew all their rapiers, and stood

rantk:

⁷ A room in the Court.

⁸ Finery.

When face to face the three defendants met
them,

Alike prepar'd, and resolute alike.

Like bonfires of contributory wood

Every man's look show'd, fed with either's
spirit;

As one had been a mirror to another,

Like forms of life and death, each took from
other;

And so were life and death mixt at their
heights,

That you could see no fear of death, for life,
Nor love of life, for death; but in their brows ⁵⁰

Pyrro's opinion in great letters shone:

That life and death in all respects are one.

He. Past there no sort of words at their en-
counter?

Nu. As Hector, 'twixt the hosts of Greece
and Troy, ⁵⁴

(When Paris and the Spartan king should end
The nine years' war) held up his brazen lance

For signal that both hosts should cease from
arms,

And hear him speak so Barrisor advis'd,¹

Advanc'd his naked rapier 'twixt both sides,
Ript² up the quarrel, and compar'd six lives ⁶⁰

Then laid in balance with six idle words;

Offer'd remission and contrition too,

Or else that he and D'Ambois might conclude
The others' dangers. D'Ambois lik'd the last;

But Barrisor's friends (being equally engag'd ⁶⁵
In the main quarrel) never would expose
His life alone to that they all deserv'd.

And, for the other offer of remission,
D'Ambois (that like a laurel put in fire

Spark'd and spit) did much more than scorn ⁷⁰
That his wrong should incense him so like chaff
To go so soon out; and like lighted paper

Approve his spirit at once both fire and ashes.
So drew they lots and in them fates appointed

That Barrisor should fight with fiery D'Am-
bois; ⁷⁵

Pyrroth with Melynell; with Brisac L'Anou:

And then like flame and powder they commixt,
So spritely, that I wisht they had been spirits,

That the ne'er-shutting wounds, they needs
must open,

Might as they open'd shut, and never kill. ⁸⁰
But D'Ambois' sword (that light'ned as it flew)
Shot like a pointed comet at the face

Of manly Barrisor; and there it stuck.
Thrice pluckt he ⁸⁵ at it, and thrice drew on
thrusts,

From him ⁴ that of himself was free as fire; ⁸⁵
Who ⁴ thrust still as he ³ pluckt, yet (past belief)
He ³ with his subtle eye, hand, body, scapt.

At last, the deadly bitten point tugg'd off,
On fell his yet undaunted foe so fiercely

That (only made more horrid with his wound) ⁹⁰
Great D'Ambois shrunk, and gave a little
ground;

But soon return'd, redoubled ⁵ in his danger,
And at the heart of Barrisor seal'd his anger.

Then, as in Arden I have seen an oak

¹ Cautious.

² Explained the source.

³ Risking himself a second time.

³ D'Ambois.

⁴ Bar r.

Long shook with tempests, and his lofty top ⁸⁵
Bent to his root, which being at length made
loose

Even groaning with his weight) he 'gan to nod

This way and that, as loth his curled brows
(Which he had oft wrapt in the sky with

storms) ⁹⁰

Should stoop: and yet, his radical fibres burst,
Storm-like he fell, and lud the fear-cold earth;

So fell stout Barrisor, that had stood the shocks
Of ten set battles in your highness' war,

'Gainst the sole soldier of the world, Navarre.

Gu. Oh, piteous and horrid murder!

[Mont.]

Such a life

Methinks had metal in it to survive ¹⁰⁰

An age of men.

He. Such often soonest end.

Thy felt report calls on, we long to know

On what events the other have arriv'd.

Nu. Sorrow and fury, like two opposite fumes

Met in the upper region of a cloud, ¹¹¹

At the report made by this worthy's fall,

Brake from the earth, and with them rose Re-
venge,

Ent'ring with fresh powers his two noble
friends;

And under that odds fell surcharg'd ⁶ Brisac, ¹¹⁵

The friend of D'Ambois, before fierce L'Anou;

Which D'Ambois seeing, as I once did see,

In my young travels through Armenia,

An angry unicorn in his full career

Charge with too swift a foot a jeweller ¹²⁰

That watcht him for the treasure of his brow,⁷

And, ere he could get shelter of a tree,

Nail him with his rich antler to the earth;

So D'Ambois ran upon reveng'd L'Anou,

Who eying th' eager point borne in his face, ¹²⁵

And giving back, fell back, and in his fall

His foe's uncurbed sword stopt in his heart;

By which time all the life-strings of the
tw' other

Were out, and both fell as their spirits flew

Upwards; and still hunt honour at the view: ¹³⁰

And now, of all the six, sole D'Ambois stood

Untoucht, save only with the others' blood.

He. All slain outright?

Nu. All slain outright but he,

Who kneeling in the warm life of his friends,

(All freckled with the blood his rapier rain'd) ¹³⁵

He kist their pale cheeks, d bade both fare-
well;

And see the bravest man the French earth

bears! [Exit Nuntius.]

Enter Monsieur D'AMBOIS bare.⁸

Bu. Now is the time; y' e princely vow'd

my friend;

Perform it princely, d obtain my pardon.

Mo. Else heaven forgive not me! Come on,

brave friend! — ¹⁴⁰

If ever nature held herself her own,

When the great trial of a king and subject

Met in one blood, both from one belly springing;

Now prove her virtue and her greatness one,

Or make the t' one the greater with t' other, ¹⁴⁵

⁵ Overwhelmed.

⁷ The horn.

⁸ re-headed.

(As true kings should) and for your brother's love,

(Which is a special species of true virtue)
Do that you could not do, not being a king.

He Brother, I know your suit, these wilful murders

Are ever past our pardon.

Mo. Manly slaughter 150
Should never bear th' account of wilful murder;

It being a spice¹ of justice, where with life

Offending past law,² equal life is laid

In equal balance, to scourge that offence

By law of reputation, which to men 155

Exceeds all positive law, and what that³ leaves

To true men's valours (not prefixing rights

Of satisfaction, suited to their wrongs)

A free man's eminence may supply and take

He. This would make every man that thinks him wrong'd 160

Or is offended, or in wrong or right,

Lay on this violence, and all vaunt themselves

Law-menders and suppliers,⁴ though mere butchers;

Should this fact⁵ (though of justice⁶) be forgiven?

Mo. Oh, no, my lord; it would make cowards fear 165

To touch the reputations of true men

When only they are left to imp⁷ the law.

Justice will soon distinguish murderous minds

From just revengers Had my friend been slain,

(His enemy surviving) he should die, 170

Since he had added to a murder'd fame

(Which was in his intent) a murdered man,

And this had worthily been wilful murder;

But my friend only sav'd his fame's dear life,

Which is above life, taking th' under value, 175

Which in the wrong it did, was forfeit to him;

And in this fact only preserves a man

In his uprightness, worthy to survive

Millions of such as murder men alive.

He. Well, brother, rise, and raise your friend withal 180

From death to life, and D'Ambois, let your life

(Refin'd, by passing through this merited death)

Be purg'd from more such foul pollution;

Nor on your scape nor valour more presuming

To be again so daring.

Bu. My lord, 185

I loathe as much a deed of unjust death

As law itself doth; and to tyrannize,

Because I have a little spirit to dare

And power to do, as to be tyranniz'd.

This is a grace that (on my knees redoubled⁸),

I crave to double thus, my short life's gift; 190

And shall your royal bounty centuple,

That I may so make good what Law and nature

Have given me for my good; since I am free,

(Offending no just law), let no law make 195

By any wrong it does, my life her slave:

When I am wrong'd, d that law fails to right me,

¹ Species, kind.

² In a way not recognized by law.

³ I. e. positive law.

⁴ Substitutes.

⁵ Deed

⁶ Done in the name of justice.

⁷ Piece out.

⁸ A second time kneeling.

Let me be king myself (as man was made),

And do a justice that exceeds the law;

If my wrong pass the power of single valour 200

To right and expiate, then be you my king,

And do a right, exceeding law and nature.

Who to himself is law, no law doth need,

Offends no law, and is a king indeed.

He. Enjoy what thou entreat'st; we give but ours. 205

Bu. What you have given, my lord, is ever yours. *Exit Rex cum* [MONTSURRY].

Gu. *Mort dieu!* who would have pardon'd such a murder? *Exit.*

Mo. Now vanish horrors into Court attractions,

For which let this balm make thee fresh and fair.

And now forth with thy service to the duchess, 210

As my long love will to Montsurry's countess, *Exit.*

Bu. "To whom my love hath long been vow'd in heart,

Although in hand for show I held the duchess.

And now through blood and vengeance, deeds of height

And hard to be achiev'd, 't is fit I make 215

Attempt of her perfection. I need fear

No check in his rivalry,⁹ since her virtues

Are so renown'd, and he of all dames hated. *Exit.*

[SCENE II.]¹⁰

MONTSURRY, TAMYRA, BEAUPRE, PERO, CHARLOTTE, PYRA.

Mont. He will have pardon, sure.

Ta. 'T were pity, else: For though his great spirit something overflow,

All faults are still borne that from greatness grow;

But such a sudden courtier saw I never.

Be. He was too sudden, which indeed was rudeness. 5

Ta. True, for it argued his no due conceit¹¹ Both of the place and greatness of the persons,

Nor of our sex: all which (we all being strangers

To his encounter) should have made more manners 9

Deserve more welcome.

Mont. All this fault is found Because he lov'd the duchess and left you.

Ta. Alas, love give her joy; I am so far From envy of her honour, that I swear,

Had he encounter'd me with such proud slight I would have put that project¹² face of his 15

To a more test than did her duchesship.

Be. Why (by your leave, my lord) I'll speak it here,

Although she be my aunt, she scarce was modest,

When she perceiv'd the duke her husband take

⁹ Rivalry.

¹⁰ A room in Montsurry's house.

¹¹ Conception.

¹² Forward.

Those late exceptions to her servant's court-
ship, 20

To entertain him.

Ta. Ay, and stand him still,
Letting her husband give her servant place.
Though he did manly, she should be a woman.

Enter GUISE.

[*Gu.*] D'Ambois is pardon'd! Where's a
king? Where law?

See how it runs, much like a turbulent sea, 25
Here high and glorious as it did contend
To wash the heavens and make the stars more
pure,

And here so low, it leaves the mud of hell
To every common view; come, Count Mont-
surry, 29

We must consult of this.

Ta. Stay not, sweet lord.

Mont. Be pleas'd, I'll straight return.

Exit cum GUISE.

Ta. Would that would please me!
Be I'll leave you, madam, to your passions;
I see there's change of weather in your looks.

Exit cum suis.

Ta. I cannot cloak it; but, as when a fume,
Hot, dry, and gross, within the womb of earth
Or in her superficies begot, 35
When extreme cold hath struck it to her
heart,

The more it is comprest, the more it rageth;
Exceeds his prison's strength that should con-
tain it,

And then it tosseth temples in the air, 40
All bars made engines to his insolent fury;
So, of a sudden, my licentious fancy

Riots within me: not my name and house
Nor my religion, to this hour observ'd,
Can stand above it. I must utter that 45
That will in parting break more strings in me
Than death when life parts; and that holy man
That, from my cradle, counsel'd for my soul.

I now must make an agent for my blood. 49

Enter Monsieur.

Mo. Yet, is my mistress gracious?

Ta. Yet unanswered?

Mo. Pray thee regard thine own good, if not
mine,

And cheer my love for that; you do not know
What you may be by me, nor what without
me;

I may have power t'advance and pull down
any.

Ta. That's not my study. One way I am
sure 51
You shall not pull down me; my husband's
height

Is crown'd to all my hopes; and his retiring
To any mean state, shall be my aspiring;
My honour's in mine own hands, spite of kings.

Mo. Honour, what's that? Your second
maidenhead: 55

And what is that? A word. The word is gone,
The thing remains: the rose is pluckt, the
stalk

¹ Satisfying my passion.

Abides; an easy loss where no lack's found.
Behave it, there's as small lack in the loss.
As there is pain i' th' losing, archers ever 65
Have two strings to a bow; and shall great
Cupid

(Archer of archers both in men and women.)
Be worse provided than a common archer?
A husband and a friend all wise wives have.

Ta. Wise wives they are that on such strings
depend, 70

With a firm husband joining a loose friend!

Mo. Still you stand on your husband, so do
all

The common sex of you, when y' are encounter'd
With one ye cannot fancy. All men know 74
You live in Court, here, by your own election,
Frequenting all our common sports and tri-
umphs,

All the most youthful company of men.
And wherefore do you this? To please your
husband?

'Tis gross and fulsome if your husband's
pleasure

Be all your object, and you aim at honour 80
In living close to him, get you from Court;
You may have him at home, these common
put-offs

For common women serve: "My honour!
Husband!"

Dames maritorious² ne'er were meritorious.
Speak plain, and say, "I do not like you, sir," 85
Y' are an ill-favour'd fellow in my eye;"
And I am answer'd.

Ta. Then, I pray, be answer'd:
For in good faith, my lord, I do not like you
In that sort² you like,

Mo. Then have at you, here!
Take (with a politic hand) this rope of pearl, 90
And though you be not amorous, yet be wise
Take me for wisdom; he that you can love
Is ne'er the further from you.

Ta. Now it comes
So ill prepar'd, that I may take a poison,
Under a medicine as good cheap as it; 95
I will not have it were it worth the world.

Mo. Horror of death; could I but please your
eye,
You would give me the like, ere you would lose
me.

"Honour and husband!"

Ta. By this light, my lord,
Y' are a vile fellow, and I'll tell the king 100
Your occupation of dishonouring ladies
And of his Court. A lady cannot live
As she was born, and with that sort of
pleasure

That fits her state, but she must be defam'd
With an infamous lord's detraction. 105
Who would endure the Court if these attempts
Of open and profest lust must be borne?

Who's there? Come on, dame; you are at your
book

When men are at your mistress; have I taught
you

Any such waiting-woman's quality? 110

² Excessively fond of their husbands.

³ Way.

Mo. Farewell, good "husband."

Exit Monsieur.
Mont. Farewell, wicked lord.

Enter MONTSURRY.

Mont. Was not the Monsieur here?

Ta. Yes, to good purpose;
And your cause is as good to seek him too,
And haunt his company.

Mont. Why, what's the matter?
Ta. Matter of death, were I some husbands' wife. 115

I cannot live at quiet in my chamber,
For opportunities¹ almost to rapes
Offer'd me by him.

Mont. Pray thee bear with him.
Thou know'st he is a bachelor and a courtier,
Ay, and a prince; and their prerogatives 120
Are to their laws, as to their pardons are
Their reservations, after Parliaments —
One quits another, form gives all their essence.
That prince doth high in virtue's reckoning stand

That will entreat a vice, and not command. 125
So far bear with him, should another man
Trust to his privilege, he should trust to death.
Take comfort, then, my comfort, nay, triumph
And crown thyself, thou part'st with victory, 130
My presence is so only dear to thee
That other men's appear worse than they be.
For this night yet, bear with my forced
absence;

Thou know'st my business; and with how
much weight.
My vow hath charg'd it.

Ta. True, my lord, and never
My fruitless love shall let² your serious honour;
Yet, sweet lord, do not stay; you know my soul 135

Is so long time without me, and I dead,
As you are absent.

Mont. By this kiss, receive
My soul for hostage, till I see my love.

Ta. The morn shall let me see you.

Mont. With the sun
I'll visit thy more comfortable⁴ beauties. 141
Ta. This is my comfort, that the sun hath left

The whole world's beauty ere my sun leaves me.
Mont. 'T is late night now indeed, farewell,
my light. *Exit.*

Ta. Farewell, my light and life; — but not
in him, 145
In mine own dark love and light bent to
another.

Alas that in the wane⁵ of our affections
We should supply it with a full dissembling,
In which each youngest maid is grown a
mother;

Frailty is fruitful, one sin gets another. 150
Our loves like sparkles are that brightest shine
When they go out, most vice shows most
divine. —

Go, maid, to bed; lend me your book, I pray;

¹ Importunities. ³ Hinder
² That thou comest ⁴ Comforting.
off victorious. ⁵ Emend. Dilke. Qq. wave.

Not like yourself for form; I'll this night
trouble

None of your services. Make sure the doors, 155
And call your other fellows to their rest.

Fe. I will, — [*Aside.*] yet I will watch to know
why you watch. *Exit.*

Ta. Now all ye peaceful regents of the
night,

Silently-gliding exhalations,
Languishing winds, and murmuring falls of
waters, 160

Sadness of heart and ominous secureness,
Enchantments, dead sleeps, all the friends of
rest,

That ever wrought upon the life of man,
Extend your utmost strengths; and thrice
charm'd hour 165

Fix like the centre;⁶ make the violent wheels
Of Time and Fortune stand; and great Ex-
istence

(The Maker's treasury) now not seem to be,
To all but my approaching friends and me.
They come, alas, they come! Fear, fear and
hope

Of one thing, at one instant fight in me; 170
I love what most I loathe, and cannot live
Unless I compass that which holds my death,
For life's mere death, loving one that loathes me,
And he I love will loathe me, when he sees 175
I fly my sex, my virtue, my renown,
To run so madly on a man unknown.

The vault opens.
See, see, a vault is opening that was never
Known to my lord and husband, nor to any
But him that brings the man I love, and me.
How shall I look on him? How shall I live,
And not consume in blushes? I will in, 181
And cast myself off,⁷ as I ne'er had been.⁸ *Exit.*

Ascendit Friar and D'AMBOIS.

Fr. Come, worthiest son, I am past measure
glad,
That you (whose worth I have approv'd so
long)

Should be the object of her fearful love; 185
Since both your wit and spirit can adapt
Their full force to supply her utmost weakness.
You know her worths and virtues, for report
Of all that know is to a man a knowledge: 190
You know besides, that our affections' storm,
Rais'd in our blood, no reason can reform.
Though she seek then their satisfaction
(Which she must needs, or rest unsatisfied)
Your judgment will esteem her peace thus
wrought, 194

Nothing less dear than if yourself had sought;
And (with another colour, which my art
Shall teach you to lay on) yourself must seem
The only agent, and the first orb move⁹
In this our set and cunning world of love.

Bu. Give me the colour, my most honour'd
father, 200
And trust my cunning then to lay it on.

⁶ Centre of the earth. ⁸ Supply watching here
⁷ Undress.

⁹ *Primum mobile*, the prime moving sphere of the
Ptole system.

Fr. 'Tis this, good son ; Lord Barrisor (whom you slew)
Did love her dearly, and with all fit means
Hath urg'd his acceptance, of all which
She keeps one letter written in his blood. 203
You must say thus, then, that you heard from me

How much herself was toucht in conscience
With a report (which is in truth disperst)
That your main quarrel grew about her love,
Lord Barrisor imagining your courtship 210
Of the great Guise's Duchess in the presence,
Was by you made to his elected mistress ;
And so made me your mean now to resolve her,
Choosing (by my direction) this night's depth
For the more clear avoiding of all note 215
Of your presumed presence . and with this
(To clear her hands of such a lover's blood)
She will so kindly thank and entertain you,
Methinks I see how), ay, and ten to one,
Show you the confirmation in his blood, 220
Lest you should think report and she did feign,
That you shall so have circumstantial means
To come to the direct, which must be used
For the direct is crooked ; love comes flying ;
The height of love is still won with denying. 225
Bu. Thanks, honour'd father.

Fr. She must never know
That you know anything of any love
Sustain'd on her part : for, learn this of me,
In anything a woman does alone,
If she dissemble, she thinks 't is not done ; 230
If not dissemble, ' nor a little chide,
Give her her wish, she is not satisfi'd ;
To have a man think that she never seeks,
Does her more good than to have all she likes :
This frailty sticks in them beyond their sex, 235
Which to reform, reason is too perplex
Urge reason to them, it will do no good ;
Humour (that is the chariot of our food
In everybody) must in them be fed,
To carry their affections by it bred. 240
Stand close.

Enter TAMYRA with a book.

Ta. Alas, I fear my strangeness will retire him.
If he go back, I die ; I must prevent it,
And cheer his onset with my sight at least,
And that's the most ; though every step he 245
takes
Goes to my heart. I'll rather die than seem
Not to be strange to that I most esteem.

Fr. Madam.

Ta. Ah !
Fr. You will pardon me, I hope,
That so beyond your expectation,
And at a time for visitants so unfit, 250
I (with my noble friend here) visit you.
You know that my access at any time
Hath ever been admitted ; and that friend
That my care will presume to bring with me
Shall have all circumstance of worth in him 255
To merit as free welcome as myself.

Ta. Oh, father ! but at this suspicious ho

! If she has no chance to d' mble,

You know how apt best men are to suspect us,
In any cause that makes suspicious shadow
No greater than the shadow of a hair : 260
And y' are to blame. What though my lord and husband

Lie forth to-night, and, since I cannot sleep
When he is absent, I sit up to-night ;
Though all the doors are sure, and all our servants

As sure bound with their sleeps ; yet there is One 265
That wakes above, whose eye no sleep can bind.

He sees through doors, and darkness, and our thoughts,

And therefore as we should avoid with fear
To think amiss ourselves before his search,
So should we be as curious to shun 270
All cause that other think not ill of us.

Bu. Madam, 'tis far from that ; I only heard

By this my honour'd father, that your conscience

Made some deep scruple with a false report
That Barrisor's blood should something touch your honour. 275

Since he imagin'd I was courting you,
When I was bold to change words with the duchess,

And therefore made his quarrel ; his long love
And service, as I hear, being deeply vowed 280
To your perfections, which my ready presence,
Presum'd on with my father at this season
For the more care of your so curious² honour,
Can well resolve³ your conscience, is most false.

Ta. And is it therefore that you come, good sir ? 285

Then crave I now your pardon and my father's,
And swear your presence does me so much good,

That all I have it binds to your requital.
Indeed, sir, 't is most true that a report
Is spread, alleging that his love to me
Was reason of your quarrel, and because 290
You shall not think I feign it for my glory
That he importun'd me for his court service,⁴
I'll show you his own hand, set down in blood
To that vain purpose. Good sir, then come in.
Father, I thank you now a thousand-fold. 295

Exit TAMYRA and D'AMBOIS.

Fr. May it be worth it to you, honour'd daughter. *Descendit Friar.*

ACT III

SCENE I.⁵

Enter D'AMBOIS, TAMYRA, with a chain of pearl.

Bu. Sweet mistress, cease ! Your coo-cien is too nice.⁶

And bites too hotly of the Puritan spice.

² Fastidiously guarded.

³ Assure.

⁴ Service was the conventional term for courtly love.

⁵ A room in Montsurry's house.

⁶ Scrupulo.

Ta. Oh, my dear servant,¹ in thy close embraces,
 I have set open all the doors of danger
 To my encompass honour, and my life.
 Before I was secure against death and hell,
 But now am subject to the heartless fear
 Of every shadow and of every breath,
 And would change firmness with an aspen leaf,
 So confident a spotless conscience is,
 So weak a guilty. Oh, the dangerous siege
 Sin lays about us, and the tyranny
 He exercises when he hath expugn'd!²
 Like to the horror of a winter's thunder,
 Mixt with a gushing storm, that suffer nothing
 To stir abroad on earth but their own rages,¹⁰
 Is sin, when it hath gathered head above us.
 No roof, no shelter can secure us so,
 But he will drown our cheeks in fear or woe.
 Bu. Sin is a coward, madam, and insults²⁰
 But on our weakness, in his truest valour;³
 And so our ignorance tames us, that we let
 His shadows fright us, and like empty clouds,
 In which our faulty apprehensions forge
 The forms of dragons, lions, elephants,²⁵
 When they hold no proportion, the sly charms
 Of the witch, Policy, makes him like a monster
 Kept only to show men for servile money
 That false hag often paints him in her cloth
 Ten times more monstrous than he is in troth,³⁰
 In three of us, the secret of our meeting
 Is only guarded, and three friends as one
 Have ever been esteem'd: as our three powers
 That in our one soul are as one united:
 Why should we fear then? For myself I swear³⁵
 Sooner shall torture be the sire to pleasure,
 And health be grievous to one long time sick,
 Than the dear jewel of your fame in me
 Be made an outcast to your infamy;
 Nor shall my value (sacred to your virtues)⁴⁰
 Only give free course to it, from myself:
 But make it fly out of the mouths of kings
 In golden vapours and with awful wings.

Ta. It rests⁴ as all kings' seals were set in thee.

Now let us call my father, whom I swear⁴⁵
 I could extremely chide, but that I fear
 To make him so suspicious of my love
 Of which, sweet servant, do not let him know
 For all the world.

Bu. Alas! he will not think it.⁴⁶
 Ta. Come, then — ho! Father, ope, and take
 your friend. *Ascendit Friar.*

Fr. Now, honour'd daughter, is your doubt
 resolv'd?

Ta. Ay, father, but you went away too soon.
 Fr. Too soon?

Ta. Indeed you did, you should have stayed,
 Had not your worthy friend been of your bring-
 ing,

And that contains all laws to temper me,⁵⁵
 Not all the fearful danger that besieged us,
 Had aw'd my throat from exclamation.

Fr. I know your serious disposition well.
 Come, son, the morn comes on.

¹ Lover.

² Taken by storm.

³ If his valor be truly estim'd

⁴ Remains inviolable.

Bu. Now, honour'd mistress,
 Till farther service call, all bliss supply you.⁵⁶
 Ta. And you this chain of pearl, and my
 love only.

Descendit Friar and D'AMBOIS.
 It is not I, but urgent destiny,
 That (as great statesmen for their general end
 In politic justice, make poor men offend)
 Enforceth my offence to make it just.⁵⁷
 What shall weak dames do, when th' whole
 work of nature

Hath a strong finger in each one of us?
 Needs must that sweep away the silly cobweb
 Of our still-undone labours; that lays still
 Our powers to it, as to the line, the stone,⁵⁸
 Not to the stone, the line should be oppos'd;⁵⁹
 We cannot keep our constant course in virtue.
 What is alike at all parts? Every day
 Differs from other, every hour and minute,
 Ay, every thought in our false clock of life
 Ofttimes inverts the whole circumference:
 We must be sometimes one, sometimes another.
 Our bodies are but thick clouds to our souls,
 Through which they cannot shine when they
 desire:

When all the stars, and even the sun himself,⁶⁰
 Must stay the vapours' times that he exhales
 Before he can make good his beams to us;
 Oh, how can we, that are but motes to him,
 Wand'ring at random in his ordered rays,
 Disperse our passions' fumes, with our weak
 labours,⁶¹
 That are more thick and black than all earth's
 vapours?

Enter MONTSURRY.

Mont. Good day, my love; what, up and
 ready⁶² too!

Ta. Both, my dear lord; not all this night
 made I.

Myself unready, or could sleep a wink.

Mont. Alas! what troubled my true love, my
 peace,⁶³

From being at peace within her better self?
 Or how could sleep forbear to seize thine eyes
 When he might challenge them as his just
 prize?

Ta. I am in no power earthly, but in yours;
 To what end should I go to bed, my lord,⁶⁴
 That wholly mist the comfort of my bed?
 Or how should sleep possess my faculties,
 Wanting the proper closer of mine eyes?

Mont. Then will I never more sleep nigh
 from thee.

All mine own business, all the king's affairs,⁶⁵
 Shall take the day to serve them; every night
 I'll ever dedicate to thy delight.

Ta. Nay, good my lord, esteem not my de-
 sires

Such doters on their humours that my judgment
 Cannot subdue them to your worthier pleasure;
 A wife's pleas'd husband must her object be⁶⁶
 In all her acts, not her sooth'd fantasy.

⁵ As the stone is made to accord with the line, and
 not vice versa, so nature brings our powers into accord
 with her will.

⁶ Dress'd.

Mont Then come, my love, now pay those
rites to sleep

Thy fair eyes owe him; shall we now to bed?

Tu. Oh, no, my lord; your holy friar says ¹¹⁰

All couplings in the day that touch the bed

Adulterous are, even in the married;

Whose grave and worthy doctrine, well I know,

Your faith in him will liberally allow. ¹¹⁴

Mont. He 's a most learned and religious man;
Come to the presence then, and see great
D'Ambois

(Fortune's proud mushroom shot up in a night)

Stand like an Atlas under our King's arm,

Which greatness ² with him Monsieur now en-
vies

As bitterly and deadly as the Guise. ¹²⁰

Tu. What, he that was but yesterday his

maker,

His raiser and preserver?

Mont. Even the same.

Each natural agent works but to this end,

To render that it works on like itself,

Which since the Monsieur in his act on D'Am-
bois ¹²⁵

Cannot to his ambitious end effect,

But that, quite opposite, the King hath power

In his love borne to D'Ambois, to convert

The point of Monsieur's aim on his own breast,

He turns his outward love to inward hate. ¹³⁰

A prince's love is like the lightning's fume,

Which no man can embrace, but must con-
sume. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.] ³

Enter HENRY, D'AMBOIS, Monsieur, GUISE,
Duchess, ANNABELLE, CHARLOTTE, Attend-
ants.

He. Speak home, my Bussy; thy impartial
words

Are like brave falcons that dare truss ⁴ a fowl

Much greater than themselves; flatterers are

kites

That check at ⁵ sparrows; thou shalt be my

eagle,

And bear my thunder underneath thy wings;

Truth's words like jewels hang in th' ears of
kings. ⁶

Bu. Would I might live to see no Jews hang
there

Instead of jewels; sycophants, I mean,

Who use truth like the devil, his true foe,

Cast by the angel to the pit of fears, ¹⁰

And bound in chains; truth seldom decks kings'

ears.

Slave Flattery (like a ripplier's ⁶ legs roll'd up

In boots of hay ropes) with kings' soothed guts

Swaddl'd and strapp'l'd, ⁷ now lives only free.

Oh, 't is a subtle knave, how like the plague ¹⁵

Unfelt he strikes into the brain of man.

And rageth in his entrails, when he can,

Worse than the poison of a red-hair'd man! ⁸

¹ Approve.

² High favor.

³ A room in the Court.

⁴ Seize

⁵ A traitor. Judas's hair was represented as red in
old paintings, tapestries, etc.

⁶ Pursue

⁷ Fisherman.

⁸ Bound.

He. Fly at him and his brood; I cast thee off,
And once more give thee surname of mine
eagle. ²⁰

Bu. I'll make you sport enough, then; let
me have

My lucerns ⁹ too, or dogs mur'd to hunt

Beasts of most rapine, but to put them up, ¹⁰

And if I truss not, let me not be trusted.

Show me a great man (by the people's voice, ²⁵

Which is the voice of God) that by his great-
ness

Bombasts ¹¹ his private roofs with public riches;

That affects royalty, rising from a clappish; ¹²

That rules so much more by ¹³ his suffering king,

That he makes kings of his subordinate
slaves. ⁴⁰

Himself and them graduate like woodmongers,

Piling a stack of billets from the earth,

Raising each other into steeples' heights;

Let him convey this on the turning props

Of Protean law, and, his own counsel keeping,

Keep all upright; let me but hawk at him, ⁴⁵

I'll play the vulture, and so thump his liver,

That, like a huge unlading Argosy,

He shall confess all, and you then may hang
him.

Show me a clergyman, that is in voice ⁴⁸

A lark of heaven, in heart a mole of earth;

That hath good living, and a wicked life;

A temperate look, and a luxurious gut;

Turning the rents of his superfluous cures

Into your pheasants and your partridges; ⁴⁵

Venting their quintessence as men read He-
brew; ¹⁴

Let me but hawk at him, and, like the other,

He shall confess all, and you then may hang him.

Show me a lawyer that turns sacred law

(The equal rend'rer of each man his own, ⁵⁰

The scourge of rapine and extortion,

The sanctuary and impregnable defence

Of retir'd learning and besieged virtue)

Into a harpy, that eats all but 's own,

Into the damned sins it punisheth; ⁵⁵

Into the synagogue of thieves and atheists,

Blood into gold, and justice into lust;

Let me but hawk at him, as at the rest.

He shall confess all, and you then may hang him.

Enter MONTSURRY, TAMYRA, and PERO.

Gu. Where will you find such game as you

would hawk at? ⁶⁰

Bu. I'll hawk about your house for one of
them.

Gu. Come, y' are a glorious ¹⁵ ru an, and run
proud

Of the King's headlong graces. Hold your
breath,

Or, by that poison'd vapour, not the King

Shall back your murderous valour against me.

⁹ Hunting dogs. ¹⁰ Start them. ¹¹ Stuffs out.

¹² Dish carried by beggars, who clapped the lid to at-
tract notice.

¹³ *I. e.* by the surffiance or indulgence of his king.

¹⁴ Qq 1607 8 read *than*

¹⁵ *I. e.* backwards. Reversing the proper use of his
income.

¹⁶ Boastful.

Bu. I would the King would make his presence free
But for one bout betwixt us by the reverence
Due to the sacred space 'twixt kings and subjects,
Here would I make thee cast that popular purple,
In which thy proud soul sits and braves thy sovereign.

Mo. Peace, peace, I pray thee peace.

Bu. Let him peace first
That made the first war.

Mo. He's the better man.

Bu. And therefore may do worst?

Mo. He has more titles.

Bu. So Hydra had more heads.

Mo. He's greater known.

Bu. His greatness is the people's; mine's mine own.

Mo. He's nobler¹ born.

Bu. He is not, I am noble;
And noblesse in his blood hath no gradation,
But in his merit.

Gu. Th' art not nobly born,
But bastard to the Cardinal of Ambois.

Bu. Thou hest, proud Guiserd. Let me fly,
my lord.

He. Not in my face, my eagle; violence flies
The sanctuaries of a prince's eyes.

Bu. Still shall we chide and foam upon this bit?

Is the Guise only great in faction?
Stands he not by himself? Proves he th' opinion

That men's souls are without them? Be a duke,
And lead me to the field.

Gu. Come, follow me.

He. Stay them! Stay, D'Ambois. Cousin
Guise, I wonder

Your honour'd disposition brooks so ill
A man so good, that only would uphold
Man in his native noblesse, from whose fall
All our dimensions rise; that in himself
(Without the outward patches of our frailty,
Riches and honour) knows he comprehends
Worth with the greatest. Kings had never
borne

Such boundless empire over other men,
Had all maintain'd the spirit and state of
D'Ambois;

Nor had the full impartial hand of nature
That all things gave in her original²
Without these definite terms of mine and thine,
Been turn'd unjustly to the hand of Fortune,
Had all preserv'd her in her prime, like D'Ambois.

No envy, no disjunction had dissolv'd,
Or pluck'd one stick out of the golden faggot
In which the world of Saturn³ bound our lives,
Had all been held together with the nerves,
The genius, and th' ingenious⁴ soul of D'Ambois.

Let my hand therefore be the Hermean rod⁵

¹ Qq. *noble*.

² The fabled Golden Age.

³ In the beginning.

⁴ Qq 1607, 8 read *ingenuous*.

⁵ The caduceus which was wreathed with two serpents that clung to it when separated by Hermes.

To part and reconcile, and so conserve you,
As my combin'd embiacers and supporters.

Bu. 'Tis our king's motion, and we shall not seem

To worst eyes womanish, though we change
thus soon

Never so great grudge for his greater pleasure.

Gu. I seal to that; and, so the manly freedom
That you so much profess, hereafter prove
not

A bold and glorious license to deprave,⁶

To me his hand shall hold the Hermean virtue
His grace affects, in which submissive sign
On this his sacred right hand I lay mine.

Bu. 'Tis well, my lord, and so your worthy
greatness

Decline not to the greater insolence,
Nor make you think it a prerogative

To rack men's freedoms with the ruder wrong;
My hand (stuck full of laurel, in true sign

'Tis wholly dedicate to righteous peace)
In all submission kisseth th' other side.

He. Thanks to ye both; and kindly I invite
ye

Both to a banquet, where we'll sacrifice
Full cups to confirmation of your loves;

At which, fair ladies, I entreat your presence;
And hope you, madam, will take one carouse

For reconciliation of your lord and servant.

Du. If I should fail, my lord, some other
lady

Would be found there to do that for my servant.

Mo. Any of these here?

Du. Nay, I know not that.

Bu. Think your thoughts like my mistress',
honour'd lady?

Ta. I think not on you, sir; y' are one I
know not.

Bu. Cry you mercy, madam.

Mont. Oh, sir, has she met you?

Exeunt HENRY, D'AMBOIS, Ladies.

Mo. What had my bounty drunk when it
rais'd him?

Gu. Y'ave stuck us up a very worthy flag,
That takes more wind than we with all our
sails.

Mo. Oh, so he spreads and flourishes.

Gu. He must down;

Upstarts should never perch too near a crown.

Mo. 'Tis true, my lord; and as this doting
hand,

Even out of earth, like Juno, struck this giant,
So Jove's great ordinance shall be here impli'd

To strike him under th' Etna of his pride;

To which work lend your hands, and let us
cast

Where we may set snares for his ranging greatness.

I think it best, amongst our greatest women;
For there is no such trap to catch an upstart

As a loose downfall; for you know their falls
Are th' ends of all men's rising. If great men

And wise make scapes⁸ to please advantage⁹

⁶ Slander.

⁷ Plan.

⁸ Escapades.

⁹ To give advantage to their enemies.

'Tis with a woman: women that worst may
Still hold men's candles;¹ they direct and
know

All things amiss in all men; and their women²
All things amiss in them; through whose
charm'd mouths,

We may see all the close scapes³ of the Court.
When the most royal beast of chase, the hart,
(Being old and cunning in his lairs and haunts)
Can never be discovered to the bow,
The piece,⁴ or hound; yet where, behind some
quitch,⁵

He breaks his gall, and rutteth with his hind,
The place is markt, and by his venery
He still is taken. Shall we then attempt
The chiefest mean to that discovery here,
And court our greatest ladies' chiefest women
With shows of love and liberal promises?
'Tis but our breath. If something given in hand
Sharpens their hopes of more, 'twill be well
ventur'd.

Gu. No doubt of that; and 'tis the cunning'st point
Of your devis'd investigation.

Mo. I have broken
The ice to it already with the woman
Of your chaste lady, and conceive good hope
I shall wade thorough to some wished shore
At our next meeting.

Mont. Nay, there's small hope there.
Gu. Take say⁶ of her, my lord, she comes
most fitly.

Mo. Starting back?

Enter CHARLOTTE, ANNABELLE, PERO.

Gu. Y' are engag'd, indeed.

An. Nay, pray, my lord, forbear.

Mont. What, skittish, servant?

An. No, my lord, I am not so fit for your service.

Ch. Pray pardon me now, my lord; my lady
excepts me

Gu. I'll satisfy her expectation, as far as an
uncle may.

Mo. Well said; a spirit of courtship of all
hands. Now mine own Pero, hast thou re-
memb'red me for the discovery I entreated thee
make of thy mistress? Speak boldly, and be
sure of all things I have sworn to thee.

Pe. Building on that assurance, my lord, I
may speak; and much the rather, because
my lady hath not trusted me with that I can
tell you; for now I cannot be said to betray her.

Mo. That's all one, so we reach our objects.
Forth, I beseech thee.

Pe. To tell you truth, my lord, I have made
a strange discovery.

Mo. Excellent, Pero, thou reviv'st me. May
I sink quick to perdition if my tongue dis-
cover 't.

Pe. 'Tis thus, then: this last night, my lord
lay forth, and I watching my lady's sitting
up, stole up at midnight from my pallet; and
(having before made a hole both through the

wall and arras to her inmost chamber) I saw
D'Ambois and herself reading a letter.

Mo. D'Ambois?

Pe. Even he, my lord.

Mo. Dost thou not dream, wench?

Pe. I swear he is the man.

Mo. The devil he is, and thy lady his
dam! Why, this was the happiest shot that ever
flew! The just plague of hypocrisy levell'd it.
Oh, the infinite regions betwixt a woman's
tongue and her heart! Is this our goddess of
chastity? I thought I could not be so slighted
if she had not her fraught besides, and there-
fore plotted this with her woman, never dream-
ing of D'Ambois. Dear Pero, I will advance
thee for ever; but tell me now, — God's pre-
cious, it transforms me with admiration —
sweet Pero, whom should she trust with this
conveyance? Or, all the doors being made sure,
how should his conveyance be made?

Pe. Nay, my lord, that amazes me; I cannot
by any study so much as guess at it.

Mo. Well, let's favour our apprehensions with
forbearing that a little; for if my heart
were not hooped with adamant, the concert¹⁰ of
this would have burst it. But hark thee.

Whispers.

[Ch. I swear to you grace, all that I can
conjecture touching my lady your niece, is a
strong affection she bears to the English Mylor.

Gu. All, quod you? 'Tis enough, I assure
you, but tell me.]

Mont. I pray thee, resolve me: the duke
will never imagine that I am busy about's
wife: hath D'Ambois any privy access to her?

An. No, my lord; D'Ambois neglects her, as
she takes it, and is therefore suspicious that
either your lady, or the Lady Beaupre
hath closely¹² entertain'd him.

Mont. By'r lady, a likely suspicion, and
very near the life, [if she marks it,] especially
of my wife.

Mo. Come, we'll disguise all with seeming
only to have courted. — Away, dry palm: 't's
a liver as dry as a biscuit; a man may go a
whole voyage with her, and get nothing but
tempests from her windpipe.

Gu. Here's one, I think, has swallowed a
porcupine, she casts pricks from her tongue so.

Mont. And here's a peacock seems to have
devour'd one of the Alps, she has so swelling a
spirit, and is so cold of her kindness.

Ch. We are no windfalls, my lord; ye must
gather us with the ladder of matrimony, or
we'll hang till we be rotten.

Mo. Indeed, that's the way to make ye right
openarses.¹⁵ But, alas! ye have no portions fit
for such husbands as we wish you.

Pe. Portions, my lord? Yes, and such por-
tions as your principality cannot purchase.

Mo. What, woman? what are those portions?

Pe. Riddle my riddle, my lord.

Mo. Ay, marry, wench, I think thy portion

Wonder. Bewilders. Thought.

These two speeches are omitted in Q 1641.

Secretly.

Q. 1641 omits.

A sign of chastity.

Medi

¹ Be accomplices. ⁴ Gun. ⁶ Make trial.

² Waiting-women. ⁵ Grass. ⁷ Reveal.

³ Escapades.

is a right riddle, a man shall never find it out
But let's hear it.

Pe. You shall, my lord.
What's that, that being most rare's most cheap?
That when you sow, you never reap? 175
That when it grows most, most you thin it?
And still you lose it when you win it,
That when 'tis commonest, 'tis dearest,
And when 'tis farthest off, 'tis nearest?

Mo. Is this your great portion? 250

Pe. Even this, my lord.

Mo. Believe me, I cannot riddle it.

Pe. No, my lord. 'Tis my chastity, which you
shall neither riddle nor fiddle.

Mo. Your chastity? Let me begin with the 251
end of it; how is a woman's chastity nearest
a man when 'tis furthest off?

Pe. Why, my lord, when you cannot get it,
it goes to th' heart on you: and that, I think,
comes most near you and I am sure it 250
shall be far enough off. And so we leave you to
our mercies. *Exeunt Women.*

Mo. Farewell, riddle.

Gu. Farewell, medlar.

Mont. Farewell, winter plum. 255

Mo. Now, my lords, what fruit of our inquisition?
Feel you nothing budding yet? Speak,
good my Lord Montsurry.

Mont. Nothing but this: D'Ambois is thought
negligent in observing the duchess, and 300
therefore she is suspicious that your niece or my
wife closely entertains him.

Mo. Your wife, my lord? Think you that
possible?

Mont. Alas, I know she flies him like her last
hour. 305

Mo. Her last hour? Why, that comes upon
her the more she flies it. Does D'Ambois so,
think you?

Mont. That's not worth the answering. 'Tis
miraculous to think with what monsters 311
women's imaginations engross them when they
are once enamour'd, and what wonders they
will work for their satisfaction. They will make
sheep valiant, a lion fearful. 315

Mo. [*Aside.*] And an ass confident. — Well,
my lord, more will come forth shortly; get you
to the banquet.

Gu. Come, my lord; I have the blind side of
one of them. *Exit GUISE cum MONTSURRY.* 320

Mo. Oh, the unsounded sea of women's bloods,
That when 'tis calmest, is most dangerous;
Not any wrinkle creaming in their faces
When in their hearts are Scylla and Charybdis,
Which still are hid in dark and standing fogs, 325
Where never day shines, nothing never grows
But weeds and poisons, that no statesman knows,
Nor Cerberus ever saw the damned nooks
Hid with the veils of women's virtuous looks.

But what a cloud of sulphur have I drawn 330

¹ Boas emend. Qq. 17.

² In place of the following fifteen lines, Qq. 1607, 8
read,

*I will conceal all yet, and give more time
To D'Ambois' trial, now upon my hook.*

Up to my bosom in this dangerous secret!
Which if my haste with any spark should light,
Ere D'Ambois were engag'd in some sure plot,
I were blown up, he would be sure my death.
Would I had never known it, for before 323
I shall persuade th' importance to Montsurry,
And make him with some studied stratagem
Train D'Ambois to his wreck, his maid may
tell it.

Or I (out of my fiery thirst to play
With the fell tiger, up in darkness tied, 343
And give it some light) make it quite break
loose.

I fear it, afore heaven, and will not see
D'Ambois again, till I have told Montsurry
And set a snare with him to free my tears:
Who's there?

Enter MAFFE.

Ma. My lord?

Mo. Go call the Count Montsurry,
And make the doors fast; I will speak with
none 346

Till he come to me.

Ma. Well, my lord. *Exiturus.*

Mo. Or else

Send you some other, and see all the doors
Made safe yourself, I pray, haste, fly about it.

Ma. You'll speak with none but with the
Count Montsurry? 351

Mo. With none but he, except it be the Guise.

Ma. See even by this, there's one exception
more!

Your grace must be more firm in the command,
Or else shall I as weakly execute. 355
The Guise shall speak with you?

Mo. He shall, I say.

Ma. And Count Montsurry?

Mo. Ay, and Count Montsurry.

Ma. Your grace must pardon me, that I am
bold

To urge the clear and full sense of your pleasure;
Which whensoever I have known, I hope 360
Your grace will say, I hit it to a hair.

Mo. You have.

Ma. I hope so, or I would be glad —

Mo. I pray thee get thee gone, thou art so
tedious

In the strict form of all thy services
That I had better have one negligent. 365
You hit my pleasure well, when D'Ambois hit
you;

Did you not, think you?

Ma. D'Ambois? Why, my lord —

Mo. I pray thee talk no more, but shut the
doors:

Do what I charge thee.

Ma. I will, my lord, and yet

I would be glad the wrong I had of D'Ambois —
Mo. Precious! then it is a fate that plagues
me 371

*He awes my throat, else, like Sybilla's care,
It should beathe oracles. I fear him strangely,
And may resemble his advanced valour
Unto a spirit rais'd without a circle,
Endangering him that ignorantly rais'd him,
And for whose fury he hath learn'd no limit.*

In this man's foolery, I may be murdered
While he stands on protection of his folly.
Avant about thy charge.

Ma. I go, my lord. —
I had my head broke in his faithful service; ³⁷⁵
I had no suit the more, nor any thanks,
And yet my teeth must still be hit with D'Ambois.

D'Ambois, my lord, shall know —
Mo. The devil and D'Ambois!
Exit MAFFE.

How am I tortur'd with this trusty fool!
Never was any curious in his place ³⁸⁰
To do things justly, but he was an ass;
We cannot find one trusty that is witty,¹
And therefore bear their disproportion.
Grant thou, great star and angel of my life,
A sure lease of it but for some few days, ³⁸⁵
That I may clear my bosom of the snake
I cherish there, and I will then defy
All check to it but Nature's, and her altars
Shall crack with vessels crown'd with every
liquor

Drawn from her highest and most bloody humours. ³⁹⁰

I fear him strangely, his advanced valour
Is like a spirit rais'd without a circle,
Endangering him that ignorantly rais'd him,
And for whose fury he hath learnt no limit.

Enter MAFFE hastily.

Ma. I cannot help it: what should I do more? ³⁹⁵

As I was gathering a fit guard to make
My passage to the doors, and the doors sure,
The man of blood is enter'd.

Mo. Rage of death!
If I had told the secret, and he knew it,
Thus had I been endanger'd.

Enter D'AMBOIS.

My sweet heart!
How now, what leap'st thou at?

Bu. O royal object!
Mo. Thou dream'st, awake; object in th'
empty air? ⁴⁰⁰

Bu. Worthy the brows of Titan, worth his chair.

Mo. Pray thee, what mean'st thou?

Bu. See you not a crown
Impale the forehead of the great King Mon-
sieur? ⁴⁰⁵

Mo. Oh, fie upon thee!

Bu. Prince, that is the subject
Of all these your retir'd and sole discourses.

Mo. Wilt thou not leave that wrongful sup-
position?

Bu. Why wrongful, to suppose the doubtless
right

To the succession worth the thinking on? ⁴¹⁰

Mo. Well, leave these jests. How I am over-
joyed

With thy wish'd presence, and how fit thou
com'st,

For of mine honour I was sending for thee.

Bu. To what end?

Mo. Only for thy company,
Which I have still in thought; but that's no
payment ⁴¹⁵

On thy part made with personal appearance.
Thy absence so long suffered oftentimes
Put me in some little doubt thou dost not love
me.

Wilt thou do one thing therefore now sincerely?

Bu. Ay, anything, but killing of the King.

Mo. Still in that discord, and ill-taken note?
How most unseasonable thou play'st the
cuckoo, ⁴²⁰

In this thy fall of friendship!

Bu. Then do not doubt,
That there is any act within my nerves
But killing of the King, that is not yours. ⁴²⁵

Mo. I will not, then; to prove which by my
love

Shown to thy virtues, and by all fruits else
Already sprung from that still-flourishing tree,
With whatsoever may hereafter spring,

I charge thee utter (even with all the freedom
Both of thy noble nature and thy friendship) ⁴³⁰

The full and plain state of me in thy thoughts.

Bu. What, utter plainly what I think of
you?

Mo. Plain as truth.

Bu. Why, this swi quite against the stream
of greatness; ⁴³⁵

Great men would rather hear their flatteries,
And if they be not made fools, are not wise.

Mo. I am no such great fool, and therefore
charge thee

Even from the root of thy free heart, display
me.

Bu. Since you affect² it in such serious terms,
If yourself first will tell me what you think ⁴⁴⁰

As freely and as heartily of me,

I'll be as open in my thoughts of you.

Mo. A bargain, of mine honour; and make
this,

That prove we in our full dissection ⁴⁴⁵
Never so foul, live still the sounder friends.

Bu. What else, sir? Come, pay me home;
I'll hide it bravely.

Mo. I will swear. I think thee then a man
That dares as much as a wild horse or tiger;

As headstrong and as bloody; and to feed ⁴⁵⁰
The ravenous wolf of thy most cannibal valour,

(Rather than not employ it) thou wouldst turn
Hackster³ to any whore, slave to a Jew

Or English usurer, to force possessions
(And cut men's throats) of mortgaged estates;

Or thou wouldst 'ture thee like a tinker's
strumpet, ⁴⁵⁵

And murder market-folks, quarrel with sheep,
And run as mad as Ajax; serve a butcher,

Do anything but killing of the King:
That in thy valour th' art like other naturals⁴

That have strange gifts in nature, but no soul ⁴⁶⁰
Diffus'd quite through, to make them of a piece,

But stop at humours that are more absurd,
Childish and villanous than that hackster,

whore,

¹ Clever, sensible.

² Desires.

³ Professional gallant.

⁴ Idiots.

Slave, cut-throat, tinker's bitch, compar'd
before,⁴⁵⁵
And in those humours wouldst envy, betray,
Slander, blaspheme, change each hour a religion,

Do anything but killing of the King:
That in thy valour (which is still the dung-hill,
To which hath reference all filth in thy house)
Th' art more ridiculous and vain-glorious⁴⁷¹
Than any mountebank, and impudent
Than any painted bawd; which, not to soothe
And glorify thee like a Jupiter Hammon,
Thou eat'st thy heart in vinegar, and thy gall
Turns all thy blood to poison, which is cause⁴⁷⁸
Of that toad-pool that stands in thy complexion,
And makes thee with a cold and earthy moisture,
(Which is the dam of putrefaction)
As plague to thy damn'd pride, rot as thou
liv'st;

To study calumnies and treacheries;
To thy friends' slaughters like a screech-owl
sing,

And do all mischiefs — but to kill the King.

Bu. So ' have you said?
Mo. How think'st thou? Do I flatter?

Speak I not like a trusty friend to thee?⁴⁸⁵

Bu. That ever any man was blest withal.
So here's for me. I think you are (at worst)
No devil, since y' are like to be no king,
Of which, with any friend of yours, I'll lay
This poor stillado¹ here, 'gainst all the stars,
Ay, and 'gainst all your treacheries, which are
more;

That you did never good, but to do ill;
But ill of all sorts, free and for itself.
That (like a murdering piece, making lanes in
armies,

The first man of a rank, the whole rank falling)
If you have wrong'd one man, you are so far⁴⁹⁶
From making him amends that all his race,
Friends, and associates, fall into your chase:

That y' are for perjuries the very prince
Of all intelligencers;² and your voice⁵⁰⁰

Is like an eastern wind, that where it flies
Knits nets of caterpillars, with which you catch
The prime of all the fruits the kingdom yields.
That your political head is the curst fount
Of all the violence, rapine, cruelty,⁵⁰⁵
Tyranny, and atheism flowing through the
realm.

That y' have a tongue so scandalous, 't will cut
The purest crystal; and a breath that will
Kill to³ that wall a spider. You will jest

With God, and your soul to the devil tender⁵¹⁰
For lust; kiss horror, and with death engender.

That your foul body is a Lernean fen
Of all the maladies breeding in all men;

That you are utterly without a soul;⁵¹⁴
And, for your life, the thread of that was spun
When Clotho slept, and let her breathing rock⁴

Fall in the dirt; and Lachesis still draws it,
Dipping her twisting fingers in a bowl
Defil'd, and crown'd with virtue's forced soul.

And lastly (which I must for gratitude⁵²⁰

Ever remember) that of all my height
And dearest life, you are the only spring,
Only in royal hope to kill the king.

Mo. Why, now I see thou lov'st me. Come
to the banquet.
Exeunt.

ACT IV

SCENE I.⁵

[Enter] HENRY, Monsieur, with a letter; GUISE,
MONTSURRY, BUSSY, ELENOR, TAMYRA,
BEAUPRE, PERO, CHARLOTTE, ANNABELLE,
PYRA, with four Pages.

He. Ladies, ye have not done our banquet
right,

Nor lookt upon it with those cheerful rays
That lately turn'd your breaths to floods of
gold;

Your looks, methinks, are not drawn out with
thoughts

So clear and free as heretofore, but foul,⁵
As if the thick complexions of men
Govern'd within them.

Bu. 'T is not like, my lord,

That men in women rule, but contrary;
For as the moon (of all things God created)

Not only is the most appropriate image¹⁰
Or glass to show them how they wax and wane,
But in her height and motion likewise bears

Imperial influences that command
In all their powers, and make them wax and
wane;

So women, that (of all things made of nothing)
Are the most perfect idols of the moon,

Or still-unwean'd sweet moon-calves with white
faces,

Not only are patterns of change to men,
But as the tender moonshine of their beauties

Clears or is cloudy, make men glad or sad;²⁰
So then they rule in men, not men in them.

Mo. But here the moons are chang'd, (as the
King notes)

And either men rule in them, or some power
Beyond their voluntary faculty,

For nothing can recover their lost faces.²⁵
Mont. None can be always one: our griefs and
joys

Hold several sceptres in us, and have times
For their divided empires: which grief now, in
them

Doth prove as proper to his diadem.
Bu. And grief's a natural sickness of the
blood,

That time to part asks, as his coming had;
Only slight fools griev'd suddenly are glad.

A man may say t' a dead man, "Be reviv'd,"
As well as to one sorrowful, "Be not griev'd,"

And therefore, princely mistresses³ in all wars³
Against these base fous that in-uit on weakness,
And still fight hous'd behind the shield of Na-
ture,

Of privilege, law, treachery, or beastly need,

¹ Stiletto. ² Spies. ³ At the distance of.

⁴ "The distaff from whence she draws the breath of
life." (Dilke.)

⁵ The Banqueting Hall in the Court.

⁶ Duchess of Guise.

Your servant¹ cannot help; authority here
Goes with corruption: something like some
states, 40

That back worst men . valour to them must creep
That, to themselves left, would fear him asleep.

Du. Ye all take that for granted that doth
rest

Yet to be prov'd; we all are as we were,
As merry and as free in thought as ever. 45

Gu. And why then can ye not disclose your
thoughts?

Ta. Methinks the man hath answer'd for us
well.

Mo. The man? Why, madam, d' ye not know
his name?

Ta. Man is a name of honour for a king. 40
Additions² take away from each chief thing:
The school of modesty not to learn learns dames:
They sit in high for³ there, that know men's
names.

Mo. [to Bussy.] Hark! sweetheart, here's a
bar set to your valour;

It cannot enter here; no, not to notice 54
Of what your name is. Your great eagle's beak
(Should you fly at her) had as good encounter
An Albion cliff, as her more craggy liver.⁴

Bu. I'll not attempt her, sir; her sight and
name

(By which I only know her) doth deter me. 50
He. So do they all men else.

Mo. You would say so
If you knew all.

Ta. Knew all, my lord? What mean you?
Mo. All that I know, madam.

Ta. That you know? Speak it.
Mo. No, 't is enough. I feel it.

He. But, methinks
Her courtship is more pure than heretofore; 64
True courtiers should be modest, but not nice;⁵
Bold, but not impudent; pleasure love, not vice.

Mo. Sweetheart! come hither, what if one
should make

Horns at Montsurry? Would it not strike him
jealous

Through all the proofs of his chaste lady's vir-
tues?

Bu. If he be wise, not. 70
Mo. What? Not if I should name the garden-
ener

That I would have him think hath grafted him?
Bu. So the large licence that your greatness
uses

To jest at all men may be taught indeed
To make a difference of the grounds you play
on, 75

Both in the men you scandal, and the matter.
Mo. As how? as how?

Bu. Perhaps led with a train,
Where you may have your nose made less and
slit,

Your eyes thrust out.
Mo. Peace, peace, I pray thee peace. 79
Who dares do that? The brother of his king?

¹ D'Ambois, who still keeps up the pretence of being
the Duchess's courtly lover.

² Titles. ³ Supposed seat of p 10n.
⁴ I. e. in disgrace. ⁵ Over-fastidious.

Bu. Were your king brother in you; all your
powers
(Stretcht in the ar of great men and their
bawds),
Set close down by you; all your stormy laws
Spouted with lawyers' mouths, and gushing
blood
Like to so many torrents; all your glories 85
Making you terrible, like enchanted flames
Fed with bare cockcombs⁶ and with crooked
hams;⁷
All your prerogatives, your shames, and tor-
tures;
All daring⁸ heaven, and opening hell about
you, —
Were I the man ye wrong'd so and provok'd,
Though ne'er so much beneath you, like a box-
tree
I would out of the roughness of my root
Ram hardness, in my lowness, and like death
Mounted on earthquakes, I would trot through
all
Honours and horrors, thorough foul and fair, 95
And from your whole strength toss you into the
air.

Mo. Go, th' art a devil; such another spirit
Could not be 'still'd from all th' Armeman dra-
gons.
O my love's glory! Heir to all I have,
(That's all I can say, and that all I swear) 100
If thou outlive me, as I know thou must,
Or else hath nature no proportion'd end
To her great labours; she hath breath'd a mind
Into thy entrails, of desert to swell
Into another great Augustus Caesar; 105
Organs and faculties fitted to her greatness;
And should that perish like a common spirit,
Nature's a courtier and regards no merit.

He. Here's nought but whispering with us;
like a calm
Before a tempest, when the silent air 110
Lays her soft ear close to the earth to hearken
For that she fears steals on to ravish her;
Some fate doth join our ears to hear it co⁹ g.
Come, my brave eagle, let's to covert fly;
I see almighty Aether in the smoke 115
Of all his clouds descending; and the sky
Hid in the dim ostents⁷ of tragedy.

Exit HENRY with D'AMBOIS and Ladies.
Gu. Now stir the h our, and begin the
brawl.

Mont. The King and D'Ambois now 6
grown all one. 119
Mo. Nay, they are two,⁸ my lord.
Mont. How's that?
Mo. No more.
Mont. I must have more, my lord.
Mo. What, more than two?
Mont. How monstrous is this!
Mo. Why?
Mont. You make me hor
Mo. Not I; it is a work without my power,
arried men's ensigns are not made with fin-
gers;
⁶ Signs of the sycophant.
⁷ Manifestations.
⁸ Monsieur here makes the gesture of the cuckold.

Of divine fabric they are, not men's hands. 125
Your wife, you know, is a mere¹ Cynthia,
And she must fashion horns out of her nature.

Mont. But doth she — dare you charge her?
Speak, false prince.

Mo. I must not speak, my lord, but if you'll
use

The learning of a nobleman, and read, 130
Here's something to those points; soft, you
must pawn²

Your honour having read it to return it.

Mont. Not I. I pawn my honour for a pa-
per!

Mo. You must not buy it under.

Exeunt GUISE and Monsieur.

Mont. Keep it then,
And keep fire in your bosom.

Ta. What says he?

Mont. You must make good the rest.

Ta. How fares my lord?

Takes my love anything to heart he says? 137

Mont. Come y' are a

Ta. What, my lord?

Mont. The plague of Herod
Feast in his rotten entrails.

Ta. Will you wreak

Your anger's just cause given by him, on me?

Mont. By him?

Ta. By him, my lord. I have admir'd³

You could all this time be at concord with him,
That still hath play'd such discords on your hon-
our. 143

Mont. Perhaps 'tis with some proud string of
my wife's.

Ta. How's that, my lord?

Mont. Your tongue will still admire, 145
Till my head be the miracle of the world.

Ta. Oh, woe is me! *She seems to swoond.*

Pe. What does your lordship mean?

Madam, be comforted; my lord but tries you.
Madam! Help, good my lord, are you not
mov'd?

Do your set looks print in your words your
thoughts? 150

Sweet lord, clear up those eyes,
Unbend that masking forehead; whence is it
You rush upon her with these Irish wars,
More full of sound than hurt? But it is enough;
You have shot home, your words are in her
heart; 155

She has not liv'd to bear a trial now.

Mont. Look up, my love, and by this kiss re-
ceive

My soul amongst the spirits for supply

To thine, chas'd with my fury.

Ta. Oh, my lord,
I have too long liv'd to hear this from you. 160

Mont. 'Twas from my troubled blood, and
not from me.

I know not how I fare; a sudden night
Flows through my entrails, and a headlong
chaos

Murmurs within me, which I must digest,
And not drown her in my confusions, 165
That was my life's joy, being best inform'd.

Absolute.

² Pledge.

³ Wondered.

Sweet, you must needs forgive me, that my love
(Like to a fire disdainng his suppression)

Rag'd being discourag'd, my whole heart is
wounded 169

When any least thought in you is but toucht,
And shall be till I know your former merits;
Your name and memory altogether crave

In just oblivion their eternal grave;
And then you must hear from me, there's no
mean

In any passion I shall feel for you. 175

Love is a razor, cleansing being well us'd,
But fetcheth blood still being the least abus'd.

To tell you briefly all the man that left me
When you appear'd, did turn me worse than
woman,

And stabb'd me to the heart thus, with his fin-
gers. 180

Ta. Oh, happy woman! Comes my stain from
him,

It is my beauty, and that innocence proves

That slew Chimaera, rescued Peleus

From all the savage beasts in Felion;

And rais'd the chaste Athenian prince⁵ from
hell, 185

All suffering with me, they for women's lusts,

I for a man's, that the Augean stable

Of his foul sin would empty in my lap.

How his guilt shunn'd me, sacred innocence
That where thou fear'st, art dreadful!⁶ and his
face 190

Turn'd in flight from thee, that had thee in
chase!

Come, bring me to him; I will tell the serpent
Even to his venom'd teeth (from whose curst
seed

A pitch field starts up 'twixt my lord and me)

That his throat lies, and he shall curse his fin-
gers, 195

For being so govern'd by his filthy soul.

Mont. I know not if himself will vaunt t' have
been

The princely author of the slavish sin,

Or any other; he would have resolv'd⁷ me

Had you not come; not by his word, but writing,

Would I have sworn to give it him again, 201

And pawn'd mine honour to him for a paper.

Ta. See how he flies me still; 't is a foul heart
That fears his own hand. Good my lord, make
haste

To see the dangerous paper; papers hold

Oft-times the forms and copies of our souls, 205
And, though the world despise them, are the

prizes

Of all our honours; make your honour then

A hostage for it, and with it confer

My nearest woman here, in all she knows; 210

Who (if the sun or Cerberus could have seen

Any stain in me) might as well as they;

And, Pero, here I charge thee by my love,

And all proofs of it (which I might call bounties),

By all that thou hast seen seem good in me, 215

And all the ill which thou shouldst spit from
thee,

⁴ Making horns.

⁵ Hippolytus.

⁶ Art feared even by those thou fearest.

⁷ Informed.

By pity of the wound this touch hath given me,
Not as thy mistress now, but a poor woman,
To death given over, rid me of my pains, ²¹⁹
Pour on thy powder; clear thy breast of me;
My lord is only here; here speak thy worst,
Thy best will do me mischief. If thou spar'st me,
Never shune good thought on thy memory!
Resolve, my lord, and leave me desperate.

Pe. My lord! My lord hath play'd a prodigal's part, ²²⁵

To break his stock for nothing, and an insolent,
To cut a gordian when he could not loose it.

What violence is this, to put true fire
To a false train? to blow up long-crown'd peace
With sudden outrage, and believe a man ²³⁰
Sworn to the shame of women, 'gainst a woman,
Born to their honours? But I will to him.

Ta. No, I will write (for I shall never more
Meet with the fugitive) where I will defy him,
Were he ten times the brother of my king. ²³⁵
To him, my lord, and I'll to cursing him.

Exeunt.

[SCENE II.]¹

Enter D'AMBOIS and Friar.

Bu. I am suspicious, my most honour'd father,

By some of Monsieur's cunning passages,
That his still ranging and contentous nostrils,
To scent the haunts of mischief have so us'd
The vicious virtue of his busy sense, ⁵
That he trails hotly of him, and will rouse him,
Driving him all enrag'd and foaming, on us;
And therefore have entreated your deep skill
In the command of good aerial spirits,
To assume these magic rites, and call up one ¹⁰
To know if any have reveal'd unto him
Anything touching my dear love and me.

Fr. Good son, you have amaz'd me but to make
The least doubt of it, it concerns so nearly
The faith and reverence of my name and order.
Yet will I justify, upon my soul, ¹⁵
All I have done
If any spirit i' the earth or air
Can give you the resolve,² do not despair.

Mus. TAMYRA enters with PERO, her maid,
bearing a letter.

Ta. Away, deliver it: *Exit PERO.*
O may my lines

Fill'd with the poison of a woman's hate ²¹
When he shall open them, shrink up his curst
eyes

With torturous darkness, such as stands in hell,
Stuck full of inward horrors, never lighted;
With which are all things to be fear'd, af- ²⁵
frighted;

[Father!]

*Ascendit Bussy with Friar.*³

Bu. How is it with my honour'd mistress?

Ta. O servant, help, and save me from the
gripes

¹ A room in Montsurry's house.

² Certainty.

³ Q. 1641 omits. But we must suppose that D'Ambois
and the Friar have withdrawn during PERO's presence.

Of shame and infamy. Our love is known:
Your Monsieur hath a paper where is writ
Some secret tokens that decipher it. ³⁰

Bu. What cold dull northern brain, what fool
but he

Durst take into his Epimethean breast
A box of such plagues as the danger yields
Incurr'd in this discovery? He had better
Ventur'd his breast in the consuming reach ³⁵
Of the hot surfeits cast out of the clouds,
Or stood the bullets that (to wreak the sky)
The Cyclops ram in Jove's artillery.

Fr. We soon will take the darkness from his
face

That did that deed of darkness, we will know ⁴⁰
What now the Monsieur and your husband do;
What is contain'd within the secret paper
Offer'd by Monsieur, and your love's events:
To which ends, honour'd daughter, at your mo-
tion,

I have put on these exorcising rites, ⁴⁵
And, by my power of learned holiness
Vouchsaft me from above, I will command
Our resolution⁴ of a raised spirit.

Ta. Good father, raise him in some beauteous
form
That with least terror I may brook his sight. ⁵⁰

Fr. Stand sure together, then, whate'er ye
see,
And stir not, as ye tender all our lives.

He puts on his robes.
Occidentalium legionum spiritualium imperator
(magnus ille Behemoth) veni, veni, comitatus cum
Asaroth locotenente invicto Adjuro te per Stygis ⁵⁵
inscrutabilia arcana, per ipsos irremediabiles anfractus
Averni: adesto o Behemoth, tu qui perna sunt
Magnatum screenia; veni, per Noctis & tenebrarum
abditia profundissima, per labentia sidera, per ipsos
motus horarum furtivos, Hecatesque altum ⁶⁰
tuum Appare in forma spiritali, lucente, splendida
& amabili.

[Thunder. *Ascendit Behemoth with*
Cartophylax and other spirits.]

Beh. What would the holy Friar?

Fr. I would see
What now the Monsieur and Montsurry do;
And see the secret paper that the Monsieur
Offer'd to Count Montsurry, longing much
To know on what events the secret loves
Of these two honour'd persons shall arrive.

Beh. Why call'st thou me to this accursed
light

To these light purposes? I am emperor ⁷⁰
Of that inscrutable darkness where are hid
All deepest truths, and secrets never seen,
All which I know, and command legions
Of knowing spirits that can do more than
these.

Any of this my guard that circle me ⁷⁵
In these blue fires, and out of whose dim fumes
Vast murmurs use to break, and from their
sounds

Articulate voices, can do ten parts more
Than open such slight truths as you require.

Fr. From the last night's black depth I call'd
up one ⁸⁰

⁴ Info tion.

Of the inferior ablest ministers,
And he could not resolve me. Send one then
Out of thine own command, to fetch the paper
That Monsieur hath to show to Count Montsury.

Beh. I will. Cartophylax, thou that properly
Hast in thy power all papers so inscrib'd,⁸⁶
Glide through all bars to it and fetch that paper

Cartoph. I will. *A torch removes.*

Fr. Till he returns, great prince of darkness,
Tell me if Monsieur and the Count Montsury
Are yet encounter'd?

Beh. Both them and the Guise
Are now together.

Fr. Show us all their persons,⁹¹
And represent the place, with all their actions.

Beh. The spirit will straight return; and then
I'll show thee.

See, he is come, why brought'st thou not the
paper?

Cartoph. He hath prevented me, and got a
spirit

Rais'd by another, great in our command,⁹⁶
To take the guard of it before I came.

Beh. This is your slackness, not t' invoke our
powers

When first your acts set forth to their effects;
Yet shall you see it and themselves. Behold
They come here, and the Earl now holds the
paper.¹⁰¹

Enter Monsieur, GUISE, MONTSURY, *with a*
paper.

Bu. May we not hear them?

Fr. No, be still and see.

Bu. I will go fetch the paper.

Fr. Do not stir;

There's too much distance and too many locks
Twixt you and them, how near soe'er they seem,
For any man to interrupt their secrets.¹⁰⁶

Ta. O honour'd spirit, fly into the fancy
Of my offended lord, and do not let him
Believe what there the wicked man hath written.

Beh. Persuasion hath already enter'd him¹¹⁰
Beyond reflection; peace till their departure!

*Mo.*¹ There is a glass of ink² where you may see
How to make ready black-fac'd tragedy.

You now discern, I hope, through all her paint-
ings,

Her gasping wrinkles, and fame's sepulchres.¹¹⁵

Gu. Think you he feigns, my lord? What
hold you now?

Do we malign your wife, or honour you?

Mo. What, stricken dumb! Nay lie, lord, be
not daunted;

Your case is common; were it ne'er so rare,
Bear it as rarely. Now to laugh were manly.¹²⁰

A worthy man should imitate the weather
That sings in tempests, and being clear is silent.

Gu. Go home, my lord, and force your wife
to write

Such loving lines to D'Ambois as she us'd.

When she desir'd his presence,

Mo. Do, my lord,¹²⁵

¹ Monsieur, Guise, and Montsury presently appear
at the back of the stage.

² I. e. a written document.

And make her name her conceal'd messenger,
That close and most innumerable³ pander,
That passeth all our studies to exquire;⁴
By whom convey the letter to her love.
And so you shall be sure to have him come¹³⁰
Within the thirsty reach of your revenge;
Before which, lodge an ambush in her chamber
Behind the arras, of your stoutest men
All close⁵ and soundly arm'd; and let them
share

A spirit amongst them that would serve a thou-
sand.¹³⁵

Enter PERO *with a letter.*

Gu. Yet stay a little; see, she sends for you.

Mo. Poor, loving lady; she'll make all good
yet,

Think you not so, my lord?

MONTSURY *stabs* PERO *and exits.*

Gu. Alas, poor soul!

Mo. That was cruelly done, i' faith.

Pe. 'Twas nobly done.

And I forgive his lordship from my soul.¹⁴⁰

Mo. Then much good do't thee, Pero! Hast
a letter?

Pe. I hope it rather be a bitter volume

Of worthy curses for your perjury.

Gu. To you, my lord.

Mo. To me? Now, out upon her.

Gu. Let me see, my lord.¹⁴⁵

Mo. You shall presently. How fares my Pero?

Enter Servant.

Who's there? Take in this maid, sh'as caught
a clap,

And fetch my surgeon to her. Come, my lord,

We'll now peruse our letter.

Exeunt Monsieur, GUISE. *Lead her out.*

Pe. Furies rise

Out of the black lines, and torment his soul.¹⁵⁰

Ta. Hath my lord slain my woman?

Beh. No, she lives.

Fr. What shall become of us?

Beh. All I can say,

Being call'd thus late, is brief, and darkly this:
If D'Ambois' mistress dye not her⁶ white hand

In her forc'd blood, he shall remain untoucht:

So, father, shall yourself, but by yourself.¹⁵⁵

To make this augury plainer: by the voice

Of D'Ambois shall invoke me, I will rise,

Shining in greater light: and show him all

That will betide ye all. Meantime be wise,

And curb his valour with your policies.¹⁶¹

Descendit cum suis.

Bu. Will he appear to me when I invoke him?

Fr. He will, be sure.

Bu. It must be shortly then:

For his dark words have tied my thoughts on
knots,

Till he dissolve, and free them.

Ta. In meantime,¹⁶⁵

Dear servant, till your powerful voice revoke⁷

him,

³ Indescribable.

⁴ Find out.

⁵ 'dden.

⁶ Qq. *his*

⁷ Call back-

Be sure to use the policy he advis'd ;
 Lest fury in your too quick knowledge taken
 Of our abuse, and your defence of me,
 Accuse me more than any enemy ; 170
 And, father, you must on my lord impose
 Your holiest charges, and the Church's power
 To temper his hot spirit and disperse
 The cruelty and the blood I know his hand
 Will shower upon our heads, if you put not 175
 Your finger to the storm, and hold it up,
 As my dear servant here must do with Monsieur.

Bu. I'll soothe his plots, and strow my hate
 with smiles,

Till all at once the close mines of my heart
 Rise at full date, and rush into his blood. 180
 I'll bind his arm in silk, and rub his flesh,
 To make the vein swell, that his soul may gush
 Into some kennel, where it longs to lie,
 And policy shall be flankt¹ with policy.
 Yet shall the feeling centre where we meet 185
 Groan with the weight of my approaching feet ;
 I'll make th' inspired thresholds of his court
 Sweat with the weather of my horrid steps,
 Before I enter ; yet will I appear 190
 Like calm security before a ruin.
 A politician must, like lightning, melt
 The very marrow, and not taint the skin :
 His ways must not be seen ; the superficies
 Of the green centre² must not taste his feet,
 When hell is plow'd up with his wounding
 tracts ;

And all his harvest reapt by hellish facts. 196
Exeunt.

ACT V

SCENE I.³

*MONTSURRY bare, unbraced, pulling TAMYRA
 in by the hair ; Friar. One bearing light, a
 standish⁴ and paper, which sets a table.*

Ta. Oh, help me, father.

Fr. Impious earl, forbear.
 Take violent hand from her, or by mine order
 The King shall force thee.

Mont. 'Tis not violent ;
 Come you not willingly ?

Ta. Yes, good my lord.

Fr. My lord, remember that your soul must
 seek
 Her peace, as well as your revengeful blood.
 You ever to this hour have prov'd yourself
 A noble, zealous, and obedient son,
 T' your holy mother ; be not an apostate.
 Your wife's offence serves not, were it the
 worst 10

You can imagine, without greater proofs,
 To sever your eternal bonds and hearts ;
 Much less to touch her with a bloody hand ;
 Nor is it manly, much less husbandly,
 To expiate any frailty in your wife 15
 With churlish strokes or beastly odds of
 strength.

The stony birth of clouds⁵ will touch no laurel,

¹ Outflanked.

⁴ Case for pen and ink.

² Earth.

⁵ Thunderbolt.

³ A room in onts y's house.

Nor any sleeper ; your wife is your laurel,
 And sweetest sleeper ; do not touch her then ;
 Be not more rude than the wild seed of vapour,⁶
 To her that is more gentle than that rude ;
 In whom kind nature suffer'd one offence
 But to set off her other excellence.

Mont. Good father, leave us, interrupt no
 more

The course I must run for mine honour sake. 25
 Rely on my love to her, which her fault
 Cannot extinguish. Will she but disclose
 Who was the secret minister of her love,
 And through what maze he serv'd it, we are
 friends.

Fr. It is a damn'd work to pursue those
 secrets 30
 That would open more sin, and prove springs of
 slaughter ;

Nor is 't a path for Christian feet to tread,
 But out of all way to the health of souls,
 A sin impossible to be forgiven ;
 Which he that dares commit — 35

Mont. Good father, cease your terrors ;
 Tempt not a man distracted, I am apt
 To outrages that I shall ever rue ;
 I will not pass the verge that bounds a Christian,
 Nor break the limits of a man nor husband. 40

Fr. Then Heaven inspire you both with
 thoughts and deeds

Worthy his high respect, and your own souls.

Ta. Father !

Fr. I warrant thee, my dearest daughter,
 He will not touch thee ; think'st thou him a
 pagan ?

His honour and his soul lies for thy safety. 45

Exit.
Mont. Who shall remove the mountain from
 my breast ?

Stand [in]⁶ the opening furnace of my thoughts,
 And set fit outcries for a soul in hell ?

MONTSURRY turns a key.
 For now it nothing fits my woes to speak
 But thunder, or to take into my throat 50
 The trump of heaven, with whose determi-
 te⁷ blast

The winds shall burst, and the devouring seas
 Be drunk up in his sounds ; that my hot woes
 (Vented enough) I might convert to vapour,
 Ascending from my infamy unseen ; 55
 Shorten the world, preventing⁸ the last breath.
 That kills the living and regenerates death.⁹

Ta. My lord, my fault (as you may censure¹⁰
 it

With too strong arguments) is past your pardon :
 But how the circumsances may excuse me 60
 Heaven knows, and your more temperate mind
 hereafter

May let my penitent miseries make you know.

Mont. Hereafter ? 'Tis a suppos'd infinite,
 That from this point will rise eternally.
 Fame grows in going ; in the scapes¹¹ of virtue¹¹
 Excuses damn her : they be fires in cities
 Enrag'd with those winds that less lights ex-
 tinguish.

⁶ Qq omit. Boas emend.

⁹ The dear.

⁷ Final (Boas.)

¹⁰ Judge.

⁸ Anticipating.

¹¹ capades.

Come, syren, sing, and dash against my rocks
Thy ruffian galley, rigg'd with quench for lust;
Sing, and put all the nets into thy voice ⁷⁰
With which thou drew'st into thy strumpet's lap
The spawn of Venus, and in which ye danc'd,
That, in thy lap's stead, I may dig his tomb,
And quit his manhood with a woman's sleight,
Who never is deceiv'd in her deceit. ⁷⁵
Sing (that is, write), and then take from mine
eyes

The mists that hide the most inscrutable pander
That ever lapt up¹ an adulterous vomit,
That I may see the devil, and survive
To be a devil, and then learn to wive; ⁸⁰
That I may hang him, and then cut him down,
Then cut him up, and with my soul's beams
search

The cranks and caverns of his brain, and study
The errant wilderness of a woman's face;
Where men cannot get out, for² all the comets ⁸⁵
That have been lighted at it, though they know
That adders lie a-sunning in their smiles,
That basilisks drink their poison from their eyes,
And no way there to coast out to their hearts,
Yet still they wander there, and are not stay'd ⁹⁰
Till they be fetter'd, nor secure before
All cares devour them; nor in human consort
Till they embrace within their wife's two
breasts

All Pelion and Cythaeron with their beasts. ⁹⁴
Why write you not?

Ta. O good my lord, forbear
In wreak³ of great faults, to engender greater,
And make my love's corruption generate
murder.

Mont. It follows needfully as child and
parent;

The chain-shot of thy lust is yet aloft,
And it must murder; 'tis thine own dear
twin: ¹⁰⁰

No man can add height to a woman's sin.
Vice never doth her just hate so provoke,
As when she rageth under virtue's cloak.
Write! for it must be — by this ruthless steel,
By this impartial torture, and the death ¹⁰⁵
Thy tyrannies have invented in my entrails,
To quicken life in dying, and hold up
The spirits in fainting, teaching to preserve,
Torments in ashes, that will ever last. ¹⁰⁹
Speak! Will you write?

Ta. Sweet lord, enjoin my sin
Some other penance than what makes it
worse;

Hide in some gloomy dungeon my loath'd face,
And let condemned murderers let me down
(Stopping their noses) my abhorred food:
Hang me in chains, and let me eat these arms
That have offended; bind me face to face ¹¹⁵
To some dead woman, taken from the cart
Of execution, till death and time
In grains of dust dissolve me, I'll endure;
Or any torture that your wrath's invention ¹²⁰
Can fright all pity from the world withal;
But⁴ betray a friend with show of friendship,
That is too common for the rare revenge

Your rage affecteth. Here then are my breasts,
Last night your pillows; here my wretched
arms, ¹²⁵

As late the wished confines of your life;
Now break them as you please, and all the
bounds

Of manhood, noblesse, and religion.

Mont. Where all these have been broken,
they are kept,

In doing their justice there with any show ¹³⁰
Of the like cruel cruelty; thine arms have lost
Their privilege in lust, and in their torture
Thus they must pay it. *Stabs her.*

Ta. O Lord!

Mont. Till thou writest,
I'll write in wounds (my wrong's fit characters)
Thy right of sufferance. Write.

Ta. Oh, kill me, kill me; ¹³⁵
Dear husband, be not crueller than death,
You have beheld some Gorgon, feel, oh, feel
How you are turn'd to stone. With my heart-
blood

Dissolve yourself again, or you will grow
Into the image of all tyranny. ¹⁴⁰

Mont. As thou art of adultery; I will ever
Prove thee my parallel, being most a monster;
Thus I express thee yet. *Stabs her again.*

Ta. And yet I live.

Mont. Ay, for thy monstrous idol is not done
yet;

This tool hath wrought enough; now, torture,
use ¹⁴⁵

Enter Servants.

This other engine⁴ on th' habituate powers
Of her thrice-damn'd and whorish fortitude.
Use the most madding pains in her that ever
Thy venoms soak'd through, making most of
death;

That she may weigh her wrongs with them,
and then ¹⁵⁰

Stand vengeance on thy steepest rock, a victor.

Ta. Oh, who is turn'd into my lord and hus-
band?

Husband! My lord! None but my lord and
husband!

Heaven, I ask thee remission of my sins,
Not of my pains; husband, oh, help me, hus-
band! ¹⁵⁵

Ascendit Friar with a sword drawn.

Fr. What rape of honour and religion —
Oh, wrack of nature! *Falls and dies.*

Ta. Poor man; oh, my father.
Father, look up; oh, let me down, my lord,
And I will write.

Mont. Author of prodigies!
What new flame breaks out of the firmament, ¹⁶⁰
That turns up counsels never known before?
Now is it true, earth moves, and heaven stands
still;

Even heaven itself must see and suffer ill.
The too huge bias of the world hath sway'd
Her back part upwards, and with that she
braves ¹⁶⁵

¹ Hid.

² In spite of.

³ Revenge.

⁴ Tamara is now put on the rack.

This hemisphere, that long her mouth hath
mockt;

The gravity of her religious face,
(Now grown too weighty with her sacrilege,
And here discern'd sophisticate enough/
Turns to th' antipodes, and all the forms 170
That her illusions have imprest in her,
Have eaten through her back, and now all see,
How she is riveted with hypocrisy.
Was this the way? Was he the mean betwixt
you?

Ta. He was, he was, kind worthy man, he
was. 175

Mont. Write, write a word or two.

Ta. I will, I will.
I'll write, but with my blood, that he may see
These lines come from my wounds, and not
from me. 178

Mont. Well might he die for thought, me-
thinks the frame
And shaken joints of the whole world should
crack 180

To see her parts so disproportionate;
And that his¹ general beauty cannot stand
Without these stains in the particular man.
Why wander I so far? Here, here was she
That was a whole world without spot to me,
Though now a world of spots. Oh, what a
lightning 185

Is man's delight in women! What a bubble
He builds his state, fame, life on, when he
marries!

Since all earth's pleasures are so short and small,
The way t' enjoy it, is t' abjure it all. 190
Enough! I must be messenger myself,
Disguis'd like this strange creature. In, I'll
after,

To see what guilty light gives this cave eyes,
And to the world sing new impieties.

*He puts the Friar in the vault and
follows. She wraps herself in the
arras. Exeunt [servants].*

[SCENE II.]²

Enter Monsieur and GUISE.

Mo. Now shall we see that Nature hath no
end

In her great works responsive to their worths,
That she, that makes so many eyes and souls
To see and foresee, is stark blind herself;
And as illiterate men say Latin prayers 5
By rote of heart and daily iteration,
Not knowing what they say,³ so Nature lays
A deal of stuff together, and by use,
Or by the mere necessity of matter,
nds such a work, fills it, or leaves it empty 10

¹ *Her*, referring to world, would be expected. *His*
seems to refer to man, in next line.

² A room in Montsurry's house.

³ In place of *Not . . . say*, Qq. 1607, 8 read,
*In whose hot zeal a man would think they knew
What they say so away with, and were sure
To have rewards proportion'd to their labours;
Yet may implore their own confusions
For anything they know, which often times
It fails out they recuse.*

Of strength or virtue, error or clear truth,
Not knowing what she does, but usually
Gives that which she calls merit to a man,
And belief must arrive⁴ him on huge riches,
Honour, and happiness, that effects his ruin; 15
Even as in ships of war, whose lasts⁵ of powder
Are laid, men think,⁶ to make them last, and
guard them,

When a disorder'd spark, that powder taking,
Blows up with sudden violence and horror
Ships that kept empty, had sail'd long, with
terror. 20

Gu. He that observes, but like a worldly man,
That which doth oft succeed, and by th' events
Values the worth of things, will think it true
That Nature works at random, just with you;
But with as much proportion she may make 25
A thing that from the feet up to the throat
Hath all the wondrous fabric man should have,
And leave it headless, for a perfect man.
As give a full man valour, virtue, lear'ning,
Without an end more excellent than thos'. 30
On whom she no such worthy part bestows.

Mo. Yet shall you see it here; here will be
one
Young, learned, valiant, virtuous, and full
mann'd;

One on whom Nature spent so rich a ho'd
That with an ominous eye she wept to see 35
So much consum'd her virtuous treasure.⁷
Yet, as the winds sing through a hollow tree,
And (since it lets them pass through) lets it
stand;

But a tree solid (since it gives no way
To their wild rage) they rend up by the root; 40
So this whole man,
(That will not wind with every crooked way,
Trod by the servile world) shall reel and fall
Before the frantic puffs of blind-⁸ chance,
That pipes through empty men and dikes them
dance. 45

Not so the sea raves on the Lybia⁹ sands,
Tumbling her billows in each other's neck;
Not so the surges of the Euxine, sea
(Near to the frosty pole, where f'reebooters
From those dark deep waves tug their radiant
team) 50

Swell, being enrag'd even from their inmost
drop,

As Fortune swings about the restless state
Of virtue, now thrown into all menhate.

Enter MONTSURRY disguis'd with th' murderers.

Away, my lord, you are perfectly disguis'd, 55
Leave us to lodge your ambush.

Mont. Speed me, vengeance. *Eri*
Mo. Resolve, my masters, you shall meet with
one

Will try what proofs your privacy¹⁰ are made
on;

When he is ent'red, and you hear stamp,
Approach, and make all sure;

Murd. We will, my lord. Exeunt.

⁴ Bring.

⁵ Loads.

⁶ Boas amend to methinks.

⁷ To their uses (Boas.)

⁸ Store of lies.

⁹ Coast of

[SCENE III.]¹

D'AMBOIS with two Pages with tapers.

Bu. Sit up to-night, and watch; I'll speak with none

But the old Friar, who bring to me.

Pa. We will, sir. *Ereunt.*

Bu. What violent heat is this? Methinks the fire

Of twenty lives doth on a sudden flash
Through all my faculties; the air goes high
In this close chamber, and the frighted earth

Thunder.
Trembles, and shrinks beneath me; the whole house

Nods with his shaken burthen.

Enter Umbra Friar.

Bless me, heaven!

Um. Note what I want, dear son, and be fore-
warn'd;

O these are bloody deeds past and to come. 10
I cannot stay, a fate doth ravish me;

I'll meet thee in the chamber of thy love. *Erit.*

Bu. What dismal change is here; the good
of Friar

Is murder'd; being made known to serve my
love;

And now his restless spirit would forewarn me
Of some yet dangerous and imminent.

Note who he wants? He wants his upper weed,
He wants his life and body, which of these
Should he want he means, and may supply
me

With any forewarning? This strange vision
(Together with the dark prediction

Used by a Prince of Darkness that was rais'd
By this dull'd shadow) stir my thoughts

With remission² of the spirit's promise,
Who told that by any invocation

I should at power to raise him, though it
want

The power of words and decent rights of art.
Never had I set brain such need of spirit

T' instruct; cheer it; now, then, I will claim
Performances of his free and gentle vow

T' appear life-giving light, and make more plain
His rugged fare. I long to know

How my dear mistress fares, and be inform'd
What hand yet holds on the troubled blood

Of her once lord Methought the spirit 25
(When he better'd his perplex presage)

Threw his dear countenance headlong into
clouds

His forehead, as it would hide his face,
He knock'd his nun against his dark'ned breast,

And struck a ghastly silence through his
last power

Tell me of old woe! O, thou king of flames!
That with a till is footed horse dost strike

The clear dust of crystal on dark earth,
And hear the active fire about the world, 44

Wake, all pity-drowsy and enchanted night,
That sleep a friend eyes in this heavy riddle!

Or thou summe of shades, where never sun

1 A room 2 I's house.

2 Rememb ce.

Sticks his far-darted beams, whose eyes are
made

To shine in darkness, and see ever best

Where men are blindest, open now the heart 50

Of thy abashed oracle, that, for fear

Of some ill it includes, would fain he hid,

And rise thou with it in thy greater light.

Thunders. Surgit Spiritus cum suis.

Beh. Thus to observe my vow of apparition

In greater light, and explicate thy fate, 55

I come; and tell thee that if thou obey

The summons that thy mistress next will send

thee,

Her hand shall be thy death.

Bu. When will she send?

Beh. Soon as I set again, where late I rose. 60

Bu. Is the old Friar slain?

Beh. No, and yet lives not.

Bu. Died he a natural death?

Beh. He did.

Bu. Who then

Will my dear mistress send?

Beh. I must not tell thee.

Bu. Who lets³ thee?

Beh. Fate.

Bu. Who are fate's ministers?

Beh. The Guise and Monsieur.

Bu. A fit pair of shears

To cut the threads of kings and kingly spirits,

And consorts fit to sound forth harmony, 65

Set to the falls of kingdoms: shall the hand

Of my kind mistress kill me?

Beh. If thou yield

To her next summons, y'are fair-warn'd: fare-
well!

Thunders. Exit.

Bu. I must fare well, however, though I die,

My death consenting⁴ with his augury. 70

Should not my powers obey when she commands,

My motion must be rebel to my will,

My will to life: if, when I have obey'd,

Her hand should so reward me, they must arm
it, 75

Bind me or force it: or, I lay my life,

She rather would convert it many times

On her own bosom, even to many deaths;

But were there danger of such violence,

I know 'tis far from her intent to send; 80

And who she should send is as far from thought,

Since he is dead, whose only mean she us'd.

Knocks.

Who's there! Look to the door, and let him in,

Though politic Monsieur or the violent Guise.

Enter MONTSURRY, like the Friar, with a letter

written in blood.

Mont. Hail to my worthy son.

Bu. Oh, lying spirit! 85

To say the Friar was dead; I'll now believe 88

³ Prevents. ⁴ Agreeing.

⁵ O lying . . . calls him. For these lines, Qq 1607, 8,

read

Buss. O lying Spirit! Welcome, loved father,

How fares my dearest mistress?

Mont. Well as ever,

Bring well as ever thought on by her lord;

Whereof she sends this witness in her hand,

And prays, for urgent cause, your speediest presence.

Nothing of all his forg'd predictions.
My kind and honour'd father, well reviv'd,
I have been frighted with your death and mine,
And told my mistress' hand should be my death
If I obey'd this summons.

Mont. I believ'd
Your love had been much clearer than to give
Any such doubt a thought, for she is clear,
And having freed her husband's jealousy
(Of which her much abus'd hand here is witness)
She prays, for urgent cause, your instant presence.

Bu. Why, then your prince of spirits may be
call'd
The prince of liars.

Mont. Holy Writ so calls him.
Bu. What, writ in blood?
Mont. Ay, 't is the ink of lovers.
Bu. O, 't is a sacred witness of her love.
So much elixir of her blood as this
Dropt in the lightest dame, would make her firm
As heat to fire; and, like to all the signs,¹
Commands the life confin'd in all my veins.
O, how it multiplies my blood with spirit.
And makes me apt t' encounter death and hell.
But come, kind father, you fetch me to heaven,
And to that end your holy weed was given.

Exeunt.

[SCENE IV.]²

Thunder. *Intrat Umbra Friar, and discovers
TAMARA.*

Um. Up with these stupid thoughts, still
loved daughter,
And strike away this heartless trance of an-
guish.

Be like the sun, and labour in eclipses,
Look to the end of woes. Oh, can you sit
Mustering the horrors of your servant's slaugh-
ter

Before your contemplation, and not study
How to prevent it? Watch when he shall rise,
And with a sudden outcry of his murder,
Blow his retreat before he be revenged.

Ta. O father, have my dumb woes wak'd
your death?

When will our human griefs be at their height?
Man is a tree that hath no top in cares,
No root in comforts; all his power to live
Is given to no end, but t' have power to grieve.

Um. It is the misery of our creation.
Your true friend,
Led by your husband, shadowed in my weed,
Now enters the dark vault.

Ta. But, my dearest father,
Why will not you appear to him yourself,
And see that none of these deceits annoy him?

Um. My power is limited; alas! I cannot.
All that I can do—See, the cave opens.

Exit. D'AMBOIS at the gulf.

¹ Of the zodiac. ² A room in Montsurry's house.

³ In place of the first six lines, Qq. 1807, S read,
*For he has not yet been reviv'd and so not this
servant's slaughter*
(So urg'd by your hand, and so imminent)
Into an idle fancy; but devise

⁴ Give the signal for.

Ta. Away, my love, away; thou wilt be
murder'd!

Enter Monsieur and GUISE above.

Bu. Murder'd; I know not what that He-
brew means;
That word had ne'er been nam'd had all been
D'Ambois.

Murder'd? By heaven he is my murderer
That shows me not a murderer, what such bug
Abhorrest not the very sleep of D'Ambois?
Murder'd? Who dares give all the room I see
To D'Ambois' reach? or look with any odds
His fight i' th' face, upon whose hand sits
death,

Whose sword hath wings, and every feather
pierceth?

If I scape Monsieur's 'pothecary shops,
Foutre⁵ for Guise's shambles! 'T was ill
plotted;

They should have maul'd me here,
When I was rising. I am up and ready.
Let in my politic visitants, let them in,
Though entering like so many moving armour,
Fate is more strong than aims annually than
treason.

And I at all parts buckl'd in my fat-

Mo. } Why enter not the coward villains?
Gu. }

Bu. Dare they not come?

Enter Murderers with Friar at the other door.

Ta. They come.
1 Mur. Come all at once.

Um. Back, coward murderers, back.

Omn. Defend us, heaven.
Exeunt all but the first.

1 Mur. Come ye not on?

Bu. No, slave, nor got thou off.
[Sires at him.]

Stand you so firm? Will it not ent here?
You have a face yet; so in thy life flame
I burn the first rites to my mistress' fame.

Um. Breathe thee, brave son, gainst the
other charge.

Bu. Oh, is it true then that my sense first told
me?

Is my kind father dead?

Ta. He is, my love.
'T was the Earl, my husband, in his weed that
brought thee.

Bu. That was a speeding sleight⁷ and well
resembled.

Where is that angry Earl? My lord, come
forth

And show your own face in your own affair;
Take not into your noble veins the blood
Of these base villains, nor the light reports
Of blister'd tongues for clear and weighty
truth.

But me against the world, in pure defence
Of your rare lady, to whose spotless name
I stand here as a bulwark, and protect
A life to her renown, that ever yet

⁵ Terrifying thing.

⁷ A full trick.

⁶ An expression of contempt.

Hath been untainted, even in envy's eye,
And where it would protect a sanctuary.
Brave Earl, come forth, and keep your scandal
in,

'T is not our fault if you enforce the spot 65
Nor the wreak¹ yours if you perform it not.

Enter MONTSURRY, with all the Murderers.

Mont. Cowards, a fiend or spirit beat ye off!
They are your own faint spirits that have forg'd
The fearful shadows that your eyes deluded, 60
The fiend was in you; cast him out then, thus.

D'Ambois hath MONT. down.

Ta. Favour my lord, my love, O, favour him!

Bu. I will not touch him. take your life, my
lord,

And be appeas'd. *Pistols shot within*

Have [■] maim'd themselves, and ever lost their
honour.

Um. What have ye done, slaves? Irreligious

Bu. ^{rd!} What! 75
nor bear them, father; 't is enough for

That ^g Come by me and Monsieur, death and destiny,
But pene and D'Ambois. Is my body, then,
Follow my ^{able} flesh? And must my mind
No aid to blood? Can my divine part add
Then these¹ earthly in extremity? 81

Man is of ^{cf} divines are but for form, not fact.²
A mistress³ sweet courtly friends compact,
Define life and a servant, let my death
Nothing is ^{othing} but a courtier's breath. 85
Their abstrade of nought, of all things made,
I'll not com't being a dream but of a shade.
And, like a lain to earth yet, but to heaven,
And if ^{Ve} can, look upwards even in death.
An emper⁴ ^{Ab}ian thought in majesty 90
might die standing, why not I?

She offers to help him.

Nay, with ^h help, in which I will exceed him.
For he die⁵ ^planted with his chamber grooms.
Prop me, ^e sword, as thou hast ever done
The equal ^{ought} I bear of life and death 95
Shall mak⁶ ^e faint on no side; I am up.
Here like ^{or} nan statue I will stand
Till death ^{made} me marble. Oh, my fame,
Live in de⁷ of murder; take thy wings
And hast⁸ ^{ee} where the grey-ey'd morn per-
fum 100

Her rosy ^{io} with Sabaeen spices;
Fly, where ^e evening from th' Iberian vales,
Takes on ^{sw} arthy shoulders Hecate.
Crown'd w⁹ ^{rove} of oaks; fly where men
feel 105

The burni¹⁰ ^{tree}; and those that suffer 105
Beneath ^{hap} lot of the snowy Bear;
And tell ^{al} that D'Ambois now is hast-
ing 110

To the eter¹¹ ^{dwellers}; that a thunder
Of all their ^{hs} together (for their frailties
Beheld in r¹² ^{mac} quit my worthless fall 110
With a fit ¹³ ^{by} fly my funeral.

¹ Vengeanc
² Then the
not realities, each s of divinity deal with figments,
(as) s)

Um. Forgive thy murderers.

Bu. I forgive them all;
And you, my lord, their fautor, ³ for true sign
Of which unfeign'd remission, take my sword;
Take it, and only give it motion, 115
And it shall find the way to victory
By his own brightness, and th' inherent valour
My fight hath 'still'd into 't, with charms of
spirit.

Now let me pray you that my weighty blood
Laid in one scale of your impartial spleen, 120
May sway the forfeit of my worthy love
Weigh'd in the other, and be reconcil'd
With all forgiveness to your matchless wife.

Ta. Forgive thou me, dear servant, and this
hand

That led thy life to this unworthy end; 125
Forgive it, for the blood with which 't is stain'd,
In which I writ the summons of thy death;
The forced summons, by this bleeding wound,
By this here in my bosom; and by this
That makes me hold up both my hands im-
bru'd 130

For thy dear pardon.

Bu. O, my heart is broken.
Fate, nor these murderers, Monsieur, nor the
Guse,

Have any glory in my death, but this,
This killing spectacle, this prodigy.
My sun is turn'd to blood, in whose red beams
Fendus and Ossa, hid in drifts of snow 135
Laid on my heart and liver, from their veins
Melt like two hungry torrents, eating rocks
Into the ocean of all human life,
And make it bitter, only with my blood. 140
O frail condition of strength, valour, virtue,
In me (like warning fire upon the top
Of some steep beacon on a steeper hill)
Made to express it like a falling star
Silently glanc'd, that like a thunderbolt 145
Lookt to have struck⁴ and shook the firmament.

Moritur.
Um. [My terrors are struck inward, and no
more

My penance will allow they shall enforce
Earthly afflictions but upon myself.]⁵
Farewell, brave relics of a complete man! 150
Look up and see thy spirit made a star,
Join flames with Hercules, and when thou
sett'st
Thy radiant forehead in the firmament,
Make the vast crystal crack with thy receipt;
Spread to a world of fire; and th' aged sky 155
Cheer with new sparks of old humanity.

[To MONT.] Son of the earth, whom my un-
rested soul,
Rues t' have begotten in the faith of heaven;
[Since thy revengeful spirit hath rejected
The charity it commands, and the remission 160
To serve and worship the blind rage of blood]⁶
Assay to gratulate⁷ and pacify
The soul fled from this worthy by perfo ing
The Christian reconciliation he besought 164

³ Patron.

⁴ Boas emend. Qq. stuck.

⁵ Q 1641 omits these lines.

⁶ Gratify.

Betwixt thee and thy lady. Let her wounds
Manlessly¹ digg'd in her, be eas'd and cur'd
With balm of thine own tears; or be assur'd
Never to rest free from my haunt and horror.

Mont. See how she merits this, still kneeling
by,

And mourning his fall more than her own fault.
Um. Remove, dear daughter, and content
thy husband;

So piety wills thee, and thy servant's peace.

Ta. O wretched piety, that art so distract
In thine own constancy, and in thy right
Must be unrighteous. If I right my friend,¹⁷⁵
I wrong my husband; if his wrong I shun,
The duty of my friend I leave undone.

Ill plays on both sides; here and there it riseth;
No place, no good, so good but ill compriseth.
[My soul more scruple breeds, than my blood,¹⁸⁰
sin.

Virtue imposeth more than any stepdame.]¹
O had I never married but for form,
Never vow'd faith but purpos'd to deceive,
Never made conscience of any sin,
But cloak'd it privately and made it common,
Nor never honour'd been in blood or mind,¹⁸⁵
Happy had I been then, as others are
Of the like licence; I had then been honour'd,
Liv'd without envy, custom had benumb'd
All sense of scruple, and all note of frailty,¹⁹⁰
My fame had been untouch'd, my heart un-
broken.

But (shunning all) I strike on all offence,
O husband! Dear friend! O my conscience!

Mo. Come, let's away; my senses are not
proof
Against those plaints.¹⁹⁴

Exeunt GUISE, Monsieur: D'AM-
BOIS is borne off.

Mont. I must not yield to pity, nor to love
So servile and so traitorous. Cease, my blood,
To wrastle with my honour, fame, and judg-
ment. —

Away! Forsake my house; forbear complaints
Where thou hast bred them: here all things
[are] full²⁰⁰

Of their own shame and sorrow; leave my
house.

¹ Inhumanly.

² Omitted in Q 1641.

Ta. Sweet lord, forgive me, and I will be
gone,

And till these wounds, that never balm shall close
Till death hath enter'd at them, so I love them,
Being opened by your hands, by death be cur'd,
I never more will grieve you with my sight,²⁰⁵
Never endure that any roof shall part
Mine eyes and heaven, but to the open deserts
(Like to a hunted tigress) I will fly,
Eating my heart, shunning the steps of men,
And look on no side till I be arriv'd.²¹¹

Mont. I do forgive thee, and upon my knees,
With hands held up to heaven, wish that mine
honour

Would suffer reconciliation to my love;
But since it will not, honour never serve
My love with flourishing object till it sterve:³
And as this taper, though it upwards look,²¹⁷
Downwards must needs consume, so let our love;
As having lost his honey, the sweet taste
Runs into savour, and will needs retain²²⁰
A spice of his first parents, till, like life,
It sees and dies; so let our love; and lastly,
As when the flame is suffer'd to look up,
It keeps his lustre, but, being thus turn'd
down,

(His natural course of useful light inverted),²²⁵
His own stuff puts it out; so let our love.
Now turn from me, as here I turn from thee,
And may both points of heaven's straight axle-
tree

Conjoin in one, before thyself and me.

Exeunt severally.

EPILOGUE

WITH many hands you have seen D'Ambois
slam,

Yet by your grace he may revive again,
And every day grow stronger in his skill
To please, as we presume he is in will.
The best deserving actors of the time⁵
Had their ascents, and by degrees did climb
To their full height, a place to study due.
To make him tread in their path lies in you;
He'll not forget his makers, but still prove
His thankfulness as you increase your love.¹²

³ Perish.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

BY
BEN JONSON

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

KNOWELL, an old Gentleman.
EDWARD KNOWELL, his Son.
BRAINWORM, the Father's Man.
[Enter] DOCKWORTH, a Water-bearer.
WALLBRED, his Servant.
KITELY, a Merchant.
CAPTAIN BOBADILL, a Paul's Man.
MASTER STEPHEN, a Country Gull.
MASTER MATHEW, the Town Gull.
[THOMAS] CASH, Kitely's Man.

[OLIVER] COB, a Water-bearer.
JUSTICE CLEMENT, an old merry Magistrate.
ROGER FORMAL, his Clerk.
[Wallbred's Servant.]

DAME KITELY, Kitely's Wife.
MISTRESS BRIDGET, his Sister.
TIB, Cob's Wife.

[Servants, etc.]

SCENE. — *London.*

PROLOGUE

THOUGH need make many poets, and some such
As art and nature have not better'd much;
Yet ours for want hath not so lov'd the stage,
As he dare serve th' ill customs of the age,
Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
As, for it, he himself must justly hate. 6
To make a child now swaddled, to proceed
Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
Past threescore years; or, with three rusty swords,
And help of some few foot-and-half-foot words, 20
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
And in the tiring-house² bring wounds to scars.
He rather prays you will be pleas'd to see
One such to-day, as other plays should be;
Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas, 24
Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please;
Nor nimble squib is seen to make afeard
The gentlewomen; nor roll'd bullet heard
To say, it thunders; nor tempestuous drum
Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come;
But deeds, and language, such as men do use, 28
And persons, such as comedy would choose,
When she would shew an image of the times,
And sport with human folhes, not with crimes;
Except we make 'em such, by loving still 32
Our popular errors, when we know they're ill.
I mean such errors as you'll all confess,
By laughing at them, they deserve no less:
Which when you heartily do, there's hope left then,
You, that have so grac'd monsters, may like men. 36

ACT I

SCENE I.³

[Enter] KNOWELL, [at the door of his house.]

Know. A goodly day toward, and a fresh
morning.—
Brainworm!

¹ A frequenter of the aisle of St. Paul's Cathedral.

² Dressing-room.

³ A street in London.

[Enter BRAINWORM.]

Call up your young master: bid him rise, sir.
Tell him, I have some business to employ him.

Brai. I will, sir, presently.

Know. But hear you, sirrah,
If he be at his book, disturb him not. 6

Brai. Well, sir.

[Exit.]

Know. How happy yet should I esteem my-
self,

Could I, by any pretence, wean the boy

From one vain course of study he affects. 10
 He is a scholar, if a man may trust
 The liberal voice of fame in her report,
 Of good account in both our Universities,
 Either of which hath favour'd him with graces
 But their indulgence must not spring in me 15
 A fond¹ opinion that he cannot err.
 Myself was once a student, and, indeed,
 Fed with the self-same humour he is now,
 Dreaming on nought but idle poetry,
 That fruitless and unprofitable art, 20
 Good unto none, but least to the professors;
 Which then I thought the mistress of all know-
 ledge;
 But since, time and the truth have wak'd my
 judgment,
 And reason taught me better to distinguish
 The vain from th' useful learnings.

[Enter MASTER STEPHEN]

Cousin Stephen, 25
 What news with you, that you are here so
 early?

Step. Nothing, but e'en come to see how you
 do, uncle.

Know. That's kindly done; you are welcome,
 coz. 30

Step. Ay, I know that, sir; I would not ha'
 come else. How does my cousin Edward, uncle?
 Know. O, well, coz; go in and see; I doubt
 he be scarce stirring yet. 34

Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me,
 an he have e'er a book of the sciences of hawk-
 ing and hunting; I would fain borrow it.

Know. Why, I hope you will not a hawking
 now, will you? 38

Step. No, wusse;² but I'll practise against
 next year, uncle. I have bought me a hawk, and
 a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a
 book to keep it by.

Know. Oh, most ridiculous!

Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, [40
 uncle. — Why, you know an a man have not
 skill in the hawking and hunting languages now-
 a-days, I'll not give a rush for him: they are
 more studied than the Greek, or the Latin. [45
 He is for no gallant's company without 'em; and
 by gadslid³ I scorn it, I, so I do, to be a consort
 for every humdrum: hang 'em, seroyles!⁴
 there's nothing in 'em i' the world. What do
 you talk on it? Because I dwell at Hogsden.⁵ [50
 I shall keep company with none but the archers
 of Finsbury, or the citizens that come a duck-
 ing to Islington ponds! A fine jest, i' faith!
 'Slid,³ a gentleman mun⁶ show himself like a
 gentleman. Uncle, I pray you be not angry; I
 know what I have to do, I trow, I am no [55
 novice.

Know. You are a prodigal, absurd coxcomb,
 go to!

Nay, never look at me, 't is I that speak;
 Take 't as you will, sir, I'll not flatter you.
 'Ha' you not yet found means enow to waste 60

¹ Foolish.

² I-wis, certainly

³ By God's eyelid — one of the frequent oaths by parts
 of Christ's body.

⁴ Scabs, soury fello

⁵ Hoxton.

⁶ ust.

That which your friends have left you, but you
 must

Go cast away your money on a kite,
 And know not how to keep it, when you ha'
 done?

O, it's comely! This will make you a gentle-
 man! 60

Well, cousin, well, I see you are e'en past hope
 Of all reclaim. — Ay, so, now you are told on 't,
 You look another way.

Step. What would you ha' me do?

Know. What would I have you do? I'll tell
 you, kinsman,

Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive;
 That would I have you do. and not to spend 75
 Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
 Or every foolish brain that humours you.
 I would not have you to invade each place,
 Nor thrust yourself on all societies.

Till men's affections, or your own desert, 80
 Should worthily invite you to your rank.

He that is so disrespectful in his courses,
 Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
 Nor would I you should melt away yourself
 In flashing bravery,⁷ lest, while you affect 85

To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
 A little puff of scorn extinguish it;

And you be left like an unsavoury snuff,
 Whose property is only to offend.

I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself, 90
 Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;

But moderate your expenses now, at first,
 As you may keep the same proportion still:

Nor stand so much on your gentility,
 Which is an airy and mere borrow'd thing, 95

From dead men's dust and bones; and none
 yours,

Except you make, or hold it. Who comes here?

SCENE II.⁹

KNOWELL, STEPHEN. [Enter a] Servant.

Serv. Save you, gentlemen!

Step. Nay, we do not stand much on our gen-
 tility, friend; yet you are welcome: and I as-
 sure you mine uncle here is a man of a thousand
 a year, Middlesex land. He has but one son in [5
 all the world, I am his next heir, at the com-
 mon law, master Stephen, as simple as I stand
 here, if my cousin die, as there's hope he will. I
 have a pretty living o' mine own too, beside,
 hard by here. 10

Serv. In good time, sir.

Step. In good time, sir! Why, and in very
 good time, sir! You do not flout, friend, do you?

Serv. Not I, sir.

Step. Not you, sir! you were not best, sir; [15
 an you should, here be them can perceive it, and
 that quickly too; go to: and they can give it
 again soundly too, an need be.

Serv. Why, sit, let this satisfy you; good
 faith, I had no such intent. 20

Step. Sir, an I thought you had, I would talk
 with you, and that presently.¹⁰

⁷ Waste your means on showy clothes.

⁹ The same. The scene-divisions are Jo

¹⁰ At once.

⁸ Desire

n'a.

Serv. Good master Stephen, so you may, sir, at your pleasure.

Step. And so I would, sir, good my saucy [25] companion! An you were out o' mine uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do not stand upon my gentility neither, in 't.

Know. Cousin, cousin, will this ne'er be left?

Step. Whoreson, base fellow! a mechanical [30] serving-man! By this cudgel, an 't were not for shame, I would —

Know. What would you do, you peremptory gull? 1

If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.

You see the honest man demeans himself 35

Modestly tow'rds you, giving no reply

To your unseason'd, quarrelling, rude fashion;

And still you huff 2 it, with a kind of carriage

As void of wit, as of humanity.

Go, get you in; 'fore heaven, I am asham'd 40

Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me.

[*Exit MASTER STEPHEN.*]

Serv. I pray, sir, is this master Knowell's house?

Know. Yes, marry is it, sir. 44

Serv. I should inquire for a gentleman here, one master Edward Knowell; do you know any such, sir, I pray you?

Know. I should forget myself else, sir.

Serv. Are you the gentleman? Cry you mercy, sir: I was requir'd by a gentleman i' the [50] city, as I rode out at this end o' the town, to deliver you this letter, sir.

Know. To me, sir! What do you mean? pray you remember your court'sy. 3 [*Reads.*] *To his most selected friend, master Edward Knowell* [55] What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it? Nay, pray you be cover'd.

Serv. One master Wellbred, sir.

Know. Master Wellbred! a young gentleman, is he not? 60

Serv. The same, sir; master Kitely married his sister; the rich merchant i' the Old Jewry.

Know. You say very true. — Brainworm!

[*Enter BRAINWORM.*]

Brai. Sir. 64

Know. Make this honest friend drink here pray you, go in.

[*Exeunt BRAINWORM and Servant.*]

This letter is directed to my son;

Yet I am Edward Knowell too, and may,

With the safe conscience of good manners, use

The fellow's error to my satisfaction. 70

Well, I will break it ope (old men are curious),

Be it but for the style's sake and the phrase,

To see if both do answer my son's praises,

Who is almost grown the idolater

Of this young Wellbred. What have we here?

What's this? 75

[*Reads.*] Why, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou

forsworn all thy friends i' the Old Jewry? or

dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit there?

Yet, if thou dost, come over, and but see our [75]

frippery; 4 change an old shirt for a whole smock with us, do not conceive that antipathy between us and Hogsden, as was between Jews and hogs-flesh. Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots, evening and [84] morning, o' the north-west wall. An I had been his son, I had sav'd him the labour long since, if taking in all the young wenches that pass by at the back-door, and coddling 5 every kernel of the fruit for 'em, would ha' serv'd. But [85] prithee, come over to me quickly this morning; I have such a present for thee! — our Turkey company never sent the like to the Grand Signior. One is a rhymers, sir, o' your own batch, your own leaven, but doth think himself poet-major o' the town, willing to be shown, and [88] worthy to be seen. The other — I will not venture his description with you, till you come, because I would ha' you make hither with an appetite. If the worst of 'em be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges, as un- [100] conscionable as any Guildhall verdict will give it you, and you shall be allow'd your viaticum. 6

[*From the Windmill.*]

From the Bordello it might come as well, The Spittle, or Pict-hatch. 8 Is this the man Myson hath sung so, for the happiest wit, 108 The choicest brain, the times have sent us forth!

I know not what he may be in the arts, Nor what in schools; but, surely, for his manners,

I judge him a profane and dissolute wretch; Worse by possession of such great good gifts, 110 Being the master of so loose a spirit.

Why, what unhallow'd ruffian would have writ

In such a scurrilous manner to a friend!

Why should he think I tell 9 my apricots,

Or play the Hesperian dragon with my fruit, 115

To watch it? Well, my son, I'd thought

You'd had more judgment t' have made election

Of your companions, than t' have ta'en on trust

Such petulant, jeering gamesters, that can spare

No argument or subject from their jest. 120

But I perceive affection makes a fool

Of any man too much the father. — Brainworm!

[*Enter BRAINWORM.*]

Brai. Sir.

Know. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

Brai. Yes, sir, a pretty while since.

Know. And where's your young master? 125

Brai. In his chamber, sir.

Know. He spake not with the fellow, did he?

Brai. No, sir, he saw him not.

Know. Take you this letter, and deliver it my son; but with no notice that I have open'd it, on your life. 131

Brai. O Lord, sir! that were a jest indeed.

[*Exit.*]

¹ Fool.

² Swagger.

³ Put on your hat. Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. i 103.

⁴ Old clothes shop.

⁷ A tavern.

⁵ Stewing.

⁸ Places of ill-fame.

⁶ Travelling expenses.

⁹ Count.

Know. I am resolv'd I will not stop his journey.
Nor practise any violent means to stay
The unbridled course of youth in him; for
that ¹⁵⁵
Restrain'd grows more impatient; and in kind
Like to the eager, but the generous greyhound,
Who ne'er so little from his game withheld,
Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat.
There is a way of winning more by love ¹⁶⁰
And urging of the modesty, than fear:
Force works on servile natures, not the free.
He that's compell'd to goodness, may be good,
But 'tis but for that fit, where others, drawn
By softness and example, get a habit. ¹⁶⁵
Then, if they stray, but warn 'em, and the same
They should for virtue 've done, they 'll do for
shame. ^[Exit.]

SCENE III.²

<sup>[Enter] E. KNOWELL, [with a letter in his hand,
followed by] BRAINWORM.</sup>

E. Know. Did he open it, say'st thou?

Brai. Yes, o' my word, sir, and read the contents.

E. Know. That scarce contents me. What countenance, prithee, made he i' the reading of it? Was he angry or pleas'd?

Brai. Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

E. Know. No! How know'st thou then that he did either?

Brai. Marry, sir, because he charg'd me, on my life, to tell nobody that he open'd it; which, unless he had done, he would never fear to have it reveal'd.

E. Know. That's true: well, I thank thee, rainworm. ¹⁶

^[Enter STEPHEN.]

Step. O, Brainworm, didst thou not see a fellow here in what-sha'-call-him doublet? He brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

Brai. Yes, master Stephen; what of him? ²⁰
Step. O, I ha' such a mind to beat him — where is he, canst thou tell?

Brai. Faith, he is not of that mind. he is gone, master Stephen.

Step. Gone! which way? When went he? How long since? ²⁶

Brai. He is rid hence; he took horse at the street-door.

Step. And I staid i' the fields! Whoreson Scanderbag³ rogue! O that I had but a horse to fetch him back again! ³¹

Brai. Why, you may ha' my master's gelding, to save your longing, sir.

Step. But I ha' no boots, that's the spite on't.

Brai. Why, a fine wisp of hay, roll'd hard, master Stephen. ³⁶

Step. No, faith, it's no boot to follow him now. let him e'en go and hang. Prithee, help to truss⁴ me a little he does so vex me —

Brai. You'll be worst vex'd when you are ⁴⁰
truss'd, master Stephen. Best keep unbrac'd, and walk yourself till you be cold; your choler may founder you else.

Step. By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st me on't. How dost thou like my leg, Brainworm? ⁴⁵

Brai. A very good leg, master Stephen; but the woollen stocking does not commend it so well. ⁴⁹

Step. Foh! the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust; I'll have a pair of silk again⁵ winter, that I go to dwell in the town. I think my leg would shew in a silk hose — ⁵⁴

Brai. Believe me, master Stephen, rarely well.

Step. In sadness,⁶ I think it would; I have a reasonable good leg.

Brai. You have an excellent good leg, master Stephen; but I cannot stay to praise it longer now, and I am very sorry for it. ^[Exit.] ⁶⁰

Step. Another time will serve, Brainworm, Gramercy for this.

E. Know. Ha, ha, ha! ^(Laughs, having read the letter)

Step. 'Shd. I hope he laughs not at me; he do — ⁶⁵

E. Know. Here was a letter indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father, and do him good with him! He cannot but think most virtuously, both of me, and the sender, sure, that make the careful costermonger of him in our familiar ⁷⁰
epistles. Well, if he read this with patience I'll be gelt, and troll ballads for Master John Trundle⁷ yonder, the rest of my mortality. It is true, and likely, my father may have as much patience as another man, for he takes much ⁷⁵
physic; and off taking physic makes a man very patient. But would your packet, Master Wellbred, had arriv'd at him in such a minute of his patience! then we had known the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens — ^[sees MASTER STEPHEN.] What, my wise ⁸¹
cousin! Nay, then I'll furnish our feast with one gull more toward the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three: oh, for a fourth! Fortune, if ever thou 'lt use thine eyes, I entreat thee — ⁸⁶

Step. Oh, now I see who he laughed at: he laughed at somebody in that letter. By this good light, an he had laughed at me — ⁹⁰

E. Know. How now, cousin Stephen, melancholy?

Step. Yes, a little: I thought you had laughed at me, cousin.

E. Know. Why, what an I had, coz? What would you ha' done? ⁹⁵

Step. By this light, I would ha' told mine uncle.

¹ Well-bred.

² A room in Knowell's house.

³ The Albanian patriot, Castriot, whose life was translated from the French in 1596; known also as Iskander (Alexander) Bey, whence *Scanderbeg* or *Scanderbag*.

⁴ Tie the laces which took the place of buttons. It was also slang for beat.

⁵ Against, in preparation for.

⁶ Seriously.

⁷ A printer.

E. Know. Nay, if you would ha' told your uncle, I did laugh at you, coz.

Step. Did you, indeed?

E. Know. Yes, indeed.

Step. Why then —

E. Know. What then?

Step. I am satisfied; it is sufficient.

E. Know. Why, be so, gentle coz: and, I pray you, let me entreat a courtesy of you. I am sent for this morning by a friend i' the Old Jewry, to come to him; it is but crossing over the fields to Moorgate. Will you bear me company? I protest it is not to draw you into bond or any plot against the state, coz.

Step. Sir, that's all one an 't were; you shall command me twice so far as Moorgate, to do you good in such a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I protest —

E. Know. No, no, you shall not protest, coz.

Step. By my fackings,¹ but I will, by your leave: — I'll protest more to my friend, than I'll speak of at this time.

E. Know. You speak very well, coz.

Step. Nay, not so neither, you shall pardon me: but I speak to serve my turn.

E. Know. Your turn, coz! Do you know what you say? A gentleman of your sort,² parts, carriage, and estimation, to talk o' your turn i' this company, and to me alone, like a tankard-bearer at a conduit! fie! A wight that, hitherto, his every step hath left the stamp of a great foot behind him, as every word the savour of a strong spirit, and he! this man! so grac'd, gilded, or, to use a more fit metaphor, so tin-foil'd by nature, as not ten housewives' pewter again a good time,⁴ shows more bright to the world than he! and he! (as I said last, so I say again, and still shall say it) this man! to conceal such real ornaments as these, and shadow their glory, as a milliner's wife does her wrought stomacher, with a smoky lawn, or a black cyprus! O, coz! it cannot be answer'd; go not about it. Drake's old ship⁶ at Deptford may sooner circle the world again. Come, wrong not the quality of your desert, with looking downward, coz; but hold up your head, so: and let the idea of what you are portrayed i' your face, that men may read i' your physnomy, *Here within this place is to be seen the true, rare, and accomplish'd monster, or miracle of nature, which is all one.* What think you of this, coz?

Step. Why, I do think of it: and I will be more proud, and melancholy, and gentleman-like, than I have been, I'll insure you.

E. Know. Why, that's resolute, master Stephen! — [*Aside.*] Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a suburb humour: we may hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty pound. — Come, coz.

Step. I'll follow you.

E. Know. Follow me! You must go before.

¹ Truth, a mixed oath.

² Rank.

³ Water-carriers (tankard-bearers) were paid at so much a "turn" or journey from the conduit.

⁴ In preparation for a festivity.

⁵ Grape.

⁶ The Golden Hind.

Step. Nay, an I must, I will. Pray you shew me, good cousin. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

[*Enter*] MASTER MATHEW.

Mat. I think this be the house. What, ho!

[*Enter* COB.]

Cob. Who's there? O, master Mathew! gi' your worship good morrow.

Mat. What, Cob! how dost thou, good Cob? Dost thou inhabit here, Cob?

Cob. Ay, sir, I and my lineage ha' kept a poor house here, in our days.

Mat. Thy lineage, monsieur Cobb! What lineage, what lineage?

Cob. Why, sir, an ancient lineage, and a princely. Mine ance'try came from a king's belly no worse man; and yet no man either, by your worship's leave, I did lie in that, but herring, the king of fish (from his belly I proceed), one o' the monarchs o' the world, I assure you. The first red herring that was broil'd in Adam and Eve's kitchen, do I fetch my pedigree from, by the harrot's⁷ book. His cob⁸ was my great, great, mighty-great grandfather.

Mat. Why mighty, why mighty, I pray thee?

Cob. O, it was a mighty while ago, sir, and a mighty great cob.

Mat. How know'st thou that?

Cob. How know I! why, I smell his ghost ever and anon.

Mat. Smell a ghost! O unsavoury jest! and the ghost of a herring cob?

Cob. Ay, sir. With favour of your worship's nose, master Mathew, why not the ghost of a herring cob, as well as the ghost of Rasher Bacon?

Mat. Roger Bacon, thou would'st say.

Cob. I say Rasher Bacon. They were both broil'd o' the coals; and a man may smell broil'd meat, I hope! You are a scholar; upsolve me that now.

Mat. O raw ignorance! — Cob, canst thou shew me of a gentleman, one captain Bobadill, where his lodging is?

Cob. O, my guest, sir, you mean.

Mat. Thy guest! alas, ha, ha!

Cob. Why do you laugh, sir? Do you not mean captain Bobadill?

Mat. Cob, pray thee advise thyself well; do not wrong the gentleman, and thyself too. I dare be sworn, he scorns thy house, he lodges in such a base obscure place as thy house! Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy bed if thou 'dst gi' it him.

Cob. I will not give it him though, sir. Mass, I thought somewhat was in 't, we could not get him to bed all night. Well, sir, though he lie not o' my bed, he lies o' my bench; an't please you to go up, sir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloak wrapt about him, as though he had neither won

⁷ Lane before Cob's house.

⁸ Herald's

⁹ Usually, the head of a herring. This play, a herring.

ner lost, and yet, I warrant, he ne'er cast¹ better in his life, than he has done to-night.

Mat. Why, was he drunk?⁶⁰

Cob. Drunk, sir! you hear not me say so. Perhaps he swallow'd a tavern-token,² or some such device, sir; I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water and not with wine. — Gi' me my tankard there, ho! — God b' wi' you, sir. It's six o'clock: I should ha' carried two⁶⁶ turns by this. What ho! my stopple!³ come.

[Enter TIB with a water-tankard.]

Mat. Lie in a water-bearer's house! a gentleman of his havings! Well, I'll tell him my mind.⁷⁰

Cob. What, Tib; shew this gentleman up to the captain. [Exit TIB with MASTER MATHEW.] Oh, an my house were the Brazen-head⁴ now! faith it would e'en speak *Moe*⁵ fools yet. You should have some now would take this Master Mathew to be a gentleman, at the least. His father's an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth; and now does he creep and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, such as my guest is (O, my guest is a fine man!), and they flout him⁸¹ invincibly. He useth every day to a merchant's house where I serve water, one master Kiteley's, i' the Old Jewry; and here's the jest, he is in love with my master's sister, Mrs. Bridget, and calls her "Mistress"; and there he will sit⁸⁶ you a whole afternoon sometimes, reading o' these same abominable, vile (a pox on 'em! I cannot abide them), rascally verses, poyetry, poyetry, and speaking of interludes; 't will⁹⁰ make a man burst to hear him. And the wenches, they do so jeer, and ti-he at him. — Well, should they do so much to me, I'd forswear them all, by the foot of Pharaoh! There's an oath! How many water-bearers shall you⁹⁵ hear swear such an oath? O, I have a guest — he teaches me — he does swear the legiblest of any man christ'n'd: *By St. George! The foot of Pharaoh! The body of me! As I am a gentleman and a soldier!* such dainty oaths! and withal¹⁰⁰ he does take this same filthy roguish tobacco, the finest and cleanliest! It would do a man good to see the fumes come forth at 's tonnels.⁶ — Well, he owes me forty shillings, my wife lent him out of her purse, by sixpence a time, besides his lodging. I would I had it! I shall ha' it, he says, the next action. Helter skelter, hang¹⁰⁷ sorrow, care 'll kill a cat, up-tails all, and a louse for the hangman! [Exit.]

SCENE V.⁷

BOBADILL is discovered lying on his bench.

Bob. Hostess, hostess!

[Enter TIB.]

Tib. What say you, sir?

Bob. A cup o' thy small beer, sweet hostess.

¹ Pun on *cast*, to throw dice, and to vomit.

² A cant term for getting drunk. (Reed.) ³ Stopper.

⁴ See Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*.

⁵ More. ⁶ Nostrils. ⁷ Room in Cob's ho

Tib. Sir, there's a gentleman below would speak with you.

Bob. A gentleman! 'odso. I am not within.

Tib. My husband told him you were, sir.

Bob. What a plague — what meant he?

Mat. (below.) Captain Bobadill!

Bob. Who's there! — Take away the bason, good hostess; — Come up, sir.

Tib. He would desire you to come up, sir. You come into a cleanly house, here!

[Enter MATHEW.]

Mat. Save you, sir; save you, captain!

Bob. Gentle master Mathew! Is it you, sir? Please you sit down.¹⁰

Mat. Thank you, good captain; you may see I am somewhat audacious.

Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last night by a sort⁸ of gallants, where you¹⁰ were wish'd for, and drunk to, I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain?

Bob. Marry, by young Wellbred, and others. — Why, hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir, 't is very well.²⁵

Bob. Body o' me! it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen, as you came. How passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven. Now, ³⁰ trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and private.

Bob. Ay, sir: sit down, I pray you. Master Mathew, in any case possess no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.³⁵

Mat. Who? I, sir? No.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient; but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited, as some are.⁴⁰

Mat. True, captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me, except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engag'd, as yourself, or so, I could not extend⁴⁵ thus far.

Mat. O Lord, sir! I resolve⁹ so.

Bob. I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book ha' you there? What? "Go⁵⁰ by, Hieronymo?"¹⁰

Mat. Ay: did you ever see it acted? Is't not well penn'd?

Bob. Well penn'd! I would fain see all the poets of these times pen such another play⁵⁵ as that was: they'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when, as I am a gentleman, read 'em, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows that live upon the face of the earth again.⁶⁰

Mat. Indeed here are a number of fine speeches in this book. *O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears!* There's a conceit! *Fountains fraught with tears!* *O life, no life, but lively form of death!* — another. *O world, no*⁶⁵

⁸ Company.

⁹ I am sure of it.

¹⁰ See *The Spanish Tragedy*, from Act. III of which Mathew reads the lines below.

world, but mass of public wrongs! — a third. *Con-fus'd and fill'd with murder and misdeeds*! — a fourth O, the muses! Is't not excellent? Is't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain? Ha! how do you like it? 70

Bob. 'Tis good.

Mat. *To thee, the purest object to my sense, The most refined essence heaven covers, Send I these lines, wherein I do commence The happy state of turtle-billing lovers* 75 *If they prove rough, unpolish'd, harsh, and rude, Haste made the waste thus mildly I conclude*

Bob. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

BOBADILL is making himself ready all this while.

Mat. This, sir! a toy o' mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my muses. But [so when will you come and see my study? Good faith, I can shew you some very good things I have done of late. — That boot becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks.

Bob. So, so; it's the fashion gentlemen [so now use.

Mat. Troth, captain, and now you speak o' the fashion, master Wellbred's elder brother and I are fall'n out exceedingly. This other day, I happ'n'd to enter into some discourse [so of a hanger, which, I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory² beautiful and gentlemanlike: yet he condemn'd, and cri'd it down for the most pied³ and ridiculous that he ever saw. 85

Bob. Squire Downright, the half-brother, was't not?

Mat. Ay, sir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rook! ⁴ he! why he has no more judgment than a malt-horse. By St. [so George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal, the most peremptory² absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er chang'd words with his like. [so By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay; he was born for the manger, panner, or pack-saddle. He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron and rusty proverbs: a good commodity for some smith to make [so hob-nauls of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away⁵ with his manhood still, where he comes: he brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

Bob. How! he the bastinado! How came [so he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I term'd it so, for my more grace.

Bob. That may be; for I was sure it was none of his word: but when, when said he so? 120

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say; a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, an't were my case now, I should send him a charnel⁶ presently. The bastinado! a most proper and sufficient [so

¹ A strap by which a weapon was hung from the girdle.

² A mere intensive, co on in Elizabethan fashionable slang.

³ Fool, h. bug. ⁴ Do. ⁵ eer. ⁶ Challenge.

dependence,⁷ warranted by the great Caranza.⁸ Come hither, you shall charnel him; I'll show you a trick or two you shall kill him with at pleasure, the first stoccata,⁹ if you will, by this air 130

Mat. Indeed, you have absolute knowledge i' the mystery, I have heard, sir.

Bob. Of whom, of whom, ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it spoken of di- [so vers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utterable skill, sir

Bob. By heaven, no, not I; no skill i' the earth; some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so. I have pro- [so fest it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use, than mine own practice, I assure you. — Host-ess, accommodate us with another bed-staff here quickly. [Enter TIB.] Lend us another bed-staff — the woman does not understand the words [so of action. — Look you, sir: exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, and let your ponard maintain your defence, thus: — give it the gentleman, and leave us. [Exit TIB.] So, sir. Come on: O, twine your body more about, [so that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard; so! indifferent: hollow your body more, sir, thus: now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time. — Oh, you disorder your [so point most irregularly!

Mat. How is the bearing of it now, sir?

Bob. O, out of measure ill. A well experi- en'd hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

Mat. How mean you, sir, pass upon me? 140

Bob. Why, thus, sir, — make a thrust at me — [MASTER MATHEW pushes at BOBADILL] come in upon the answer, control your point, and make a full career at the body. The best-practis'd gallants of the time name it the pas-sado; a most desperate thrust, believe it. 145

Mat. Wall, come, sir.

Bob. Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility or grace to invite me. I have no spirit to play with you; your dearth of [so judgment renders you tedious.

Mat. But one venue,¹⁰ sir.

Bob. "Venue!" fie; the most gross denomi-nation as ever I heard. O, the "stoccata," while you live, sir; note that. — Come put [so on your cloak, and we'll go to some private place where you are acquainted; some tavern, or so — and have a bit. I'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe¹¹ you, by my direction; and then I will teach you your [so trick: you shall kill him with it at the first, if you please. Why, I will learn you, by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to control any enemy's point i' the world. Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, 't were [so nothing, by this hand! You should, by the same rule, control his bullet, in a line, except it were hail shot, and spread. What money have you about you, master Mathew?

⁷ Ground for a duel.

⁸ Author of the *Philosophy of Arms*, 1569

⁹ Thrust. ¹⁰ Bout. ¹¹ Exercise.

Mat. Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings [100 or so.

Bob. 'T is somewhat with the least; but come; we will have a bunch of radish and salt to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco to close the orifice of the stomach. and then we'll [103 call upon young Wellbred. Perhaps we shall meet the Corydon¹ his brother there, and put him to the question. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II

SCENE I.²

[Enter] KITELY, CASH, DOWNRIGHT.

Kit. Thomas, come hither.
There lies a note within upon my desk;
Here take my key. it is no matter neither. —
Where is the boy?

Cash. Within, sir, i' the warehouse.

Kit. Let him tell over straight that Spanish gold,

And weigh it, with th' pieces of eight.³ Do you see the delivery of those silver stuffs
To Master Lucar: tell him, if he will,
He shall ha' the grograns⁴ at the rate I told him,

And I will meet him on the Exchange anon. ¹⁰

Cash. Good, sir. *[Exit.]*

Kit. Do you see that fellow, brother Downright?

Dow. Ay, what of him?

Kit. He is a jewel, brother.
I took him of a child up at my door,
And christ'ned him, gave him mine own name,
Thomas: ¹⁵

Since bred him at the Hospital; ⁵ where proving
A toward imp, I call'd him home, and taught
him

So much, as I have made him my cashier,
And giv'n him, who had none, a surname, Cash: ²⁰
And find him in his place so full of faith,
That I durst trust my life into his hands.

Dow. So would not I in any bastard's, brother,
As it is like he is, although I knew
Myself his father. But you said you 'd somewhat
To tell me, gentle brother: what is 't, what is 't?

Kit. Faith, I am very loath to utter it, ²⁵

As fearing it may hurt your patience;
But that I know your judgment is of strength,
Against the nearness of affection —

Dow. What need this circumstance? ⁶ Pray
you, be direct. ³⁰

Kit. I will not say how much I do ascribe
Unto your friendship, nor in what regard
I hold your love; but let my past behaviour,
And usage of your sister, [both]⁷ confirm
How well I've been affected to your — ³⁵

Dow. You are too tedious; come to the matter, the matter.

¹ Rustic.

² The Old Jewry. A hall in Kitley's house.

³ Coins worth eight reals, or a little more than two dollars.

⁴ Cloth partly made of silk.

⁵ Christ's Hospital, then a school for foundlings

⁶ Indirect approach to the matter. ⁷ Fol. *but*.

Kit. Then, without further ceremony, thus.
My brother Wellbred, sir, I know not how,
Of late is much declin'd in what he was,
And greatly alter'd in his disposition. ⁴⁰
When he came first to lodge here in my house,
Ne'er trust me if I were not proud of him.
Methought he bare himself in such a fashion,
So full of man, and sweetness in his carriage,
And what was chief, it show'd not borrowed in
him, ⁴⁵

But all he did became him as his own,
And seem'd as perfect, proper, and possest,
As breath with life, or colour with the blood.
But now, his course is so irregular,
So loose, affected, and depriv'd of grace, ⁵⁰
And he himself withal so far fall'n off
From that first place, as scarce no note remains,
To tell men's judgments where he lately stood.
He's grown a stranger to all due respect,
Forgetful of his friends, and, not content ⁵⁵
To stale⁸ himself in all societies,
He makes my house here common as a mart,
A theatre, a public receptacle
For giddy humour, and diseased riot;
And here, as in a tavern or a stew,
He and his wild associates spend their hours, ⁶⁰
In repetition of lascivious jests,
Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by
night,

Control my servants; and, indeed, what not?

Dow. 'Sdeins. ⁹ I know not what I should [5 say to him, i' the whole world! He values me at a crack'd three-farthings, for aught I see. It will never out o' the flesh that's bred i' the bone. I have told him enough, one would think, if that would serve; but counsel to him is as good [70 as a shoulder of mutton to a sick horse. Well! he knows what to trust to, for ¹⁰ George: let him spend, and spend, and domineer, till his heart ache; an he think to be reliev'd by me, when he is got into one o' your city pounds, the [15 counters, he has the wrong sow by the ear, i' faith; and claps his dish ¹¹ at the wrong man's door. I'll lay my hand o' my halfpenny, ere I part with 't to fetch him out, I'll assure him.

Kit. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you
thus. ²⁰

Dow. 'Sdeath! he mads me; I could eat my very spur-leathers for anger! But, why are you so tame? Why do you not speak to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house?

Kit. O, there are divers reasons to dissuade,
brother. ²⁵

But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it
(Though but with plain and easy circumstance),
It would both come much better to his sense,
And savour less of stomach,¹² or of passion.
You are his elder brother, and that title ³⁰
Both gives and warrants you authority,
Which, by your presence seconded, must breed
A kind of duty in him, and regard;
Whereas, if I should intimate the least,

⁸ Make cheap.

⁹ An oath of obscure meaning, sometimes explained as *Disdam*. Query, *God's reins*?

¹⁰ 'Fore. ¹¹ Like a beggar with dish and clapper.

¹² Resentment.

It would but add contempt to his neglect, ⁹⁵
 Heap worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred,
 That in the rearing would come tott'ring down,
 And in the ruin bury all our love.
 Nay, more than this, brother; if I should speak,
 He would be ready, from his heat of humour, ¹
 And overflowing of the vapour in him, ¹⁰¹
 To blow the ears of his familiars
 With the false breath of telling what disgraces
 And low disparagements I had put upon him.
 Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable, ² ¹⁰⁵
 Make their loose comments upon every word,
 Gesture, or look, I use; mock me all over,
 From my flat cap ³ unto my shining shoes; ³
 And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'sies,
 Beget some slander that shall dwell with me. ¹¹⁰
 And what would that be, think you? Marry, this:
 They would give out, because my wife is fair,
 Myself but lately married, and my sister
 Here sojourning a virgin in my house,
 That I were jealous! — nay, as sure as death, ¹¹⁵
 That they would say; and, how that I had
 quarrell'd
 My brother purposely, thereby to find
 An apt pretext to banish them my house.

Dow. Mass, perhaps so; they're like enough
 to do it.

Kit. Brother, they would, believe it; so
 should I, ¹²⁰

Like one of these penurious quack-salvers,
 But set the bills up ⁴ to mine own disgrace,
 And try experiments upon myself;
 Lend scorn and envy opportunity
 To stab my reputation and good name — ¹²⁵

SCENE II.⁵

KITELY, DOWNRIGHT. [*Enter*] MATHEW [*strug-
 gling with*] BOBADILL.

Mat. I will speak to him.

Bob. Speak to him! away! By the foot of
 Pharaoh, you shall not! you shall not do him
 that grace. — The time of day to you, gentle-
 man o' the house. Is master Wellbred stirring?

Dow. How then? What should he do? ⁶

Bob. Gentleman of the house, it is to you. Is
 he within, sir?

Kit. He came not to his lodging to-night, sir,
 I assure you. ¹⁰

Dow. Why, do you hear? You!

Bob. The gentleman citizen hath satisfied
 me;

I'll talk to no scavenger. [*Exeunt BOB. and
 MAT.*]

Dow. How! scavenger! Stay, sir, stay!

Kit. Nay, brother Downright. ¹⁵

Dow. Heart! stand you away, an you loye me.

Kit. You shall not follow him now, I pray
 you, brother, good faith you shall not; I will
 overrule you.

Dow. Ha! scavenger! Well, go to, I say ²⁰
 little; but, by this good day (God forgive me I
 should swear), if I put it up ⁶ so, say I am the
 r'kest cow that ever pist. 'Sdeins, an I swallow

this, I'll ne'er draw my sword in the sight of
 Fleet-street again while I live; I'll sit in a ²⁵
 barn with madge-howlet, and catch mice first.
 Scavenger! heart! — and I'll go near to fill that
 huge tumbrel-slop ⁷ of yours with somewhat, an
 I have good luck: your Garagantua breech can-
 not carry it away so. ³⁰

Kit. Oh, do not fret yourself thus; never
 think on't.

Dow. These are my brother's consorts, these!
 These are his cam'rades, his walking mates!
 He's a gallant, a cavalero too, right hangman
 out! Let me not live, an I could not find in ³⁵
 my heart to swinge the whole ging ⁸ of 'em, one
 after another, and begin with him first. I am
 griev'd it should be said he is my brother, and
 take these courses. Well, as he brews, so shall
 he drink, for George, again. Yet he shall ⁴⁰
 hear on't, and that tightly too, an I live, i' faith.

Kit. But, brother, let your reprehension, then,
 Run in an easy current, not o'er high
 Carried with rashness, or devouring choler;
 But rather use the soft persuading way, ⁴⁵
 Whose powers will work more gently, and com-
 pose

Th' imperfect thoughts you labour to reclaim;
 More winning than enforcing the consent.

Dow. Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant
 you. ⁴⁹

Kit. How now! (*Bell rings.*) Oh, the bell rings
 to breakfast. Brother, I pray you go in, and
 bear my wife company till I come, I'll but give
 order for some despatch of business to my ser-
 vants. [*Exit DOWNRIGHT.*]

SCENE III.⁹

KITELY, [*Enter*] COB.

Kit. What, Cob! our maids will have you by
 the back, i' faith, for coming so late this morn-
 ing.

Cob. Perhaps so, sir; take heed somebody
 have not them by the belly, for walking so late
 in the evening. ⁶

He passes by with his tankard.

Kit. Well; yet my troubled spirit's some-
 what eas'd,

Though not repos'd in that security
 As I could wish: but I must be content,
 Howe'er I set a face on't to the world. ¹⁰

Would I had lost this finger at a venture,
 So Wellbred had ne'er lodged within my house.

Why 't cannot be, where there is such resort
 Of wanton gallants and young revellers,

That any woman should be honest long. ¹⁵

Is't like that factious beauty will preserve
 The public weal of chastity unshaken,
 When such strong motives muster'd make
 head? ²⁰

Against her single peace? No, no: beware.

When mutual appetite doth meet to treat, ²⁰

And spirits of one kind and quality

Come once to parley in the pride of blood,

⁷ Large puffed breeches.

⁸ Gang.

⁹ The same.

¹⁰ Gather their forces: a military phrase.

¹ Temper. ² Marks of the citizen.

³ The same.

⁴ N. tiva. ⁵ Advise.

⁶ Endure it.

It is no slow conspiracy that follows.
Well, to be plain, if I but thought the time
Had answer'd their affections,¹ all the world²⁵
Should not persuade me but I were a cuckold.
Marry, I hope they ha' not got that start;
For opportunity hath balk'd 'em yet,
And shall do still, while I have eyes and ears
To attend the impositions of my heart.³⁰
My presence shall be as an iron bar
'Twixt the conspiring motions of desire:
Yea, every look or glance mine eye ejects
Shall check occasion, as one doth his slave,
When he forgets the limits of prescription.³⁵

[Enter DAME KITELY.]

Dame K. Sister Bridget, pray you fetch down
the rose-water, above in the closet. — Sweet-
heart, will you come in to breakfast?

Kit. An she have overheard me now! —

Dame Kit. I pray thee, good muss,² we stay
for you.⁴¹

Kit. By heaven, I would not for a thousand
angels.³

Dame K. What all you, sweet-heart? are you
not well? Speak, good muss.⁴⁵

Kit. Troth my head aches extremely on a
sudden.

Dame K. [putting her hand to his forehead.] O,
the Lord!

Kit. How now! What?

Dame K. Alas, how it burns! Muss, keep
you warm; good truth it is this new disease,⁴
there's a number are troubled withal. For love's
sake, sweet-heart, come in out of the air.

Kit. How simple, and how subtle are her an-
swers!⁵⁵

A new-disease, and many troubled with it?
Why true; she heard me, all the world to
nothing.

Dame K. I pray thee, good sweet-heart, come
in; the air will do you ha' in troth.

Kit. The air! she has me i' the wind.⁵ —
Sweet-heart, I'll come to you presently; 't will
away, I hope.

Dame K. Pray Heaven it do. [Exit.]

Kit. A new disease! I know not, new or old,
But it may well be call'd poor mortals' plague;⁶⁵

For, like a pestilence, it doth infect
The houses of the brain. First it begins
Solely to work upon the phantasy,
Filling her seat with such pestiferous air
As soon corrupts the judgment; and from
thence⁷⁰

Sends like contagion to the memory:
Still each to other giving the infection,
Which as a subtle vapour spreads itself
Confusedly through every sensitive part,
Till not a thought or motion in the mind⁷⁵
Be free from the black poison of suspect.⁶
Ah! but what misery is it to know this?

¹ The opportunity had suited their desires.

² Mouse.

³ Coins worth about \$2.50.

⁴ The fever of which Prince Henry died.

⁵ Has got the scent of my suspicion

⁶ Suspicion.

Or, knowing it, to want the mind's erection
In such extremes? Well, I will once more strive,
In spite of this black cloud, myself to be,⁸⁰
And shake the fever off that thus shakes me,
[Exit.]

SCENE IV.⁷

[Enter] BRAINWORM [disguised like a maimed
Soldier.]

Brain. 'Slid, I cannot choose but laugh to see
myself translated thus, from a poor creature to
a creator; for now must I create an intolerable
sort⁸ of lies, or my present profession loses the
grace: and yet the lie, to a man of my coat, is⁹
as ominous a fruit as the fico⁹ O, sir, it holds
for good poltly ever, to have that outwardly in
vilest estimation, that inwardly is most dear to
us: so much for my borrowed shape. Well, the
troth is, my old master intends to follow my¹⁰
young master, dry-foot,¹⁰ over Moorfields to
London, this morning; now, I knowing of this
hunting-match, or rather conspiracy, and to in-
sinuate with my young master (for so must we
that are blue waiters,¹¹ and men of hope and¹⁵
service do, or perhaps we may wear motley at
the year's end, and who wears motley,¹² — you
know), have got me afore in this disguise, de-
termining here to lie in ambuscado, and inter-
cept him in the mid-way. If I can but get his²⁰
cloak, his purse, and his hat, nay, any thing to
cut him off, that is, to stay his journey, I *eni-
vdi, vici*, I may say with Captain Caesar, I am
made for ever, i' faith. Well, now I must prac-
tise to get the true garb of one of these lance-²⁵
knights, my arm here, and my — [Odso! my]
young master, and his cousin, master Stephen,
as I am true counterfeit man of war, and no
soldier! [Exit.]

[Enter E. KNOWELL and STEPHEN.]

E. Know. So, sir! and how then, coz?

Step. 'Sfoot! I have lost my purse, I think.

E. Know. How! lost your purse? Where?
When had you it?

Step. I cannot tell; stay.

Brain. 'Slid, I am afraid they will know me:
would I could get by them!

E. Know. What, ha' you it?

Step. No; I think I was bewitched, I —

[Cries.]

E. Know. Nay, do not weep the loss: hang
it, let it go.

Step. Oh, it's here. No, an it had been lost,
I had not car'd, but for a jet ring mistress ary
sent me.

E. Know. A jet ring! O the posy, the posy?

Step. Fine, i' faith. —

Though Fancy sleep,
My love is deep.

⁷ Moorfields.

⁸ Lot.

⁹ To give the lie to a soldier is as fatal a thing as to
make the gesture of insult called the fig (thrusting out
the thumb between two fingers)

¹⁰ Explained both as meaning to track by scent of the
foot, and by foot-marks without scent.

¹¹ Servants, who then wore blue livery.

¹² The fool.

Meaning, that though I did not fancy her, yet she loved me dearly.

E. Know. Most excellent!

Step. And then I sent her another, and my poesie was,

The deeper the sweeter,
I'll be judg'd by St. Peter.

E. Know. How, by St. Peter? I do not [55] conceive that.

Step. Marry, St. Peter, to make up the metre.

E. Know. Well, there the saint was your good patron, he help'd you at your need; thank him, thank him. [60]

Re-enter BRAINWORM.

Brai. I cannot take leave on 'em so; I will venture, come what will. — Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns for a very excellent good blade here? I am a poor gentleman, a soldier, one that, in the better state of my for- [65] tunes, scorn'd so mean a refuge; but now it is the humour of necessity to have it so. You seem to be gentlemen well affected to martial men, else I should rather die with silence, than live with shame however, vouchsafe to remember it is my want speaks, not myself; this condition agrees not with my spirit —

E. Know. Where hast thou serv'd?

Brai. May it please you, sir, in all the late wars of Bohemia, Hungary, Dalmatia, Poland, — where not, sir? I have been a poor servitor by sea and land any time this fourteen years, and follow'd the fortunes of the best commanders in Christendom. I was twice shot at the taking of Aleppo, once at the relief [70] of Vienna; I have been at Marseilles, Naples, and the Adriatic gulf, a gentleman-slave in the galleys, thrice; where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both the thighs; and yet, being thus maim'd, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my resolution.

Step. How will you sell this rapier, friend?

Brai. Generous sir, I refer it to your own judgment; you are a gentleman, give me [75] what you please.

Step. True, I am a gentleman, I know that, friend; but what though? I pray you say, what would you ask?

Brai. I assure you, the blade may become [80] the side or thigh of the best prince in Europe.

E. Know. Ay, with a velvet scabbard, I think.

Step. Nay, an't be mine, it shall have a velvet scabbard, coz, that's flat; I'd not wear it, as it is, an you would give me an angel. [85]

Brai. At your worship's pleasure, sir; [STEPHEN examines the blade] nay, 't is a most pure Toledo.

Step. I had rather it were a Spaniard. But tell me, what shall I give you for it? An it had a silver hilt — [90]

E. Know. Come, come, you shall not buy it. Hold, there's a shilling, fellow, take thy rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so; and there's another shilling, fellow; I scorn to be out-bidden. What, shall I walk [95] with a cudgel, like Higginbottom, and have a rapier for money!

E. Know. You may buy one in the city.

Step. Tut! I'll buy this i' the field, so I will: I have a mind to 't, because 't is a field [100] rapier. Tell me your lowest price.

E. Know. You shall not buy it, I say.

Step. By this money, but I will, though I give more than 't is worth. [105]

E. Know. Come away, you are a fool.

Step. Friend, I am a fool, that's granted; but I'll have it, for that word's sake. Follow me for your money.

Brai. At your service, sir. [Exeunt.] [110]

SCENE V.¹

[Enter] KNOWELL.

Know. I cannot lose the thought yet of this letter

Sent to my son; nor leave t' admire² the change
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth
Within the kingdom, since myself was one. —
When I was young, he liv'd not in the stews;
Durst have conceiv'd a scorn, and utter'd it,
On a gray head; age was authority
Against a buffoon, and a man had then
A certain reverence paid unto his years,
That had none due unto his life: so much [115]
The sanctity of some prevail'd for others.
But now we all are fall'n; youth, from their fear,
And age, from that which bred it, good example.

Nay, would ourselves were not the first, e'en parents, [120]

That did destroy the hopes in our own children;
Or they not learn'd our vices in their cradles,
And suck'd in our ill customs with their milk!
Ere all their teeth be born, or they can speak,
We make their palates cunning; the first words
We form their tongues with, are licentious
jest:

Can it call "whore"? cry "bastard"? O, then,
kiss it! [125]

A witty child! Can't swear? The father's
darling!

Give it two plums. Nay, rather than 't shall
learn

No bawdy song, the mother herself will teach it!
But this is in the infancy, the days [130]

Of the long coat; when it puts on the breeches,
It will put off all this. Ay, it is like,
When it is gone into the bone already!

No, no; this dye goes deeper than the coat,
Or shirt, or skin; it stains into the liver [135]
And heart, in some: and, rather than it should
not,

Note what we fathers do! Look how we live!
What mistresses we keep! at what expense!

In our sons' eyes, where they may handle our
gifts,

Hear our lascivious courtships, see our dalliance,
Taste of the same provoking meats with us, [140]

To ruin of our states! Nay, when our own
Portion is fled, to prey on the remainder,

We call them into fellowship of vice;
Bait 'em with the young chamber-maid, to seal,³

¹ Another part of Moorfields.

² Wonder at

³ Probably, to agree to the sale of family estates.

And teach 'em all bad ways to buy affliction. ⁴¹
 This is one path; but there are millions more,
 In which we spoil our own, with leading them.
 Well, I thank heaven, I never yet was he
 That travell'd with my son, before sixteen, ⁴⁵
 To shew him the Venetian courtesans;
 Nor read the grammar of cheating I had made,
 To my sharp boy, at twelve; repeating still
 The rule, *Get money; still, get money, boy;*
No matter by what means; money will do ⁵⁰
More, boy, than my lord's letter. Neither have I
 Drest snails or mushrooms curiously before him,
 Perfum'd my sauces, and taught him how to
 make 'em;

Preceding still, with my gray gluttony,
 At all the ord'naries, and only fear'd ⁵⁵
 His palates should degenerate, not his manners.
 These are the trade of fathers now; however,
 My son, I hope, hath met within my threshold
 None of these household precedents, which are
 strong

And swift to rape youth to their precipice. ⁶⁰
 But let the house at home be ne'er so clean
 Swept, or kept sweet from filth, nay dust and
 cobwebs,

If he will live abroad with his companions,
 In dung and leystals,¹ it is worth a fear;
 Nor is the danger of conversing less ⁶⁵
 Than all that I have mention'd of example.

[Enter BRAINWORM, disguised as before.]

Brai. [Aside.] My master! nay, faith, have
 at you; I am flest now, I have sped so well. —
 Worshipful sir, I beseech you, respect the estate
 of a poor soldier; I am asham'd of this base ⁷⁰
 course of life, — God's my comfort — but ex-
 tremity provokes me to 't: what remedy?

Know. I have not for you, now.

Brai. By the faith I bear unto truth, gentle-
 man, it is no ordinary custom in me, but ⁷⁵
 only to preserve manhood. I protest to you, a
 man I have been: a man I may be, by your
 sweet bounty.

Know. Pray thee, good friend, be satisfied.

Brai. Good sir, by that hand, you may do ⁸⁰
 the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poor
 soldier the price of two cans of beer, a matter
 of small value: the king of heaven shall pay you,
 and I shall rest thankful. Sweet worship —

Know. Nay, an you be so importunate — ⁸⁵

Brai. Oh, tender sir! need will have its
 course; I was not made to this vile use. Well,
 the edge of the enemy could not have abated
 me so much: it's hard when a man hath serv'd
 in his prince's cause, and be thus *(Weeps)*. ⁹⁰
 Honourable worship, let me derive a small piece
 of silver from you, it shall not be given in the
 course of time.² By this good ground, I was fain
 to pawn my rapier last night for a poor supper;
 I had suck'd the hilts long before, I am a ⁹⁵
 pagan else. Sweet honour —

Know. Believe me, I am taken with some
 wonder,

To think a fellow of thy outward presence,

¹ Dirt-heaps

² Probably this means that ultimately it will turn out
 to have been a loan.

Should, in the frame and fashion of his mind,
 Be so degenerate, and sordid-base. ¹⁰⁰

Art thou a man, and sham'st thou not to beg?
 To practise such a servile kind of life?

Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,
 Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
 Offer themselves to thy election. ¹⁰⁵

Either the wars might still supply thy wants,
 Or service of some virtuous gentleman,
 Or honest labour; nay, what can I name,
 But would become thee better than to beg:

But men of thy condition feed on sloth, ¹¹⁰
 As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds in;
 Nor caring how the metal of your minds
 Is eaten with the rust of idleness.

Now, afore me, whate'er he be, that should
 Relieve a person of thy quality, ¹¹⁵

While thou insist'st in this loose desperate
 course,

I would esteem the sin not thine, but his.

Brai. Faith, sir, I would gladly find some
 other course, if so —

Know. Ay, you 'd gladly find it, but you will
 not seek it. ¹²¹

Brai. Alas, sir, where should a man seek?
 In the wars, there's no ascent by desert in these
 days; but — and for service, would it were as
 soon purchas'd,³ as wisht for! The air's my ¹²⁵
 comfort. — *(Sighs)* — I know what I would say.

Know. What's thy name?

Brai. Please you, Fitz-Sword, sir.

Know. Fitz-Sword!

Say that a man should entertain thee now, ¹³⁰
 Wouldst thou be honest, humble, just, and true?

Brai. Sir, by the place and honour of a sol-
 dier —

Know. Nay, nay, I like not these affected
 oaths. Speak plainly, man, what think'st thou
 of my words? ¹³⁵

Brai. Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes were
 as happy as my service should be honest.

Know. Well, follow me, I'll prove thee, if
 thy deeds

Will carry a proportion to thy words. [Exit.]

Brai. Yes, sir, straight; I'll but garter ¹⁴⁰
 my hose. Oh that my belly were hoopt now,
 for I am ready to burst with laughing! never
 was bottle or bagpipe fuller. 'Slid, was there
 ever seen a fox in years to betray himself thus!
 Now shall I be possess of all his counsels; ¹⁴⁵
 and, by that conduit, my young master. Well,
 he is resolv'd to prove⁴ my honesty; faith, and
 I'm resolv'd to prove his patience: oh, I shall
 abuse⁵ him intolerably. This small piece of ser-
 vice will bring him clean out of love with ¹⁵⁰
 the soldier for ever. He will never come within
 the sign of it, the sight of a cassock,⁶ or a mus-
 ket-rest again. He will hate the musters at
 Mile-end for it, to his dying day. It's no matter,
 let the world think me a bad counterfeit, if ¹⁵⁵
 I cannot give him the slip⁷ at an instant. Why,
 this is better than to have staid his journey.
 Well, I'll follow him. Oh, how I long to be
 employed! [Exit.]

³ Gained.

⁴ Test.

⁵ Deceive.

⁶ A soldier's loose overcoat.

⁷ A pun. *Slip* also meant counterfeit money.

ACT III

SCENE I.¹

[Enter] MASTER MATHEW, WELLBRED, and BOBADILL.

Mat. Yes, faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seek you too.

Wel. Oh, I came not there to-night.

Bob. Your brother delivered us as much.

Wel. Who, my brother Downright?

Bob. He. Mr. Wellbred, I know not in what kind you hold me; but let me say to you this: as sure as honour, I esteem it so much out of the sunshine of reputation, to throw the least beam of regard upon such a —

Wel. Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother.

Bob. I protest to you, as I have a thing to be say'd about me, I never saw any gentleman-like part —

Wel. Good captain, faces about ² to some other discourse.

Bob. With your leave, sir, an there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by St. George!

Mat. Troth, nor I; he is of a rustical cut. I know not how. he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion.

Wel. Oh, master Mathew, that's a grace peculiar but to a few, *quos æquus amat Jupiter*.

Mat. I understand you, sir.

Wel. No question, you do, — [Aside.] or do you not, sir.

Enter E. KNOWELL [and STEPHEN].

Ned Knowell! by my soul, welcome: how dost thou, sweet spirit, my genius? 'Slid, I shall love Apollo and the mad Thespian girls ³ the better, [as] while I live, for this, my dear Fury; now I see there's some love in thee. Sirrah, these be the two I writ to thee of: nay, what a drowsy humour is this now! Why dost thou not speak?

E. Know. Oh, you are a fine gallant; you sent me a rare letter.

Wel. Why, was 't not rare?

E. Know. Yes, I'll be sworn, I was ne'er guilty of reading the like; match it in all [as] Pliny, or Symmachus's epistles, and I'll have my judgment burn'd in the ear for a rogue: make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable. But I marle ⁴ what camel it was, that had the carriage of it; for, doubtless, he was no ordinary beast that brought it.

Wel. Why?

E. Know. "Why?" say'st thou! Why, dost thou think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning, the sober time of the day too, could have mista'en my father for me?

Wel. 'Slid, you jest, I hope.

E. Know. Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a jest on't, now: but I'll assure you, my father had the full view of your [as] flourishing style some hour before I saw it.

¹ The Old Jewry. A room in the Windmill Tavern.

² A military term: face the opposite direction.

³ The Muses.

⁴ Marvel.

Wel. What a dull slave was this! But, sirrah, what said he to it, i' faith?

E. Know. Nay, I know not what he said; but I have a shrewd guess what he thought.

Wel. What, what?

E. Know. Maury, that thou art some strange, dissolute young fellow, and I — a grain or two better, for keeping thee company.

Wel. Tut! that thought is like the moon in [as] her last quarter, 't will change shortly. But, sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-bys here, thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in 'em if thou hear'st 'em once go; my [as] wind-instruments, I'll wind 'em up — But what strange piece of silence is this? The sign of the Dumb Man?

E. Know. Oh, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your music the fuller, an he please; he has his humour, sir.

Wel. Oh, what is 't, what is 't?

E. Know. Nay, I'll neither do your judgment nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension, I'll leave him to the mercy of your search; if you can take him, so!

Wel. Well, captain Bobadill, master Mathew, pray you know this gentleman here; he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection. — I know not your name, sir [as] STEPHEN, but I shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you.

Step. My name is master Stephen, sir; I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir; his father is mine uncle, sir. I am somewhat melancholy, [as] but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

Bob. [to E. KNOWELL.] Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general ⁵ man; but for master Wellbred's sake (you may embrace it at what height of favour you please), I do communicate with you, and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts; I love few words.

E. Know. And I fewer, sir; I have scarce enough to thank you.

Mat. But are you, indeed, sir, so given to it?

Step. Ay, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir: your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir. I am melancholy myself, divers times, sir, and then do I no more but take pen and [as] paper presently, and overflow you half a score, or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

E. Know. [Aside.] Sure he utters them then by the gross.

Step. Truly, sir, and I love such things out of measure.

E. Know. I' faith, better than in measure, I'll undertake.

Mat. Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my study; it's at your service.

Step. I thank you, sir, I shall be bold I warrant you; have you a stool there to be melancholy upon?

Mat. That I have, sir, and some papers [as] there of mine own doing, at idle hours, that

⁵ Open to general acquaintance.

you'll say there's some sparks of wit in 'em, when you see them.

Wel. [*Aside.*] Would the sparks would kindle once, and become a fire amongst 'em! I [115] might see self-love burnt for her heresy.

Step. Cousin, is it well? Am I melancholy enough?

E. Know. Oh ay, excellent.

Wel. Captain Bobadill, why muse you so?¹

E. Know. He is melancholy too.

Bob. Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honourable piece of service, was perform'd tomorrow, being St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years now.

E. Know. In what place, captain?

Bob. Why, at the beleaguering of Strigonium,¹ where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leaguer that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in² of — what do you call it?³ last year, by the Genoways,⁴ but that, of all other, was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was⁵ rang'd in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a soldier!

Step. So! I had as lief as an angel I could swear as well as that gentleman

E. Know. Then, you were a servitor at both, it seems; at Strigonium, and what do you call it?

Bob. O lord, sir! By St. George, I was the first man that entred the breach; and had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain if I had had a million of lives

E. Know. 'T was pity you had not ten; a cat's and your own, I' faith. But, was it possible?

Mat. Pray you mark this discourse, sir.

Step. So I do.

Bob. I assure you, upon my reputation, 't is true, and yourself shall confess.

E. Know. [*Aside.*] You must bring me to the rack, first.

Bob. Observe me judicially, sweet sir: they had planted me three demi-culverins⁶ just in the mouth of the breach; now, sir, as we were to give on,⁷ their master-gunner (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think), confronted me with his linstock,⁸ ready to give fire; I, spying his intentment, discharg'd my petronel⁹ in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put 'em pell-mell to the sword.

Wel. To the sword! To the rapier, captain.

E. Know. Oh, it was a good figure observ'd, sir. But did you all this, captain, without hurting your blade?

Bob. Without any impeach o' the earth: [150] you shall perceive, sir. [*Shows his rapier.*] It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor

gentleman's thigh. Shall I tell you, sir?⁹ You talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindana,¹⁰ or so; tut! I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'em. [155] I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the holdher maintain it.

Step. I marie whether it be a Toledo or no.

Bob. A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, sir.

Step. I have a countryman of his here.

Mat. Pray you, let's see, sir, yes, faith, it is.

Bob. This a Toledo? Pish!

Step. Why do you pish, captain?

Bob. A Flemming, by heaven! I'll buy them for a guilder a-piece, and I would have a thousand of them.

E. Know. How say you, cousin? I told you thus much.

Wel. Where bought you it, master Stephen?

Step. Of a scurvy rogue soldier: a hundred of hce go with him! He swore it was a Toledo.

Bob. A poor provant¹¹ rapier, no better

Mat. Mass, I think 't be indeed, now I look on't better.

E. Know. Nay, the longer you look on't, the worse. Put it up, put it up.

Step. Well, I will put it up; but by — I have forgot the captain's oath, I thought to ha' sworn by it — an e'er I meet him —

Wel. O, it is past help now, sir; you must have patience.

Step. Whoreson, coney-catching¹¹ rascal! I could eat the very hilts for anger.

E. Know. A sign of good digestion; you have an ostrich stomach, cousin.

Step. A stomach! Would I had him here, you should see an I had a stomach.

Wel. It's better as 'tis. — Come, gentlemen, shall we go?

SCENE II.

E. KNOWELL, MASTER STEPHEN, WELLBRED, BOBADILL, MASTER MATHEW.

[*Enter*] BRAINWORM, [*disguised as before.*]

E. Know. A miracle, cousin; look here, look here!

Step. Oh — God's lid. By your leave, do you know me, sir?

Brai. Ay, sir, I know you by sight.

Step. You sold me a rapier, did you not?

Brai. Yes, marry, did I, sir.

Step. You said it was a Toledo, ha?

Brai. True, I did so.

Step. But it is none.

Brai. No, sir, I confess it; it is none.

Step. Do you confess it? Gentlemen, bear witness, he has confessed it — By God's will, you had not confest it —

E. Know. Oh, cousin, forbear, forbear!

Step. Nay, I have done, cousin.

⁹ The swords of Bevis, Arthur, and Orlando, in the romances

¹⁰ Such as was regularly supplied to the common soldier.

¹¹ Swindling

¹² Punning on *stomach* in the s of c

¹³ The same

¹ Gran, in Hungary, retaken from the Turks in 1597

² Capture

³ He called it *Tortosa* in the Quarto

⁴ Genoese.

⁵ A kind of cannon.

⁶ Charge.

⁷ Stick to hold the lint for firing a cannon.

⁸ Carbine.

Wel. Why, you have done like a gentleman ; he has confest it, what would you more ?

Step. Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal, under his favour, do you see.

E. Know. Ay, by his leave, he is, and under favour. a pretty piece of civility ! Sirrah, how dost thou like him ?

Wel. Oh, it's a most precious fool, make much on him. I can compare him to nothing ²⁵ more happily than a drum ; for every one may play upon him.

E. Know. No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter.

Brai. Shall I entreat a word with you ?

E. Know. With me, sir ? You have not another Toledo to sell, ha' you ?

Brai. You are conceited, ³⁰ sir. Your name is Master Knowell, as I take it ?

E. Know. You are i' the right ; you mean ³⁵ not to proceed in the catechism, do you ?

Brai. No, sir, I am none of that coat.

E. Know. Of as bare a coat, though. Well, say, sir.

Brai. [*taking E. KNOW. aside.*] Faith, sir, I am but servant to the drum ⁴⁰ extraordinary, and indeed, this smoky varnish being washt off, and three or four patches remov'd, I appear your worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father, — Brainworm.

E. Know. Brainworm ! 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in this shape ?

Brai. The breath o' your letter, sir, this morning ; the same that blew you to the Windmill, and your father after you.

E. Know. My father !

Brai. Nay, never start, 't is true ; he has follow'd you over the fields by the foot, as you would do a hare i' the snow.

E. Know. Sirrah Wellbred, what shall we do, sirrah ? My father is come over after me.

Wel. Thy father ! Where is he ?

Brai. At justice Clement's house, in Coleman-street, where he but stays my return ; and then —

Wel. Who 's this ? Brainworm !

Brai. The same, sir.

Wel. Why how, in the name of wit, com'st thou transmuted thus ?

Brai. Faith, a device, a device ; nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here ; withdraw, and I 'll tell you all.

Wel. But art thou sure he will stay thy return ?

Brai. Do I live, sir ? What a question is that !

Wel. We 'll prorogue his expectation, then, a little : Brainworm, thou shalt go with us. — Come on, gentlemen. — Nay, I pray thee, ⁷⁵ sweet Ned, droop not ; 'heart, an our wits be so wretchedly dull, that one old plodding brain can outstrip us all, would we were e'en prest ⁸⁰ to make porters of, and serve out the remnant

¹ Witty.

² An allusion to the tricky servant in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*.

³ Impressed.

of our days in Thames-street, or at Custom- [so house quay, in a civil war against the carmen !]

Brai. Amen, amen, amen, say I [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.⁴

[*Enter*] KITELY and CASH.

Kit. What says he, Thomas ? Did you speak with him ?

Cash. He will expect you, sir, within this half hour.

Kit. Has he the money ready, can you tell ?

Cash. Yes, sir, the money was brought in last night.

Ku O, that is well ; fetch me my cloak, my cloak ! — [*Exit CASH.*]

Stay, let me see, an hour to go and come ; Ay, that will be the least ; and then 't will be

An hour before I can dispatch with him, Or very near ; well, I will say two hours.

Two hours ! ha ! things never dreamt of yet, ¹⁰ May be contriv'd, ay, and effected too, In two hours' absence ; well, I will not go.

Two hours ! No, fleeing Opportunity, I will not give your subtilty that scope.

Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd, ¹⁵ That sets his doors wide open to a thief, And shews the felon where his treasure lies ?

Again, what earthy spirit but will attempt To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree,

When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes ? I will not go. Business, go by for once.

No, beauty, no ; you are of too good caract ²⁰ To be left so, without a guard, or open.

Your lustre, too, 'll inflame at any distance, Draw courtship to you, as a jet doth straws ; ²⁵ Put motion in a stone, strike fire from ice,

Nay, make a porter leap you with his burden. You must be then kept up, close, and well

watch'd,

For, give you opportunity, no quick-sand Devours or swallows swifter ! He that lends ³⁰ His wife, if she be fair, or time or place,

Compels her to be false. I will not go ! The dangers are too many : — and then the

dressing

Is a most main attractive ! Our great heads Within this city never were in safety ³⁵

Since our wives wore these little caps. I 'll change 'em ;

I 'll change 'em straight in mine mine shall no more

Wear three-piled ⁴⁰ acorns, to make my horns ache,

Nor will I go ; I am resolv'd for that.

[*Re-enter CASH with a cloak.*]

Carry in my cloak again. Yet stay. Yet do, too. I will defer going, on all occasions.

Cash. Sir, Snare, your scrivener, will be there with th' bonds.

Kit. That's true : fool on me ! I had clean forgot it ;

I must go. What 's a clock ?

⁴ Kitley's warehouse. ⁵ Carat, value, quality

⁶ Velvet of the best quality.

⁷ Note the execrable pun on *acorns* and *horns ache*.

Cash. Exchange-time,¹ sir.
Kit. Heart, then will Wellbred presently be here too,⁴⁵
 With one or other of his loose consorts.
 I am a knave if I know what to say,
 What course to take, or which way to resolve.
 My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
 Wherein my imaginations run like sands,⁵⁰
 Filling up time; but then are turn'd and turn'd:
 So that I know not what to stay upon,
 And less, to put in act. — It shall be so.
 Nay, I dare build upon his secrecy,
 He knows not to deceive me. — Thomas!

Cash. Sir,⁵⁵
Kit. Yet now I have bethought me, too, I will not. —

Thomas, is Cob within?

Cash. I think he be, sir.

Kit. But he'll prate too, there is no speech of him.

No, there were no man o' the earth to² Thomas, if I durst trust him; there is all the doubt.⁶⁰
 But should he have a chink in him, I were gone.
 Lost i' my fame for ever, talk for th' Exchange!

The manner he hath stood with, till this present,
 Doth promise no such change: what should I fear then?

Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune once.⁶⁵

Thomas — you may deceive me, but, I hope — Your love to me is more —

Cash. Sir, if a servant's Duty, with faith, may be call'd love, you are More than in hope, you are possess'd of it.

Kit. I thank you heartily, Thomas: give me your hand:⁷⁰

With all my heart, good Thomas. I have, Thomas,

A secret to impart unto you — but, When once you have it, I must seal your lips up;

So far I tell you, Thomas.

Cash. Sir, for that —

Kit. Nay, hear me out. Think I esteem you, Thomas,⁷⁵

When I will let you in thus to my private.

It is a thing sits nearer to my crest,
 Than thou art 'ware of, Thomas; if thou should'st

Reveal it, but —

Cash. How, I reveal it?

Kit. Nay, I do not think thou would'st; but if thou should'st,⁸⁰

'T were a great weakness.

Cash. A great treachery.
 Give it no other name.

Kit. Thou wilt not do 't, then?

Cash. Sir, if I do, mankind disclaim me ever!

Kit. He will not swear, he has some reservation,
 Some conceal'd purpose, and close³ meaning sure;⁸⁵

¹ Ten o'clock, according to the Q.

² Compared to.

³ Secret.

Else, being urg'd so much, how should he choose
 But lend an oath to all this protestation?

He's no precisian,⁴ that I'm certain of,
 Nor rigid Roman Catholic: he'll play
 At fayles,⁵ and tick-tack;⁶ I have heard him swear.⁹⁰

What should I think of it? Urge him ag' ,
 And by some other way? I will do so.

Well, Thomas, thou hast sworn not to disclose: —

Yes, you did swear?

Cash. Not yet, sir, but I will,

Please you —

Kit. No, Thomas, I dare take thy word,
 But, if thou wilt swear, do as thou think'st good;⁹⁵

I am resolv'd⁶ without it; at thy pleasure.

Cash. By my soul's safety then, sir, I protest,
 My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word
 Deliver'd me in nature of your trust.¹⁰⁰

Kit. It is too much; these ceremonies need not,

I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.

Thomas, come hither, near, we cannot be

Too private in this business. So it is, —

[*Aside*] Now he has sworn, I dare the safelier venture.¹⁰⁵

I have of late, by divers observations —

[*Aside*] But whether his oath can bind him, yea, or no,

Being not taken lawfully? Ha! say you?

I will ask council ere I do not proceed: —

Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,¹¹⁰

I'll spy some fitter time soon, or to-morrow.

Cash. Sir, at your pleasure.

Kit. I will think: — and, Thomas,
 I pray you search the books 'gainst my return,
 For the receipts 'twixt me and Traps.

Cash. I will, sir.

Kit. And hear you, if your mistress' brother,
 Wellbred,¹¹⁵

Chance to bring hither any gentlemen

Ere I come back, let one straight bring me word.

Cash. Very well, sir.

Kit. To the Exchange, do you hear?
 Or here in Coleman-street, to justice Clement's.

Forget it not, nor be not out of the way.¹²⁰

Cash. I will not, sir.

Kit. I pray you have a care on 't.

Or, whether he come or no, if any other,

Stranger, or else; fail not to send me word.

Cash. I shall not, sir.

Kit. Be 't your special business

Now to remember it.

Cash. Sir, I warrant you.¹²⁵

Kit. But, Thomas, this is not the secret,
 Thomas,

I told you of.

Cash. No, sir; I do suppose it.

Kit. Believe me, it is not.

Cash. Sir, I do believe you.

Kit. By heaven it is not, that's enough. But,
 Thomas,

I would not you should utter it, do you see,

⁴ Puritan.

⁵ Games of chance, somewhat like back-gammon.

⁶ Convince.

⁷ Before a magistrate.

To any creature living; yet I care not.
Well, I must hence. Thomas, conceive thus much,

It was a trial of you, when I meant
So deep a secret to you; I mean not this, ¹³⁴
But that I have to tell you, this is nothing, this.
But, Thomas, keep this from my wife, I charge you,

Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here —
No greater hell than to be slave to fear. *[Exit.]*

Cash. Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here¹

Whence should this flood of passion, trow, take head? ha! ¹⁴⁰

Best dream no longer of this running humour,
For fear I sink; the violence of the stream
Already hath transported me so far,
That I can feel no ground at all. But soft —
Oh, 't is our water-bearer. somewhat has crost him now. ¹⁴⁵

SCENE IV. 1

CASH. *[Enter] COB, [hastily].*

Cob. Fasting-days! what tell you me of fasting-days? 'Slid, would they were all on a light fire for me! They say the whole world shall be consum'd with fire one day, but would I had these Ember-weeks and villanous Fridays ⁵ burnt in the mean time, and then —

Cash. Why, how now, Cob? What moves thee to this choler, ha?

Cob. Collar, master Thomas! I scorn your collar, I sir; I am none o' your cart-horse, ¹⁰ though I carry and draw water. An you offer to ride me with your collar or halter either, I may hap shew you a jade's trick, sir.

Cash. O, you'll slip your head out of the collar? Why, goodman Cob, you mistake me. ¹⁵

Cob. Nay, I have my rheum, and I can be angry as well as another, sir.

Cash. Thy rheum, Cob! Thy humour, thy humour — thou mistak'st.²

Cob. Humour! mack,³ I think it be so in- ²⁰ deed. What is that humour? Some rare thing, I warrant.

Cash. Marry I'll tell thee, Cob: it is a gentleman-like monster, bred in the special gallantry of our time, by affectation, and fed by folly. ²⁵

Cob. How! must it be fed?

Cash. Oh ay, humour is nothing if it be not fed; didst thou never hear that? It's a common phrase, *Feed my humour.*

Cob. I'll none on it: humour, avaunt! I know you not, be gone! Let who will make hungry meals for your monstrosity, it shall not be I. Feed you, quoth he! 'Slid, I ha' much ado to feed myself; especially on these lean rascally days too; an't had been any other day but a ³⁵ fasting-day — a plague on them all for me! By this light, one might have done the commonwealth good service, and have drown'd them all i' the flood, two or three hundred thousand years ago. O, I do stomach⁴ them hugely. I ⁴⁰

¹ The same.

² Humour had displaced rheum as the fashionable word for whim, mood.

⁴ Resent

have a maw⁵ now, and 't were for sir Bevis his horse, against 'em.

Cash. I pray thee, good Cob, what makes thee so out of love with fasting days?

Cob. Marry, that which will make any man ⁴⁵ out of love with 'em, I think, their bad conditions, an you will needs know. First, they are of a Flemish breed, I am sure on't, for they raven up more butter than all the days of the week beside, next, they stink of fish and leek-porridge miserably; thirdly, they'll keep a man de- ⁵⁰ voutly hungry all day, and at night send him supperless to bed.

Cash. Indeed, these are faults, Cob. ⁵⁵

Cob. Nay, an this were all, 't were something; but they are the only known enemies to my generation. A fasting-day no sooner comes, but my lineage goes to wrack; poor cobs! they smoke for it, they are made martyrs o' the grid-iron, they melt in passion and your maids ⁶⁰ too know this, and yet would have me turn Hannibal,⁶ and eat my own flesh and blood. My princely coz *(Pulls out a red herring)*, fear nothing; I have not the heart to devour you, an I might be made as rich as king Cophetua. O that I had room for my tears, I could weep salt- ⁶⁵ water enough now to preserve the lives of ten thousand of my kin! But I may curse none but these filthy almanacs; for an't were not for them, these days of persecution would never ⁷⁰ be known. I'll be hang'd an some fishmonger's son do not make of 'em, and puts in more fasting-days than he should do, because he would utter⁷ his father's dried stock-fish and stinking conger. ⁷⁵

Cash. 'Slight, peace! Thou 'lt be beaten like a stock-fish else. Here is master Mathew. Now must I look out for a messenger to my master. ⁸⁰

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. 8

[Enter] WELLBRED, E KNOWELL, BRAIN-WORM, MATHEW, BOBADILL, and STEPHEN.

Wel. Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest, and exceedingly well carried!

E. Know. Ay, and our ignorance maintain'd it as well, did it not?

Wel. Yes, faith; but was it possible thou ⁵ shouldst not know him? I forgive master Stephen, for he is stupidity itself.

E. Know. 'Fore God, not I, an I might have been join'd patten⁹ with one of the seven wise masters for knowing him. He had so written ¹⁰ himself into the habit of one of your poor ¹¹ infantry, your decay'd, ruinous, worm-eaten gentlemen of the round, ¹² such as have vowed to sit on the skirts of the city, let your provost and his half-dozen of halberdiers do what ¹⁵ they can; and have translated begging out of the old hackney-pace to a fine easy amble, and made it run as smooth off the tongue as a shove-groat shilling. ²⁰ Into the likeness of one of these

⁸ Stomach, appetite. ⁷ Sell. ⁹ By a patent

⁶ Cannibal. ¹⁰ The same. ¹¹ Twisted.

¹¹ Under-officers who went the rounds, inspecting sentries, etc.

¹² A smooth shilling used for playing shovel-board.

reformados¹ had he moulded himself so perfectly, observing every trick of their action, as, varying the accent, swearing with an emphasis, indeed, all with so special and exquisite a grace, that, hadst thou seen him, thou wouldst have sworn he might have been sergeant-major,² if not lieutenant-colonel to the regiment.

Wel. Why, Brainworm, who would have thought thou hadst been such an artificer?

E. Know. An artificer! an architect. Except a man had studied begging all his life time, and been a weaver of language from his infancy for the clothing of it, I never saw his rival.

Wel. Where got'st thou this coat, I marle?

Brai. Of a Houndsditch man, sir, one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker.

Wel. That cannot be, if the proverb hold; for *A crafty knave needs no broker.*

Brai. True, sir; but I did need a broker, ergo —

Wel. Well put off: — no crafty knave, you'll say.

E. Know. Tut, he has more of these shifts.

Brai. And yet, where I have one the broker has ten, sir.

[Re-enter CASH.]

Cash. Francis! Martin! Ne'er a one to be found now? What a spite's this!

Wel. How now, Thomas? Is my brother Kitley within?

Cash. No, sir, my master went forth e'en now; but master Downright is within. — Cob! what, Cob! Is he gone too?

Wel. Whither went your master, Thomas, canst thou tell?

Cash. I know not: to justice Clement's, I think, sir. — Cob!

E. Know. Justice Clement! what's he?

Wel. Why, dost thou not know him? He is a city-magistrate, a justice here, an excellent good lawyer, and a great scholar; but the only mad, merry old fellow in Europe. I show'd him you the other day.

E. Know. Oh, is that he? I remember him now. Good faith, and he is a very strange presence methinks; it shows as if he stood out of the rank from other men: I have heard many of his jests in the University. They say he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse.

Wel. Ay, or wearing his cloak on one shoulder, or serving of God; any thing indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

CASH goes in and out calling.

Cash. Gasper! Martin! Cob! Heart, where should they be, trow?

Bob. Master Kitley's man, pray thee vouchsafe the lighting of this match.

Cash. Fire on your match! No time but now to vouchsafe? — Francis! Cob!

Bob. Body o' me! here's the remainder of seven pound since yesterday was seven-night.

¹ Disbanded soldiers.

² Major, at that time.

³ Marvel.

⁴ Punning on the meanings of *shifts*: devices, and changes of clothes.

'Tis your right Trinidad: did you never take any, master Stephen?

Step. No, truly, sir; but I'll learn to take it now, since you commend it so.

Bob. Sir, believe me upon my relation, for what I tell you, the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, where neither myself, nor a dozen gentlemen more of my knowledge, have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world, for the space of one-and-twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple⁵ only, therefore it cannot be but 'tis most divine. Further, take it in the nature, in the true kind, so, it makes an antidote, that, had you taken the most deadly poisonous plant in all Italy, it should expel it, and clarify you, with as much ease as I speak. And for your green wound, — your Balsamum and your St. John's wort, are all mere gulleries and trash to it, especially your Trinidad: your Nicotian⁷ is good too. I could say what I know of the virtue of it, for the expulsion of rheums, raw humours, crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind; but I profess myself no quacksalver. Only thus much, by Hercules, I do hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tend'red to the use of man.

E. Know. This speech would ha' done decently in a tobacco-trader's mouth.

[Re-enter CASH with COB.]

Cash. At justice Clement's he is, in the middle of Coleman-street.

Cob. Oh, oh!

Bob. Where's the match I gave thee, master Kitley's man?

Cash. Would his match and he, and pipe and all, were at Sancto Domingo! I had forgot it. [Exit.]

Cob. By God's me, I marle what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco. It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers. There were four died out of one house last week with taking of it, and two more the bell went for yesternight; one of them, they say, will ne'er escape it; he voided a bushel of soot yesterday, upward and downward. By the stocks, an there were no wiser men than I, I'd have it present whipping, man or woman, that should but deal with a tobacco pipe. Why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as use it; it's little better than ratsbane or rosaker.

BOBADILL beats him with a cudgel.

All. Oh, good captain, hold, hold!

Bob. You base cullion, you!

Re-enter CASH.

Cash. Sir, here's your match. — Come, thou must needs be talking too, thou'rt well enough serv'd.

⁵ Tobacco from Trinidad was much prized.

⁷ Tobacco named from M Nicot, French ambassador to Portugal in 1559. It is usually a generic name, and the specific use here may be an intentional take.

⁸ Co on poisons.

Cob. Nay, he will not meddle with his match, I warrant you. Well, it shall be a dear beating, an I live.

Bob. Do you prate, do you murmur? ¹³⁹

E. Know. Nay, good captain, will you regard the humour of a fool? Away, knave.

Wel. Thomas, get him away.

[Exit CASH with COB.]

Bob. A whoreson filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement! Body o' Caesar, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I'd have stabb'd him to the earth. ¹⁴⁶

Wel. Marry, the law forbid, sir!

Bob. By Pharaoh's foot, I would have done it Step. Oh, he swears most admirably! By Pharaoh's foot! Body o' Caesar! — I shall never do it, sure. Upon mine honour, and by St. George! — No, I have not the right grace.

Mat. Master Stephen, will you any? By this air, the most divine tobacco that ever I drunk! ¹⁵⁴

Step. None, I thank you, sir. O, this gentleman does it rarely too: but nothing like the other. By this air! As I am a gentleman! By — [Exeunt BOB. and MAT.]

Brai. Master, glance, glance! master Wellbred! STEPHEN is practising to the post. ¹⁶⁰

Step. As I have somewhat to be saved, I protest —

Wel. You are a fool, it needs no affidavit.

E. Know. Cousin, will you any tobacco?

Step. I, sir! Upon my reputation —

E. Know. How now, cousin! ¹⁶⁵

Step. I protest, as I am a gentleman, but no soldier, indeed —

Wel. No, master Stephen! As I remember, your name is ent'red in the artillery-garden. ¹⁶⁹

Step. Ay, sir, that's true. Cousin, may I swear "as I am a soldier" by that?

E. Know. O yes, that you may, it is all you have for your money.

Step. Then, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, it is "divine tobacco!" ¹⁷⁵

Wel. But soft, where's master Mathew? Gone?

Brai. No, sir; they went in here.

Wel. O let's follow them. Master Mathew is gone to salute his mistress in verse; we shall ha' the happiness to hear some of his poetry ¹⁸⁰ now; he never comes unfurnish'd. — Brainworm!

Step. Brainworm! Where? Is this Brainworm?

E. Know. Ay, cousin; no words of it, upon your gentility. ¹⁸⁵

Step. Not I, body o' me! By this air! St. George! and the foot of Pharaoh!

Wel. Rare! Your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths. ¹⁹⁰

E. Know. 'Tis larded with 'em; a kind of French dressing, if you love it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.²

[Enter] KITELY, COB.

Kit. Ha! how many are there, sayest thou?

Cob. Marry, sir, your brother, master Wellbred —

¹ Smoked.

² A room in Justice Clement's house in Coleman St.

Kit. Tnt, beside him: what strangers are there, man?

Cob. Strangers? let me see, one, two; mass, I know not well, there are so many. ⁵

Kit. How! so many?

Cob. Ay, there's some five or six of them at the most.

Kit. [Aside.] A swarm, a swarm! Spite of the devil, how they sting my head

With forked stings, thus wide and large! — But, Cob, ¹⁰

How long hast thou been coming hither, Cob?

Cob. A little while, sir.

Kit. Didst thou come running?

Cob. No, sir.

Kit. [Aside.] Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste ¹⁵

Bane to my fortunes! what meant I to marry?

I, that before was rankt in such content, My mind at rest too, in so soft a peace,

Being free master of mine own free thoughts, ¹⁹

And now become a slave? What! never sigh,

Be of good cheer, man; for thou art a cuckold:

'Tis done, 'tis done! Nay, when such flowing-store,

Plenty itself, falls in[to] my wife's lap,

The cornucopiae will be mine, I know. —

But, Cob, ²⁵

What entertainment had they? I am sure

My sister and my wife would bid them welcome: ha?

Cob. Like enough, sir; yet I heard not a word of it.

Kit. No; —

[Aside.] Their lips were seal'd with kisses, and the voice, ³⁰

Drown'd in a flood of joy at their arrival,

Had lost her motion, state, and faculty. —

Cob, which of them was 't that first kist my wife,

My sister, I should say? My wife, alas!

I fear not her; ha! who was it say'st thou? ³⁵

Cob. By my troth, sir, will you have the truth of it?

Kit. Oh, ay, good Cob, I pray thee heartily.

Cob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bridewell than your worship's company, if I saw any body to be kist, unless they would ⁴⁰ have kist the post³ in the middle of the warehouse; for there I left them all at their tobacco, with a pox!

Kit. How! were they not gone in then ere thou cam'st!

Cob. O no, sir.

Kit. Spite of the devil! what do I stay here then?

Cob. follow me. [Exit.] ⁴⁵

Cob. Nay, soft and fair; I have eggs on the spit; ⁴ I cannot go yet, sir. Now am I, for some

five and fifty reasons, hammering, hammer- ⁵⁰

ing revenge: oh for three or four gallons of

vinegar, to sharpen my wits! Revenge, vinegar

revenge, vinegar and mustard revenge! Nay,

an he had not lien in my house, 't would never

have griev'd me; but being my guest, one that, ⁵⁵

I'll be sworn, my wife has lent him her smock

³ To kiss the post was a phrase meaning to be shut out.

⁴ Business to attend to.

off her back, while his own shirt has been at washing; pawn'd her neckerchers for clean bands for him; sold almost all my platters, to buy him tobacco, and he to turn monster of ⁶⁰ ingratitude, and strike his lawful host! Well, I hope to raise up an host of fury for't: here comes justice Clement.

SCENE VII.¹

COB. [Enter] JUSTICE CLEMENT, KNOWELL, FORMAL.

Clem. What's master Kately gone, Roger?

Form. Ay, sir

Clem. 'Heart o' me! what made him leave us so abruptly? — How now, sirrah! what make you here? What would you have, ha?

Cob. An't please your worship, I am a poor neighbour of your worship's —

Clem. A poor neighbour of mine! Why, speak, poor neighbour.

Cob. I dwell, sir, at the sign of the Water-¹⁰ tankard, hard by the Green Lattice.² I have paid scot and lot³ there any time this eighteen years.

Clem. To the Green Lattice?

Cob. No, sir, to the parish. Marry, I have ¹⁵ seldom scapt scot-free at the Lattice.

Clem. O, well; what business has my poor neighbour with me?

Cob. An't like your worship, I am 'come to crave the peace of your worship.

Clem. Of me, knave! Peace of me, knave! Did I ever hurt thee, or threaten thee, or wrong thee, ha?

Cob. No, sir; but your worship's warrant for one that has wrong'd me, sir. His arms are at ²⁵ too much liberty, I would fain have them bound to a treaty of peace, an my credit could compass it with your worship.

Clem. Thou goest far enough about for't, I am sure.

Know. Why, dost thou go in danger of thy life for him, friend?

Cob. No, sir; but I go in danger of my death every hour, by his means; an I die within a twelve-month and a day,⁴ I may swear by the law of the land that he kill'd me.

Clem. How, how, knave, swear he kill'd thee, and by the law? What pretence, what colour, hast thou for that?

Cob. Marry, an't please your worship, both black and blue; colour enough, I warrant you. ⁴⁰ I have it here to shew your worship.

[Shows his bruises.]

Clem. What is he that gave you this, sirrah?

Cob. A gentleman and a soldier, he says he is, of the city here.

Clem. A soldier o' the city! What call you him?

Cob. Captain Bobadill.

Clem. Bobadill! and why did he bob⁵ and beat you, sirrah? How began the quarrel betwixt you, ha? Speak truly, knave, I advise you.

Cob. Marry, indeed, an't please your worship,

¹ The same. ² A tavern. ³ Rates and taxes.

⁴ The legal limit of time in defining murder.

⁵ Strike.

only because I spake against their vagrant tobacco, as I came by 'em when they were taking on't; for nothing else.

Clem. Ha! you speak against tobacco? Formal, his name.

Form. What's your name, sirrah?

Cob. Oliver, sir, Oliver Cob, sir.

Clem. Tell Oliver Cob he shall go to the jail, Formal.

Form. Oliver Cob, my master, justice Clement, says you shall go to the jail.

Cob. O, I beseech your worship, for God's sake, dear master justice!

Clem. God's precious! an such drunkards and tankards as you are, come to dispute of tobacco once, I have done Away with him!

Cob. O, good master justice! — Sweet old gentleman!

Know. "Sweet Oliver," would I could do ⁷⁰ thee any good! — Justice Clement, let me treat you, sir.

Clem. What! a thread-bare rascal, a beggar, a slave that never drunk out of better than piss-pot metal⁶ in his life! and he to deprave and ⁷⁵ abuse the virtue of an herb so generally received in the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of sweet ladies, the cabins of soldiers! — Roger, away with him? By God's precious — I say, go to.

Cob. Dear master justice, let me be beaten again, I have d⁸⁰id it but not the prison, I beseech you.

Know. Alas, poor Oliver!

Clem. Roger, make him a warrant: — he shall not go, I but fear⁸⁵ the knave.

Form. Do not stink, sweet Oliver, you shall not go, my master will give you a warrant.

Cob. O, the Lord maintain his worship, his worthy worship!

Clem. Away, dispatch him.

[Exeunt FORMAL and COB.]
— How now, master Knowell, in dumps, in dumps! Come, this becomes not.

Know. Sir, would I could not feel my cares.

Clem. Your cares are nothing: they are ⁹⁵ like my cap, soon put on, and as soon put off. What! your son is old enough to govern himself; let him run his course, it's the only way to make him a staid man. If he were an unthrift, a ruffian, a drunkard, or a licentious liver, ¹⁰⁰ then you had reason; you had reason to take care: but, being none of these, mirth's my witness, an I had twice so many cares as you have, I'd drown them all in a cup of sack. Come, come, let's try it: I muse⁸ your parcel of a ¹⁰⁵ soldier returns not all this while. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV

SCENE I.⁹

[Enter] DOWNRIGHT and DAME KITELY.

Dow. Well, sister, I tell you true; and you'll find it so in the end.

⁹ Pewter.

⁷ Frighten.

⁸ Wonder.

⁹ A room in Kately's house.

Dame K. Alas, brother, what would you have me to do? I cannot help it; you see my brother brings 'em in here, they are his friends.

Dow. His friends! his fends. 'Slud! they do nothing but haunt him up and down like a sort of unlucky spirits, and tempt him to all manner of villainy that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play [10] the devil with some of 'em: an 't were not more for your husband's sake than anything else, I'd make the house too hot for the best on 'em; they should say, and swear, hell were broken loose, ere they went hence. But, by God's will, 't is nobody's fault but yours; for an you had [15] done as you might have done, they should have been parboil'd, and bak'd too, every mother's son, ere they should ha' come in, e'er a one of 'em.

Dame K. God's my life! did you ever hear the like? What a strange man is this! Could I keep out all them, think you? I should put myself against half a dozen men, should I? Good faith, you'd mad the patient'st body in the [25] world, to hear you talk so, without any sense or reason.

SCENE II.¹

DOWNRIGHT, DAME KITELY. [*Enter*] MISTRESS BRIDGET, MASTER MATHEW, and BOBADILL, [*followed, at a distance, by*] WELLBRED, E. KNOWELL, STEPHEN, and BRAINWORM.

Brid. Servant,² in troth you are too prodigal Of your wit's treasure, thus to pour it forth Upon so mean a subject as my worth.

Mat. You say well, mistress, and I mean as well.

Dow. Hoy-day, here is stuff!

Wel. O, now stand close; ³ pray Heaven, she can get him to read! He should do it of his own natural impudency.

Brid. Servant, what is this same, I pray you?

Mat. Marry, an elegy, an elegy, an odd toy —

Dow. To mock an ape withal! ⁴ O, I could [15] sew up his mouth, now.

Dame K. Sister, I pray you let's hear it.

Dow. Are you rhyme-given too?

Mat. Mistress, I'll read it, if you please.

Brid. Pray you do, servant.

Dow. O, here's no foppery! Death! I can endure the stocks better.

[*Exit.*] *E. Know.* What ails thy brother? Can he not hold his water at reading of a ballad?

Wel. O, no; a rhyme to him is worse than cheese, or a bag-pipe; but mark; you lose the protestation.

Mat. Faith, I did it in a humour; I know not how it is; but please you come near, sir. This [25] gentleman has judgment, he knows how to censure of a — pray you, sir, you can judge?

Step. Not I, sir; upon my reputation, and by the foot of Pharaoh!

Wel. O, chide your cousin for swearing.

E. Know. Not I, so long as he does not forswear himself.

Bob. Master Mathew, you abuse the expectation of your dear mistress, and her fair sister. Fie! while you live, avoid this prolixity.

Mat. I shall, sir, well, *incipere dulce*.

E. Know. How, *inspire dulce*! "a sweet thing to be a fool," indeed!

Wel. What, do you take *incipere* in that sense?

E. Know. You do not, you! This was your villainy, to gull him with a mot.

Wel. O, the benchers' phrase: *pauca verba. pauca verba!*

Mat. [*Reads.*] *Rare creature, let me speak without offence,*

Would God my rude words had the influence To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine, Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine.

E. Know. This is "Hero and Leander."

Wel. O, ay peace, we shall have more of this.

Mat. *Be not unkind and fair: misshapen stuff Is of behaviour boisterous and rough.*

Wel. How like you that, sir?

MASTER STEPHEN answers with shaking his head.

E. Know. 'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel an there be any brain in it.

Mat. But observe the catastrophe, now:

And I in duty will exceed all other,

As you in beauty do excel Love's mother.

E. Know. Well, I'll have him free of the wit-brokers, for he utters nothing but stol'n remnants.

Wel. O, forgive it him.

E. Know. A fitching⁷ rogue, hang him! — and from the dead! It's worse than sacrilege.

[*WELLBRED, E. KNOWELL, and*

MASTER STEPHEN come forward.]

Wel. Sister, what ha' you here? Verses? Pray you, let's see. Who made these verses? They are excellent good.

Mat. O, Master Wellbred, 't is your disposition to say so, sir. They were good i' the morning. I made them *ex tempore* this morning.

Wel. How! *ex tempore*?

Mat. Ay, would I might be hang'd else; ask Captain Bobadill; he saw me write them, at the — pox on it! — the Star, yonder.

Brai. Can he find in his heart to curse the stars so?

E. Know. Faith, his are even with him; they ha' curst him enough already.

Step. Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's verses?

E. Know. O, admirable! the best that ever I heard, coz.

Step. Body o' Caesar, they are admirable! the best that I ever heard, as I am a soldier!

[*Re-enter DOWNRIGHT.*]

Dow. I am vext, I can hold ne'er a bone of me still. 'Heart, I think they mean to build and breed here.

Wel. Sister, you have a simple servant here,

⁵ It is sweet to begin.

⁶ Various explained as ale-house loafers, and justices.

⁷ Thieving.

¹ The same. ² Lover. ³ Aside.

⁴ To gull a fool with. Proverbial.

that crowns your beauty with such encom-⁵⁰
ums and devices, you may see what it is to be
the mistress of a wit that can make your
perfections so transparent, that every blear eye
may look through them, and see him drown'd
over head and ears in the deep well of desire.
Sister Kately, I marvel you get you not a serv-
ant that can rhyme, and do tricks too.⁵⁶

Dow. O monster! impudence itself! tricks!

Dame K. Tricks, brother! what tricks?

Brid. Nay, speak, I pray you, what tricks?

Dame K. Ay, never spare any body here; ¹⁰⁰
but say, what tricks?

Brid. Passion of my heart, do tricks!

Wel. 'Slight, here 's a trick vied and revied! ¹¹
Why, you monkeys, you, what a cater-wauling
do you keep! Has he not given you rhymes
and verses and tricks? ¹⁰⁶

Dow. O, the fiend!

Wel. Nay, you lamp of virginity, that take it
in-snuff ² so, come, and cherish this tame poeti-
cal fury in your servant; you 'll be begg'd ¹¹⁰
else shortly for a concealment; ³ go to, reward his
muse. You cannot give him less than a shilling
in conscience, for the book he had it out of cost
him a teston ⁴ at least. How now, gallants! ¹¹⁴
Master Mathew! Captain! what, all sons of si-
lence? No spirit?

Dow. Come, you might practise your ruffian
tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wuss; ⁵
this is no tavern nor drinking-school, to vent
your exploits in. ¹²⁰

Wel. How now; whose cow has calv'd?

Dow. Marry, that has mine, sir. Nay, boy,
never look askance at me for the matter; I 'll
tell you of it, I, sir; you and your companions
mend yourselves when I ha' done. ¹²⁵

Wel. My companions!

Dow. Yes, sir, your companions, so I say; I
am not afraid of you, nor them neither; your
hangbys here. You must have your poets and
your potlings, ⁶ your soldados and foolados to ¹³⁰
follow you up and down the city; and here they
must come to domineer and swagger. — Sirrah,
you ballad-singer, and Slops' your fellow there,
get you out, get you home; or by this steel,
I 'll cut off your ears, and that presently. ¹³⁵

Wel. 'Slight, stay, let's see what he dare do;
cut off his ears! cut a whetstone. You are an
ass, do you see? Touch any man here, and by
this hand I 'll run my rapier to the hilts in
you. ¹⁴⁰

Dow. Yea, that would I fain see, boy.

*They all draw, and they of the house
make out to part them.*

Dame K. O Jesu! murder! Thomas! Gasper!

Brid. Help, help! Thomas!

¹ To vie and revie meant to stake a sum and cover it
with a higher.

² Are offended.

³ This is a reference to the unauthorized holding of
sequestered lands, such as those which had belonged to
the monasteries. Elizabeth had appointed commissions
to search such holdings or "concealments," which her
courtiers often "begged."

⁴ Sixpence.

⁶ Toppers

⁵ I-was, assuredly.

⁷ Loose breeches: Bobadill.

E. Knou. Gentlemen, forbear, I pray you. ¹⁴⁴
Bob. Well, sirrah, you Holofernes; by my
hand, I will punk your flesh full of holes with
my rapier for this, I will, by this good heaven!
Nay, let him come, let him come, gentlemen;
by the body of St George, I 'll not kill him.

Offer to fight again, and are parted.

Cash. Hold, hold, good gentlemen. ¹⁵⁰

Dow. You whoreson, bragging coystril! ⁵

SCENE III ⁹

To them [enter] KITELY.

Kit. Why, how now! what's the matter,
what's the stir here?

Whence springs the quarrel? Thomas! where
is he?

Put up your weapons, and put off this rage.

My wife and sister, they are the cause of this.

What, Thomas! where is the knave? ⁵

Cash. Here, sir.

Wel. Come, let's go; this is one of my brother's
ancient humours, thus.

Step. I am glad nobody was hurt by his
ancient humour. ¹⁰

*[Exeunt WELLBRED, STEPHEN,
E. KNOWELL, BOBADILL, and
BRAINWORM.]*

Kit. Why, how now, brother, who enforce'd
this brawl?

Dow. A sort ¹⁰ of lewd rake-hells, that care
neither for God nor the devil. And they must
come here to read ballads, and roguery, and ¹⁴
trash! I 'll mar the knot of 'em ere I sleep, per-
haps; especially Bob there, he that's all man-
ner of shapes: and Songs and Sonnets, his
fellow.

Brid. Brother, indeed you are too violent,
Too sudden in your humour: and you know ²⁰
My brother Wellbred's temper will not bear
Any reproof, chiefly in such a presence,
Where every slight disgrace he should receive
Might wound him in opinion and respect. ²⁴

Dow. Respect! what talk you of respect
among such as ha' nor spark of manhood nor
good manners? 'Sdeins, I asham'd to hear
you! respect! ²⁸ *[Exit.]*

Brid. Yes, there was one a civil gentleman,
And very worthily demean'd himself. ³⁰

Kit. O, that was some love of yours, sister.

Brid. A love of mine! I would it were no
worse, brother;

Yon 'd pay my portion sooner than you think for.

Dame K. Indeed he seem'd to be a gentle- ³⁴
man of a very exceeding fair disposition, and
of excellent good parts.

*[Exeunt DAME KITELY and BRID-
GET.]*

Kit. Her love, by heaven! my wife's minion.
Fair disposition! excellent good parts!

Death! these phrases are intolerable.

Good parts! how should she know his parts? ⁴⁰

His parts! Well, well, well, well, well; well;

It is too plain, too clear: Thomas, come hither.

What, are they gone?

⁵ Lackey.

⁹ The same.

¹⁰ Band.

Cash. Ay, sir, they went in.
 My mistress and your sister
Kit. Are any of the gallants within? ⁴⁵
Cash. No, sir, they are all gone.
Kit. Art thou sure of it?
Cash. I can assure you, sir.
Kit. What gentleman was that they prais'd
 so, Thomas?
Cash. One, they call him Master Knowell, ⁵⁰
 a handsome young gentleman, sir.
Kit. Ay, I thought so; my mind gave me as
 much.
 I'll die, but they have hid him i' the house
 Somewhere; I'll go and search; go with me,
 Thomas:
 Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master. ⁵⁴

SCENE IV.¹

[Enter] COB.

Cob. [knocks at the door.] What, Tib! Tib, I
 say!
Tib. [within.] How now, what cuckold is that
 knocks so hard?

Enter TIB.

O, husband! is it you? What's the news? ⁵
Cob. Nay, you have stunn'd me, i' faith; you
 ha' giv'n me a knock o' the forehead will stick
 by me. Cuckold! 'Slid, cuckold!
Tib. Away, you fool! did I know it was you
 that knockt? Come, come, you may call me
 as bad when you list. ¹¹
Cob. May I? Tib, you are a whore.
Tib. You lie in your throat, husband.
Cob. How, the he! and in my throat too! do
 you long to be stabb'd, ha? ¹⁵
Tib. Why, you are no soldier, I hope.
Cob. O, must you be stabb'd by a soldier?
 Mass, that's true! When was Bobadill here,
 your captain² that rogue, that foist,² that
 fencing Burgullion? I'll tickle him, i' faith.
Tib. Why, what's the matter, trow? ²¹
Cob. O, he has basted me rarely, sumptuously!
 but I have it here in black and white [Pulls out
 the warrant], for his black and blue shall pay
 him. O, the justice, the honestest old brave ²⁵
 Trojan in London; I do honour the very flea
 of his dog. A plague on him, though, he put me
 once in a villanous filthy fear; marry, it
 vanished away like the smoke of tobacco; but I
 was smokt⁴ soundly first. I thank the devil, ³⁰
 and his good angel, my guest. Well, wife, or
 Tib, which you will, get you in, and lock the
 door; I charge you let nobody in to you, wife;
 nobody in to you; those are my words: not
 Captain Bob himself, nor the fiend in his ³⁵
 likeness. You are a woman, you have flesh and
 blood enough in you to be tempted; therefore
 keep the door shut upon all comers.
Tib. I warrant you, there shall nobody enter
 here without my consent. ⁴⁰

¹ e lane before Cob's house.² Cheat.³ Bully.⁴ Usually, found out; but here, apparently, fright-
 ed.

Cob. Nor with your consent, sweet Tib; and
 so I leave you.

Tib. It's more than you know, whether you
 leave me so.

Cob. How?

Tib. Why, sweet.

Cob. Tut, sweet or sour, thou art a flower.
 Keep close thy door, I ask no more. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.⁵[Enter] E. KNOWELL, WELLBRED, STEPHEN,
 and BRAINWORM, [disguised as before.]

E. Know. Well, Brainworm, perform this
 business happily, and thou makest a purchase
 of my love for ever.

Wel. I' faith, now let thy spirits use their
 best faculties: but, at any hand, remember ⁵
 the message to my brother; for there's no
 other means to start him.

Brai. I warrant you, sir; fear nothing; I have
 a nimble soul has wakt all forces of my
 phant'sie by this time, and put 'em in true ¹⁰
 motion. What you have possess'd me withal,
 I'll discharge it amply, sir; make it no ques-
 tion. [Exeunt.]

Wel. Forth, and prosper, Brainworm. Faith,
 Ned, how dost thou approve of my abilities in
 this device? ¹⁵

E. Know. Troth, well, howsoever; but it will
 come excellent if it take.

Wel. Take, man! why it cannot choose but
 take, if the circumstances miscarry not: ²⁰
 but, tell me ingenuously, dost thou affect my
 sister Bridget as thou pretend'st?

E. Know. Friend, am I worth belief?

Wel. Come, do not protest. In faith, she is
 a maid of good ornament, and much mod- ²⁵
 esty; and, except I conceiv'd very worthily of
 her, thou should'st not have her.

E. Know. Nay, that, I am afraid, will be a
 question yet, whether I shall have her, or no.

Wel. 'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this light
 thou shalt. ³¹

E. Know. Nay, do not swear.

Wel. By this hand thou shalt have her; I'll
 go fetch her presently. 'Point but where to
 meet, and as I am an honest man I'll bring her.

E. Know. Hold, hold, be temperate. ³⁵

Wel. Why, by — what shall I swear by?
 Thou shalt have her, as I am —

E. Know. Pray thee, be at peace, I am
 satisfied; and do believe thou wilt omit no ⁴⁰
 offered occasion to make my desires complete.

Well. Thou shalt see, and know, I will not.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.⁷

[Enter] FORMAL and KNOWELL.

Form. Was your man a soldier, sir?

Know. Ay, a knave;
 I took him begging o' the way, this morning,
 As I came over Moorfields.

⁵ A room in the Windmill Tavern.⁶ Informed.⁷ The Old Jewry.

[Enter BRAINWORM, disguised as before.]

O, here he is! — you've made fair speed, believe me,
Where, i' the name of sloth, could you be thus?

Brai. Marry, peace be my comfort, where I thought I should have had little comfort of your worship's service.

Know. How so?

Brai. O, sir, your coming to the city, your entertainment of me, and your sending me to watch — indeed all the circumstances either of your charge, or my employment, are as open to your son, as to yourself.

Know. How should that be, unless that villain, Brainworm,
Have told him of the letter, and discover'd All that I strictly charg'd him to conceal?

'Tis so.

Brai. I am partly o' the faith, 'tis so, indeed.

Know. But, how should he know thee to be my man?

Brai. Nay, sir, I cannot tell, unless it be by the black art. Is not your son a scholar, sir?

Know. Yes, but I hope his soul is not allud Unto such hellish practice: if it were, I had just cause to weep my part in him, And curse the time of his creation.

But, where didst thou find them, Fitz-Sword?

Brai. You should rather ask where they found me, sir; for I'll be sworn, I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when, of a sudden, a voice calls, "Mr. Knowell's man!" another cries, "Soldier!" and thus half a dozen of 'em, till they had call'd me within a house, where I no sooner came, but they seem'd men, and out flew all their rapiers at my bosom, with some three or four score oaths to accompany them; and all to tell me, I was but a dead man, if I did not confess where you were, and how I was employed, and about what; which when they could not get out of me (as, I protest, they must ha' dissected, and made an anatomy¹ o' me first, and so I told 'em), they lock'd me up into a room i' the top of a high house, whence by great miracle (having a light heart) I slid down by a bottom² of packthread into the street, and so scapt. But, sir, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it while I was lockt up, there were a great many rich merchants and brave citizens' wives with 'em at a feast; and your son, master Edward, withdrew with one of 'em, and has 'pointed to meet her anon at one Cob's house, a water-bearer that dwells by the Wall. Now, there your worship shall be sure to take him, for there he preys, and fail he will not.

Know. Nor will I fail to break his match, I doubt not.

Go thou along with justice Clement's man, And stay there for me. At one Cob's house, say'st thou?

Brai. Ay, sir, there you shall have him. [Exit KNOWELL.] Yes — invisible! Much wench, or much son! 'Slight, when he has staid there three or four hours, traving with the expectation of wonders, and at length be deliver'd of air! O the sport that I should then take to look on him, if I durst! But now, I mean to appear no more afore him in this shape: I have another trick to act yet. O that I were so happy as to light on a nupson now of this justice's novice! — Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

Form. Not a whit, sir. Pray you what do y mean, sir?

Brai. I was putting up some papers.

Form. You ha' been lately in the wars, sir, it seems.

Brai. Marry have I, sir, to my loss, and expense of all, almost.

Form. Troth, sir, I would be glad to bestow a bottle of wine o' you, if it please you to accept it —

Brai. O, sir —

Form. But to hear the manner of your services, and your devices in the wars. They say they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in the Roman histories, or sees at Mile-end.

Brai. No, I assure you, sir, why at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to discourse to you all I know; [Aside.] — and more too somewhat.

Form. No better time than now, sir; we'll go to the Windmill; there we shall have a cup of neat grist, we call it. I pray you, sir, let me request you to the Windmill.

Brai. I'll follow you, sir; [Aside.] — and make grist o' you, if I have good luck.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

[Enter] MATHEW, E. KNOWELL, BOBADILL, STEPHEN.

Mat. Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him where we were to-day, Mr. Wellbred's half-brother? I think the whole earth cannot shew his parallel, by this daylight.

E. Know. We were now speaking of him: [6 captain Bobadill tells me he is fall'n foul o' you too.

Mat. O, ay, sir, he threat'ned me with the bastinado.

Bob. Ay, but I think, I taught you prevention this morning, for that. You shall kill him beyond question, if you be so generously minded.

Mat. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick.

Bob. O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion; you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it must be done like lightning, hay!

Practises at a post.

Mat. Rare, captain!

³ Simpleton.

⁴ Where the city bands trained.

⁵ Slang for liquor. the product of the Windmill.

⁶ Moorfields.

¹ Skeleton.

² Ball.

Bob. Tut! 't is nothing, an 't be not done in a ^{punto.}¹

E. Know. Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here?

Mat. O good sir! yes, I hope he has.

Bob. I will tell you, sir. Upon my first coming to the city, after my long travel for knowledge in that mystery only, there came three or four of 'em to me, at a gentleman's house, where it was my chance to be resident at that time, to intreat my presence at their schools and withal so much importun'd me that, I protest to you as I am a gentleman, I was ashamed of their rude demeanour out of all measure. Well, I told 'em that to come to a public school, they should pardon me, it was opposite, in diameter, to my humour; but if so be they would give their attendance at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or favour I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth.

E. Know. So, sir! then you tried their skill?

Bob. Alas, soon tried you shall hear, sir. Within two or three days after, they came, and, by honesty, fair sir, believe me, I grac'd them exceedingly, shew'd them some two or three tricks of prevention have purchas'd 'em since a credit to admiration. They cannot deny this; and yet now they hate me; and why? Because I am excellent; and for no other vile reason on the earth.

E. Know. This is strange and barbarous, ever I heard.

Bob. Nay, for a more instance of their posterous natures, but note, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walkt alone in divers skirts i' the town, as Turnbull, Whitechapel, Shoreditch, which were then my quarters; and since, upon the Exchange, at my lodging, and at my ordinary: where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their spleen; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot at pleasure. By myself, I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to bear any other than this bastinado for 'em: yet I hold it good polity not to go disarm'd, for though I be skilful, I may be oppress'd with multitudes.

E. Know. Ay, believe me, may you, sir: and in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Bob. Alas, no? what's a peculiar man to a nation? Not seen.

E. Know. O, but your skill, sir.

Bob. Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal; I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to her majesty and the lords, — observe me, — I would undertake, upon this

poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general; but to save the one half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Know. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land, gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution, I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your *punto*, your *reverso*, your *stoccato*, your *imbroccato*, your *passada*, your *montanto*; till they could all play very near, or altogether, as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse us well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them, twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand. forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practis'd upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

E. Know. Why, are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times?

Bob. Tut! never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

E. Know. I would not stand in Downright's state then, an you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

Bob. Why, sir, you mistake me: if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him. Let this gentleman do his mind; but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my distance.

E. Know. 'God's so, look where he is! yonder he goes.

DOWNRIGHT walks over the stage.
Dow. What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals?

Bob. It is not he, is it?

E. Know. Yes, faith, it is he.

Mat. I'll be hang'd, then, if that were he.

E. Know. Sir, keep your hanging good for some greater matter, for I assure you that was he.

Step. Upon my reputation, it was he.

Bob. Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so: but I can hardly be induc'd to believe it was he yet.

E. Know. That I think, sir.

¹ Italian terms of fencing.

² Bobadil is too much of a borrower to be an accurate reckoner. (Gifford.)

¹ Moment.

² All low districts.

³ Ant.

⁴ Individual.

[Re-enter DOWNRIGHT.]

But see, he is come again.

Dow. O, Pharaoh's foot, have I found you? Come, draw, to your tools; draw, gipsy, or I'll thrash you.

Bob. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee; hear me —

Dow. Draw your weapon then.

Bob. Tall¹ man, I never thought on it till now — body of me, I had a warrant of the peace served on me, even now as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, [155] Master Mathew.

Dow. 'S death! you will not draw then?

Beats and disarmshim. MATHEW runs away.

Bob. Hold, hold! under thy favour forbear! *Dow.* Prate again, as you like this, you [160] whoreson foist² you! You'll "control³ the point," you! Your consort is gone, had he staid he had shar'd with you, sir. [Exit.]

Bob. Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

E. Know. No, faith, it's an ill day, captain, never reckon it other: but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself that 'll prove but a poor excuse.

Bob. I cannot tell, sir; I desire good construction in fair sort. I never sustain'd the like disgrace, by heaven! Sure I was struck with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

E. Know. Ay, like enough; I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet: [175] go, get you to a surgeon. 'Slid! an these be your tricks, your *passadas*, and your *montantos*, I'll none of them. [Exit BOBADILL.] O, manners! that this age should bring forth such [180] creatures! that nature should be at leisure to make them! Come, coz.

Step. Mass, I'll ha' this cloak.

E. Know. 'Od's will, 't is Downright's.

Step. Nay, it's mine now, another might have ta'en up as well as I: I'll wear it, so I will. [185]

E. Know. How an he see it? He'll challenge it, assure yourself.

Step. Ay, but he shall not ha' it; I'll say I bought it. [190]

E. Know. Take heed you buy it not too dear, coz. [Exit.]

SCENE VIII.⁴

[Enter] KITELY, WELLBRED, DAME KITELY, and BRIDGET.

Kit. Now, trust me, brother, you were much to blame,

T'incense his anger, and disturb the peace Of my poor house, where there are sentinels That every minute watch to give alarms Of civil war, without adjection⁵ [195] Of your assistance or occasion.

Wel. No harm done, brother, I warrant you. Since there is no harm done, anger costs a man nothing; and a tall man is never his own man till he be angry. To keep his valour in ob- [200]

scurity, is to keep himself as it were in a cloak-bag. What's a musician, unless he play? What's a tall man unless he fight? For, indeed, all this my wise brother stands upon absolutely, and that made me fall in with him so resolutely. [205]

Dame K. Ay, but what harm might have come of it, brother!

Wel. Might, sister? So might the good warm clothes your husband wears be poison'd, for any thing he knows or the wholesome wine he [210] drank, even now at the table.

Kit. [Aside.] Now, God forbid! O me! now I remember

My wife drank to me last, and chang'd the cup, And bade me wear this cursed suit to-day. See, if Heaven suffer murder undiscover'd! — [215] I feel me ill; give me some mithridate.⁶ Some mithridate and oil, good sister, fetch me; O, I am sick at heart, I burn, I burn. If you will save my life, go fetch it me.

Wel. O strange humour! my very breath [220] has poison'd him.

Brid. Good brother, be content, what do you mean?

The strength of these extreme conceits' will kill you.

Dame K. Beshrew your heart-blood, brother Wellbred, now,

For putting such a toy into his head! [225]

Wel. Is a fit simile a toy? Will he be poison'd with a simile? Brother Kately, what a strange and idle imagination is this! For shame, be wiser. O' my soul, there's no such matter. [230]

Kit. Am I not sick? How am I then not poison'd?

Am I not poison'd? How am I then so sick?

Dame K. If you be sick, your own thoughts make you sick.

Wel. His jealousy is the poison he has taken.

Enter BRAINWORM, disguised like justice Clement's man.

Brai. Master Kately, my master, justice [240] Clement, salutes you; and desires to speak with you with all possible speed.

Kit. No time but now, when I think I am sick, very sick! Well, I will wait upon his worship. Thomas! Cob! I must seek them out, and set 'em sentinels till I return. Thomas! Cob! [245] Thomas! [Exit.]

Wel. This is perfectly rare, Brainworm; [Takes him aside] but how got'st thou this apparel of the justice's man? [250]

Brai. Marry, sir, my proper fine pen-man would needs bestow the grist o' me, at the Windmill, to hear some martial discourse; where I so marshall'd him, that I made him drunk with admiration: and, because too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stript [255] him stark naked as he lay along asleep, and borrowed his suit to deliver this counterfeit message in, leaving a rusty armour, and an old brown bill to watch him till my return; which shall be, when I ha' pawn'd his apparel, and [260] spent the better part o' the money, perhaps.

Wel. Well, thou art a successful merry knave.

¹ Bold.

² Cheat.

³ Beat down.

⁴ A room in Kately's house.

⁵ Addition.

⁶ Used as a general antidote.

⁷ Fancies.

Brainworm : his absence will be a good subject for more mirth. I pray thee return to thy young master, and will him to meet me and my ⁷⁰ sister Bridget at the Tower¹ instantly, for here, tell him, the house is so stor'd with jealousy, there is no room for love to stand upright in. We must get our fortunes committed to some larger prison, say ; and than the Tower, I ⁷⁵ know no better air, nor where the liberty of the house may do us more present service. Away !

[Exit BRAINWORM.]

[Re-enter KITELY, talking aside to CASH.]

Kit. Come hither, Thomas. Now my secret's ripe,

And thou shalt have it : lay to both thine ears. Hark what I say to thee. I must go forth, Thomas ;

Be careful of thy promise, keep good watch, Note every gallant, and observe him well, That enters in my absence to thy mistress : If she would shew him rooms, the jest is stale, Follow 'em, Thomas, or else hang on him, ⁸⁵ And let him not go after ; mark their looks ; Note if she offer but to see his hand, Or any other amorous toy about him ; But praise his leg, or foot : or if she say The day is hot, and bid him feel her hand, ⁹⁰ How hot it is ; O, that 's a monstrous thing ! Note me all this, good Thomas, mark their sighs, And if they do but whisper, break 'em off. I'll bear thee out in it. Wilt thou do this ? Wilt thou betrust, my Thomas ?

Cash. As truth's self, sir. ⁹⁵

Kit. Why, I believe thee. Where is Cob, now ? Cob ! [Exit.]

Dame K. He's ever calling for Cob : I wonder how he employs Cob so.

Wel. Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs Cob, is a necessary question for you that are ¹⁰⁰ his wife, and a thing not very easy for you to be satisfied in ; but this I'll assure you, Cob's wife is an excellent bawd, sister, and oftentimes your husband haunts her house ; marry, to what end ? I cannot altogether accuse him ; imagine ¹⁰⁵ you what you think convenient : but I have known fair hides have foul hearts ere now, sister.

Dame K. Never said you truer than that, brother, so much I can tell you for your learning. Thomas, fetch your cloak and go with me. ¹¹⁰

[Exit CASH.]
I'll after him presently : I would to fortune I could take him there, I'faith. I'd return him his own, I warrant him ! [Exit.]

Wel. So, let 'em go, this may make sport anon. Now, my fair sister-in-law, that you knew but ¹¹⁵ how happy a thing it were to be fair and beautiful.

Brid. That touches not me, brother.

Wel. That's true ; that's even the fault of it ; for indeed, beauty stands a woman in no ¹²⁰ stead, unless it procure her touching. — But, sister, whether it touch you or no, it touches your beauties ; and I am sure they will abide the touch ; an they do not, a plague of all cer-

¹ "As the Tower was extra-parochial, it probably afforded some facility to private marriages." (Gifford.)

use,² say I ! and it touches me too in part, ¹²⁵ though not in the — Well, there's a dear and respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly and worthily affected toward you, and hath vow'd to inflame whole bonfires of zeal at his heart, in honour of your perfections. I ¹³⁰ have already engag'd my promise to bring you where you shall hear him confirm much more. Ned Knowell is the man, sister : there's no exception against the party. You are ripe for a husband, and a minute's loss to such an ¹³⁵ occasion is a great trespass in a wise beauty. What say you, sister ? On my soul he loves you ; will you give him the meeting ?

Brid. Faith, I had very little confidence in mine own constancy, brother, if I durst not ¹⁴⁰ meet a man, but this motion of yours savours of an old knight adventurer's servant a little too much, methinks.

Wel. What's that, sister ?

Brid. Marry, of the squire.³

Wel. No matter if it did, I would be such an one for my friend. But see, who is return'd to hinder us !

[Re-enter KITELY.]

Kit. What villany is this ? Call'd out on a false message !

This was some plot ; I was not sent for. — Bridget, ¹⁵⁰

Where is your sister ?

Brid. I think she be gone forth, sir.

Kit. How ! is my wife gone forth ? Whither, for God's sake ?

Brid. She's gone abroad with Thomas.

Kit. Abroad with Thomas ! oh, that villain dars⁴ me :

He hath discover'd all unto my wife. ¹⁵⁵

Beast that I was, to trust him ! Whither, I pray you

Went she ?

Brid. I know not, sir.

Wel. I'll tell you, brother,

Whither I suspect she's gone.

Kit. Whither, good brother ?

Wel. To Cob's house, I believe : but, keep my counsel.

Kit. I will, I will : to Cob's house ! Doth she haunt Cob's ? ¹⁶⁰

She's gone a' purpose now to cuckold me With that lewd rascal, who, to win her favour,

Hath told her all. [Exit.]

Wel. Come, he is once more gone, Sister, let's lose no time ; th' affair is worth it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.⁵

[Enter] MATHEW and BOBADILL.

Mat. I wonder, captain, what they will say of my going away, ha ?

Bob. Why, what should they say, but as of a discreet gentleman ; quick, wary, respectful of nature's fair lineaments ? and that's all. ¹⁶⁵

Mat. Why so ! but what can they say of your beating ?

² White lead, used as a cosmetic.

³ Used in the sense of pander.

⁴ Fools.

⁵ A street

Bob. A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of gross battery us'd, laid on strongly, borne most patiently; and that's all.

Mat. Ay, but would any man have offered it in Venice, as you say?

Bob. Tut! I assure you, no: you shall have there your *nobilitas*, your *gentilezza*, come in bravely upon your reverse, stand you close, stand you firm, stand you fair, save your *retricato* with his left leg, come to the *assalto* with the right, thrust with brave steel, defy your base wood! But wherefore do I awake this remembrance? I was fascinated, by Jupiter; fascinated, but I will be unwitch'd and reveng'd by law.

Mat. Do you hear? Is it not best to get a warrant, and have him arrested and brought before justice Clement?

Bob. It were not amiss? Would we had it!

[Enter BRAINWORM disguised as FORMAL.]

Mat. Why, here comes his man; let's speak to him.

Bob. Agreed, do you speak.

Mat. Save you, sir.

Brai. With all my heart, sir.

Mat. Sir, there is one Downright hath abus'd this gentleman and myself, and we determine to make our amends by law. Now, if you would do us the favour to procure a warrant to bring him afore your master, you shall be well considered, I assure you, sir.

Brai. Sir, you know my service is my living; such favours as these gotten of my master is his only preferment,¹ and therefore you must consider me as I may make benefit of my place.

Mat. How is that, sir?

Brai. Faith, sir, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great account; yet, be he what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of angels in my hand you shall have it, otherwise not.

Mat. How shall we do, captain? He asks a brace of angels; you have no money?

Bob. Not a cross,² by fortune.

Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but two-pence left of my two shillings in the morning for wine and radish: let's find him some pawn.

Bob. Pawn! we have none to the value of his demand.

Mat. O, yes; I'll pawn this jewel in my ear, and you may pawn your silk stockings, and pull up your boots, they will ne'er be mist. It must be done now.

Bob. Well, an there be no remedy, I'll step aside and pull 'em off.

Mat. Do you hear, sir? We have no store of money at this time, but you shall have good pawns; look you, sir, this jewel, and that gentleman's silk stockings; because we would have it dispatch'd ere we went to our chambers.

Brai. I am content, sir; I will get you the warrant presently.³ What's his name, say you? Downright?

Mat. Ay, ay, George Downright.

¹ The only preferment he gives me.

² Penny.

³ Forthwith.

Brai. What manner of man is he?
Mat. A tall big man, sir; he goes in a cloak most commonly of silk-russet, laid about with russet lace.

Brai. 'Tis very good, sir.

Mat. Here, sir, here's my jewel.

Bob. [returning.] And here are stockings.

Brai. Well, gentlemen, I'll procure you this warrant presently; but who will you have to serve it?

Mat. That's true, captain: that must be considered.

Bob. Body o' me, I know not; 't is service of danger.

Brai. Why, you were best get one o' the varlets o' the city,⁴ a serjeant: I'll appoint you one, if you please.

Mat. Will you, sir? Why, we can wish no better.

Bob. We'll leave it to you, sir.

[Exeunt BOB. and MAT.]

Brai. This is rare! Now will I go and pawn this cloak of the justice's man's at the broker's for a varlet's suit, and be the varlet myself; and get either more pawns, or more money of Downright, for the arrest.

SCENE X.⁵

[Enter] KNOWELL.

Know. Oh, here it is; I am glad I have found it now;

Ho! who is within here?

Tib. [within.] I am within, sir? What's your pleasure?

Know. To know who is within besides yourself.

Tib. Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope?

Know. O, fear you the constable? Then I doubt not

You have some guests within deserve that fear. I'll fetch h' straight.

[Enter TIB.]

O' God's name, sir!

Know. Go to; come tell me, is not young Knowell here?

Tib. Young Knowell! I know none such, sir, o' mine honesty.

Know. Your honesty, dame! It flies too lightly from you.

There is no way but fetch the constable.

Tib. The constable! the man is mad, I think, [Exit, and claps to the door.]

[Enter DAME KITELY and CASH.]

Cash. Ho! who keeps house here?

Know. O, this is the female copesite⁶ of my son:

Now shall I meet h' straight.

Dame K. Knock, Thomas, hard.

Cash. Ho, goodwife!

[Re-enter TIB.]

Tib. Why, what's the matter with you?
Dame K. Why, woman, grieves it you to open your door?

⁴ Bailiff.
⁵ Compani

⁶ The lane before Cob's h

Belike you get something to keep it shut.

Tib. What mean these questions, pray ye? ²⁰

Dame K. So strange you make it! Is not my husband here?

Know. Her husband!

Dame K. My tried husband, master Kitley?

Tib. I hope he needs not to be tried here.

Dame K. No, dame, he does it not for need, but pleasure. ²⁴

Tib. Neither for need nor pleasure is he here.

Know. This is but a device to balk me withal.

[Enter KITLEY, muffled in his cloak.]

Soft, who is this? 'Tis not my son disguis'd?

Dame K. (*spies her husband come, and runs to him.*) O, sir, have I forestall'd your honest market?

Found your close¹ walks? You stand amaz'd now, do you? ²⁹

I' faith, I am glad I have smokt² you yet at last. What is your jewel, trow? In, come, let's see her; Fetch forth your huswife, dame; if she be fairer,

In y honest judgment, than myself, I'll be content with it: but she is change, She feeds you fat, she soothes your appetite, ³⁵ And you are well! Your wife, an honest woman, Is meat twice sod³ to you, sir! O, you treacher-our!⁴

Know. She cannot counterfeit thus palpably.

Kit. Out on thy more than strumpet's impudence!

Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? and have I taken ⁴⁰

Thy bawd and thee, and thy companion, (*pointing to old KNOWELL*)

This hoary-headed lecher, this old goat, Close at your villainy, and would'st thou 'scuse it With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me?

O, old incontinent (*to KNOWELL*), dost thou not shame, ⁴⁵

When all thy powers in chastity is spent, To have a mind so hot, and to entice, And feed th' enticements of a lustful woman?

Dame K. Out, I defy thee, I, dissembling wretch!

Kit. Defy me, strumpet! Ask thy pander⁵ here, ⁵⁰

Can he deny it; or that wicked elder?

Know. Why, hear you, sir.

Kit. Tut, tut, tut; never speak: Thy guilty conscience will discover thee.

Know. What lunacy is this, that haunts this man?

Kit. Well, good wife BA'D,⁶ Cob's wife, and you, ⁵⁵

That make your husband such a hoddody-doddy;⁷ And you, young apple-squire, and old cuckold-maker;

I'll ha' you every one before a justice:

Nay, you shall answer it, I charge you go.

Know. Marry, with all my heart, sir, I go willingly; ⁶⁰

Though I do taste this as a trick put on me,

¹ Secret. ² Found. ³ Boiled. ⁴ Traitor.

⁵ F, has in *rgin By Thomas*, i. e. referring to Cash.

⁶ Apparently a poor p on bad and bawd. ⁷ Dupe.

To punish my impertinent search, and justly, And half forgive my son for the device.

Kit. Come, will you go?

Dame K. Go! to thy shame believe it.

[Enter COB.]

Cob. Why, what's the matter here, what's here to do?

Kit. O, Cob, art thou come? I have been abus'd,

And i' thy house; was never man so wrong'd!

Cob. 'Slid, in my house, my master Kitley! Who wrongs you in my house?

Kit. Marry, young lust in old, and old in young here: ⁷⁰

Thy wife's their bawd, here have I taken 'em.

Cob. How, bawd! is my house come to that? Am I prefer'd thither? Did I not charge you to keep your doors shut, Isabel? and do you let 'em lie open for all comers? ⁷⁵

He falls upon his wife and beats her.

Know. Friend, know some cause, before thou beat'st thy wife.

This's madness in thee.

Cob. Why, is there no cause?

Kit. Yes, I'll shew cause before the justice, Cob:

Come, let her go with me.

Cob. Nay, she shall go.

Tib. Nay, I will go. I'll see an you may ⁸⁰ be allow'd to make a bundle o' hemp⁸ o' your right and lawful wife thus, at every cuckoldy knave's pleasure. Why do you not go?

Kit. A bitter quean! Come, we will ha' you tam'd. ⁸⁵ [Exeunt.]

SCENE XI.⁹

[Enter] BRAINWORM, [*disguised as a City Serjeant.*]

Brai. Well, of all my disguises yet, now am I most like myself, being in this serjeant's gown. A man of my present profession never counterfeits, till he lays hold upon a debtor and says he 'rests him; for then he brings him to all ⁹⁰ manner of unrest. A kind of little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made like a young artichoke, that always carries pepper and salt in itself. Well, I know not what danger I undergo by this exploit; pray Hea- ⁹⁵ ven I come well off!

[Enter MATHEW and BOBADILL.]

Mat. See, I think, yonder is the varlet, by his gown.

Bob. Let's go in quest of him.

Mat. 'Save you, friend! Are not you here by appointment of justice Clement's man? ¹⁰⁰

Brai. Yes, an't please you, sir; he told me two gentlemen had will'd him to procure a warrant from his master, which I have about me, to be serv'd on one Downright.

Mat. It is honestly done of you both; and ¹⁰⁵ see where the party comes you must arrest; serve it upon him quickly, afore he be aware.

Bob. Bear back, master Mathew.

⁸ Hemp is prepared by beating. ⁹ A t.

[Enter STEPHEN in DOWNRIGHT's cloak.]

Brai. Master Downright, I arrest you i' the queen's name, and must carry you afore a ²⁵ justice by virtue of this warrant.

Step. Me, friend! I am no Downright, I, I am master Stephen. You do not well to arrest me, I tell you, truly; I am in nobody's bonds nor books, I would you should know it. A plague ³⁰ on you heartily, for making me thus afraid afore my time!

Brai. Why, now are you deceived, gentlemen?

Bob. He wears such a cloak, and that deceived us — but see, here 'a comes indeed; this ³⁵ is he, officer.

[Enter DOWNRIGHT.]

Dow. Why how now, signior gull! Are you turn'd flicher of late! Come, deliver my cloak.

Step. Your cloak, sir! I bought it even now, in open market. ⁴⁰

Brai. Master Downright, I have a warrant I must serve upon you, procur'd by these two gentlemen.

Dow. These gentlemen! These rascals!

[Offers to beat them.]

Brai. Keep the peace, I charge you in her majesty's name. ⁴⁵

Dow. I obey thee. What must I do, officer?

Brai. Go before master justice Clement, to answer what they can object against you, sir. I will use you kindly, sir. ⁵⁰

Mat. Come, let's before, and make¹ the justice, captain.

Bob. The varlet's a tall man, afore heaven!

[Exeunt BOB. and MAT.]

Dow. Gull, you 'll gi' me my cloak.

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it. ⁵⁵

Dow. You will?

Step. Ay, that I will.

Dow. Officer, there's thy fee, arrest him.

Brai. Master Stephen, I must arrest you.

Step. Arrest me! I scorn it. There, take your cloak, I'll none on't. ⁶¹

Dow. Nay, that shall not serve your turn now, sir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the justice's; bring him along.

Step. Why, is not here your cloak? What would you have? ⁶⁵

Dow. I'll ha' you answer it, sir.

Brai. Sir, I'll take your word, and this gentleman's too, for his appearance

Dow. I'll ha' no words taken: bring him along.

Brai. Sir, I may choose to do that, I may [n take bail.

Dow. 'Tis true, you may take bail, and choose at another time; but you shall not now, varlet. Bring him along, or I'll swinge you. ⁷⁵

Brai. Sir, I pity the gentleman's case; here's your money again.

Dow. 'Sdeins, tell not me of my money; bring him away, I say.

Brai. I warrant you he will go with you of n' self, sir. ⁸¹

Dow. Yet more ado?

¹ Prepare.

Brai. [Aside.] I have made a fair mash on't.

Step. Must I go?

Brai. I know no remedy, master Stephen. ⁸⁵

Dow. Come along afore me here; I do not love your hanging look behind.

Step. Why, sir, I hope you cannot hang me for it. can he, fellow?

Brai. I think not, sir; it is but a whipping matter, sure. ⁹¹

Step. Why then let him do his worst, I am resolute. [Exeunt.]

ACT V

SCENE I.²

[Enter] CLEMENT, KNOWELL, KITELY, DAME KITELY, TIB, CASH, COB, Servants.

Clem. Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave my chair, sirrah. — You, master Knowell, say you went thither to meet your son?

Know. Ay, sir.

Clem. But who directed you thither? ⁵

Know. That did mine own man, sir.

Clem. Where is he?

Know. Nay, I know not now; I left him with your clerk, and appointed him to stay here for me. ¹⁰

Clem. My clerk! about what time was this?

Know. Marry, between one and two, as I take it. ¹⁵

Clem. And what time came my man with the false message to you, master Kately?

Kit. After two, sir.

Clem. Very good: but, mistress Kately, how chance that you were at Cob's, ha?

Dame K. An't please you, sir, I'll tell you: my brother Wellbred told me that Cob's house was a suspected place — ²¹

Clem. So it appears, methinks: but on.

Dame K. And that my husband us'd thither daily.

Clem. No matter, so he us'd himself well, mistress. ²⁵

Dame K. True, sir: but you know what grows by such haunts oftentimes.

Clem. I see rank fruits or a jealous brain, mistress Kately: but did you find your hus- ³⁰ band there, in that case as you suspected?

Kit. I found her there, sir.

Clem. Did you so? That alters the case. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?

Kit. Marry, that did my brother Wellbred. ³⁵

Clem. How, Wellbred first tell her; then tell you after! Where is Wellbred?

Kit. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither. ³⁹

Clem. Why this is a mere trick, a device; you are gull'd in this most grossly all. Alas, poor wench! wert thou beaten for this?

Tib. Yes, most pitifully, an't please you.

Cob. And worthily, I hope, if it shall prove so. ⁴⁵

Clem. Ay, that's like, and a piece of a sentence. —

² Coleman St. A hall in Justice Clement's ho .

[Enter a Servant.]

How now, sir! what's the matter?

Serv. Sir, there's a gentleman i' the court without, desires to speak with your worship.⁶⁰

Clem. A gentleman! what is he?

Serv. A soldier, sir, he says.

Clem. A soldier! Take down my armour, my sword quickly. A soldier speak with me! Why, when, knaves! Come on, come on. (*Arms himself*); hold my cap there, so; give me my gorget,¹ my sword: stand by, I will end your matters n. — Let the soldier enter. [*Exit Servant*]

SCENE II²

[CLEMENT, KNOWELL, etc. Enter] BOBADILL,
[followed by] MATHEW.

Now, sir, what ha' you to say to me?³

Bob. By your worship's favour —

Clem. Nay, keep out, sir; I know not your pretence. — You send me word, sir, you are a soldier; why, sir, you shall be answer'd here.⁴ Here be them have been amongst soldiers. Sir, your pleasure.

Bob. Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman and myself have been most uncivilly wrong'd and beaten by one Downright, a coarse fellow⁵ about the town here, and for mine own part, I protest, being a man in no sort given to this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace, despoil'd me of mine honour, disarm'd me of my weapons,⁶ and rudely laid me along in the open streets, when I not so much as once offer'd to resist him.

Clem. O, God's precious! is this the soldier? Here, take my armour off quickly, 't will make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on 't,⁷ that will put up a blow.

Mat. An 't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

Clem. Why, an he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were they?⁸

[Re-enter Servant.]

Serv. There's one of the varlets of the city, sir, has brought two gentlemen here; one, upon your worship's warrant.

Clem. My warrant!

Serv. Yes, sir; the officer says, procur'd by these two.⁹

Clem. Bid him come in. [*Exit Servant.*] Set by this picture.⁴

SCENE III.⁵

[CLEMENT, BOBADILL, etc. Enter] DOWNRIGHT, STEPHEN, and BRAINWORM [*disguised as before*].

What, Master Downright! Are you brought in at Mr. Freshwater's⁶ suit here?

Dow. I' faith, sir, d here's another brought at my suit.

¹ Armor for the throat.

² The same.

³ In F, at end of Sc I. ⁴ Mere picture of a soldier.

⁵ The same.

⁶ A freshwater soldier one who had never crossed

⁷ sea, i. e. had seen no service.

⁸ In F, at end of Sc. 2.

Clem. What are you, sir?

Step. A gentleman, sir. O, uncle!

Clem. Uncle! Who? Master Knowell?

Know. Ay, sir, this is a wise kinsman of mine.

Step. God's my witness, uncle, I am wrong'd here monstrously; he charges me with stealing of his cloak, and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street by chance.

Dow. O, did you find it now? You said you bought it ere-while.

Step. And you said, I stole it. Nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Clem. Well, let this breathe awhile. You that have cause to complain there, stand forth. Had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension?

Bob. Ay, an 't please your worship.

Clem. Nay, do not speak in passion⁸ so. Where had you it?

Bob. Of your clerk, sir.

Clem. That's well! an my clerk can make warrants, and my hand not at 'em! Where is the warrant — officer, have you it?

Brai. No, sir. Your worship's man, Master Formal, bid me do it for these gentlemen,⁹ and he would be my discharge.

Clem. Why, Master Downright, are you such a novice, to be serv'd and never see the warrant?

Dow. Sir, he did not serve it on me.

Clem. No! how then?

Dow. Marry, sir, he came to me, and said he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so —

Clem. O, God's pity, was it so, sir? *He must serve it!* Give me my long sword there, and help me off. So, come on, sir varlet, I must cut off your legs, sirrah [BRAINWORM kneels], nay, stand up, I'll use you kindly; I must cut off your legs, I say.

Flourishes over him with his long sword.

Brai. O, good sir, I beseech you; nay, good master justice!

Clem. I must do it, there is no remedy; I must cut off your legs, sirrah, I must cut off your ears, you rascal, I must do it: I must cut off your nose, I must cut off your head.

Brai. O, good your worship!

Clem. Well, rise, how dost thou do now? Dost thou feel thyself well? Hast thou no harm?

Brai. No, I thank your good worship, sir.

Clem. Why so! I said I must cut off thy legs, and I must cut off thy arms, and I must cut off thy head; but I did not do it: so you said you must serve this gentleman with my warrant, but you did not serve him. You knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say you must, sirrah! Away with him to the jail; I'll teach you a trick for your must, sir.

Brai. Good sir, I beseech you, be good to me.

Clem. Tell him he shall to the jail; away with him, I say.

Brai. Nay, sir, if you will commit me, it's melancholy emotion.

shall be for committing more than this. I will [70 not lose by my travail any gram of my fame, certain. *[Throws off his serjeant's gown.]*

Clem. How is this?

Know. My man Brainworm!

Step. O, yes, uncle; Brainworm has been with my cousin Edward and I all this day. 76

Clem. I told you all there was some device.

Brai. Nay, excellent justice, since I have laid myself thus open to you, now stand strong for me, both with your sword and your balance. 80

Clem. Body o' me, a merry knave! give me a bowl of sack. If he belong to you, Master Knowell, I bespeak your patience.

Brai. That is it I have most need of. Sir, if you'll pardon me only, I'll glory in all the [85 rest of my exploits.

Know. Sir, you know I love not to have my favours come hard from me. You have your pardon, though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsel with my son against me. 90

Brai. Yes, faith, I have, sir, though you retain'd me doubly this morning for yourself: first, as Brainworm; after, as Fitz-Sword. I was your reform'd soldier, sir. 'Twas I sent you to Cob's upon the errand without end. 95

Know. Is it possible? or that thou should'st disguise thy language so as I should not know thee?

Brai. O, sir, this has been the day of my metamorphosis. It is not that shape alone [100 that I have run through to-day. I brought this gentleman, master Kitely, a message too, in the form of master Justice's man here, to draw him out o' the way, as well as your worship, while master Wellbred might make a convey- [105 ance of mistress Bridget to my young master.

Kit. How! my sister stol'n away?

Know. My son is not married, I hope.

Brai. Faith, sir, they are both as sure as love, a priest, and three thousand pound, which [110 is her portion, can make 'em, and by this time are ready to bespeak their wedding-supper at the Windmill, except some friend here prevent 'em, and invite 'em home.

Clem. Marry, that will I; I thank thee for [115 putting me in mind on't. Sirrah, go you and fetch them hither upon my warrant. *[Exit Servant.]* Neither's friends have cause to be sorry, if I know the young couple aright. Here, I drink to thee for thy good news. But I pray [120 thee, what hast thou done with my man, Formal?

Brai. Faith, sir, after some ceremony past, as making him drunk, first with story, and then with wine, (but all in kindness,) and strip- [125 ping him to his shirt, I left him in that cool vein; departed, sold your worship's warrant to these two, pawn'd his livery for that varlet's gown, to serve it in; and thus have brought myself by my activity to your worship's consid- 131

Clem. And I will consider thee in another cup of sack. Here's to thee, which having drunk off this my sentence: Pledge me. Thou hast done, or assisted to nothing, in my [135 judgment, but deserves to be pardon'd for the

wit of the offence. If thy master, or any man here, be angry with thee, I shall suspect his ingue,¹ while I know him; for't. How now, what noise is that? 140

[Enter Servant.]

Serv. Sir, it is Roger is come home.

Clem. Bring him in, bring him in.

SCENE IV.²

To them [enter] FORMAL [in a suit of armour.]

What! drunk? In arms against me? Your reason, your reason for this? 3

Form. I beseech your worship to pardon me; I happen'd into ill company by chance, that cast me into a sleep, and stript me of all my [5 clothes.

Clem. Well, tell him I am Justice Clement, and do pardon him but what is this to your armour? What may that signify?

Form. An't please you, sir, it hung up i' [10 the room where I was stript; and I borrow'd it of one of the drawers⁴ to come home in, because I was loth to do penance through the street i' my shirt.

Clem. Well, stand by a while. 15

SCENE V.²

To them [enter] E. KNOWELL, WELLBRED, and BRIDGET.

Who be these? O, the young company; welcome, welcome! G^d you joy. Nay, mistress Bridget, blush not; you are not so fresh a bride, but the news of it is come hither afore you. Master bridegroom, I ha' made your peace, [5 give me your hand: so will I for all the rest ere you forsake my roof.⁵

E. Know. We are the more bound to your humanity, sir.

Clem. Only these two have so little of man in 'em, they are no part of my care. 11

Wel. Yes, sir, let me pray you for this gentleman, he belongs to my sister the bride.

Clem. In what place, sir?

Wel. Of her delight, sir, below the sta⁶, [15 and in public: her poet, sir.

Clem. A poet! I will challenge him myself presently at extempore.

Mount up thy Phlegon,⁶ Muse, and testify

How Saturn, sitting in an ebon cloud, 20

Disrobed his podex, white as ivory,

And through the welkin thund' red all aloud.

Wel. He is not for extempore, sir: he is all for the pocket muse; please you command a sight of it. 25

Clem. Yes, yes, search him for a taste of his vein. *[They search MATTHEW'S pockets.]*

Wel. You must not deny the queen's justice, sir, under a writ o' rebellion. 29

Clem. What! all this verse? Body o' me, he

¹ Wit.

² The same.

³ In F, at end of Sc. 3.

⁴ One of the horses of the Sun's chariot.

⁵ Waiters

⁶ In F, at end of Sc. 4.

carries a whole realm,¹ a commonwealth of paper in his hose. Let us see some of his subjects. [Reads.]

*Unto the boundless ocean of thy face,
Runs this poor river, charg'd with streams of eyes.²
How! this is stol'n.*

E. Know. A parody! a parody! with a kind of miraculous gift, to make it absurder than it was.

Clem. Is all the rest of this batch? Bring me a torch; lay it together, and give fire. [40
Cleanse the air. [Sets the papers on fire.] Here was enough to have infected the whole city, if it had not been taken in time. See, see, how our poet's glory shines! brighter and brighter! still it increases! O, now it's at the highest, [45
and now it declines as fast. You may see, *sic transit gloria mundi!*

Know. There's an emblem for you, son, and your studies.

Clem. Nay, no speech or act of mine be drawn against such as profess it worthily. They are not born every year, as an alderman. There goes more to the making of a good poet, than a sheriff. Master Kately, you look upon me!—though I live in the city here, amongst you, I [55
will do more reverence to him, when I meet him, than I will to the mayor out of his year. But these paper-pedlars! these ink-dabblers! they cannot expect reprehension or reproach; they have it with the fact.

E. Know. Sir, you have sav'd me the labour of a defence.³

¹ Punning on *ream*.

² Parodied from Daniel, *Sonnet to Delta*.

³ The following passage occurs in *Q*, at this point:

*G*u. Call you this poetry?

Lo. ju. Poetry! Nay, then call blasphemy religion, Call devils angels, and sin piety.

Let all things be preposterously transchanged.

Lo. se. Why, how now, son? What, are you startled now?

Hath the brize* prickt you, ha? Go to! You see How abjectly your poetry is rankt In general opinion.

Lo. ju. Opinion! O God, let gross opinion Sink and be damn'd as deep as Barathrum! If it may stand with your most wisht content, I can rell† opinion and approve The state of poesy, such as it is, Blessed, eternal, and most true divine. Indeed, if you will look on poesy As she appears in many, poor and lame, Patch'd up in remnants and old worn-out rags, Half starv'd for want of her peculiar food, Sacred invention,—then I must confirm Both your conceit and censure of her merit: But view her in her glorious ornaments, Attired in the majesty of art. Set high in spirit with the precious taste Of sweet philosophy, and, which is most, Crown'd with the rich traditions of a soul That hates to have her dignity profan'd With any relish of an earthly thought Oh, then how proud a presence doth she bear! Then is she like herself, fit to be seen Of none but grave and consecrated eyes. Nor is it any blemish to her fame That such keen, ignorant, and blasted wits,

* Gad-fly.

† ute.

Clem. It shall be discourse for supper between your father and me, if he dare under- [64
take me. But to dispatch away these: you sign o' the soldier, and picture o' the poet, (but both so false, I will not ha' you hang'd out at my door till midnight,) while we are at supper, you two shall penitently fast it out in my court without; and, if you will, you may pray there [70
that we may be so merry within as to forgive or forget you when we come out. Here's a third, because we tender your safety, shall watch you, he is provided for the purpose.⁴—Look to your charge, sir.

Step. And what shall I do?

Clem. O! I had lost a sheep an he had not bleated: why, sir, you shall give master Downright his cloak, and I will intreat him to take it. A trencher and a napkin you shall [80
have i' the' buttery, and keep Cob and his wife company here; whom I will intreat first to be reconcil'd, and you to endeavour with your wit to keep 'em so.

Step. I'll do my best.

Cob. Why, now I see thou art honest, Tib, I receive thee as my dear and mortal wife again.

Tib. And I you, as my loving and obedient husband.

Clem. Good compliment! It will be their bridal night too. They are married anew. Come, I conjure the rest to put off all discontent. You, master Downright, your anger; you, master Knowell, your cares; Master Kately and his wife, their jealousy.

For, I must tell you both, while that is fed, Horns i' the mind are worse than o' the head.

Kit. Sir, thus they go from me; kiss me, sweetheart.

*See what a drove of horns fly in the air,
Wing'd with my cleansed and my credulous breath!*

*Watch 'em, suspicious eyes, watch where they fall.
See, see! on heads that think they've none at all!*

*O, what a plenteous world of this will come! 185
When air rains horns. all may be sure of some.⁵
I ha' learn'd so much verse out of a jealous man's part in a play.*

Clem. 'Tis well, 'tis well! This night we'll dedicate to friendship, love, and laughter. 110
Master bridegroom, take your bride and lead; every one, a fellow. Here is my mistress, Brainworm! to whom all my addresses of courtship shall have their reference: whose adventures this day, when our grandchildren shall [115
hear to be made a fable, I doubt not but it shall find both spectators and applause. [Exeunt.]

⁴ Formal, in his armor.

⁵ F, fame.

Such blameless gulls, should utter their stolen wares
With such applauses in our vulgar ears;
Or that their slubber'd lines have current p
From the fat judgments of the multitude;
But that this barren and infected age
Should set no difference 'twixt these empty spirits
And a true poet; than which reverend names
Nothing more adorn hu 'ty.

SEJANUS, HIS FALL

BY

BEN JONSON

Nunc hic Centauros, non Gorgonas, Harpyiasque Invenies: Hominem pagina nostra

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

TIBERIUS, [Emperor].
 DRUSUS SENIOR, [Nephew of Tiberius].
 NERO, [Sons
 of
 DRUSUS JUNIOR, } Germanicus].
 CALIGULA, }
 [LUCIUS] ARUNTIVS, } [Gentlemen
 [CAIUS] SILIUS, } opposed
 [TITIVS] SABINUS, } to
 [MARCUS] LEPIDUS, } Sejanus].
 [CREMUTIVS] CORDUS, }
 [ASINIVS] GALLUS, }
 REGULUS, [Consul].
 TERENTIUS,
 [GRACINUS] LACO.
 EUDEMUS, [a Physic^r].
 RUFUS.
 SEJANUS.
 LATIARIUS.
 VARRO, [Consul].
 [SEPTORIUS] MACRO.
 COTTA.
 [DOMITIUS] A

HATERIVS.
 SANQUINIUS.
 POMPONIUS
 [JULIVS] POSTHUMUS.
 [FULCIVS] TRIO, Consul.
 MINUTIVS
 SATIRIVS [SECUNDVS]
 [PENNARIUS] NATTA.
 OPSIVS.

AGRIPIINA, [Widow of Ger^{manicus}.
 LIVIA, [Wife of Drusus^{senior}].
 SOSTIA, [Wife of C. Silius].
 Tribuni.
 Præcones.
 Flamen.
 Tubicines.
 Nuntius.
 Lictores.
 Ministri.
 Tibicines.
 Se^{natus}, [etc.].

Sc. — Rome.

TO THE

O LESS NOBLE BY VIRTUE THAN BLOO ,
 ESME, LORD AUBIGNY

MY LORD, — If ever any ruin were so great as to survive, I think this be one I send you, *The Fall of Sejanus*. It is a poem, that, if I well remember, in your lordship's sight, suffer'd no less violence from our people here, than the subject of it did from the rage of the people of Rome; but with a different fate, as, I hope, merit;¹ for this hath outliv'd their malice, and begot itself a greater favour than he lost, the love of good men. Amongst whom, if I make your lordship the first it thanks, it is not without a just confession of the bond your benefits have, and ever shall hold upon me,

Your Lordship's most faithful honourer,
 BEN. JONSON.

TO THE READERS²

THE following and voluntary labours³ of my friends, prefixed to my book, have relieved me in much whereat, without them, I should necessarily have touched. Now I will only use three or four short and needful notes, and so rest.

First, if it be objected, that what I publish is no true poem, in the strict laws of time, I confess it: as also in the want of a proper chorus; whose habit and moods are such and so difficult, as not any, whom I have seen, since the ancients, no, not they who have most presently affected laws, have yet come in the way of. Nor is it needful, or almost possible in these our times, and to such auditors as commonly things are presented, to observe the old state and splendour of dramatic poems, with preservation of any popular delight. But of this I shall take more seasonable cause to speak, in my observations upon *Horace his Art of Poetry*, which, with the text translated, I

¹ I. & with a different merit.

² Only in Q.

³ Con- edatory ve

intend shortly to publish ¹ In the meantime, if in truth of argument, dignity of persons, gravity and height of elocution, fulness and frequency of sentence, I have discharged the other offices of a tragic writer, let not the absence of these forms be imputed to me, wherein I shall give you occasion hereafter, and without my boast, to think I could better prescribe, than omit the due use for want of a convenient knowledge.

The next is, lest in some nice nostril the quotations might savour affected, I do let you know, that I abhor nothing more, and I have only done it to show my integrity in the story, and save myself in those common torturers that bring all wit to the rack; whose noses are ever like swine spoiling and rooting up the Muses' gardens, and their whole bodies like moles, as blindly working under earth, to cast any, the least, hills upon virtue.

Whereas they are in Latin, and the work in English, it was presupposed none but the learned would take the pains to confer them; the authors themselves being all in the learned tongues, save one, ² with whose English side I have had little to do. To which it may be required, since I have quoted the page, to name what editions I followed: *Tacul. Lips. in quarto, Antwerp, edit. 1600. Dio. folio, Hen. Steph. 1592.* For the rest, as *Sueton. Seneca, &c.*, the chapter doth sufficiently direct, or the edition is not varied.

Lastly, I would inform you, that this book, in all numbers, is not the same with that which was acted on the public stage; wherein a second pen ³ had good share: in place of which, I have rather chosen to put weaker, and, no doubt, less pleasing, of mine own, than to defraud so happy a genius of his right by my loathed usurpation.

Fare you well, and if you read farther of me, and like, I shall not be afraid of it, though you praise me out.

Neque enim mihi cornea fibra est.

But that I should plant my felicity in your general saying, *good, or well, &c.*, were a weakn which the better sort of you might worthily condemn, if not absolutely hate me for.

BEN. JONSON;
and no such,

*Quem
Palma negata macrum, donata reduct opimum.*

THE ARGUMENT

ÆLIUS SEJANUS, son to Seius Strabo, a gentleman of Rome, and born at Vulsinium; after his long service in court, first under Augustus; afterward, Tiberius, grew into that favour with the latter, and won him by those arts, as there wanted nothing but the name to make him a co-partner of the Empire. Which greatness of his, Drusus, the Emperor's son, not brooking; after many smother'd dislikes, it one day breaking out, the prince struck him publicly on the face. To revenge which disgrace, Livia, the wife of Drusus (being before corrupted by him to her dishonour, and the discovery of her husband's counsels) Sejanus practiseth with, together with her physician, called Eudemus, and one Lygdus, an eunuch, to poison Drusus. This their inhuman act having successful and unsuspected passage, it emboldeneth Sejanus to farther and more insolent projects, even the ambition of the Empire; where finding the lets ⁴ he must encounter to be many and hard, in respect of the issue of Germanicus, who were next in hope for the succession, he deviseth to make Tiberius' self his means; and instils into his ears many doubts and suspicions, both against the princes, and their mother Agrippina; which Caesar jealously heark'ning to, as covetously consenteth to their ruin, and their friends'. In this time, the better to mature and strengthen his design, Sejanus labours to marry Livia, and worketh with all his ingine, ⁵ to remove Tiberius from the knowledge of public business, with allurements of a quiet and retired life; the latter of which, Tiberius, out of a proneness to lust, and a desire to hide those unnatural pleasures which he could not so publicly practise, embraceth: the former enkindleth his fears, and there gives him first cause of doubt or suspect towards Sejanus: against whom he raiseth in private a new instrument, one Sertorius Maero, and by him underworketh, discovers the other's counsels, his means, his ends, sounds the affections of the senators, divides, distracts them: at last, when Sejanus least looketh, and is most secure; with pretext of doing him an unwonted honour in the senate, he trains ⁶ him from his guards, and with a long doubtful letter, in one day hath him suspected, accused, condemned, and torn in pieces by the rage of the people. [This do we advance, as a mark of terror to all traitors, and treasons; to show how just the heavens are, in pouring and thundering down a weighty vengeance on their unnatural intents, even to the worst princes; much more to those, for guard of whose piety and virtue the angels are in continual watch, and God himself miraculously working.] ⁷

¹ Lost in the burning of his study.

² Tacitus, translated by Grenaway.

³ Not identified. Shakespeare and Fletcher have been suggested.

⁴ Hindrances.

⁵ Ingenuity.

⁶ Be lles.

⁷ Only in Q, in apparent allusion to King James and the Gunpowder Plot.

ACT I

[SCENE I.]¹

[Enter] SABINUS and SILIUS, [followed by] LATIARIS.

Sab. Hail, Caius Silus!²

Sil. Titus Sabinus,³ hail!
You're rarely met in court,

Sab. Therefore, well met.

Sil. 'Tis true: indeed, this place is not our sphere.

Sab. No, Silius, we are no good inginers.⁴
We want the fine arts, and their thriving use.⁵
Should make us grac'd, or favour'd of the times.

We have no shift of faces, no cleft tongues,
No soft and glutinous bodies, that can stick,
Like snails, on painted walls, or, on our breasts,
Creep up, to fall from that proud height, to which

We did by slavery,⁶ not by service climb.
We are no guilty men, and then no great;
We have no place in court, office in state,
That we can say,⁷ we owe unto our crimes.
We burn with no black secrets,⁸ which can make

Us dear to the pale authors; or live fear'd
Of their still waking jealousies, to raise
Ourselves a fortune, by subverting theirs.⁹
We stand not in the lines, that do advance
To that so courted point.

[Enter SATRIUS and NATTA at a distance.]

Sil. But yonder lean
A pair that do.

Sab. [salutes LATIARIS.] Good cousin Latiaris.⁸
Sil. Satrius Secundus,⁹ and Pinnarius Natta,¹⁰

The great Sejanus' clients: there be two,
Know more than honest counsels; whose close

breasts,¹¹
Were they ripp'd up to light, it would be found
A poor and idle¹² sin to which their trunks
Had not been made fit organs. These can lie,
Flatter, and swear, forswear,¹³ deprave, inform,
Smile, and betray; make qu'iv men; then beg
The forfeit lives, to get ill-¹⁴ling cut.
Men's throats with whisp'rings; sell to gaping
suitsors

The empty smoke that flies about the palace;
Laugh when their patron laughs; sweat when
he sweats;

Be hot and cold with him; change every mood,

¹ A state room in the Palace.

² De Cero Silio, vid. Tacit. Lips. edit. quarto. Ann. Lib. i. pag. u. Lib. II. p. 28 et 33. All such notes giving authorities are Jonson's own, and are retained through one scene for their characteristic value.

³ De Tito Sabino, vid. Tacit. Lib. iv. p. 79.

⁴ Intriguers.

⁵ Juv. Sat. I. v. 75.

⁶ Tac. Ann. I. 2.

⁷ Ibid. III. v. 49, etc.

⁸ De Latiari, cons. Tacit. Ann. iv. 34, et Dion. Step. edit. fol. lxxi. 711.

⁹ De Satrio Secundo et

¹⁰ Pinnario Natta, leg. Tacit. Ann. iv. . Et de Satrio cons. Senec. Consol. ad Marciam.

¹¹ Secret.

¹² Empty, useless.

¹³ Vid. Sen. de Benef. iii. 26.

Habit, and garb, as often as he varies;
Observe him, as his watch observes his clock;¹⁴
And, true as turquoise in the dear lord's ring,¹⁵
Look well or ill with him.¹⁶ ready to praise
His lordship, if he spit, or but piss tair,¹⁷
Have an indifferent stool, or break wind well;
Nothing can scape their catch.

Sab. Alas! these things
Deserve no note, conferr'd¹⁸ with other vile
And filthier flatteries,¹⁹ that corrupt the times,
When, not alone our gentries chief are fain
To make their safety from such sordid acts,²⁰
But all our consuls,²¹ and no little part
Of such as have been praetors, yea, the most
Of senators,²² that else not use their voices,
Start up in public senate, and there strive
Who shall propound most abject things, and
base;

So much, as oft Tiberius hath been heard,
Leaving the court, to cry,²³ O race of men,
Prepar'd for servitude! — which show'd that he,
Who least the public liberty could like,
As loathly brook'd their flat servility.²⁴

Sil. Well, all is worthy of us, were it more,
Who with our riots, pride, and civil hate,
Have so provok'd the justice of the gods.
We, that, within these fourscore years, were
born

Free, equal lords of the triumphed world,²⁵
And knew no masters but affections;
To which betraying first our liberties,
We since became the slaves to one man's lusts;
And now to many:²⁶ every minist'ring spy
That will accuse and swear, is lord of you,²⁷
Of me, of all, our fortunes and our lives.
Our looks are call'd to question,²⁸ and o
words,

How innocent soever, are made crimes;
We shall not shortly dare to tell our dreams,
Or think, but 't will be treason.

Sab. Tyrants' arts
Are to give flatterers grace; accusers, power;
That those may seem to kill whom they devour.

[Enter CORDUS and ARBENTUS.]

Now, good Cremutius Cordus.²⁴

Cor. [salutes SABINUS.] Hail to your lordship!

Nat. Who's that salutes your cousin?

Lat. 'Tis one Cordus, They whisper.
A gentleman of Rome: one that has writ

¹⁴ The pocket-watch, in Jonson's days, was constantly regulated by the motion of the clock, at that time the more accurate machine of the two (Gifford.)

¹⁵ This belief in the sympathetic nature of the turquoise is often alluded to.

¹⁶ Juv. Sat. ii. 105, etc.

¹⁷ Compared.

¹⁸ Ibid. iii. 69.

¹⁹ Pedarii. (Senators not yet on the censor's roll, who had no vote of their own, but could merely assent to that of another.)

²⁰ Tacit. Ann. iii. 69.

²¹ Legs Tacit. Ann. i. 24, de Romano, Hispano, etc.

²² Ibid. et iii. 61, 62. Juv. Sat. X. v. 87. Suet. Tib. cap. 61.

²³ Vid. Tacit. Ann. i. 4. et iii. 62. Suet. Tib. cap. 61.

²⁴ Senec. de Benef. iii. 26.

²⁵ De Crem. Cordo vid. Tacit. Ann. iv. 83, 84. Senec.

Cons. ad Marciam. Dio. lxxi. 710. Suet. Aug. c.

Tib. c. 61. Cal. c. 16.

Annals of late, they say, and very well.

Nat. Annals? Of what times?

Lat. I think of Pompey's,¹
And Caius Caesar's; and so down to these.

Nat. How stands he affected to the present state?

Is he or Drusian,² or Germanican,³⁰
Or ours, or neutral?

Lat. I know him not so far.

Nat. Those times are somewhat queasy³ to be toucht.

Have you or seen or heard part of his work?

Lat. Not I; he means they shall be public shortly.

Nat. O, Cordus do you call him?

Lat. Ay. [*Exeunt NATTA and SATURIUS.*]

Sab. But these our times⁴
Are not the same, Arruntius.

Arr. Times! The men,

The men are not the same! 'Tis we are base,

Poor, and degenerate from th' exalted strain

Of our great fathers Where is now the soul

Of god-like Cato? he, that durst be good,⁵⁰

When Caesar durst be evil; and had power,

As not to live his slave, to die his master?

Or where's the constant Brutus, that being

proof

Against all charm of benefits, did strike

So brave a blow into the monster's heart⁶⁵

That sought unkindly⁶ to captive his country?

O, they are fled the light! Those mighty spirits

Lie rak'd up with their ashes in their urns,

And not a spark of their eternal fire

Glow in a present bosom. All's but blaze,¹⁰⁰

Flashes, and smoke, wherewith we labour so;

There's nothing Roman in us; nothing good,

Gallant, or great. 'Tis true that Cordus says,

"Brave Cassius was the last of all that race."

DRUSUS passes by [*attended by HATERIUS, etc.*]

Sab. Stand by! Lord Drusus.⁶

Hat. Th' emp'ror's son! Give place.¹⁰⁵

Sil. I like the prince well.

Arr. A riotous youth,⁷

There's little hope of him.

Sab. That fault his age

Will, as it grows, correct. Methinks he bears

Himself each day more nobly than other;

And wins no less on men's affections,¹¹⁰

Than doth his father lose. Believe me, I love

him;

And chiefly for opposing to Sejanus.⁸

Sil. And I, for gracing his young kinsmen

so,⁹

The sons¹⁰ of prince Germanicus: 'tis shows

¹ *Suet. Aug.* c. 35.

² *Vid. de faction. Tacit. Ann.* ii. 39 et iv. 79.

³ *Tieklish.*

⁴ *De Lu. Arrun. isto rid. Tacit. Ann.* i. 6 et ii. 60, et

Dion. Rom. Hist. Lib. 53.

⁵ *Unnaturally.*

⁶ *Leges de Druso Tacit. Ann.* i. 9. *Suet. Tib.* c. 52.

Dio. Rom. Hist. lvii. 699 ⁸ *Vid. Tacit. Ann.* iv. 74

⁷ *Tacit. Ann.* iii. 62. ⁹ *Ibid.* iv. 75, 76.

¹⁰ *Nero, Drusus, Caius qui in castris genitus, et Calpurnia nominatus. Ibid.* i.

¹¹ *De Germanico cons. ibid.* i. 14, et *Dion. Rom. Hist.* lvii. 694.

A gallant clearness in him, a straight mind,¹¹⁵

That envies not, in them, their tather's name.

Arr. His name was, while he liv'd, above all

envy,

And, being dead, without it. O, that man!

If there were seeds of the old virtue left,¹¹⁹

They liv'd in him.

Sil. He had the fruits, Arruntius,

More than the seeds ¹² Sabinus and myself

Had means to know him within; and can re-

port him.

We were his followers, he would call us friends;

He was a man most like to virtue; in all,

And every action, nearer to the gods¹²⁵

Than men, in nature; of a body as fair

As was his mind; and no less reverend

In face than fame: ¹³ he could so use his state,

Temp'ring his greatness with his gravity,

As it avoided all self-love in him,¹³⁰

And spite in others. What his funerals lack'd

In images and pomp, they had suppli'd

With honourable sorrow, soldiers' sadness,

A kind of silent mourning, such as men,

Who know no tears but from their captives,

use¹³⁵

To show in so great losses.

Cor. I thought once,

Considering their forms, age, manner of deaths,

The nearness of the places where they fell,

T' have parallel'd him with great Alexander:

For both were of best feature, of high race,¹⁴⁰

Year'd but to thirty, and, in foreign lands,

By their own people alike made away.

Sab. I know not, for his death, how you

might wrest it:

But, for his life, it did as much disdain

Comparison with that voluptuous, rash,¹⁴⁵

Giddy, and drunken Macedon's, as mine

Doth with my bondman's. All the good in h'

His valour, and his fortune, he made his;

But he had other touches of late Romans,¹⁴⁹

That more did speak him. ¹⁴ Pompey's dignity,

The innocence of Cato, Caesar's spirit,

Wise Brutus' temp'rance: and every virtue,

Which, parted unto others, gave them name,

Flow'd mixt in him. He was the soul of good-

ness;

And all our praises of him are like streams¹⁵⁵

Drawn from a spring, that still rise full, and

leave

The part remaining greatest.

Arr. I am sure

He was too great for us,¹⁵ and that they knew

Who did remove him hence.

Sab. When men grow fast

Honour'd and lov'd, there is a trick in state,¹⁶⁰

(Which jealous princes never fail to use)

How to decline that growth, with fair pretext,

And honourable colours of employment,

Either by embassy, the war, or such,

To shift them forth into another air,¹⁶⁵

¹² *Tacit. Ann.* iv. 79.

¹³ *Ibid.* ii. 47, et *Dion. Rom. Hist.* lvii. 705.

¹⁴ *Vid. apud Vell. Patere. Lips.* 4to. pp. 35-47, *istorum*

hominum characteres.

¹⁵ *Vid. Tacit. Ann.* ii. 34. *Dio. Rom. Hist.* lvii.

7

Where they may purge, and lessen; so was he:¹
 And had his seconds there, sent by Tiberius
 And his more subtle dam, to discontent him;
 To breed and cherish mutines; detract
 His greatest actions, give audacious check 170
 To his commands; and work to put him out
 In open act of treason. All which snares
 When his wise cares prevented,² a fine poison
 Was thought on, to mature their practices.

Cor. Here comes Sejanus.³

Sil. Now observe the stoops, 175
 The bendings, and the falls.

Arr. Most creeping base!

[*Enter*] SEJANUS, TARENTIUS, SATRIUS,
 [NATTA.] etc.

They pass over the stage.

Sej. I note 'em well, no more. Say you?

Sat. My lord,

There is a gentleman of Rome would buy —

Sej. How call you him you talk'd with?

Sat. Please your worship,

It is Endemus,⁴ the physician 180
 To Livia, Drusus' wife.

Sej. On with your suit.

Would buy, you said —

Sat. A tribune's place, my lord.

Sej. What will he give?

Sat. Fifty sestertia.⁵

Sej. Livia's physician, say you, is that fellow?

Sat. It is, my lord. Your lordship's answer?

Sej. To what? 185

Sat. The place, my lord. 'Tis for a gentle-

man
 Your lordship will well like of, when you see
 him,

And one that you may make yours, by the
 grant.

Sej. Well, let him bring his money, and his
 name.

Sat. Thank your lordship. He shall, my
 lord.

Sej. Come hither. 190

Know you this same Endemus? Is he learn'd?

Sat. Reputed so, my lord, and of deep prac-
 tice.

Sej. Bring him in to me, in the gallery;
 And take you cause to leave us there together:
 I would confer with him, about a grief. — On!

[*Ereunt* SEJANUS, SATRIUS, TER-
 ENTIUS, etc.]

Arr. So! yet another? yet? O desperate
 state 195

Of grov'ling honour! Seest thou this, O sun,
 And do we see thee after? Methinks, day
 Should lose his light, when men do lose their
 shames,

¹ *Con Tacit. Ann. ii. 39, de occultis mandatis Pisoni, et postea, pp. 42, 43, 48. Orat. D. Celeris. Est Tiberi Augustae conscientia est Caesaris favor, sed in occulto, etc. Leg. Suet. Tib. c. 52. Dio. p. 706.*

² *Vid. Tacit. Ann. ii. 46, 47. Lib. iii. 54, et Suet. Cal. c. 1 et 2.*

³ *De Sejano vid. Tacit. Ann. i. 9. Lib. iv. princip. et per tot. Suet. Tib. Dio. lvi. viii. et Plin. et Senec.*

⁴ *De Eudemo isto vid. Tacit. Ann. iv. 74.*

⁵ *Monetae nostrae 375 lib. vid. Budaeum de asse, ii. 62.*

And for the empty circumstance of life, 200
 Betray their cause of living.

Sil. Nothing so.⁶

Sejanus can repair, if Jove should ruin.

He is the now court-god, and well applied

With sacrifice of knees, of crooks, and cringe,

He will do more than all the house of heav'n 205

Can for a thousand hecatombs. 'Tis he

Makes us our day, or night, hell and elysium

Are in his look. We talk of Rhadamanth,

Furies, and firebrands; but 'tis his frown 210

That is all these; where, on the adverse part,

His smile is more than e'er yet poets feign'd

Of bliss, and shades, nectar —

Arr. A serving boy!

I knew him, at Caius' trencher, when for hire

He prostituted his abused body

To that great gourmand, fat Apicius: 215

And was the noted pathic⁷ of the time.

Sab. And, now,⁸ the second face of the whole

world!

The partner of the empire, hath his image

Rear'd equal with Tiberus, borne in ensigns;

Commands, disposes every dignity. 220

Centurions, tribunes, heads of provinces,

Praetors, and consuls; all that heretofore

Rome's general suffrage gave, is now his sale.

The gain, or rather spoil of all the earth,

One, and his house, receives.

Sil. He hath of late 225

Made him a strength too, strangely, by reduc-

ing

All the praetorian bands into one camp,

Which he commands: pretending that the sol-

dier,

By living loose and scattered, fell to riot;

And that if any sudden enterprise 230

Should be attempted, their united strength

Would be far more than sever'd; and their life

More strict, if from the city more remov'd.

Sab. Where now he builds what kind of forts

he please,

Is heard to court the soldier by his name, 235

Woos, feasts the chiefest men of action,

Whose wants, nor loves, compel them to be his.

And though he ne'er were liberal by kind,⁹

Yet to his own dark ends, he's most profuse,

Lavish, and letting fly he cares not what 240

To his ambition.

Arr. Yet hath he ambition?

Is there that step in state can make him higher,

Or more, or anything he is, but less?

Sil. Nothing but emp'ror.

Arr. The name Tiberius,

I hope, will keep, howe'er he hath foregone 245

The dignity and power.

Sil. Sure, while he lives.

Arr. And dead, it comes to Drusus. Should

he fail,

⁶ *De ingenio, moribus, et potentia Sejani, leg. Tacit.*

Ann. iv. 74. Dio. Rom. Hist. lvi. 708.

⁷ *Caius dicitur Augusti nepos. Cons. Tacit. Ann. iv. 74*

et Dio. lvi. 708.

⁸ *A male prostitute*

⁹ *Juv. Sat. X. v. 63, etc. Tacit. Ibid. Dion. ibid. et*

sic passim.

¹⁰ *Nature.*

To the brave issue of Germanicus ;
And they are three :¹ too many — ha ? for him
To have a plot upon ?

Sil. I do not know ²⁵⁰
The heart of his designs , but sure their face
Looks farther than the present.

Arr. By the gods ,
If I could guess he had but such a thought ,
My sword should cleave him down from head
to heart ,

But I would find it out ; and with my hand ²⁵⁵
I 'd hurl his panting brain about the air
In mites as small as atoms t' undo
The knotted bed —

Sub. You are observ'd , Arruntius.
Arr. (Turns to SEJANUS' clients.) Death ! I
dare tell him so ; and all his spies.

You , sir , I would , do you look ? and you.
Sab. Forbear. ²⁶⁰

[SCENE II.]²

[Enter] SATRIUS , EUDEMUS.

Sat. Here he will instant be ; let 's walk a
turn ;
You 're in a muse , Eudemus ?

Eud. Not I , sir.
[Aside] I wonder he should mark me out so.

Well ,
Jove and Apollo form it for the best !
Sat. Your fortune 's made unto you now ,
Eudemus , ⁵

If you can but lay hold upon the means ;
Do but observe his humour , and — believe
it —

He is the noblest Roman , where he takes —

[Enter SEJANUS.]

Here comes his lordship.

Sej. Now , good Satrius.

Sat. This is the gentleman , my lord.
Sej. Is this ? ¹⁰
Give me your hand , we must be more ac-
quainted.

Report , sir , hath spoke out your art and learn-
ing :

And I am glad I have so needful cause ,
However in itself painful and hard ,
To make me known to so great virtue —

Look , ¹⁵
Who 's that , Satrius ? [Exit SAT.] I have a
grief , sir ,
That will desire your help . Your name 's Eude-
mus ?

Eud. Yes.

Sej. Sir ?

Eud. It is , my lord.

Sej. I hear you are
Physician to Livia , the princess.

Eud. I minister unto her , my good lord . ²⁰

Sej. You minister to a royal lady , then.

Eud. She is , my lord , and fair.

Sej. That 's understood
Of all their sex , who are or would be so ;

¹ Nero , Drusus , et Caligula . — Tacit. *ibid.*

² The name . The scene divisions are Gifford's . Jonson
did not sub-divide the Acts in this play .

And those that would be , physic soon can make
'em :

For those that are , their beauties fear no col-
ours .³ ²⁵

Eud. Your lordship is concerted .⁴

Sej. Sir , you know it ,
And can , if need be , read a learned lecture
On this , and other secrets . 'Pray you , tell me ,
What more of ladies , besides Livia ,
Have you your patients ?

Eud. Many , my good lord . ³⁰

The great Augusta , Urgulania ,
Mutilia Prisca , and Plancina ; divers —

Sej. And all these tell you the particulars
Of every several grief ? how first it grew ,
And then increas'd ; what action caused that ;
What passion that ; and answer to each point ³⁵
That you will put 'em ?

Eud. Else , my lord , we know not
How to prescribe the remedies .

Sej. Go to ,
You are a subtle nation , you physicians !
And grown the only cabinets in court ⁴⁰
To ladies' privacies . Faith , which of these
Is the most pleasant lady in her physic ?
Come , you are modest⁵ now .

Eud. 'Tis fit , my lord ,
Sej. Why , sir , I do not ask you of their
urines ,

Whose smell 's most violet , or whose siege is
best , ⁴⁵

Or who makes hardest faces on her stool ,
Which lady sleeps with her own face a nights ,
Which puts her teeth off , with her clothes , in
court ,

Or , which her hair , which her complexion ,
And , in which box she puts it . These were
questions ⁵⁰

That might , perhaps , have put your gravity
To some defence of blush . But , I inquir'd ,
Which was the wittiest , merriest , wantonest ?
Harmless interrogatories , but conceits . —
Methinks Augusta should be most perverse , ⁵⁵
And froward in her fit .

Eud. She 's so , my lord .

Sej. I knew it : and Mutilia the most jocund .

Eud. 'Tis very true , my lord .

Sej. And why would you
Conceal this from me , now ? Come , what is
Livia ?

I know she 's quick and quaintly spirited , ⁶⁰
And will have strange thoughts , when she is at
leisure :

She tells 'em all to you ?

Eud. My noblest lord ,
He breathes not in the Empire , or on earth ,
Whom I would be ambitious to serve
(In any act that may preserve mine honour) ⁶⁵
Before your lordship .

Sej. Sir , you can lose no honour ,
By trusting aught to me . The coarsest act
Done to my service , I can so requite

As all the world shall style it honourable :
Your idle , virtuous definitions , ⁷⁰
Keep honour poor , and are as scorn'd as vain :

³ Need fear nothing .

⁴ Jocular .

⁵ Reserved .

Those deeds breathe honour that do suck in gain.

Eud. But, good my lord, if I should thus betray

The counsels of my patient, and a lady's
Of her high place and worth, what might your lordship,
(Who presently are to trust me with your own)
Judge of my faith?

Sej. Only the best, I swear.
Say now that I should utter you my grief,
And with it the true cause, that it were love,
And love to Livia: you should tell her this: 80
Should she suspect your faith? I would you could

Tell me as much from her; see if my brain
Could be turn'd jealous.¹

Eud. Happily,² my lord,
I could in time tell you as much and more;
So I might safely promise but the first 85
To her from you.

Sej. As safely, my Eudemus,
I now dare call thee so, as I have put
The secret into thee.

Eud. My lord —
Sej. Protest not,
Thy looks are vows to me; use only speed,
And but affect her with Sejanus' love, 90
Thou art a man made to make consuls. Go.
Eud. My lord, I'll promise you a private meeting.

This day together.

Sej. Canst thou?

Eud. Yes.

Sej. The place?
Eud. My gardens, whither I shall fetch your lordship.

Sej. Let me adore my Aesculapius. 95
Why, this indeed is physic! and outspeaks
The knowledge of cheap drugs, or any use
Can be made out of it! more comforting
Than all your opiates, juleps, apozems,³
Magistral⁴ syrups, or — Begone, my friend,
Not barely styled, but created so; 101
Expect things greater than thy largest hopes,
To overtake thee. Fortune shall be taught
To know how ill she hath deserv'd thus long,
To come behind thy wishes. Go, and speed —

[*Exit Eudemus.*]
Ambition makes more trusty slaves than need.
These fellows, by the favour of their art, 107
Have still the means to tempt; oft-t^e es the power.

If Livia will be now corrupted, then
Thou hast the way, Sejanus, to work out 110
His secrets, who, thou know'st, endures thee not,
Her husband, Drusus: and to work against them.

Prosper it, Pallas, thou that better'st wit;
For Venus hath the smallest share in it.

[*Enter*] TIBERIUS, DRUSUS, [attended.] One kneels to TIBERIUS.

Tib. We not endure these flatteries; let him stand; 115

Our empire, ensigns, axes, rods, and state
Take not away our human nature from us:
Look up on us, and fall before the gods.

Sej. How like a god speaks Cæsar!

Arr. [*Aside to CORDUS*] There, observe!
He can endure that second, that's no flattery.
O, what is it proud shame will not believe, 121
Of his own worth, to hear it equal prais'd
Thus with the gods!

Cor. He did not hear it, sir.

Arr. He did not? Tut, he must not, we think meanly.

'Tis your most courtly known confederacy, 128
To have your private parasite redeem
What he, in public subtilty, will lose
To making him a name.

Hat. Right mighty lord —
[*Gives him letters.*]

Tib. We must make up our ears' gainst these assaults

Of charming tongues; we pray you use no more

These contumelies to us; style not us 131

Or lord, or mighty, who profess ourself

The servant of the senate, and are proud

T^e enjoy them our good, just, and favouring lords.

Cor. Rarely dissembled!

Arr. Prince-like to the life. 135

Sub. When power that may command, so much descends,

Their bondage, whom it stoops to, it intends.

Tib. Whence are these letters?

Hat. From the senate.

Tib. So,

Whence these? [*LAT. gives him letters.*]

Lat. From thence too.

Tib. Are they sitting now?

Lat. They stay thy answer, Cæsar.

Sil. If this man 140

Hath but a mind allied unto his words,

How blest a fate were it to us, and Rome!

We could not think⁵ that state for which to

change,

Although the aim were our old liberty:

The ghosts of those that fell for that, would 145

grieve

Their bodies liv'd not, now, again to serve.

Men are deceiv'd, to think there can be thrall

Beneath a virtuous prince. Wish'd liberty

Ne'er lovelier looks, than under such a crown.

But, when his grace is merely but lip-good, 150

And that no longer than he airs himself

Abroad in public, there, to seem to shun

The strokes and stripes of flatterers, which

within

Are lechery unto him, and so feed

His brutish sense with their afflicting sound, 155

As, dead to virtue, he permits himself

Be carried like a pitcher by the ears,

To every act of vice: this is a case

Deserves our fear, and doth presage the nigh

And close approach of blood and tyranny. 160

Flattery is midwife unto prince's rage:

And nothing sooner doth help forth a tyrant,

¹ Suspicious. ² Perhaps. ³ Decoctions. ⁴ Sovereign.

⁵ Think of

Than that and whisperers' grace, who have the time,
The place, the power, to make all men offenders.
Arr. He should be told this; and be bid dis-

semble¹⁶⁵
With fools and blind men: we that know the evil,
Should hunt the palace-rats, or give them bane.¹

Fright hence these worse than ravens, that devour

The quick, where they but prey upon the dead:
He shall be told it.

Sab. Stay, Arruntius, 170
We must abide our opportunity,
And practise what is fit, as what is needful.
It is not safe t' enforce a sovereign's ear:
Princes hear well, if they at all will hear.

Arr. Ha, say you so? well! In the mean time, Jove, 175

(Say not but I do call upon thee now,)
Of all wild beasts preserve me from a tyrant;
And of all tame, a flatterer.

Sil. 'Tis well pray'd.
Tib. [having read the letters.] Return the lords this voice: We are their creature,

And it is fit a good and honest prince, 180
Whom they, out of their bounty, have instructed

With so dilate² and absolute a power,
Should owe the office of it to their service,
And good of all and every citizen.

Nor shall it e'er repent us to have wish'd 185
The senate just and fav'ring lords unto us,
Since their free loves do yield no less defence

T' a prince's state, than his own innocence.
Say then, there can be nothing in their thought
Shall want to please us, that hath pleased them,
Our suffrage rather shall prevent³ than stay 191

Behind their wills 'tis empire to obey,
Where such, so great, so good determine.

Yet, for the suit of Spain t' erect a temple
In honour of our mother and our self, 195

We must, with pardon of the senate, not
Assent thereto. Their lordships may object

Our not denying the same late request
Unto the Asian cities: we desire

That our defence for suffering that be known 200
In these brief reasons, with our after purpose.

Since deified Augustus hind' red not
A temple to be built at Pergamum,

In honour of himself and sacred Rome;
We, that have all his deeds and words observ'd

Ever, in place of laws, the rather follow'd 205
That pleasing precedent, because with ours,
The senate's reverence, also, there was join'd.

But as, t' have once receiv'd it, may deserve
The gain of pardon; so, to be ador'd 210

With the continu'd style and note⁴ of gods,
Through all the provinces, were wild ambition,

And no less pride: yea, ev'n Augustus' name
Would early vanish, should it be profan'd 214

With such promiscuous flatteries. For our part,
We here protest it, and are covetous

Posterity should know it, we are mortal;
And can but deeds of men: 't were glory enough,

Could we be truly a prince. And they shall add
Abounding grace unto our memory, 215

That shall report us worthy our forefathers,
Careful of your affairs, constant in dangers,

And not afraid of any private frown
For public good. These things shall be to us

Temples and statues, reared in your minds, 225
The fairest, and most during imag'ry.

For those of stone or brass, if they become
Odious in judgment of posterity,

Are more condemn'd as dying sepulchres,
Than ta'en for living monuments. We then 230

Make here our suit, alike to gods and men;
The one, until the period of our race,

T' inspire us with a free and quiet mind,
Discerning both divine and human laws;

The other, to vouchsafe us after death, 235
An honourable mention, and fair praise,

T' accompany our actions and our name:
The rest of greatness princes may command,

And, therefore, may neglect; only, a long,
A lasting, high, and happy memory 245

They should, without being satisfied, pursue.
Contempt of fame begets contempt of virtue.

Nat. Rare!
Sat. Most divine!

Sej. The oracles are ceas'd,
That only Caesar, with their tongue, might speak.

Arr. Let me be gone: most felt and open this! 245

Cor. Stay.
Arr. What! to hear more cunning and fine words,

With their sound flatter'd ere their sense be meant?

Tib. Their choice of Antium, there to place the gift,

Vow'd to the goddess⁵ for our mother's health,
We will the senate know, we fairly like; 250

As also of their grant to Lepidus,
For his repairing the Aemilian place,

And restoration of those monuments:
Their grace, too, in confining of Silanus

To th' other isle Cithera, at the suit 255
Of his religious sister, much commends

Their policy, so temp' red with their mercy.
But for the honours which they have decreed

To our Sejanus, to advance⁶ his statue
In Pompey's theatre, (whose ruining fire 260

His vigilance and labour kept restrain'd
In that one loss,) they have therein outgone

Their own great wisdoms, by their skilful choice
And placing of their bounties on a man

Whose merit more adorns the dignity 265
Than that can him; and gives a benefit,

In taking, greater than it can receive.
Blush not, Sejanus, thou great aid of Rome,

Associate of our labours, our chief helper;
Let us not force thy simple modesty 270

With off'ring at thy praise, for more we cannot,

¹ Cause of death, esp. poison.

² Extended.

³ Anticipate. ⁴ manner of address and observance.

⁵ *Fortuna equestris*. (Jonson.)

⁶ *ise*.

⁷ Attempting.

Since there's no voice can take¹ it. No man here

Receive our speeches as hyperboles.
For we are far from flattering our friend
Let envy know, as from the need to flatter. 275
Nor let them ask the causes of our praise:
Princes have still their grounds rear'd with themselves,

Above the poor low flats of common men;
And who will search the reasons of their acts,
Must stand on equal bases. Lead, away. 280
Our loves unto the senate.

[*Exeunt* TIB., SEJAN., NATTA., HAT., SAT., Officers, etc.]

Arr. Caesar!

Sab. Peace.

Cor. Great Pompey's theatre was never ruin'd

Till now, that proud Sejanus hath a statue
Rear'd on his ashes.

Arr. Place the shame of soldiers 284
Above the best of generals? Crack the world,
And bruise the name of Romans into dust,
Ere we behold it!

Sil. Check your passion;
Lord Drusus tarries.

Dru. Is my father mad,
Weary of life and rule, lords, thus to heave 289
An idol up with praise? Make him his mate,
His rival in the empire?

Arr. O, good prince!

Dru. Allow him statues, titles, honours, such
As he himself refuseth?

Arr. Brave, brave Drusus!

Dru. The first ascents to sovereignty are hard;

But ent'red once, there never wants or means,
Or ministers, to help th' aspirer on. 296

Arr. True, gallant Drusus.

Dru. We must shortly pray
To Modesty, that he will rest contented —

Arr. Ay, where he is, and not write emp'ror.

Re-enter SEJANUS, [SATRIUS, LATIARIS, Clients, etc.]

Sej. There is your bill, and yours; bring you
your man. [To SATRIUS.] 300
I have mov'd for you, too, Latiaris.

Dru. What!
Is your vast greatness grown so blindly bold,
That you will over us?

Sej. Why then give way.

Dru. Give way, Colossus! Do you lift? Advance you?

Take that! *Strikes him.*

Arr. Good! brave! excellent, brave prince! 305

Dru. Nay, come, approach. [*Draws his sword.*]

What, stand you off? at gaze?

It looks too full of death for thy cold spirits.
Avoid mine eye, dull camel, or my sword
Shall make thy bravery fitter for a grave,
Than for a triumph. I'll advance² a statue 310
O' your own bulk; but 't shall be on the cross,

Where I will nail your pride at breadth and length,

And crack those sinews, which are yet but stretch'd

With your swollen fortune's rage.

Arr. A noble prince!

All. A Castor, a Castor, a Castor, a Castor.

[*Exeunt all but SEJANUS.*]

Sej. He that, with such wrong mov'd, can bear it through 316

With patience, and an even mind, knows how
To turn it back. Wrath cover'd carries fate:
Revenge is lost, if I profess my hate.

What was my practice³ late, I'll now pursue,
As my fell justice this hath styl'd it new. 321

[*Exit.*]

CHORUS — of musicians.

ACT II

[SCENE I.]⁴

[*Enter*] SEJANUS, LIVIA, EUDEMUS.

Sej. Physician, thou art worthy of a province,
For the great favours done unto our loves;
And, but that greatest Livia bears a part
In the requital of thy services,
I should alone despair of aught like means 5
To give them worthy satisfaction.

Liv. Eudemus, I will see it, shall receive
A fit and full reward for his large merit. —
But for this potion we intend to Drusus,
(No more our husband, now) whom shall we choose 10

As the most apt and abled instrument,
To minister it to him?

Eud. I say, Lygdus.

Sej. Lygdus? What's he?

Liv. An eunuch Drusus loves.

Eud. Ay, and his cup-bearer.

Sej. Name not a second.
If Drusus love him, and he have that place, 15
We cannot think a fitter.

Eud. True, my lord;

For free access and trust are two main aids.

Sej. Skilful physician!

Liv. But he must be wrought
To th' undertaking, with some labour'd art.

Sej. Is he ambitious?

Liv. No.

Sej. Or covetous? 20

Liv. Neither.

Eud. Yet, gold is a good general charm.

Sej. What is he, then?

Liv. Faith, only wanton, light.

Sej. How! is he young? and fair?

Eud. A delicate youth.

Sej. Send him to me, I'll work him. — Royal lady,
Though I have lov'd you long, and with that height 25

Of zeal and duty, like the fire, which more
It mounts it trembles, thinking nought could add

¹ Achieve.

² Raise.

³ T nous plot.

⁴ The garden of Eudem

Unto the fervour which your eye had kindled,
 Yet, now I see your wisdom, judgment,
 strength,
 Quickness, and will, to apprehend the means³⁰
 To your own good and greatness, I protest
 Myself through rarified, and turn'd all flame
 In your affection. Such a spirit as yours,
 Was not created for the idle second
 To a poor flash, as Drusus; but to shine³⁵
 Bright as the moon among the lesser lights,
 And share the sov'ieignty of all the world.
 Then Livia triumphs in her proper sphere,
 When she and her Sejanus shall divide
 The name of Caesar, and Augusta's star⁴⁰
 Be dimm'd with glory of a brighter beam.
 When Agrippina's fires are quite extinct,
 And the scarce-seen Tiberius borrows all
 As little light from us, whose folded arms
 Shall make one perfect orb! [*Knocking within.*]

Who's that? Eudemus,
 Look. [*Exit EUDEMUS.*] 'T is not Drusus, lady,
 do not fear.

Liv. Not I, my lord my fear and love of him
 Left me at once.

Sej. Illustrious lady, stay —

Eud. [*within.*] I'll tell his lordship.

[*Re-enter EUDEMUS.*]

Sej. Who is it, Eudemus?

Eud. One of your lordship's servants brings
 you word⁵⁰

The emp'r'or hath sent for you.

Sej. O! where is he? —
 With your fair leave, dear princess, I'll but ask
 A question, and return. [*He goes out.*]

Eud. Fortunate princess!
 How are you blest in the fruition
 Of this unequal'd man, the soul of Rome,⁵⁵
 The Empire's life, and voice of Caesar's world!

Liv. So blessed, my Eudemus, as to know
 The bliss I have, with what I ought to owe
 The means that wrought it. How do I look to-
 day?

Eud. Excellent clear, believe it. This same
 fucus¹
 Was well laid on.⁶⁰

Liv. Methinks 't is here not white.
 Eud. Lend me your scarlet, lady. 'T is the sun,
 Hath giv'n some little taint unto the ceruse;²
 You should have us'd of the white oil I gave
 you.

Sejanus for your love! his very name⁶⁵
 Commandeth above Cupid or his shafts —
 [*Paints her cheek.*]

Liv. Nay, now you've made it worse.

Eud. I'll help it straight —
 And but pronounce'd, is a sufficient charm
 Against all rumour; and of absolute power
 To satisfy for any lady's honour. —⁷⁰

Liv. What do you now, Eudemus?

Eud. Make a light fucus.
 To touch you o'er withal. — Honour'd Sejanus!
 What act, though ne'er so strange and insolent,
 But that addition will at least bear out,
 If't do not expiate?

Liv. Here, good physician.

Eud. I like this study to preserve the love⁷⁵
 Of such a man, that comes not every hour
 To greet the world. — 'T is now well, lady; you
 should

Use of the dentifrice I prescrib'd you too,⁸⁰
 To clear your teeth, and the prepar'd pomatum,
 To smooth the skin. — A lady cannot be
 Too curious of her form, that still would hold
 The heart of such a person, made her captive,
 As you have his; who, to endure him more
 In your clear eye, hath put away his wife,⁸⁵
 The trouble of his bed and your delights,
 Fair Apicata, and made spacious room
 To your new pleasures.

Liv. Have not we return'd?
 That with our hate to Drusus, and discovery
 Of all his counsels?

Eud. Yes, and wisely, lady.⁹⁰
 The ages that succeed, and stand far off
 To gaze at your high prudence, shall admire,
 And reckon it an act without your sex.
 It hath that rare appearance Some will think
 Your fortune could not yield a deeper sound,⁹⁵
 Than mixt with Drusus, but, when they shall
 hear

That and the thunder of Sejanus meet,
 Sejanus, whose high name doth strike the stars,
 And rings about the concave; great Sejanus,
 Whose glories, style, and titles are himself,¹⁰⁰
 The often iterating of Sejanus;
 They then will lose their thoughts, and be
 asham'd

To take acquaintance of them.

[*Re-enter SEJANUS.*]

Sej. I must make¹⁰⁵
 A rude departure, lady; Caesar sends
 With all his haste both of command and prayer.
 Be resolute in our plot; you have my soul,
 As certain yours as it is my body's.
 And, wise physician, so prepare the poison,
 As you may lay the subtle operation
 Upon some natural disease of his:¹¹⁰
 Your eunuch send to me. I kiss your hands,
 Glory of ladies, and commend my love
 To your best faith and memory.

Liv. My lord,
 I shall but change⁵ your words. Farewell. Yet,
 this

Remember for your heed, he loves you not; ¹¹⁵
 You know what I have told you; his designs
 Are full of grudge and danger, we must use
 More than a common speed.

Sej. Excellent lady,
 How you do fire my blood!

Liv. Well, you must go?
 The thoughts be best, are least set forth to
 show. [*Exit SEJANUS.*]

Eud. When will you take some physic, lady?

Liv. When ¹²¹

I shall, Eudemus: but let Drusus' drug
 Be first prepar'd.

Eud. Were Lygdus made,⁶ that's done;

¹ Cosmetic.

² White lead, used as a cosmetic.

³ Counterbalanced.

⁵ Reciprocate.

⁴ Beyond the powers of.

⁶ Prepared for our purposes.

I have it ready. And, to-morrow morning
 I'll send you a perfume, first to resolve ¹²⁵
 And procure sweat, and then prepare a bath
 To cleanse and clear the cutis;¹ against when
 I'll have an excellent new fucus made,
 Resistive 'gainst the sun, the rain, or wind,
 Which you shall lay on with a breath, or oil, ¹³⁰
 As you best like, and last some fourteen hours.
 This change came timely, lady, for your health,
 And the restoring your complexion,
 Which Drusus' choler had almost burnt up;
 Wherein your fortune hath prescrib'd you bet-
 ter ¹³⁵
 Than art could do.

Liv. Thanks, good physician,
 I'll use my fortune, you shall see, with rever-
 ence.

Is my coach ready?
Eud. It attends your highness. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE II.]²

[Enter] SEJANUS.

Sej. If this be not revenge, when I have done
 And made it perfect, let Egyptian slaves,
 Parthians, and barefoot Hebrews brand my face,
 And print my body full of injuries.
 Thou lost thyself, child Drusus, when thou
 thought'st
 Thou couldst outskip my vengeance, or outstand
 The power I had to crush thee into air
 Thy follies now shall taste what kind of man
 They have provok'd, and thus thy father's house
 Crack in the flame of my incensed rage, ¹⁰
 Whose fury shall admit no shame or mean. —
 Adultery! it is the highest ill
 I will commit. A race of wicked acts
 Shall flow out of my anger, and o'erspread
 The world's wide face, which no posterity ¹⁵
 Shall e'er approve, nor yet keep silent: things,
 That for their cunning, close,³ and cruel mark
 Thy father would wish his, and shall, perhaps,
 Carry the empty name, but we the prize.
 On, then, my soul, and start not in thy course;
 Though heav'n drop sulphur, and hell belch out
 fire, ²¹

Laugh at the idle terrors: tell proud Jove,
 Between his power and thine there is no odds:
 'Twas only fear first in the world made gods.

[Enter] TIBERIUS [attended.]

Tib. Is yet Sejanus come?

Sej. He's here, dread Caesar.

Tib. Let all depart that chamber, and the
 next. ²⁰

[Exeunt Attendants.]

Sit down, my comfort When the master prince
 Of all the world, Sejanus, saith he fears,
 Is it not fatal?

Sej. Yes, to those are fear'd.

Tib. And not to him?

Sej. Not if he wisely turn ³⁰

That part of fate he holdeth, first on them.

Tib. That nature, blood, and laws of kind
 forbid.

Sej. Do policy and state forbid it?

Tib. No.

Sej. The rest of poor respects, then let go by;
 State⁴ is enough to make th' act just, them
 guilty. ³⁵

Tib. Long hate pursues such acts.

Sej. Whom hatred frights,
 Let him not dream of sov'reignty.

Tib. Are rites
 Of faith, love, piety, to be trod down,
 Forgotten, and made vain?

Sej. All for a crown.
 The prince who shames a tyrant's name to bear,
 Shall never dare do anything but fear; ⁴¹
 All the command of sceptres quite doth perish,
 If it begin religious thoughts to cherish
 Whole empires fall, sway'd by those mee⁵ re-
 spects;

It is the licence of dark deeds protects ⁴⁵
 Ev'n states most hated, when no laws resist
 The sword, but that it aceteth what it list.

Tib. Yet so, we may do all things cruelly,
 Not safely.

Sej. Yes, and do them thoroughly.

Tib. Knows yet Sejanus whom we point at?

Sej. Ay, ⁵⁰
 Or else my thought, my sense, or both do err:
 'Tis Agrippina.

Tib. She, and her proud race.

Sej. Proud! dangerous, Caesar: for in them
 apace

The father's spirit shoots up. Germanicus
 Lives in their looks, their gait, their form, t'
 upbraid us ⁵⁵

With his close death, if not revenge the ^{e.}
Tib. The act's not known.

Sej. Not prov'd; but whisp'ring Fame
 Knowledge and proof doth to the jealous⁶ give,
 Who, than to fail,⁷ would their own thought be-
 lieve.

It is not safe the children draw long breath, ⁶⁰
 That are provoked by a parent's death.

Tib. It is as dangerous to make them hence,
 If nothing but their birth be their offence.

Sej. Stay, till they strike at Caesar; then
 their crime

Will be enough; but late and out of time ⁶⁵
 For him to punish.

Tib. Do they purpose it?

Sej. You know, sir, thunder speaks not till
 it hit.

Be not secure; ⁸ none swiftilier are oppress
 Than they whom confidence betrays to rest.
 Let not your daring make your danger such: ⁷⁰
 All power's to be fear'd, where 'tis too much.
 The youths are of themselves hot, violent,
 Full of great thought; and that male-spirited
 dame,

Their mother, slacks no means to put them on,
 By large allowance, popular presentings, ⁷⁵
 Increase of train and state, sung for titles;
 Hath them commended with like prayers, like
 vows,

⁴ Reasons of state.

⁵ Foolishly fastidious.

⁶ Suspicious.

⁷ Rather than fail of proof would accept their own
 thought as such.

⁸ Over-confident.

¹ Skin ² An apartment in the Palace. ³ Secret.

To the same gods, with Caesar : days and nights
 She spends in banquets and ambitious feasts
 For the nobility, where Caius Silius, 50
 Titus Sabinus, old Arruntius,
 Asinius Gallus, Furnius, Regulus,
 And others of that discontented list,
 Are the prime guests. There, and to these, she
 tells

Whose niece she was, whose daughter, and
 whose wife. 55

And then must they compare her with Augusta,
 Ay, and prefer her too ; commend her form,
 Extol her fruitfulness, at which a shower
 Falls for the memory of Germanicus.

Which they blow over straight with windy
 praise 60

And puffing hopes of her aspiring sons ;
 Who, with these hourly ticklings, grow so
 pleas'd,

And wantonly conceited of themselves,
 As now they stick not to believe they're such
 As these do give them out ; and would be
 thought 65

More than competitors,¹ immediate heirs.
 Whilst to their thirst of rule, they win the rout
 (That's still the friend of novelty) with hope
 Of future freedom, which on every change

That greedily, though emptily expects. 100
 Caesar, 'tis age in all things breeds neglects,
 And princes that will keep old dignity

Must not admit too youthful heirs stand by ;
 Not their own issue ; but so darkly set

As shadows are in picture, to give height 105
 And lustre to themselves.

Tib. We will command
 Their rank thoughts down, and with a stricter
 hand

Than we have yet put forth ; their trains must
 bate,²

Their titles, feasts, and factions.

Sej. Or your state.
 But how, sir, will you work ?

Tib. Confine 'em. 110
Sej. No.

They are too great, and that too faint a blow
 To give them now ; it would have serv'd at first,
 When with the weakest touch their knot had
 burst.

But now, your care must be, not to detect
 The smallest cord, or line of your suspect ; 115
 For such, who know the weight of princes' fear,
 Will, when they find themselves discover'd,
 rear

Their forces, like seen snakes, that else would
 lie

Roll'd in their circles, close. Nought is more
 high,

Daring, or desperate, than offenders found ; 120
 Where guilt is, rage and courage doth abound.
 The course must be, to let 'em still swell up,
 Riot, and surfeit on blind Fortune's cup ;
 Give 'em more place, more dignities, more style,
 Call 'em to court, to senate ; in the while, 125
 Take from their strength some one or twain or
 more,

Of the main fautors³ (it will fright thy store),
 And, by some by-occasion. Thus, with sleight
 You shall disarm first ; and they, in night

Of their ambition,⁴ not perceive the train, 130
 Till in the engine⁵ they are caught and slain.

Tib. We would not kill, if we knew how to
 save ;

Yet, than a throne, 'tis cheaper give a grave.
 Is there no way to bind them by deserts ?

Sej. Sir, wolves do change their hair, but not
 their hearts. 135

While thus your thought unto a mean⁶ is tied,
 You neither dare enough, nor do provide.

All modesty is fond,⁷ and chiefly where
 The subject is no less compell'd to bear,

Than praise his sov'reign's acts.

Tib. We can no longer 140
 Keep on our mask to thee, our dear Sejanus ;
 Thy thoughts are ours, in all, and we but prov'd
 Their voice, in our designs, which by assenting
 Hath more confirm'd us, then if heart'ning Jove

Had, from his hundred statues, bid us strike, 145
 And at the stroke clickt all his marble thumbs.
 But who shall first be struck ?

Sej. First, Caius Silius ;
 He is the most of mark, and most of danger :

In power and reputation equal strong,
 Having commanded an imperial army 150

Seven years together, vanquish'd Sacrovir
 In Germany, and thence obtain'd to wear
 The ornaments triumphal. His steep fall,

By how much it doth give the weightier crack,
 Will send more wounding terror to the rest, 155
 Command them stand aloof, and give more way
 To our surprising of the principal.

Tib. But what, Sabinus ?

Sej. Let him grow awhile,
 His fate is not yet ripe. we must not pluck

At all together, lest we catch ourselves. 160
 And there's Arruntius too, he only talks.
 But Sosia, Silius' wife, would be wound in
 Now, for she hath a fury in her breast,
 More than hell ever knew ; and would be sent

Thither in time. Then is there one Cremutius
 Cordus, a writing fellow, they have got 165
 To gather notes of the precedent times,
 And make them into Annals ; a most tart
 And bitter spirit, I hear : who, under colour 169
 Of praising those, doth tax⁸ the present state,
 Censures⁹ the men, the actions, leaves no trick,
 No practice unexamined, parallels

The times, the governments ; a profest champion
 For the old liberty —

Tib. A perishing wrong !
 As if there were that chaos bred in things, 170
 That laws and liberty would not rather choose
 To be quite broken, and ta'en hence by us,
 Than have the stain to be preserv'd by such.

Have we the means to make these guilty first ?

Sej. Trust that to me : let Caesar, by his
 power, 175

But cause a formal meeting of the senate,
 I will have matter and accusers ready.

³ Supporters. ⁷ Moderate measures
⁴ Blinded by ambition. ⁸ Accuse.

⁵ Contrivance. ⁹ Passes judgment on.

⁶ Middle cour.

⁴ Partners.

⁵ Less

Tib. But how? Let us consult.

Sej. We shall misspend
The time of action. Counsels are unfit
In business where all rest is more pernicious ¹⁸⁵
Than rashness can be. Acts of this close kind
Thrive more by execution than advice.
There is no lung'ring in that work begun,
Which cannot praised be, until through done.

Tib. Our edict shall forthwith command a
court. ¹⁹⁰

While I can live, I will prevent earth's fury:

Ἐμοῦ θανάτῳ γαῖα μυχθῆτω πυρὶ. ^[Exit.]

[Enter JULIUS] POSTHUMUS.

Pos. My lord Sejanus —

Sej. Julius Posthumus!
Come with my wish! What news from Agrip-
pina's?

Pos. Faith, none. They all lock up them-
selves a' late, ¹⁹⁵

Or talk in character; I have not seen
A company so chang'd. Except they had
Intelligence by augury of our practice —

S. When were you there?

Pos. Last night.

Sej. And what guests found you?
Pos. Sabinus, Silius, (the old list,) Arruntius,
Furnius, and Gallus.

Sej. Would not these talk?

Pos. Little. ²⁰¹
And yet we offered choice of argument.²
Satrius was with me.

Sej. Well: 't is guilt enough
Their often meeting. You forgot t' extol
The hospitable lady?

Pos. No; that trick ²⁰⁵
Was well put home, and had succeeded too,
But that Sabinus cough'd a caution out;
For she began to swell.

Sej. And may she burst!

Julius, I would have you go instantly
Unto the palace of the great Augusta, ²¹⁰
And, by your kindest friend, get swift access;
Acquaint her with these meetings: tell the
words

You brought me th' other day, of Silius,
Add somewhat to 'em. Make her understand
The danger of Sabinus, and the times, ²¹⁵
Out of his closeness. Give Arruntius' words
Of malice against Caesar; so, to Gallus:
But, above all, to Agrippina. Say,
As you may truly, that her infinite pride,
Fropt with the hopes of her too fruitful womb,
With popular studies gapes for sovereignty, ²²¹
And threatens Caesar. Pray Augusta then,
That for her own, great Caesar's, and the pub-
lic safety, she be pleas'd to urge these dangers.
Caesar is too secure,³ he must be told, ²²⁵
And best he 'll take it from a mother's tongue.
Alas! what is 't for us to sound, t' explore,
To watch, oppose, plot, practise, or prevent,
If he, for whom it is so strongly labour'd,
Shall, out of greatness and free spirit, be ²³⁰

¹ "When I am dead, let the earth be mingled with
fire."

² Subject.

³ Confident, unsuspecting.

Supinely negligent? Our city's now
Divided as in time o' th' civil war,
And men forbear not to declare themselves
Of Agrippina's party. Every day
The faction multiplies, and will do more, ²³⁵
If not resisted you can best enlarge it.
As you find audience. Noble Posthumus,
Commend me to your Prison and pray her,
She will solicit this great business
To earnest and most present execution, ²⁴⁰
With all her utmost credit with Augusta.

Pos. I shall not fail in my instructions. [Exit]

Sej. This second, from his mother, will well
urge

Our late design, and spur on Caesar's rage;
Which else might grow remiss. The way to put
A prince in blood, is to present the shapes ²⁴⁵
Of dangers greater than they are, like late
Or early shadows and, sometimes, to feign
Where there are none, only to make him fear.
His fear will make him cruel: and once ent'red
He doth not easily learn to stop, or spare ²⁵¹
Where he may doubt. This have I made my
rule

To thrust Tiberius into tyranny.
And make him toil to turn aside those blocks,
Which I alone could not remove with safety, ²⁵⁵
Drusus once gone, Germanicus' three sons
Would clog my way; whose guards have too
much faith

To be corrupted, and their mother known
Of too unprov'd⁴ a chastity
To be attempted, as light Livia was. ²⁶⁰
Work then, my art, on Caesar's fears, as they
On those they fear, till all my lets⁵ be clear'd,
And he in ruins of his house, and hate
Of all his subjects, bury his own state;
When with my peace, and safety, I will rise, ²⁶⁵
By making him the public sacrifice. [Exit.]

[SCENE III.]⁶

[Enter] Satrius, NATTA.

Sat. They're grown exceeding circumspect,
and wary.

Nat. They have us in the wind: and yet Ar-
runtius
Cannot contain himself.

Sat. Tut, he's not yet
Look'd after; there are others more desir'd,
That are more silent.

Nat. Here he comes. Away! [Exeunt.]

[Enter] SABINUS, ARRUNTIVS, CORDUS.

Sab. How is it, that these beagles haunt the
house ⁶
Of Agrippina?

Arr. O, they hunt, they hunt!
There is some game here lodg'd, which they
must rouse,
To make the great ones sport.

Cor. Did you observe
How they inveigh'd 'gainst Caesar?

Arr. Ay, baits, baits

⁴ Blameless.

⁵ Obstacles. *F.* *baitis.*

⁶ A room in Agrippina's ho

For us to bite at : would I have my flesh 11
Torn by the public hook, these qualified hang-
men
Should be my company.

Cor. Here comes another.

[DOM. AFER passes over the stage.]

Arr. Ay, there 's a man, Afer the orator ! 14
One that hath phrases, figures, and fine flowers,
To strew his rhetoric with, and doth make
haste,

To get him note or name by any offer
Where blood or gain be objects ; steeps his
words,

When he would kill, in artificial tears :
The crocodile of Tiber ! him I love, 20
That man is mine ; he hath my heart and voice
When I would curse ! he, he.

Sab. Contemn the slaves,
Their present lives will be their future graves.

[*Exeunt*]

[SCENE IV.]¹

[*Enter*] SILIUS, AGRIPPINA, NERO, SOSIA.

Sil. May 't please your highness not forget
yourself ;

I dare not, with my manners, to attempt
Your trouble farther.

Agr. Farewell, noble Silius !

Sil. Most royal princess.

Agr. Sosia stays with us ?

Sil. She is your servant, and doth owe your
grace 5

An honest, but unprofitable love.

Agr. How can that be, when there 's no gain
but virtue's ?

Sil. You take the moral, not the politic
sense.

I meant, as she is bold, and free of speech,
Earnest to utter what her zealous thought 10
Travails withal, in honour of your house ;

Which act, as it is simply borne in her,
Partakes of love and honesty ; but may,

By th' over-often, and unseason'd use,
Turn to your loss and danger : for your state 15
Is waited on by envies, as by eyes ;

And every second guest your tables take
Is a fee'd spy, to observe who goes, who comes ;
What conference you have, with whom, where,
when,

What the discourse is, what the looks, the
thoughts 20

Of ev'ry person there, they do extract,
And make into a substance.

Agr. Hear me, Silius.

Were all Tiberius' body stuck with eyes,
And ev'ry wall and hanging in my house
Transparent, as this lawn I wear, or air ; 25
Yea, had Sejanus both his ears as long

As to my inmost closet, I would hate
To whisper any thought, or change an act,
To be made Juno's rival. Virtue's forces
Show ever noblest in conspicuous courses. 30

Sil. 'T is great, and bravely spoken, like the
spirit

Of Agrippina : yet, your highness knows,

¹ Another apartment in the same.

There is nor loss nor shame in providence,²
Few can, what all should do, beware enough.
You may perceive with what officious face, 35
Satrius, and Natta, Afer, and the rest
Visit your house of late, t' inquire the secrets ;
And with what bold and privileg'd art, they
rail

Against Augusta, yea, and at Tiberius ;
Tell tricks of Livia, and Sejanus all 40
T' excite, and call your indignation on,
That they might hear it at more liberty.

Agr. You're too suspicious, Silius.

Sil.

Pray the gods,

I be so, Agrippina ; but I fear 45
Some subtle practice. They that durst to strike
At so exampleless, and unblam'd a life,
As that of the renown'd Germanicus,
Will not sit down with that exploit alone :
He threatens many that hath injur'd one.

Nero. 'T were best rip forth their tongues,
sear out their eyes, 50

When next they come.

Sos. A fit reward for spies.

[*Enter*] DRUSUS JUN.

Dru. jun. Hear you the rumour ?

Agr. What ?

Dru. jun. Drusus is dying.

Agr. Dying !

Nero. That 's strange !

Agr. You were with him yesternight.

Dru. jun. One met Eudemus the physician,
Sent for, but now ; who thinks he cannot live, 55
Sil. Thinks ! If it be arriv'd at that, he
knows,

Or none.

Agr. 'T is quick ! What should be his disease ?

Sil. Poison, poison—

Agr. How, Silius !

Nero. What 's that ?

Sil. Nay, nothing. There was late a certain
blow

Giv'n o' the face.

Nero. Ay, to Sejanus.

Sil. True. 60

Dru. jun. And what of that ?

Sil. I'm glad I gave it not.

Nero. But there is somewhat else ?

Sil. Yes, private meetings,

With a great lady at a physician's,

And a wife turn'd away—

Nero.

Ha !

Sil. Toys, mere toys :
What wisdom's now i' th' streets, i' th' common
mouth ? 65

Dru. jun. Fears, whisp'rings, tumults, noise,

I know not what :

They say the Senate sit.

Sil. I'll thither straight ;

And see what 's in the forge.

Agr. Good Silius, do ;

Sosia and I will in.

Sil.

Haste you, my lords,
To visit the sick prince, tender your loves, 70
And sorrows to the people. This Sejanus,

² Cautious.

Trust my divining soul, hath plots on all :
No tree, that stops his prospect, but must fall.

[*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS — of Musicians.

ACT III

[SCENE I.]

The Senate.

[*Enter*] *Praecones, Lictores, SEJANUS, VARRO, LATIARIS, COTTA, and AFER.*

Sej. 'Tis only you must urge against him,
Varro ;
Nor I, nor Caesar may appear therein,
Except in your defence, who are the consul ;
And, under colour of late enmity
Between your father and his, may better do it,
As free from all suspicion of a practice.¹
Here be your notes, what points to touch at ;
read :

Be cunning in them. Afer has them too.

Var. But is he summon'd ?

Sej. No. It was debated
By Caesar, and concluded as most fit
To take him unprepar'd.²

Afer. And prosecute

All under name of treason.
Var. I conceive.

[*Enter*] *SABINUS, GALLUS, LEPIDUS, and AR-
RUNTIVS.*

Sab. Drusus being dead, Caesar will not be
here.

Gal. What should the business of this senate
be ?

Arr. That can my subtle whisperers tell you
we³

That are the good-dull-noble lookers-on.
Are only call'd to keep the marble warm.
What should we do with those deep mysteries,
Proper to these fine heads ? Let them alone.⁴
Our ignorance may, perchance, help us be sav'd
From whips and furies.

Gal. See, see, see their action !

Arr. Ay, now their heads do travail, now
they work ;

Their faces run like shittles ; they are weaving
Some curious cobweb to catch flies.

Sab. Observe,

They take their places.

Arr. What, so low !

Gal. O yes,⁵

They must be seen to flatter Caesar's grief,
Though but in sitting.

Var. Bid us silence.

Prae. Silence.

Var. "Fathers conscript, may this our pre-
sent meeting

Turn fair and fortunate to the commonwealth !"

[*Enter*] *SILIUS [and other Senators].*

Sej. See, Silius enters.

Sil. Hail, grave fathers !

¹ Plot.

Lic.

Silvus, forbear thy place.

Stand.⁶

Sen.

How !

Prae.

Silvus, stand forth,
The consul hath to charge thee.

Lic.

Room for Caesar.

Arr. Is he come too ! Nay then expect a
trick

Sab. Silvus accus'd ! Sure he will answer
nobly.

[*Enter*] *TIBERIUS [attended.]*

Tib. We stand amazed, fathers, to behold⁷
This general dejection. Wherefore sit
Rome's consuls thus dissolv'd, as they had lost
All the remembrance both of style and place ?
It not becomes. No woes are of fit weight

To make the honour of the Empire stoop⁸

Though I, in my peculiar self may meet

Just reprehension, that so suddenly,

And in so fresh a grief, would greet the senate,

When private tongues, of kinsmen and allies,

Inspir'd with comforts, lustily are endur'd,⁹

The face of men not seen, and scarce the day,

To thousands that communicate¹⁰ our loss.

Nor can I argue these of weakness, since

They take but natural ways, yet I must seek¹¹

For stronger aids, and those far helps draw out

From warm embraces of the commonwealth

Our mother, great Augusta, 's struck with

time,

Our self imprest with aged characters,

Drusus is gone, his children young and babes ;

Our aims must now reflect on those that may

Give timely succour to these present ills,¹²

And are our only glad-surviving hopes,

The noble issue of Germanicus,

Nero and Drusus : might it please the consul

Honour them in, they both attend without.¹³

I would present them to the senate's care,

And raise those suns of joy that should drink

up

These floods of sorrow in your drowned eyes.

Arr. By Jove, I am not Oedipus enough

To understand this Sphinx.

Sab. The princes come.¹⁴

[*Enter*] *NERO, DRUSUS JUNIOR.*

Tib. Approach you, noble Nero, noble Dru-
sus.

These princes, fathers, when their parent died,

I gave unto their uncle, with this prayer,

That though he 'd proper issue of his own,

He would no less bring up, and foster these,¹⁵

Than that self-blood ; and by that act confirm

Their worths to him, and to posterity.

Drusus ta'en hence, I turn my prayers to you,

And 'fore our country and our gods, beseech

You take, and rule Augustus' nephew's sons,¹⁶

Sprung of the noblest ancestors ; and so

Accomplish both my duty, and your own.

Nero, and Drusus, these shall be to you

In place of parents, these your fathers, these ;

And not unfitly : for you are so born,¹⁷

As all your good or ill 's the commonwealth's.

² Share.

Receive them, you strong guardians; and blest gods,

Make all their actions answer to their bloods: Let their great titles find increase by them,

Not they by titles. Set them, as in place, 85 So in example, above all the Romans

And may they know no rivals but themselves. Let Fortune give them nothing, but attend

Upon their virtue: and that still come forth 89 Greater than hope, and better than their fame.

Relieve me, fathers, with your general voice.

Senators. "May all the gods consent to Caesar's wish,

And add to any honours that may crown

The hopeful issue of Germanicus!"

Tib. We thank you, reverend fathers, in their right. 95

Arr. (Aside.) If this were true, now! but the space, the space

Between the breast and lips! Tiberius' heart Lies a thought farther than another man's.

Tib. My comforts are so flowing in my joys, As, in them, all my streams of grief are lost, 100

No less than are land-waters in the sea, Or showers in rivers, though their cause was

such, As might have sprinkled ev'n the gods with tears:

Yet, since the greater doth embrace the less, We covetously obey.

*Arr. (Aside.)*¹ Well acted, Caesar. 105

Tib. And now I am the happy witness made Of your so much desir'd affections

To this great issue, I could wish the Fates Would here set peaceful period to my days;

However, to my labours I entreat 110 And beg it of this senate, some fit ease.

*Arr. (Aside.)*¹ Laugh, fathers, laugh: ha' you no spleens² about you?

Tib. The burden is too heavy I sustain On my unwilling shoulders; and I pray

It may be taken off, and reconferr'd 115 Upon the consuls, or some other Roman,

More able, and more worthy.

*Arr. (Aside.)*¹ Laugh on still.

Sab. Why, this doth render all the rest suspected!

Gal. It poisons all.

Arr. O, do you taste it then?

Sab. It takes away my faith to anything 120 He shall hereafter speak.

Arr. Ay, to pray that, Which would be to his head as hot as thunder,

'Gainst which he wears that charm,³ should but the court

Receive him at his word.

Gal. Hear!

Tib. For myself I know my weakness, and so little covet, 125 Like some gone past, the weight that will oppress me,

As my ambition is the counter-point.

*Arr. (Aside.)*¹ Finely maintain'd; good still!

¹ These speeches marked *(Aside)* are placed in parentheses in the Folio.

² The supposed seat of mirth and other emotions.

³ A wreath of laurel. (Jonson.)

Sej. But Rome, whose blood, Whose nerves, whose life, whose very frame

relies On Caesar's strength, no less than heaven on Atlas, 130

Cannot admit it but with general ruin.

Arr. (Aside.) Ah! are you there to bring him off?

Sej. Let Caesar No more then urge a point so contrary

To Caesar's greatness, the griev'd senate's vows, Or Rome's necessity.

Gal. (Aside.) He comes about — 135

Arr. (Aside.) More nimbly than Vertumnus.

Tib. For the public, I may be drawn to show I can neglect

All private aims, though I affect my rest; But if the senate still command me serve,

I must be glad to practise my obedience. 140

Arr. (Aside.) You must and will, sir. We do know it.

Senators. "Caesar, Live long and happy, great and royal Caesar;

The gods preserve thee and thy modesty, Thy wisdom and thy innocence!"

Arr. (Aside.) Where is't? The prayer is made before the subject.

Senators. "Guard 145 His meekness, Jove, his piety, his care, His bounty —"

Arr. (Aside.) And his subtilty, I'll put in: Yet he'll keep that himself, without the gods.

All prayers are vain for him.

Tib. We will not hold Your patience, fathers, with long answer; but

Shall still contend to be what you desire, 151 And work to satisfy so great a hope.

Proceed to your affairs.

Arr. (Aside.) Now, Silius, guard thee; The curtain's drawing. Afer advanceeth.

Prae. Silence!

Afer. Cite Caius Silius.

Prae. Caius Silius!

Sil. Here, 155

Afer. The triumph that thou hadst in Ger-

many

For thy late victory on Sacrovir,

Thou hast enjoy'd so freely, Caius Silius,

As no man it envi'd thee; nor would Caesar 159

Or Rome admit, that thou wert then defrauded

Of any honours thy deserts could claim

In the fair service of the commonwealth;

But now, if after all their loves and graces,

(Thy actions, and their courses being discover'd)

It shall appear to Caesar and this senate, 165 Thou hast defil'd those glories with thy crimes —

Sil. Crimes!

Afer. Patience, Silius.

Sil. Tell thy mule of patience;

I am a Roman. What are my crimes? Proclaim

them.

Am I too rich, too honest for the times?

Have I or treasure, jewels, land, or houses 170

That some informer gapes for? Is my strength

Too much to be admitted, or my knowledge?

These now are crimes.

Afer. Nay, Silius, if the name
Of crime so touch thee, with what impotence
Wilt thou endure the matter to be search'd? ¹⁷⁵

Sil. I tell thee, *Afer*, with more scorn than
fear.

Employ your mercenary tongue and art.

Where's my accuser?

Var. Here. Varro, the consul!
Arr. Is he thrust in?

Var. 'Tis I accuse thee, Silius.
Against the majesty of Rome and Caesar, ¹⁸⁰
I do pronounce thee here a guilty cause,
First of beginning and occasioning,
Next, drawing out the war in Gallia,
For which thou late triumph'st; dissembling
long

That *Sacrovir* to be an enemy, ¹⁸⁵
Only to make thy entertainment more.
Whist thou, and thy wife *Sosia*, poll'd¹ the
province;

Wherein, with sordid-base desire of gain,
Thou hast discredited thy actions' worth,
And been a traitor to the state.

Sil. Thou liest. ¹⁹⁰

Arr. I thank thee, Silius; speak so still and
often.

Var. If I not prove it, Caesar, but unjustly
Have call'd him into trial, here I bind
Myself to suffer what I claim 'gainst him; ¹⁹⁴
And yield to have what I have spoke, confirm'd
By judgment of the court, and all good men.

Sil. Caesar, I crave to have my cause deferr'd,
Till this man's consulship be out.

Tib. We cannot,
Nor may we grant it.

Sil. Why? Shall he design?²
My day of trial? Is he my accuser, ²⁰⁰
And must he be my judge?

Tib. It hath been usual,
And is a right that custom hath allow'd
The magistrate, to call forth private men
And to appoint their day: which privilege
We may not in the consul see infrin'g'd, ²⁰⁵
By whose deep watches and industrious care
It is so labour'd, as the commonwealth
Receive no loss, by any oblique course.

Sil. Caesar, thy fraud is worse than violence.

Tib. Silius, mistake us not, we dare not use
The credit of the consul to thy wrong; ²¹¹
But only do preserve his place and power,
So far as it concerns the dignity
And honour of the state.

Arr. Believe him, Silius.

Cot. Why, so he may, *Arruntius*.

Arr. I say so; ²¹⁵
And he may choose too.

Tib. By the Capitol,
And all our gods, but that the dear republic,
Our sacred laws, and just authority
Are interest'd therein, I should be silent. ²¹⁹

Afer. Please Caesar to give way unto his trial,
He shall have justice.

Sil. Nay, I shall have law;
Shall I not, *Afer*? Speak.

¹ Plundered by extortion.

² Name.

Afer. Would you have moe?
Sil. No, my well-spoken man, I would no
more,

Nor less might I enjoy it natural,
Not taught to speak unto your present ends, ²²³
Free from thine, his, and all your unkind hand-
ling.

Furious enforcing, most unjust presuming,
Malicious, and manifold applying,
Foul wresting, and impossible construction.

Afer. He raves, he raves.

Sil. Thou durst not tell me so, ²³⁰
Hadst thou not Caesar's warrant. I can see
Whose power condemns me.

Var. This betrays his spirit:
This doth enough declare him what he is.

Sil. What am I? speak.

Var. An enemy to the state.

Sil. Because I am an enemy to thee, ²³⁵
And such corrupted ministers o' the state,
That here art made a present instrument
To gratify it with thine own disgrace.

Scj. This, to the consul, is most insolent,
And impious!

Sil. Ay, take part. Reveal yourselves. ²⁴⁰

Alas! I scent not your confederacies,

Your plots, and combinations! I not know

Minion *Sejanus* hates me, and that all

This boast of law, and law, is but a form,

A net of *Vulcan's* filing, a mere engine, ²⁴⁵

To take that life by a pretext of justice,

Which you pursue in malice! I want brain

Or nostril to persuade me, that your ends

And purposes are made to what they are,

Before my answer! O, you equal gods, ²⁵⁰

Whose justice not a world of wolf-turn'd men

Shall make me to accuse (how'er provoke),

Have I for this so oft engag'd myself?

Stood in the heat and fervour of a fight,

When *Phoebus* sooner hath forsook the day ²⁵⁵

Than I the field, against the blue-ey'd Gauls,

And crisped Germans? when our Roman eagles

Have fann'd the fire with their labouring wings,

And no blow dealt, that left not death behind
it?

When I have charg'd, alone, into the troops ²⁶⁰

Of curl'd *Sicambrians*, routed them, and came

Not off with backward ensigns of a slave,

But forward marks, wounds on my breast and
face,

Were meant to thee, O Caesar, and thy Rome?

And have I this return! Did I, for this, ²⁶⁵

Perform so noble, and so brave defeat,

On *Sacrovir*! O Jove, let it become me

To boast my deeds, when he, whom they con-
cern,

Shall thus forget them.

Afer. Silius, Silius, ²⁶⁹

These are the common customs of thy blood,

When it is high with wine, as now with rage.

This well agrees with that intemperate vaunt,

Thou lately mad'st at *Agrippina's* table,

That, when all other of the troops were prone

To fall into rebellion, only yours ²⁷⁵

Remain'd in their obedience. You were he

That sav'd the Empire, which had then been
lost

Had but your legions there rebell'd, or mutin'd;
Your virtue met, and fronted every peril. 279
You gav'st to Caesar and to Rome their surety.
Their name, their strength, their spirit, and
their state,

Their being was a donative from you.

Arr. Well worded, and most like an orator.

Tib. Is this true, Silius?

Sil. Save thy question, Caesar,
Thy spy of famous credit hath affirm'd it. 285

Arr. Excellent Roman!

Sab. He doth answer stoutly.

Sej. If this beso, there needs no farther cause
Of crime against him.

Var. What can more impeach
The royal dignity and state of Caesar,
Than to be urged with a benefit 290
He cannot pay.

Cot. In this, all Caesar's fortune
Is made unequal to the courtesy.

Lat. His means are clean destroy'd that
should requite.

Gal. Nothing is great enough for Silius' merit.
Arr. Gallus on that side too?

Sil. Come, do not hunt,
And labour so about for circumstance, 296
To make him guilty, whom you have fore-
doom'd

Take shorter ways, I'll meet your purposes.
The words were mine, and more I now will say:
Since I have done thee that great service,
Caesar, 300

Thou still hast fear'd me; and, in place of grace,
Return'd me hatred so soon all best turns,
With doubtful princes, turn deep injuries
In estimation, when they greater rise
Than can be answer'd. Benefits, with you, 305
Are of no longer pleasure, than you can
With ease restore them; that transcended once,
Your studies are not how to thank, but kill.
It is your nature, to have all men slaves
To you, but you acknowledging to none. 310
The means that makes your greatness, must not
come

In mention of it; if it do, it takes
So much away, you think: and that which
help'd

Shall soonest perish, if it stand in eye, 314
Where it may front, or but upbraid the high.

Cot. Suffer him speak no more.

Var. Note but his spirit.

Afer. This shows him in the rest.

Lat. Let him be censur'd. 1

Sej. He hath spoke enough to prove him
Caesar's foe.

Cot. His thoughts look through his words.

Sej. A censure.

Sil. Stay,

Stay, most officious senate, I shall straight 320

Delude thy fury. Silius hath not plac'd
His guards within him, against fortune's spite,
So weakly but he can escape your gripe
That are but hands of fortune: she herself, 324
When virtue doth oppose, must lose her threats.
All that can happen in humanity,

1 Judged.

The frown of Caesar, proud Sejanus' hatred,
Base Varro's spleen, and Afer's bloody
tongue,

The senate's servile flattery, and these
Must red to kill, I'm fortified against, 330
And can look down upon. they are beneath me.
It is not life whereof I stand enamour'd
Nor shall my end make me accuse my fate.

The coward and the valiant man must fall, 334
Only the cause, and manner how, discerns them:
Which then are gladdest, when they cost us
dearest.

Romans, if any here be in this senate,
Would know to mock Tiberius' tyranny,
Look upon Silius, and so learn to die.

[Stabs himself.]

Var. O desperate act!

Arr. An honourable hand! 340

Tib. Look, is he dead?

Sab. 'T was nobly struck, and home.

Arr. My thought did prompt him to it. Fare-
well, Silius.

Be famous ever for thy great example.

Tib. We are not pleas'd in this sad accident,
That thus hath stalled, and abus'd our mercy,
Intended to preserve thee, noble Roman, 346
And to prevent thy hopes.

Arr. Excellent wolf!

Now he is full he howls.

Sej. Caesar doth wrong
His dignity and safety thus to mourn
The deserv'd end of so profest a traitor; 350
And doth, by this his lenity, instruct
Others as factious to the like offence.

Tib. The confiscation merely of his state
Had been enough.

Arr. O, that was gap'd for then?

Var. Remove the body.

Sej. Let citation 355

Go out for Sosia.

Gal. Let her be proscrib'd:
And for the goods, I think it fit that half
Go to the treasure, half unto the children.

Lep. With leave of Caesar, I would think
that fourth 359

Part, which the law doth cast on the informers,
Should be enough; the rest go to the children:
Wherein the prince shall show humanity,
And bounty; not to force them by their want,
Which in their parent's trespass they deserv'd,
To take ill courses.

Tib. It shall please us.

Arr. Ay, 367

Out of necessity. This Lepidus

Is grave and honest, and I have observ'd

A moderation still in all his censures, 3

Sab. And bending to the better — Stay,
who's this?

Cremutinus Cordus! What! is he brought in?

Arr. More blood unto the banquet! Noble
Cordus, 371

I wish thee good; be as thy writings, free

And honest.

Tib. What is he?

Sej. For th' *Annals*, Caesar.

3 Forestalled.

3 Judgments.

[Enter] Praeco. SATRIUS and NATTA, [with]
CREMUTIUS CORDUS, [guarded.]

Prae. Cremutius Cordus!

Cor. Here.

Prae. Satrius Secundus,
Pinnarius Natta, you are his accusers.

Arr. Two of Sejanus' blood-hounds, whom he
breeds

With human flesh, to bay at citizens.

Afer. Stand forth before the Senate, and con-
front him.

Sat. I do accuse thee here, Cremutius Cordus,
To be a man factious and dangerous,

A sower of sedition in the state,
A turbulent and discontented spirit,

Which I will prove from thine own writings,
here,

The *Annals* thou hast publish'd; where thou
bit'st

The present age, and with a viper's tooth, 355
Being a member of it, dar'st that ill

Which never yet degenerate bastard did
Upon his parent.

Nat. To this I subscribe,
And, forth¹ a world of more particulars,

Instance in only one comparing men 360
And times, thou praisest Brutus, and affirm'st

That Cassius was the last of all the Romans.
Cot. How! what are we then?

Var. What is Caesar! Nothing?
Afer. My lords, this strikes at every Roman's

private,
In whom reigns gentry and estate of spirit, 365
To have a Brutus brought in parallel,

A parricide, an enemy of his country,
Rank'd, and prefer'd to any real worth

That Rome now holds. This is most strangely
invective,

Most full of spite, and insolent upbraiding. 400
Nor is 't the time alone is here dispriz'd,

But the whole man of time, yea, Caesar's self
Brought in disvalue, and he aim'd at most,

By oblique glance of his licentious pen.
Caesar, if Cassius were the last of Romans, 405
Thou hast no name.

Tib. Let's hear him answer. Silence!
Cor. So innocent I am of fact, my lords,

As but my words are argu'd: yet those words
Not reaching either prince or prince's parent,

The which your law of treason comprehends.
Brutus and Cassius I am charg'd t' have

prais'd; 411
Whose deeds, when many more, besides myself,

Have writ, not one hath mention'd without
honour.

Great Titus Livius, great for eloquence
And faith amongst us, in his History 415

With so great praises Pompey did extol,
As oft Augustus call'd him a Pompeian:

Yet this not hurt their friendship. In his book
He often names Scipio, Afranius,

Yea, the same Cassius, and this Brutus too, 420
As worthiest men; not thieves and parricides,

Which notes upon their fames are now impos'd.

Asimius Pollio's writings quite throughout
Give them a noble memory; so Messala 424

Renown'd his general, Cassius: yet both these
Liv'd with Augustus, full of wealth and hon-
ours

To Cicero's book, where Cato was heav'd up
Equal with heaven, what else did Caesar answer,

Being then dictator, but with a penn'd oration,
As it before the judges? Do but see 430

Antonius' letters; read but Brutus' pleadings:
What vile reproach they hold against Augustus,

False, I confess, but with much bitterness.
The epigrams of Bibaculus and Catullus

Are read, full stuff with spite of both the Cae-
sars, 435

Yet deified Julius, and no less Augustus,
Both bore them, and contemn'd them: I not

know,
Promptly to speak it, whether done with more

Temper, or wisdom, for such obloquies
If they despised be, they die suppress, 440

But if with rage acknowledg'd, they are confest.
The Greeks I slip, whose licence not alone,

But also lust did scape unpunished
Or where some one, by chance, exception took,

He words with words reveng'd. But, in my
work, 445

What could be aim'd more free,² or farther off
From the time's scandal, than to write of those

Whom death from grace or hatred had ex-
empted?

Did I, with Brutus and with Cassius,
Arm'd and possess'd of the Philippi fields, 450

Inscense the people in the civil cause,
With dangerous speeches? Or do they, being

slain
Seventy years since, as by their images,

Which not the conqueror hath defac'd, appe-
Retain that guilty memory with writers? 455

Posterity pays every man his honour:
Nor shall there want, though I condemn'd,

That will not only Cassius well approve,
And of great Brutus' honour mindful be,

But that will also mention make of me. 460
Arr. Freely and nobly spoken!

Sub. With good temper;
I like him, that he is not mov'd with passion.

Arr. He puts 'em to their whisper.
Tib. Take him hence;

We shall dete-ine of him at next sitting.
[Exeunt Officers with CORDUS.]

Cot. Mean time, give order, that his books be
burnt, 465

To the aediles.
Sej. You have well advis'd.

Afer. It fits not such licentious things should
live

T' upbraid the age.
Arr. If th' age were good, they might.

Lat. Let 'em be burnt.
Gal. All sought, and burnt to-day.

Prae. The court is up; lettors, resume the
fascies. 470

[Exeunt all but] ARRUTTIUS, SAB-
INUS, and LEPIDUS.

¹ Out of.

² Innocent.

Arr. Let them be burnt! O, how ridiculous
Appear the senate's brainless diligence,
Who think they can, with present power, ex-
tinguish

The memory of all succeeding times!

Sab. 'T is true; when, contrary, the punish-
ment

Of wit doth make th' authority increase.
Nor do they aught, that use this cruelty
Of interdiction, and this rage of burning,
But purchase to themselves rebuke and shame,
And to the writers an eternal name.

Lep. It is an argument the times are sore,
When virtue cannot safely be advanc'd,
Nor vice reprov'd.

Arr. Ay, noble Lepidus;
Augustus well foresaw what we should suffer
Under Tiberius, when he did pronounce
The Roman race most wretched, that should
live

Between so slow jaws, and so long a bruising.
[Exeunt.]

[SCENE II.]¹

[Enter] TIBERIUS and SEJANUS.

Tib. This business hath succeeded well, Se-
janus;
And quite remov'd all jealousy of practice²
'Gainst Agrippina, and our nephews. Now,
We must bethink us how to plant our ingines
For th' other pair, Sabinus and Arruntius,
And Gallus too; howe'er he flatter us,
His heart we know.

Sej. Give it some respite, Caesar.
Time shall mature, and bring to perfect crown,
What we, with so good vultures, have begun:
Sabinus shall be next.

Tib. Rather Arruntius.
Sej. By any means, preserve him. His frank
tongue
Being lent the reins, would take away all
thought

Of malice, in your course against the rest:
We must keep him to stalk with.

Tib. Dearest head,
To thy most fortunate design I yield it.

Sej. Sir, I have been so long train'd up in
grace,
First with your father, great Augustus; since,
With your most happy bounties so familiar;
As I not sooner would commit my hopes
Or wishes to the gods, than to your ears.
Nor have I ever yet been covetous
Of over-bright and dazzling honours; rather
To watch and travail in great Caesar's safety,
With the most co on soldier.

Tib. 'T is confest.
Sej. The only gain, and which I count most
fair

Of all my fortunes, is, that mighty Caesar
Has thought me worthy his alliance. Hence
Begin my hopes.

Tib. Umph!
Sej. I have heard, Augustus,
In the bestowing of his daughter, thought

But even of gentlemen of Rome: if so —
I know not how to hope so great a favour —
But if a husband should be sought for Livia,
And I be had in mind, as Caesar's friend,
I would but use the glory of the kindred.
It should not make me slothful, or less caring
For Caesar's state; it were enough to me
It did confirm, and strengthen my weak house,
Against the now-unequal opposition
Of Agrippina, and for dear regard
Unto my children, this I wish myself
Have no ambition farther than to end
My days in service of so dear a master.

Tib. We cannot but commend thy piety,
Most lov'd Sejanus, in acknowledging
Those bounties; which we, faintly, such re-
member. —

But to thy suit. The rest of mortal men,
In all their drifts and counsels, pursue profit;
Princes alone are of a different sort,
Directing their main actions still to fame:
We therefore will take time to think and answer.
For Livia she can best, herself, resolve
If she will marry, after Drusus, or
Continue in the family; besides,
She hath a mother, and a grandam yet,
Whose nearer counsels she may guide her by:
But I will simply deal. That enmity
Thou fear'st in Agrippina, would burn more,
If Livia's marriage should, as 't were in parts,
Divide th' imperial house; an emulation
Between the women might break forth; and
discord

Ruin the sons and nephews on both hands.
What if it cause some present difference?
Thou art not safe, Sejanus, if thou prove³ it.
Canst thou believe, that Livia, first the wife
To Caius Caesar, then to Drusus, now
Will be contented to grow old with thee,
Born but a private gentleman of Rome,
And raise thee with her loss, if not her shame?
Or say that I should wish it, canst thou think
The senate, or the people (who have seen
Her brother, father, and our ancestors,
In highest place of empire) will endure it?
The state thou hold'st already, is in talk;
Men murmur at thy greatness; and the nobles
Stick not, in public, to upbraid thy climbing
Above our father's favours, or thy scale:
And dare accuse me, from their hate to thee.
Be wise, dear friend. We would not hide these
things,

For friendship's dear respect: nor will we stand
Adverse to thine, or Livia's designments.
What we have purpos'd to thee, in our thought,
And with what near degrees of love to bind
thee,

And make thee equal to us, for the present
We will forbear to speak. Only, thus much
Believe, our lov'd Sejanus, we not know
That height in blood or honour, which thy
virtue

And mind to us, may not aspire with merit.
And this we'll publish on all watch'd occasion
The senate or the people shall present.

¹ A room in the Palace. ² Suspicion of conspiracy.

³ Test, attempt.

Sej. I am restor'd, and to my sense again, ⁹⁰
Which I had lost in this so blinding suit.
Caesar hath taught me better to refuse,
Than I knew how to ask. How pleaseth Caesar
T' embrace my late advice for leaving Rome?
Tib. We are resolv'd.

Sej. Here are some motives more, ⁹⁵
[*Gives him a paper.*]
Which I have thought on since, may more confirm.

Tib. Careful Sejanus! we will straight peruse them:
Go forward in our main design, and prosper.

[*Exit*]
Sej. If those but take, I shall. Dull, heavy Caesar!
Wouldst thou tell me, thy favours were made

crimes, ¹⁰⁰
And that my fortunes were esteem'd thy faults,
That thou for me wert hated, and not think
I would with winged haste prevent that change,
When thou might'st win all to thyself again,
By forfeiture of me? Did those fond words ¹⁰⁵
Fly swifter from thy lips than this my brain,
This sparkling forge, created me an armour
T' encounter chance and thee? Well, read my charms,

And may they lay that hold upon thy senses, ¹⁰⁰
As thou hadst snuff up hemlock, or ta'en down
The juice of poppy and of mandrakes. Sleep,
Voluptuous Caesar, and security
Seize on thy stupid powers, and leave them dead
To public cares; awake but to thy lusts,
The strength of which makes thy libidinous soul ¹¹⁵

Itch to leave Rome! and I have thrust it on;
With blaming of the city business,
The multitude of suits, the confluence
Of suitors: then their importunacies,
The manifold distractions he must suffer, ¹²⁰
Besides ill-rumours, envies, and reproaches,
All which a quiet and retired life,
Larded with ease and pleasure, did avoid:
And yet for any weighty and great affair, ¹²⁴
The fittest place to give the soundest counsels.
By this I shall remove him both from thought
And knowledge of his own most dear affairs;
Draw all dispatches through my private hands;
Know his designments, and pursue mine own;
Make mine own strengths by giving suits and places, ¹³⁰

Conferring dignities and offices;
And these that hate me now, wanting access
To him, will make their envy none, or less:
For when they see me arbiter of all,
They must observe; or else with Caesar fall. ¹³⁵

[*SCENE III.*]¹

[*Enter*] TIBERIUS.

Tib. To marry Livia! will no less, Sejanus,
Content thy aims? No lower object? Well!
Thou know'st how thou art wrought into our trust;
Woven in our design; and think'st we must

Now use thee, whatso'er thy projects are: ⁵
'Tis true. But yet with caution and fit care;
And, now we better think — Who 's there within?

[*Enter an Officer.*]

Off. Caesar!
Tib. [*Aside*] To leave our journey off, were sin
'Gainst our decreed delights, and would appear
Doubt; or, what less becomes a prince, low fear. ¹⁰
Yet doubt hath law, and fears have their excuse,

Where princes' states plead necessary use;
As ours doth now: more in Sejanus' pride,
Than all fell Agrippina's hates beside.
Those are the dreadful enemies, we raise ¹⁵
With favours, and make dangerous with praise;
The injur'd by us may have will alike,
But 't is the favourite hath the power to strike;
And fury ever boils more high and strong,
Heat ² with ambition, than revenge of wrong. ²⁰
'T is then a part of supreme skill, to grace
No man too much; but hold a certain space
Between th' ascender's rise and thine own flat,³
Lest, when all rounds be reach'd, his aim be that.

'T is thought. — Is Macro in the palace? see: ²⁵
If not, go seek him, to come to us. [*Exit Officer.*]

He
Must be the organ we must work by now;
Though none less apt for trust: need doth allow

What choice would not. I have heard that
aconite,
Being timely taken, hath a healing might ³⁰
Against the scorpion's stroke; the proof we 'll give:

That, while two poisons wrestle, we may live.
He hath a spirit too working to be us'd
But to th' encounter of his like; excus'd
Are wiser sov'reigns then, that raise one ill ³⁵
Against another, and both safely kill:
The prince that feeds great natures, they will
sway him;
Who nourisheth a lion, must obey him. —

[*Re-enter Officer with*] MACRO.

Macro, we sent for you.

Mac. I heard so, Caesar.

Tib. Leave us a while, [*Exit Officer.*]
When you shall know, good Macro,
The causes of our sending, and the ends, ⁴¹
You will then hearken nearer; and be pleas'd
You stand so high both in our choice and trust.

Mac. The humblest place in Caesar's choice
or trust,
May make glad Macro proud; without ambition, ⁴⁵

Save to do Caesar service.

Tib. Leave your courtings.
We are in purpose, Macro, to depart
The city for a time, and see Campania;
Not for our pleasures, but to dedicate

¹ Another room in the same.

² ated.

³ Level.

A pair of temples, one to Jupiter 50
 At Capua; th' other at Nola, to Augustus:
 In which great work, perhaps our stay will be
 Beyond our will produc'd. Now, since we are
 Not ignorant what danger may be born
 Out of our shortest absence, in a state 55
 So subject unto envy, and embroil'd
 With hate and faction; we have thought on
 thee,

Amongst a field of Romans, worthiest Macro,
 To be our eye and ear¹ to keep strict watch
 On Agrippina, Nero, Drusus, ay, 60
 And on Sejanus not that we distrust
 His loyalty, or do repent one grace,
 Of all that heap we have conferr'd on him;
 For that were to disparage our election,
 And call that judgment now in doubt, which
 then 65

Seem'd as unquestion'd as an oracle—
 But greatness hath his cankers. Worms and
 moths

Breed out of too fit matter, in the things
 Which after they consume, transferring quite
 The substance of their makers int' themselves.
 Macro is sharp, and apprehends, besides, 71
 I know him subtle, close, wise, and well read
 In man, and his large nature; he hath studied
 Affections, passions, knows their springs, their
 ends,

Which way, and whether they will work 't is
 proof 75

Enough of his great merit that we trust him.
 Then to a point (because our conference
 Cannot be long without suspicion):
 Here, Macro, we assign thee both to spy,
 Inform, and chastise; think, and use thy means,
 Thy ministers, what, where, on whom thou
 wilt; 81

Explore, plot, practise: all thou dost in this
 Shall be, as if the senate or the laws
 Had giv'n it privilege, and thou thence styl'd
 The saviour both of Caesar and of Rome. 85
 We will not take thy answer but in act
 Where to, as thou proceed'st, we hope to hear
 By trusted messengers. If 't be inquir'd
 Wherefore we call'd you, say you have in
 charge

To see our chariots ready, and our horse. 90
 Be still our lov'd and, shortly, honour'd Macro.
 [Exit.]

Mac. I will not ask why Caesar bids do this;
 But joy, that he bids me. It is the bliss
 Of courts to be employ'd, no matter how;
 A prince's power makes all his actions virtue. 95
 We, whom he works by, are dumb instruments,
 To do, but not inquire his great intents
 Are to be serv'd, not search'd. Yet, as that
 bow

Is most in hand whose owner best doth know 98
 T' affect¹ his aims; so let that statesman hope
 Most use, most price, can hit his prince's
 scope.²

Nor must he look at what or whom to strike,
 But loose³ at all; each mark must be alike.
 Were it to plot against the fame, the life

¹ Effect.² Aim.³ Shoot.

Of one with whom I twinn'd; remove a wife 105
 From my warm side, as lov'd as is the air;
 Practise away each parent, draw mine heir
 In compass,⁴ though but one; work all my kin
 To swift perdition, leave no untrain'd engine
 For friendship, or for innocence; nay, make 110
 The gods all guilty, I would undertake
 This, being impos'd me, both with gain and
 ease.

The way to rise is to obey and please.
 He that will thrive in state, he must neglect 115
 The trodden paths that truth and right respect;
 And prove new, wilder ways, for virtue there
 Is not that narrow thing she is elsewhere
 Men's fortune there is virtue; reason their will;
 Their licence, law, and their observance, skill.
 Occasion is their foil; conscience, their stain; 120
 Profit their lustre, and what else is, vain.
 If then it be the lust of Caesar's power
 T' have rais'd Sejanus up, and in an hour
 O'erturn him, tumbling, down from height of
 all;

We are his ready engine: and his fall 125
 May be our rise. It is no uncouth⁵ thing
 To see fresh buildings from old ruins spring.
 [Exit.]

CHORUS — of Musicians.

ACT IV

[SCENE I.]⁶

[Enter] GALLUS, AGRIPPINA.

Gal. You must have patience, royal Agrip-
 pina.

Agr. I must have vengeance first; and that
 were nectar

Unto my famish'd spirits. O, my fortune,
 Let it be sudden thou prepar'st against me;
 Strike all my powers of understanding blind, 5
 And ignorant of destiny to come!
 Let me not fear, that cannot hope.

Gal. Dear princess,
 These tyrannies on yourself are worse than
 Caesar's.

Agr. Is this the happiness of being born
 great?

Still to be aim'd at? still to be suspected? 10
 To live the subject of all jealousies?

At least the colour⁷ made, if not the ground
 To every painted danger? Who would not
 Choose once to fall, than thus to hang for ever?

Gal. You might be safe if you would —

Agr. What, my Gallus! 15
 Be lewd Sejanus' strumpet? Or the bawd
 To Caesar's lusts, he now is gone to practise?
 Not these are safe, where nothing is. Yourself,
 While thus you stand but by me, are not safe.
 Was Silius safe? Or the good Sosia safe? 20
 Or was my niece, dear Claudia Pulchra, safe,
 Or innocent Furnius? they that latest have
 (By being made guilty) added reputation

⁴ Entrap mine heir.⁵ Unknown.⁶ An apartment in Agrippina's house.⁷ Pretext, with a pun.

To Afer's eloquence? O foolish friends,
Could not so fresh example warn your loves, 25
But you must buy my favours with that loss
Unto yourselves; and when you might perceive
That Caesar's cause of raging must forsake
him,

Before his will! Away, good Gallus, leave me.
Here to be seen, is danger; to speak, treason. 30
To do me least observance, is call'd faction.
You are unhappy in me, and I in all.
Where are my sons Nero and Drusus? We
Are they be shot at, let us fall apart,
Not in our ruins sepulchre our friends. 35
Or shall we do some action like offence,¹
To mock their studies that would make us
faulty,

And frustrate practice by preventing² it?
The danger's like: for what they can contrive,
They will make good. No innocence is safe 40
When power contests nor can they trespass
more,

Whose only being³ was all crime before.

[Enter NERO, DRUSUS, and CALIGULA.]

Ner. You hear Sejanus is come back from
Caesar?

Gal. No. How? disgrac'd?

Dru. More graced now than ever.

Gal. By what mischance?

Cal. A fortune like enough
Once to be bad.

Dru. But turn'd too good to both. 45
Gal. What was't?

Ner. Tiberius sitting at his meat,
In a farm-house they call Spelunca, sited
By the sea-side, among the Fundane hills,
Within a natural cave; part of the grot, 50
About the entry, fell, and overwhelm'd
Some of the waiters; others ran away:
Only Sejanus with his knees, hands, face,
O'erhanging Caesar, did oppose himself
To the remaining ruins, and was found 55
In that so labouring posture by the soldiers
That came to succour him. With which adven-
ture,

He hath so fixt himself in Caesar's trust,
As thunder cannot move him, and is come
With all the height of Caesar's praise to Rome.

Agr. And power to turn those ruins all on
us, 61

And bury whole posterities beneath them.
Nero, and Drusus, and Caligula,
Your places are the next, and therefore most
In their offence. Think on your birth and
blood, 65

Awake your spirits, meet their violence;
'T is princely when a tyrant doth oppose,
And is a fortune sent to exercise
Your virtue, as the wind doth try strong trees,
Who by vexation⁴ grow more sound and firm.
After your father's fall, and uncle's fate, 71
What can you hope, but all the change of stroke
That force or sleight can give? Then stand
upright;

And though you do not act, yet suffer nobly: 74
Be worthy of my womb, and take strong cheer;
What we do know will come, we should not
fear. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE II.]⁵

[Enter] MACRO.

Mac. Return'd so soon! Renew'd in trust
and grace!

Is Caesar then so weak, or hath the place
But wrought this alteration with the air;
And he, on next remove, will all repair?
Marco, thou art engag'd, and what before 80
Was public, now must be thy private more.
The weal of Caesar, fitness did imply;
But thine own fate confers necessity
On thy employment; and the thoughts borne
nearest 9

Unto ourselves, move swiftest still, and dearest.
If he recover, thou art lost, yea, all
The weight of preparation to his fall
Will turn on thee, and crush thee: therefore
strike

Before he settle, to prevent the like
Upon thyself. He doth his vantage know, 15
That makes it home,⁶ and gives the foremost
blow. [Exit.]

[SCENE III.]⁷

[Enter] LATIARIS, RUFUS, and OPSIUS.

Lat. It is a service great Sejanus will
See well requited, and accept of nobly.
Here place yourselves between the roof d
ceiling;
And when I bring him to his words of danger,
Reveal yourselves, and take him.

Ruf. Is he come? 95

Lat. I'll now go fetch him. [Exit.]

Ops. With good speed. — I long
To merit from the state in such an action.

Ruf. I hope it will obtain the consulship
For one of us.

Ops. We cannot think of less,
To bring in one so dangerous as Sabinus. 100

Ruf. He was a follower of Germanicus,
And still is an observer⁸ of his wife
And children, though they be declin'd in grace;
A daily visitant, keeps them company
In private and in public, and is noted 105
To be the only client of the house:
Pray Jove, he will be free to Latiaris.

Ops. He's alli'd to him, and doth trust hi
well.

Ruf. And he'll requite his trust!

Ops. To do an office
So grateful to the state, I know no man 110
But would strain nearer bands than kin-
dred —

Ruf. List!

I hear them come.

Ops. Shift to our holes with silence.
[They retire.]

¹ Like the offences we are charged with.

² Anticipating. ³ Mere existence. ⁴ To s'g.

⁵ The street.

⁶ Follows it up to the utmost

⁷ An upper room of Agrippina's house

⁸ One who pays respectful attentions.

[*Re-enter*] LATIARIS, SABINUS.

Lat. It is a noble constancy you show
To this afflicted house ; that not like others,
The friends of season, you do follow fortune, ²⁵
And, in the winter of their fate, forsake
The place whose glories warm'd you. You are
just,

And worthy such a princely patron's love,
As was the world's-renown'd Germanicus,
Whose ample merit when I call to thought, ³⁰
And see his wife and issue objects made
To so much envy, jealousy, and hate ;
It makes me ready to accuse the gods
Of negligence, as men of tyranny.

Sab. They must be patient, so must we.

Lat. O Jove, ³⁵
What will become of us or of the times,
When, to be high or noble, are made crimes,
When land and treasure are most dangerous
faults ?

Sab. Nay, when our table, yea our bed, as-
saults
Our peace and safety ? When our writings are
By any envious instruments, that dare ⁴¹
Apply them to the guilty, made to speak
What they will have to fit their tyrannous
weak ?

When ignorance is scarcely innocence ;
And knowledge made a capital offence ? ⁴⁵
When not so much, but the bare empty shade
Of liberty, is reft¹ us ; and we made
The prey to greedy vultures and vile spies,
That first transfix us with their murdering
eyes ? ⁴⁹

Lat. Methinks the genius of the Roman race
Should not be so extinct, but that bright flame
Of liberty might be reviv'd again,
(Which no good man but with his life should
lose)

And we not sit like spent and patient fools,
Still puffing in the dark at one poor coal, ⁵⁵
Held on by hope, till the last spark is out.
The cause is public, and the honour, name,
The immortality of every soul,
That is not bastard or a slave in Rome,
Therein concern'd : whereto, if men would
change ⁶⁰

The wear'd arm, and for the weighty shield
So long sustain'd, employ the facile sword.
We might have soon assurance of our vows.
This ass's fortitude doth tire us all :
It must be active valour must redeem ⁶⁵
Our loss, or none. The rock and our hard steel
Should meet t' enforce those glorious fires
again,

Whose splendour cheer'd the world, and heat
gave life

No less than doth the sun's.
Sab. 'T were better stay ⁷⁰
In lasting darkness, and despair of day.
No ill should force the subject undertake
Against the sovereign, more than hell should
make

The gods do wrong. A good man should and
m t

¹ reft, F.1. Qy. left ?

Sit rather down with loss than rise unjust ;
Though, when the Romans first did yield them-
selves ⁷⁵

To one man's power, they did not mean their
lives,

Their fortunes, and their liberties should be
His absolute spoil, as purchas'd by the sword.

Lat. Why, we are worse, if to be slaves, and
bond ⁷⁹

To Caesar's slave, be such, the proud Sejanus !
He that is all, does all, gives Caesar leave
To hide his ulcerous and anointed face,
With his bald crown at Rhodes, while he here
stalks

Upon the heads of Romans and their princes,
Familiarly to empire.

Sab. Now you touch ⁸⁵
A point indeed, wherein he shows his art,
As well as power.

Lat. And villany in both.
Do you observe where Livia lodges ? How
Drusus came dead ? What men have been cut off ?

Sab. Yes, those are things remov'd. I nearer
lookt ⁹⁰

Into his later practice, where he stands
Declar'd a master in his mystery.

First, ere Tiberius went, he wrought his fear
To think that Agrippina sought his death.
Then put those doubts in her ; sent her oft
word, ⁹⁵

Under the show of friendship, to beware
Of Caesar, for he laid to poison her :
Drave them to frowns, to mutual jealousies,
Which, now, in visible hatred are burst out.
Since, he hath had his hired instruments ¹⁰⁰
To work on Nero, and to heave him up ;
To tell him Caesar's old, that all the people,
Yea, all the army have their eyes on him ;
That both do long to have him undertake ¹⁰⁴
Something of worth, to give the world a hope ;
Bids him to court their grace : the easy youth
Perhaps gives ear, which straight he writes to
Caesar ;

And with this comment : " See yon dangerous
boy ;
Note but the practice of the mother, there ;
She's tying him for purposes at hand, ¹¹⁰
With men of sword." Here's Caesar put in
fright

'Gainst son and mother. Yet he leaves not thus,
The second brother, Drusus, a fierce nature,
And fitter for his snares, because ambitious
And full of envy, him he clasps and hugs, ¹¹⁵
Poisons with praise, tells him what hearts he
wears,

How bright he stands in popular expectance ;
That Rome doth suffer with him in the wrong
His mother does him, by preferring Nero : ¹¹⁹
Thus sets he them asunder, each 'gainst other,
Projects the course that serves him to condemn,
Keeps in opinion of a friend to all,
And all drives on to ruin.

Lat. Caesar sleeps,
And nods at this.

Sab. Would he might ever sleep,
Bogg'd in his filthy lusts !

[*ORSIUS and RUFUS rush in.*]

Ops. Treason to Caesar! 125
Ruf. Lay hands upon the traitor, Latarius,
 Or take the name thyself.

Lat. I am for Caesar.

Sab. Am I then catch'd?

Ruf. How think you, sir? You are.

Sab. Spies of this head, so white, so full of years!

Well, my most reverend monsters, you may live
 To see yourself thus snar'd.

Ops. Away with him! 131

Lat. Hail him away.

Ruf. To be a spy for traitors,
 Is honourable vigilance.

Sab. You do well,

My most officious instruments of state,
 Men of all uses. Drag me hence, away. 135

The year is well begun, and I fall fit

To be an off'ring to Sejanus. Go!

Ops. Cover him with his garments, hide his face.

Sab. It shall not need. Forbear your rude assault.

The fault's not shameful, villany makes a fault. [Exeunt.] 140

[SCENE IV.]¹

[Enter] MACRO, CALIGULA.

Mac. Sir, but observe how thick your dangers meet

In his clear drifts!² Your mother and your brothers,

Now cited to the senate; their friend Gallus,
 Feasted to-day by Caesar, since committed!

Sabinus here we met, hurried to fetters. 5

The senators all struck with fear and silence,
 Save those whose hopes depend not on good means,

But force their private prey from public spoil.

And you must know, if here you stay, your state
 Is sure to be the subject of his hate, 10

As now the object.

Cal. What would you advise me?

Mac. To go for Capreae presently; and there
 Give up yourself entirely to your uncle.

Tell Caesar (since your mother is accus'd

To fly for succours to Augustus' statue, 15

And to the army, with your brethren) you

Have rather chose to place your aids in him

Than live suspected; or in hourly fear

To be thrust out, by bold Sejanus' plots:

Which you shall confidently urge to be 20

Most full of peril to the state, and Caesar,

As being laid to his peculiar ends,

And not to be let run with common safety.

All which, upon the second, I'll make plain.

So both shall love and trust with Caesar gain.

Cal. Away then, let's prepare us for our journey. [Exeunt.] 25

[SCENE V.]³

[Enter] ARRUNTIVS.

Arr. Still dost thou suffer, heaven! Will no flame,

¹ The street before Agrippina's house.

² Plans, purposes.

³ Another part of the street.

No heat of sin, make thy just wrath to boil

In thy distemp' red bosom, and o'erflow

The pitchy blazes of impiety,

Kindled beneath thy throne! Still canst thou sleep, 5

Patient, while vice doth make an antic face

At thy dread power, and blow dust and smoke

Into thy nostrils! Jove, will nothing wake thee?

Must vile Sejanus pull thee by the beard,

Ere thou wilt open thy black-hdded eye, 10

And look him dead? Well! snore on, dreaming

gods;

And let this last of that proud giant-race

Heave mountain upon mountain 'gainst your state. —

Be good unto me, Fortune and you powers,

Whom I, expostulating, have profan'd; 1

I see (what's equal with a prodigy)

A great, a noble Roman, and an honest,

Live an old man! —

[Enter LEPIDUS.]⁴

O Marcus Lepidus,

When is our turn to bleed? Thyself and I,

Without our boast, are a'most all the few 10

Left to be honest in these impious times.

Lep. What we are left to be, we will be, Lucius;

Though tyranny did stare as wide as death,

To fright us from it.

Arr. 'T hath so on Sabinus.

Lep. I saw h' now drawn from the Gemonies,⁵ 25

And what increas'd the direness of the fact,

His faithful dog, upbraiding all us Romans,

Never forsook the corpse, but, seeing it thrown

Into the stream, leap'd in, and drown'd with it.

Arr. O act, to be envi'd him of us men! 30

We are the next the hook lays hold on, Marcus:

What are thy arts, good patriot, teach them me,

That have preserv'd thy hairs to this white

dye,

And kept so reverend and so dear a head

Safe on his comely shoulders?

Lep. Arts, Arruntius! 35

None, but the plain and passive fortitude,

To suffer and be silent; never stretch

These arms against the torrent; live at home,

With my own thoughts and innocence about me,

Not tempting the wolves' jaws: these are my arts. 40

Arr. I would begin to study 'em, if I thought

They would secure me. May I pray to Jove

In secret and be safe? ay, or aloud,

With open wishes, so I do not mention

Tiberius or Sejanus? Yes, I must. 45

If I speak out, 'T is hard, that. May I think,

And not be rackt? What danger is 't to dream,

Talk in one's sleep, or cough? Who knows the

law?

May I shake my head without a comment? say

It rains, or it holds up, and not be thrown 50

Upon the Gemonies? These now are things,

Whereon men's fortune, yea, their fate depends.

⁴ After impious times in F.

⁵ Steps on the Aventine Hill, down which the bodies of executed criminals were thrown into the Tiber.

Nothing hath privilege 'gainst the violent ear.
 No place, no day, no hour, we see, is free,
 (Not our religious and most sacred times) 55
 From some one kind of cruelty all matter,
 Nay, all occasion pleaseth. Madmen's rage,
 The idleness of drunkards, women's nothing,
 Jester's simplicity, all, all is good
 That can be catch at Nor is now th' event 60
 Of any person, or for any crime,
 To be expected;¹ for 't is always one.
 Death, with some little difference of place,
 Or time — What's this? Prince Nero,
 guarded!

[Enter] LACO and NERO [with GUARDS.]

Lac. On, hectors, keep your way. My lords,
 forbear. 65

On pain of Caesar's wrath, no man attempt
 Speech with the prisoner

Ner. Noble friends, be safe;
 To lose yourselves for words, were as vain
 hazard,
 As unto me small comfort. Fare you well.
 Would all Rome's suff'rings in my fate did
 dwell! 70

Lac. Lictors, away.

Lep. Where goes he, Laco?

Lac. Sir,
 He's banished into Pontia by the senate.

Arr. Do I see, and hear, and feel? May I
 trust sense,

Or doth my phant'sie form it?

Lep. Where's his brother?

Lac. Drusus is prisoner in the palace.

Arr. Ha! 75

I smell it now 't is rank. Where's Agrippina?

Lac. The princess is confin'd to Pandataria.

Arr. Bolts, Vulcan; bolts for Jove! Phoebus,

thy bow;

Stern Mars, thy sword; and, blue-ey'd Maid,
 thy spear;

Thy club, Alcides: all the armoury 80

Of heaven is too little! — Ha! to guard

The gods, I meant. Fine, rare dispatch! This
 same

Was swiftly borne! Confin'd, imprison'd, ban-
 ish'd?

Most tripartite! The cause, sir?

Lac. Treason. 85

Arr. O!

The complement of all accusations! That
 Will hit, when all else fails.

Lep. This turn is strange!

But yesterday the people would not hear,

Far less objected, but cri'd Caesar's letters

Were false and forg'd; that all these plots were
 malice;

And that the ruin of the prince's house 90

Was practis'd 'gainst his knowledge. Where are
 now

Their voices, now that they behold his heirs

Lock'd up, disgrac'd, led into exile?

Arr. Hush'd,

Drown'd in their bellies. Wild Sejanus' breath
 Flath, like a whirlwind, scatter'd that poor
 dust, 95

¹ Awaited with uncertainty.

With his rude blast. — We'll talk no treason,
 sir, Turns to LACO, and the rest.
 If that be it you stand for. Fare you well.
 We have no need of horse-leeches. Good spy,
 Now you are spi'd, be gone

[Exeunt LACO, NERO, and GUARDS.]

Lep. I fear you wrong him:
 He has the voice to be an honest Roman. 100

Arr. And trusted to this office! Lepidus,
 I'd sooner trust Greek Sinon than a man

Our state employs He's gone: and being gone,
 I dare tell you, whom I dare better trust,

That our night-ey'd Tiberius doth not see 105
 His mimon's drifts; or, if he do, he's not
 So arrant subtle, as we fools do take him;

To breed a mongrel up, in his own house,
 With his own blood, and, if the good gods

please,
 At his own throat flesh him to take a leap. 110

I do not beg it, heav'n; but if the fates
 Grant it these eyes, they must not wink.

Lep. They must
 Not see it, Lucius.

Arr. Who should let 'em?
 Lep. Zeal,

And duty; with the thought he is our prince.
 Arr. He is our monster: forfeited to vice 115

So far, as no rack'd virtue can redeem him.
 His loathed person fouler than all crimes:

An emp'r or only in his lusts. Retur'd,
 From all regard of his own fame, or Rome's,

Into an obscure island, where he lives 120
 Acting his tragedies with a comic face,
 Amidst his rout of Chaldees: spending hours,

Days, weeks, and months, in the unkind³ abuse
 Of grave astrology, to the bane of men,

Casting the scope of men's nativities, 125
 And having found aught worthy in their for-
 tune,

Kill, or precipitate them in the sea,
 And boast he can mock fate. Nay, muse not:

these
 Are far from ends of evil, scarce degrees.

He hath his slaughter-house at Capreae; 130
 Where he doth study murder as an art;
 And they are dearest in his grace that c

Devise the deepest tortures. Thither, too,
 He hath his boys, and beauteous girls ta'en up

Out of our noblest houses, the best form'd, 135
 Best nurtur'd, and most modest; what's their
 good,

Serves to provoke his bad. Some are allur'd,
 Some threat'n'd, others, by their friends detain'd,

Are ravish'd hence, like captives, and, in sight
 Of their most grieved parents, dealt away 140

Unto his spintries,⁴ sellaries,⁵ and slaves
 Masters of strange and new commented lusts,

For which wise nature hath left not a name.
 To this (what most strikes us, and bleeding

Rome)
 He is, with all his craft, become the ward 145

To his own vassal, a stale catamite,⁴
 Whom he, upon our low and suffering necks,

² Hinder.

³ Unnatural.

⁴ Male prostitutes.

⁵ Lewd persons.

Hath raised from excrement to side the gods,
And have his proper sacrifice in Rome.
Which Jove beholds, and yet will sooner rive ¹⁵⁰
A senseless oak with thunder than his trunk!

[Re-enter] LACO, POMPONIUS, MINUTIUS.

Lac. These letters make men doubtful what
t' expect.

Whether his coming, or his death.

Pom. Troth, both.
And which comes soonest, thank the gods for.

Arr. (Aside) Last!
Their talk is Caesar; I would hear all voices. ¹⁵⁵

[ARRUNT. and LEPIDUS stand aside]

Min. One day, he's well, and will return to
Rome;

The next day, sick; and knows not when to
hope it.

Lac. True; and to-day, one of Sejanus' friends
Honour'd by special writ, and on the morrow
Another punish'd—

Pom. By more special writ. ¹⁶⁰

Min. This man receives his praises of Seja-
nus,

A second but slight mention, a third none,
A fourth rebukes: and thus he leaves the senate
Divided and suspended, all uncertain.

Lac. These forked tricks, I understand 'em
not. ¹⁶⁵

Would he would tell us whom he loves or hates,
That we might follow, without fear or doubt.

Arr. (Aside.) Good Heliotrope! Is this your
honest man?

Let him be yours so still, he is my knave.

Pom. I cannot tell, Sejanus still goes on, ¹⁷⁰
And mounts, we see; new statues are advanc'd,¹

Fresh leaves of titles, large inscriptions read,
His fortune sworn by, himself new gone out

Caesar's colleague in the fifth consulship;
More altars smoke to him than all the gods: ¹⁷⁵

What would be more? [choke him,

Arr. (Aside.) That the dear smoke would
[That would I more.

Lep. Peace, good Arruntius.] ²

Lat. But there are letters come, they say,
ev'n now,

Which do forbid that last.

Min. Do you hear so?

Lac. Yes.

Pom. By Castor that's the worst.

Arr. (Aside.) By Pollux, best.

Min. I did not like the sign, when Regulus,
Whom all we know no friend unto Sejanus, ¹⁸²

Did, by Tiberius' so precise command,
Succeed a fellow in the consulship:

It boded somewhat.

Pom. Not a mote. His partner,
Fulcinus Trio, is his own, and sure. — ¹⁸⁵

Here comes Terentius.

[Enter TERENTIUS]

He can give us more.

[They whisper with TERENTIUS.]

Lep. I'll ne'er believe but Caesar hath some
scent

¹ Raised.

² F₁ omits.

Of bold Sejanus' footing. These cross points
Of varying letters, and opposing consuls, ¹⁹⁰
Mingling his honours and his punishments,
Feigning now ill, now well, raising Sejanus,
And then depressing him, as now of late
In all reports we have it, cannot be
Empty of practice: 't is Tiberius' art, ¹⁹⁵
For, having found his favourite grown too great,
And with his greatness strong, that all the sol-
diers

Are, with their leaders, made at his devotion;
That almost all the senate are his creatures,
Or hold on him their main dependencies, ²⁰⁰
Either for benefit, or hope, or fear;

And that himself hath lost much of his own,
By parting unto him, and, by th' increase
Of his rank lusts and rages, quite disarm'd
Himself of love, or other public means ²⁰⁵

To dare an open contestation,
His subtilty hath chose this doubling line,

To hold him even in. not so to fear him,
As wholly put him out, and yet give check
Unto his farther boldness. In mean time, ²¹⁰

By his employments, makes him odious
Unto the staggering rout, whose aid, in fine,
He hopes to use, as sure, who, when they sway,

Bear down, o'erturn all objects in their way. ²¹⁴

Arr. You may be a Lynceus, Lepidus: yet I
See no such cause, but that a political tyrant,

Who can so well disguise it, should have ta'en
A nearer way: feign'd honest, and come home
To cut his throat, by law.

Lep. Ay, but his fear
Would ne'er be mask'd, albe his vices were.

Pom. His lordship then is still in grace?

Ter. Assure you,
Never in more, either of grace or power. ²²²

Pom. The gods are wise and just.

Arr. (Aside.) The fiends they are,
To suffer thee belie 'em.

Ter. I have here
His last and present letters, where he writes

him, ²²⁵
"The partner of his cares," and "his Seja-
nus."

Lac. But is that true, if 't is prohibited
To sacrifice unto him?

Ter. Some such thing
Caesar makes scruple of, but forbids it not;

No more than to himself: says he could wish
It were forborne to all.

Lac. Is it no other? ²³¹

Ter. No other, on my trust. For your more
surety,

Here is that letter too.

Arr. (Aside.) How easily
Do wretched men believe what they would
have! ²³⁴

Looks this like plot?

Lep. (Aside.) Noble Arruntius, stay.

Lac. He names him here without his titles.

Lep. (Aside.) Note!

Arr. (Aside.) Yes, and come off your notable
fool. I will.

Lac. No other than Sejanus.

Pom. That's but haste
In h' that writes: here he gives large amends.

Mar. And with his own hand written?
Pom. Yes.
Lac. Indeed?
Ter. Believe it, gentlemen, Sejanus' breast
 Never receiv'd more full contentments in, 242
 Than at this present.

Pom. Takes he well th' escape
 Of young Caligula, with Macro?

Ter. Faith,
 At the first air it somewhat troubled him. 245

Lep. (Aside.) Observe you?
Arr. (Aside.) Nothing; riddles. Till I see
 Sejanus struck, no sound thereof strikes me.

[*Exeunt ARRUNTUS and LEPIDUS.*]
Pom. I like it not. I muse he 'd not attempt
 Somewhat against him in the consulship,
 Seemg the people 'gin to favour him. 250

Ter. He doth repent it now; but he 's em-
 ploy'd

Pagonianus after him: and he holds
 That correspondence there, with all that are
 Near about Caesar, as no thought can pass
 Without his knowledge, thence, in act to front
 him 255

Pom. I gratulate the news.
Lac. But how comes Macro
 So in trust and favour with Caligula?

Pom. O, sir, he has a wife; and the young
 prince

An appetite: he can look up and spy
 Flees in the roof, when there are fleas i' bed; 260
 And hath a learned nose t' assure his sleeps.
 Who to be favour'd of the rising sun,
 Would not lend little of his waning moon?
 It is the saf'st ambition. Noble Terentius!

Ter. The night grows fast upon us. At your
 service. 265

[*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS — of Musicia .

ACT V

[SCENE I.]¹

[*Enter*] SEJANUS.

Sej. Swell, swell, my joys; and faint not to
 declare

Yourselves as ample as your causes are.
 I did not live till now: this my first hour,
 Wherein I see my thoughts reach'd by my
 power.

But this, and gripe my wishes. Great and high,
 The world knows only two, that 's Rome and I. 6
 My roof receives me not; 't is air I tread;
 And, at each step, I feel my advanced head
 Knock out a star in heaven! Rear'd to this
 height,

All my desires seem modest, poor, and slight,
 That did before sound impudent; 't is place, 11
 Not blood, discerns the noble and the base.
 Is there not something more than to be Caesar?
 Must we rest there? It irks t' have come so far,
 To be so near a stay. Caligula, 15
 Would thou stood 'st stiff, and many in our way!

¹ An apartment in Sejanus's house.

Winds lose their strength, when they do empty
 fly,

Unmet of woods or buildings; great fires die,
 That want their matter to withstand them. so,
 It is our grief, and will be our loss, to know 20
 Our power shall want opposites; unless
 The gods, by mixing in the cause, would bless
 Our fortune with their conquest. That were
 worth

Sejanus' strife, durst fates but bring it forth.

[*Enter*] TERENTIUS.

Ter. Safety to great Sejanus!

Sej. Now, Terentius? 25

Ter. Hears not my lord the wonder?

Sej. Speak it; no.

Ter. I meet it violent in the people's mouths,
 Who run in routs to Pompey's theatre,
 To view your statue; which, they say, sends
 forth

A smoke, as from a furnace, black and dread-
 ful. 30

Sej. Some traitor hath put fire in: you, go
 see,

And let the head be taken off, to look
 What 't is. [*Exit TERENTIUS.*] Some slave hath
 practis'd an imposture

To stir the people. — How now! Why return
 you?

[*Re-enter TERENTIUS, with*] SATRIUS and
 NATTA.

Sat. The head, my lord, already is ta'en
 off, 35

I saw it, and, at opening, there leapt out
 A great and monstrous serpent.

Sej. Monstrous! Why?
 Had it a beard, and horns? no heart? a
 tongue

Forked as flattery? Look'd it of the hue
 To such as live in great men's bosoms? Was 40
 The spirit of it Macro's?

Nat. May it please
 The most divine Sejanus, in my days,
 (And by his sacred fortune, I affirm it,)
 I have not seen a more extended, grown,

Foul, spotted, venomous, ugly — 45

Sej. O, the fates! 45
 What a wild muster 's here of attributes,
 T' express a worm, a snake!

Ter. But how that should
 Come there, my lord?

Sej. What, and you too, Terentius!
 I think you mean to make 't a prodigy
 In your reporting.

Ter. Can the wise Sejanus 50
 Think heav'n hath meant it less?

Sej. O, superstition!
 Why, then the falling of our bed, that brake
 This morning, burd'ned with the populous
 weight

Of our expecting clients, to salute us;
 Or running of the cat betwixt our legs, 55
 As we set forth unto the Capitol,
 Were prodigies.

Ter. I think them omino :
 And would they had not happ'ned! As, to-day,

The fate of some your servants: who declining¹
Their way, not able, for the throng, to follow,
Slipt down the Gemonies, and brake their
necks!

Besides, in taking your last augury,
No prosperous bird appear'd; but croaking
ravens

Flagg'd up and down, and from the sacrifice
Flew to the prison, where they sat all night, ⁶³
Beating the air with their obstreperous beaks!
I dare not counsel, but I could entreat,
That great Sejanus would attempt the gods
Once more with sacrifice.

Sej. What excellent fools
Religion makes of men! Believes Terentius, ⁷⁰
If these were dangers, as I shame to think
them,

The gods could change the certain course of fate?
Or, if they could they would, now in a moment,
For a beeve's fat, or less, be brib'd t' invert
Those long decrees? Then think the gods, like
flies, ⁷⁵

Are to be taken with the steam of flesh,
Or blood, diffus'd about their altars: think
Their power as cheap as I esteem it small.
Of all the throng that fill th' Olympian hall,
And, without pity, lade poor Atlas' back, ⁸⁰
I know not that one deity, but Fortune,
To whom I would throw up, in begging smoke,
One grain of incense; or whose ear I'd buy
With thus much oil. Her I indeed adore;
And keep her grateful image in my house, ⁸⁵
Sometimes belonging to a Roman king,
But now call'd mine, as by the better style:
To her I care not, if, for satisfying
Your scrupulous phant'sies, I go offer. Bid
Our priest prepare us honey, milk, and poppy, ⁹⁰
His masculine odours, and night-vestments: say
Our rites are instant; which perform'd, you 'll
see

How vain, and worthy laughter, your fears be.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II.]²

[*Enter*] COTTA and POMPONIUS.

Cot. Pomponius, whither in such speed?

Pom. I go.

To give my lord Sejanus notice —

Cot. What?

Pom. Of Macro.

Cot. Is he come?

Pom. Ent'red but now
The house of Regulus.

Cot. The opposite consul!

Pom. Some half hour since.

Cot. And by night too! Stay, sir; ⁵
I'll bear you company.

Pom. Along then. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III.]³

[*Enter*] MACRO, REGULUS, [and Attendant.]

Mac. 'Tis Caesar's will to have a frequent
se te;

¹ Turning out of the way.

² A street.

³ A room in Regulus's house.

And therefore must your edict lay deep mulet
On such as shall be absent.

Reg. So it doth.

Bear it my fellow consul to adscribe.⁴

Mac. And tell him it must early be pro-
claim'd:

The place Apollo's temple. [*Exit Attendant.*]

Reg. That's rememb'red.

Mac. And at what hour?

Reg. Yes.

Mac. You do forget

To send one for the provost of the watch.

Reg. I have not here he comes.

[*Enter*] LACO.

Mac. Gracinus Laco,
You are a friend most welcome: by and by, ¹⁰
I'll speak with you — You must procure this list
Of the praetorian cohorts, with the names
Of the centurions, and their tribunes.

Reg. Ay.

Mac. I bring you letters, and a health from
Caesar.

Lac. Sir, both come well.

Mac. And, hear you? with your note, ¹⁵
Which are the eminent men, and most of
action.

Reg. That shall be done you too. *Goes out.*

Mac. Most worthy Laco, —
Caesar salutes you. — Consul! death and furies!
Gone now! — The argument will please you,
sir. —

Ho! Regulus! The anger of the gods ²⁰
Follow your diligent legs, and overtake 'em,
In likeness of the gout!

Re-enter REGULUS.

O, my good lord,
We lackt you present; I would pray you send
Another to Fulcinus Trio, straight,
To tell him you will come and speak with
him: ²⁵

The matter we'll devise, to stay him there,
While I with Laco do survey the watch.

REGULUS goes out again.

What are your strengths, Gracinus?

Lac. Seven cohorts.

Mac. You see what Caesar writes; and — Gone
again!

H'as sure a vein of mercury in his feet. — ³⁰

Know you what store of the praetorian soldiers
Sejanus holds about him, for his guard?

Lac. I cannot the just⁵ number; but I think
Three centuries.

Mac. Three! good.

Lac. At most not four.

Mac. And who be those centurions?

Lac. That the consul as
Can best deliver you.

Mac. When he's away!

Spite on his nimble industry! — Gracinus,
You find what place you hold, there, in the
trust

Of royal Caesar?

Lac. Ay, and I am —

⁴ Sign.

⁵ Precise.

Mac. Sir, 30
The honours there propos'd are but beginnings
Of his great favours.
Lac. They are more —
Mac. I heard him
When he did study what to add.
Lac. My life,
And all I hold —
Mac. You were his own first choice !
Which doth confirm as much as you can speak ;
And will, if we succeed, make more — Your
guards 45
Are seven cohorts, you say ?
Lac. Yes.
Mac. Those we must
Hold still in readiness and undischarg'd.
Lac. I understand so much. But how it
can —
Mac. Be done without suspicion, you'll
object ?

Re-enter REGULUS.

Reg. What's that
Lac. The keeping of the watch in arms, 50
When morning comes.
Mac. The senate shall be met, and set
So early in the temple, as all mark
Of that shall be avoided.
Reg. If we need,
We have commission to possess the palace, 54
Enlarge Prince Drusus, and make him our chief.
Mac. (*Aside.*) That secret would have burnt
his reverend mouth,
Had he not spit it out now. — By the gods,
You carry things too — Let me borrow a man
Or two, to bear these — That of freeing
Drusus,
Caesar projected as the last and utmost ; 60
Not else to be rememb' red.

[*Enter Servants.*]

Reg. Here are servants.
Mac. These to Arruntius, these to Lepidus.
This bear to Cotta, this to Latiaris.
If they demand you of me, say I have ta'en
Fresh horse and am departed. [*Exeunt Ser-*
vants.] You, my lord, 65
To your colleague, and be you sure to hold him
With long narration of the new fresh favours,
Meant to Sejanus, his great patron ; I,
With trusted Laon, here, are for the guards :
Then, to divide. For night hath many eyes, 70
Whereof, though most do sleep, yet some are
spies. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV.]¹

[*Enter*] Praecones, Flamen, [Tubicines, Tibicines,
Ministri, SEJANUS, TERENTIUS, SATRIUS,
[NATTA,] etc.

Prae. Be all profane far hence ; fly, fly far off :
Be absent far ; far hence be all profane !
Tubicines² and Tibicines³ sound
while the Flamen washeth.

Fla. We have been faulty, but repent us now.

¹ A chapel in Sejanus's house.

² T. petra. ³ Flute-players.

And bring pure hands, pure vestments, and pure
minds.

1 *Min.* Pure vessels.

2 *Min.* And pure offerings.

3 *Min.* Garlands pure.

Fla. Bestow your garlands . and, with rever-
ence place

The vervain⁴ on the altar.

Prae.

Favour your tongues.

While they sound again, the Flamen
takes of the honey with his finger,
and tastes, then ministers to all the
rest : so of the milk in an earthen
vessel, he deals about ; which done,
he sprinkleth upon the altar, milk ;
then impositeth the honey, and knid-
dleth his gums, and after censing
about the altar, placeth his censer
thereon, into which they put sev-
eral branches of poppy, and the
music ceasing, proceed.

Fla. Great mother Fortune, queen of h an
state,

Rectress of action, arbitress of fate,
To whom all sway, all power, all empire bows,
Be present, and propitious to our vows ! 11

Prae. Favour it with your tongues.

Min. Be present, and propitious to our vows !
Accept our off'ring, and be pleas'd, great god-
dess. 14

Ter. See, see, the image stirs !

Sat. And turns away !

Nat. Fortune averts her face !

Fla. Avert, you gods,
The prodigy. Still ! still ! some pious rite
We have neglected. Yet, heav'n be appeas'd,
And be all tokens false or void, that speak 19
Thy present wrath !

Sej. Be thou dumb, scrupulous priest :
And gather up thyself, with these thy wares,
Which I, in spite of thy blind mistress, or
Thy juggling mystery, religion, throw
Thus scorned on the earth.

[*Overturns the statue and the altar.*]

Nay, hold thy look
Averted till I woo thee turn again ; 25
And thou shalt stand, to all posterity,
Th' eternal game and laughter, with thy neck
Writh'd to thy tail, like a ridiculous cat.
Avoid⁵ these fumes, these superstitious lights,
And all these cos'ning⁶ ceremonies ; you, 30
Your pure and spiced⁷ conscience !

[*Exeunt all but SEJANUS, TEREN-*
tius, SATRIUS, and NATTA.]

I, the slave
And mock of fools, (scorn on my worthy head !)
That have been titled and ador'd a god,
Yea sacrific'd unto, myself, in Rome,
No less than Jove : and I be brought to do 35
A peevish giglot⁸ rites ! Perhaps the thought
And shame of that made Fortune turn her face,
Knowing herself the lesser deity,
And but my servant. — Bashful queen, if so,
Sejanus thanks thy modesty. — Who's that ? 40

⁴ Verbena, "herb of grace."

⁵ Remove.

⁷ Absurdly scrupulous.

⁸ Cheating.

⁹ Wench.

[Enter] POMPONIUS and MINUTIUS.

Pom. His fortune suffers, till he hears my news:

I have waited here too long. Macro, my lord —
Sej. Speak lower and withdraw.

Ter. [Takes him aside.] Are these things true?

Min. Thousands are gazing at it in the streets.

Sej. What's that?

Ter. Minutius tells us here, my lord, 43
That a new head being set upon your statue,
A rope is since found wreath'd about it! and,
But now, a fiery meteor in the form
Of a great ball was seen to roll along 49
The troubled air, where yet it hangs unperfect,
The amazing wonder of the multitude!

Sej. No more. That Macro's come, is more than all!

Ter. Is Macro come?

Pom. I saw him.

Ter. Where? with whom?

Pom. With Regulus.

Sej. Terentius!

Ter. My lord

Sej. Send for the tribunes, we will straight have up 53

More of the soldiers for our guard. [Exit TER.]

Minutius,

We pray you go for Cotta, Latiaris,

Trio the consul, or what senators

You know are sure, and ours. [Exit MIN.] You, my good Natta,

For Laco, provost of the watch. [Exit NAT.]

Now, Satrius,

The time of proof comes on; arm all our servants,

And without tumult. [Exit SAT.] You, Pomponius,

Hold some good correspondence with the consul: Attempt him, noble friend. [Exit POM.] These things begin

To look like dangers, now, worthy my fates. 55

Fortune, I see thy worst. Let doubtful states,

And things uncertain hang upon thy will;

Me surest death shall render certain still.

Yet, why is now my thought turn'd toward death,

Whom fates have let go on so far in breath, 70

Uncheck'd or unprov'd? I, that did help

To fell the lofty cedar of the world

Germanicus; that at one stroke cut down

Drusus, that upright elm; wither'd his vine;

Laid Silius and Sabinus, two strong oaks, 75

Flat on the earth; besides those other shrubs,

Cordus and Sosia, Claudia Pulchra,

Furnius and Gallus, which I have grubb'd up;

And since, have set my axe so strong and deep

Into the root of spreading Agrippine; 80

Lopt off and scatter'd her proud branches,

Nero,

Drusus; and Caius too, although replanted.

If you will, Destinies, that after all,

I faint now ere I touch my period,

You are but cruel; and I already have done 85

Things great enough. All Rome hath been my

slave;

The senate sate an idle looker-on,
And witness of my power, when I have blush'd
More to command than it to suffer 1 all
The fathets have sat ready and prepar'd 90
To give me empire, temples, or their throats,
When I would ask 'em, and, what crowns the
top,

Rome, senate, people, all the world have seen
Jove but my equal, Caesar but my second.

'Tis then your malice, Fates, who, but your own, 95

Envy and fear t' have any power long known.

[Exit.]

[SCENE V.] 2

[Enter] TERENCE and Tribunes.

Ter. Stay here: I'll give 3 his lordship you are come.

[Enter] MINUTIUS, COTTA, LATIARIS.

Min. Marcus Terentius, pray you tell my lord
Heie's Cotta, and Latiaris

Ter. Sir, I shall. [Exit.]

Cot. My letter is the very same with yours; Only requires me to be present there,

And give my voice to strengthen his design.

Lat. N es he not what it is?

Cot. No, nor to you.

Lat. 'Tis strange and singular doubtful!

Cot. So it is.

It may be all is left to lord Sejanus.

[Enter] NATTA and GRACINUS LACO.

Nat. Gentlemen, where's my lord?

Tri. We wait him here. 10

Cot. The provost Laco! What's the news?

Lat. My lord —

[Enter] SEJANUS.

Sej. Now, my right dear, noble, and trusted friends,

How much I am a captive to your kindness!

Most worthy Cotta, Latiaris, Laco,

Your valiant hand; and, gentlemen, your loves.

I wish I could divide myself unto you; 14

Or that it lay within our narrow powers,

To satisfy for so enlarged bounty.

Gracinus, we must pray you, hold your guards

Unquit when morning comes. Saw you the con- 20

sul?

Min. Trio will presently be here, my lord.

Cot. They are but giving order for the edict,

To warn the senate?

Sej. How! the senate?

Lac. Yes.

This morning in Apollo's temple —

Cot. We

Are charg'd by letter to be there, my lord. 25

Sej. By letter! Pray you let's see.

Lat. Knows not his lordship?

Cot. It seems so!

Sej. A senate warn'd! without my knowledge!

And on this sudden! Senators by letters

Required to be there! Who brought these?

1 k.

2 A room in the e.

3 Tell

Cot. *Sej.* Mine enemy! And when?
Cot. This midnight.
Sej. Time,
 With ev'ry other circumstance, doth give
 It hath some strain of engine¹ in 't! — How
 now?

[Enter] SATRIUS.

Sat. My lord, Sertorius Macro is without,
 Alone, and prays t' have private conference
 In business of high nature with your lordship,
 He says to me, and which regards you much.

Sej. Let him come here.
Sat. Better, my lord, withdraw:
 You will betray what store and strength of
 friends

Are now about you; which he comes to spy.
Sej. Is he not arm'd?

Sat. We'll search him.
Sej. No; but take,
 And lead him to some room, where you con-
 ceal'd

May keep a guard upon us. [Exit SAT.] Noble
Laco,

You are our trust; and till our own cohorts
 Can be brought up, your strengths must be our
 guard

Now, good Minutius, honour'd Latiaris,
He salutes them humbly.

Most worthy and my most unwearied friends;
 I return instantly. [Exit.]

Lat. Most worthy lord!
Cot. His lordship is turn'd instant kind, me-
 thinks;

I have not observ'd it in him heretofore.
¹ *Tri.* 'T is true, and it becomes him nobly.

Min. I
 Am rapt withal.

² *Tri.* By Mars, he has my lives,
 Were they a million, for this only grace.

Lac. Ay, and to name a man!

Lat. As he did me!

Min. And me! [and fortunes]

Lat. Who would not spend his life

To purchase but the look of such a lord?

Lac. [Aside.] He that would nor be lord's
 fool, nor the world's. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE VI.]²

Enter SEJANUS, MACRO, and SATRIUS.

Sej. Macro! most welcome, as most coveted
 friend!

Let me enjoy my longings. When arriv'd you?

Mac. About the noon of night.

Sej. Satrius, give leave. [Exit SATRIUS.]

Mac. I have been, since I came, with both
 the consuls,

On a particular design from Caesar.

Sej. How fares it with our great and royal
 master?

Mac. Right plentifully well; with a prince

¹ element of trickery.

² Another room in the same.

That still holds out the great proportion
 Of his large favours, where his judgment hath
 Made once divine election like the god
 That wants not, nor is wearied to bestow
 Where merit meets his bounty, as it doth
 In you, already the most happy, and, ere
 The sun shall climb the south, most high Sej-
 anus.

Let not my lord be amus'd.³ For to this end
 Was I by Caesar sent for to the isle,
 With special caution to conceal my journey;
 And thence had my despatch as privately
 Again to Rome, charg'd to come here by night;
 And only to the consuls make narration
 Of his great purpose: that the benefit
 Might come more full, and striking, by how
 much

It was less look'd for, or aspir'd by you,
 Or least informed to the common thought.

Sej. What may this be? Part of myself,
 dear Macro,

If good, speak out; and share with your Sejanus.

Mac. If bad, I should for ever loathe myself
 To be the messenger to so good a lord.

I do exceed my instructions to acquaint
 Your lordship with thus much; but 'tis my
 venture

On your retentive wisdom: and because
 I would no jealous scruple should molest
 Or rack your peace of thought. For I assure
 My noble lord, no senator yet knows
 The business meant: though all by several let-
 ters

Are warned to be there, and give their voices,
 Only to add unto the state and grace
 Of what is purpos'd.

Sej. You take pleasure, Macro,
 Like a coy wench, in torturing your lover.

What can be worth this suffering?

Mac. That which follows,

The tribunitial dignity and power:

Both which Sejanus is to have this day

Conferr'd upon him, and by public senate.

Sej. Fortune be mine again! [Aside.] Thou
 hast satisfied

For thy suspected loyalty.

Mac. My lord,

I have no longer time, the day approacheth,

And I must back to Caesar.

Sej. Where's Caligula?

Mac. That I forgot to tell your lordship.

Why,

He lingers yonder about Capreae,

Disgrac'd; Tiberius hath not seen him yet.

He needs would thrust himself to go with me,

Against my wish or will; but I have quitted

His forward trouble,⁴ with as tardy note

As my neglect or silence could afford him.

Your lordship cannot now command me aught,

Because I take no knowledge that I saw you;

But I shall boast to live to serve your lordship;

And so take leave.

Sej. Honest and worthy Macro;

Your love and friendship. [Exit MACRO.]

Who's there? Satrius,

³ Amazed.

⁴ His troublesome forward

Attend my honourable friend forth. — O! 60
 How vain and vile a passion is this fear,
 What base uncomely things it makes men do!
 Suspect their noblest friends, as I did this,
 Flatter poor enemies, entreat their servants,
 Stoop, court, and catch at the benevolence 65
 Of creatures unto whom, within this hour,
 I would not have vouchsaf'd a quarter-look,
 Or piece of face! By you that fools call gods,
 Hang all the sky with your prodigious signs,
 Fill earth with monsters, drop the scorpion 70
 down

Out of the zodiac, or the fiercer lion,
 Shake off the loos'n'd globe from her long hinge,
 Roll all the world in darkness, and let loose
 Th' enraged winds to turn up groves and towns!
 When I do fear again, let me be struck 75
 With forked fire, and unpitied die;
 Who fears, is worthy of calamity. [Exit.]

[SCENE VII.]¹

[Enter TERENTIUS, MINUTIUS, LACO, COTTA,
 LATIARIS, and] POMONIUS; REGULUS, TRIO,
 [and others, on different sides.]

Pom. Is not my lord here?

Ter. Sir, he will be straight.

Cot. What news, Fulcinius Trio?

Tri. Good, good tidings;

But keep it to yourself. My lord Sejanus

Is to receive this day in open senate

The tribunitial dignity.

Cot. Is 't true?

Tri. No words, not to your thought: but, sir,
 believe it.

Lat. What says the consul?

Cot. Speak it not again:

He tells me that to-day my lord Sejanus —

Tri. I must entreat you, Cotta, on your honour
 Not to reveal it.

Cot. On my life, sir.

Lat. Say.

Cot. Is to receive the tribunitial power,

But, as you are an honourable man,

I let me conjure you not to utter it;

For 't is bound to me with that bond.

Lat. I am Harpocrates.

Ter. Can you assure it?

Pom. The consul told it me; but keep it close.

Min. Lord Latiaris, what's the news?

Lat. I'll tell you;

But you must swear to keep it secret.

[Enter] SEJANUS.

Sej. I knew the Fates had on their distaff left
 More of our thread, than so.

Reg. Hail, great Sejanus!

Tri. ail, the most honour'd!

Cot. Happy!

Lat. High Sejanus!

Sej. Do you bring prodigies too?

Tri. May all presage

Turn to those fair effects, whereof we bring
 Your lordship news.

Reg. May't please my lord withd w.

Sej. Yes: — I will speak with you anon

To some that stand by.

Ter. My lord, 25

What is your pleasure for the tribunes?

Sej. Why,

Let 'em be thank't and sent away.

Min. My lord —

Lac. Will't please your lordship to command

me —

Sej. No:

You are troublesome.

Min. The mood is chang'd.

Tri. Not speak,

Nor look!

Lac. Ay, he is wise, will make him friends

Of such who never love but for their ends. 31

[Exit.]

[SCENE VIII.]²

[Enter] ARRENTIUS and LEPIDUS, divers other
 Senators passing by them.

Arr. Ay, go, make haste; take heed you be
 not last

To tender your "All Hail" in the wide hall

Of huge Sejanus: run a licitor's pace.

Stay not to put your robes on; but away

With the pale troubled ensigns of great friend-
 ship

Stamp't i' your face! Now, Marcus Lepidus,

You still believe your former augury?

Sejanus must go downward! You perceive

His wane approaching fast!

Lep. Believe me, Lucius,

I wonder at this rising.

Arr. Ay, and that we 30

Must give our suffrage to it. You will say,

It is to make his fall more steep and grievous:

It may be so. But think it, they that can

With idle wishes 'say' to bring back time:

In cases desperate, all hope is crime. 35

See, see! what troops of his officious friends

Flock to salute my lord, and start before

My great proud lord! to get a lord-like nod!

Attend my lord unto the senate-house! 40

Bring back my lord! like servile ushers, make

Way for my lord! proclaim his idol lordship,

More than ten criers, or six noise of trumpets! 45

Make legs, kiss hands, and take a scatter'd hair

From my lord's eminent shoulder! See, San-

guinius,

With his slow belly, and his dropsy! Look, 50

What toiling haste he makes! Yet here's

another

Retarded with the gout, will be afore him.

Get thee Liburnian porters, thou gross fool,

To bear thy obsequious fatness, like thy peers.

They met! The gout returns, and his great

carriage. 55

Lictors, Consuls, [REGULUS and TRIO] SEJA-
 NUS, [SATRIUS, SANGUINUS, HATERIUS, and
 many other Senators] pass over the stage.

Lict. Give way, make place, room for the
 consul!

² A space before the Temple of Apollo. ³ Essay, try.

⁴ Bands of tr. peters.

¹ Another room in the a.

San. Hail,
Hail, great Sejanus!
Hat. Hail, my honour'd lord!
Arr. We shall be markt anon, for our not
Hail.
Lep. That is already done.
Arr. It is a note.
Of upstart greatness, to observe and watch ³⁵
For these poor trifles, which the noble mind
Neglects and scorns.
Lep. Ay, and they think themselves
Deeply dishonour'd where they are omitted,
As if they were necessities that help
To the perfection of their dignities, ⁴⁰
And hate the men that but refrain 'em.
Arr. O!
There is a farther cause of hate. Their breasts
Are guilty that we know their obscure springs
And base beginnings; thence the anger grows.
On. Follow. *[Exeunt.]* ⁴⁵

[SCENE IX.]¹

[Enter] MACRO and LACO.

Mac. When all are ent'ed, shut the temple
doors;
And bring your guards up to the gate.
Lac. I will.
Mac. If you shall hear commotion in the sen-
ate,
Present yourself: and charge on any man ⁴
Shall offer to come forth.
Lac. I am instructed. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE X.]²

The Senate.

HATERIUS, TRIO, SANGUINIUS, COTTA, REGU-
LUS, SEJANUS, POMPONIUS, LATIARIUS, LEPI-
DUS, ARRUNTUS; Praeones, Lictores.

Hat. How well his lordship looks to-day!
Tri. As if
He had been born, or made for this hour's
state.
Cot. Your fellow consul's come about, me-
thinks ⁹
Tri. Ay, he is wise,
San. Sejanus trusts him well.
Tri. Sejanus is a noble, bounteous lord. ⁵
Hat. He is so, and most valiant.
Lat. And most wise.
[1] *Sen.* He's everything.
Lat. Worthy of all, and more
Than bounty can bestow.
Tri. This dignity
Will make him worthy.
Pom. Above Caesar.
San. Tut, ¹⁰
Caesar is but the rector of an isle,
He of the Empire.
Tri. Now he will have power
More to reward than ever.
Cot. Let us look
We be not slack in giving him our voices.
Lat. Not I.

¹ Another part of the same.² The Temple of Apollo.

San. Nor I.
Col. The readier we seem
To propagate his honours, will more bind ¹⁵
His thoughts to ours.
Hat. I think right with your lordship;
It is the way to have us hold our places.
San. Ay, and get more
Lat. More office and more titles,
Pom. I will not lose the part I hope to share
In these his fortunes, for my patrimony. ²⁰
Lat. See how Arruntus sits, and Lepidus!
Tri. Let 'em alone, they will be markt anon.
1 Sen. I'll do with others.
2 Sen. So will I.
3 Sen. And I.
Men grow not in the state but as they are planted
Warm in his favours.
Cot. Noble Sejanus! ²⁵
Hat. Honour'd Sejanus!
Lat. Worthy and great Sejanus!
Arr. Gods! how the sponges open and take
in
And shut again! Look, look! is not he blest
That gets a seat in eye-reach of him! more
That comes in ear, or tongue-reach? O but
most
Can claw his subtle elbow, or with a buz
Fly-bow his ears?
Praet. Proclaim the senate's peace,
And give last summons by the edict.
Prae. Silence!
In the name of Caesar, and the senate, silence!
"Memmius Regulus, and Fulcinius Trio, [35]
consuls, these present kalends of June, with the
first light, shall hold a senate in the temple of
Apollo Palatine: all that are fathers, and are
regist'ed fathers, that have right of ent'ring
the senate, we warn or command you be fre- [40]
quently present, take knowledge the business
is the commonwealth's. whosoever is absent,
his fine or mulct will be taken, his excuse will
not be taken."
Tri. Note who are absent, and record their
names. ⁴⁵
Reg. Fathers conscript, may what I am to
utter
Turn good and happy for the commonwealth!
And thou, Apollo, in whose holy house
We here are met, inspire us all with truth,
And liberty of censure to our thought! ⁵⁰
The majesty of great Tiberius Caesar
Propounds to this grave senate, the bestowing
Upon the man he loves, honour'd Sejanus,
The tribunital dignity and power:
Here are his letters, signed with his signet. ⁵⁵
What pleaseth now the fathers to be done?
Sen. Read, read 'em, open, publicly read
'em.
Cot. Caesar hath honour'd his own greatness
much
In thinking of this act.
Tri. It was a thought
Happy, and worthy Caesar.
Lat. And the lord ⁶⁰
As worthy it, on whom it is directed!
Hat. Most worthy!
San. Rome did never boast the virtue

That could give envy bounds, but his. Sejanus —

[1] *Sen.* Honour'd and noble!

[2] *Sen.* Good and great Sejanus! 41
Arr. O, most tame slavery, and fierce flattery!

Prae. Silence!

(*Reads.*)

"Tiberius Caesar to the Senate greeting
If you, conscript fathers, with your children, be in health, it is abundantly well we with our friends here are so. The care of the commonwealth, howsoever we are remov'd in person, [70] cannot be absent to our thought. although, oftentimes, even to princes most present, the truth of their own affairs is hid, than which nothing falls out more miserable to a state, or makes the art of governing more difficult. [75] But since it hath been our easeful happiness to enjoy both the aids and industry of so vigilant a senate, we profess to have been the more indulgent to our pleasures, not as being careless of our office, but rather secure of the necessity. Neither do these common rumours of many, [81] and infamous libels published against our retirement, at all afflict us, being born more out of men's ignorance than their malice. and will, neglected, find their own grave quickly; [85] whereas, too sensibly acknowledg'd, it would make their obloquy ours. Nor do we desire their authors, though found, be censur'd, since in a free state, as ours, all men ought to enjoy both their minds and tongues free." 90

Arr. (Aside.) The lapwing, the lapwing!
"Yet in things which shall worthily and more near concern the majesty of a prince, we shall fear to be so unnaturally cruel to our own fame, as to neglect them. True it is, conscript fathers, that we have raised Sejanus from obscure, [96] and almost unknown gentry,"

Sen. (Aside.) How, how!
"to the highest and most conspicuous point of greatness, and, we hope, deservingly; yet [100] not without danger: it being a most bold hazard in that sov'reign who, by his particular love to one, dares adventure the hatred of all his other subjects."

Arr. (Aside.) This touches; the blood turns.
"But we affy¹ in your loves and under- [106] standings, and do no way suspect the merit of our Sejanus, to make our favours offensive to any."

Sen. (Aside.) O! good, good. 110
"Though we could have wished his zeal had run a calmer course against Agrippina and our nephews, howsoever the openness of their actions declared them delinquents; and that he would have rememb'red no innocence is so [115] safe, but it rejoiceth to stand in the sight of mercy: the use of which in us he hath so quite taken away toward them, by his loyal fury, as now our clemency would be thought but wearied cruelty, if we should offer to exercise it."

Arr. (Aside.) I thank him; there I look'd for 't. A good fox! 121

"Some there be that would interpret this his

public severity to be particular ambition; and that, under a pretext of service to us, he doth but remove his own lets. ² alleging the strengths he hath made to himself, by the praetorian soldiers, by his faction in court and senate, by the offices he holds himself, and confers on others, his popularity and dependents, his urging and almost driving us to this our un- [120] willing retirement, and, lastly, his aspiring to be our son-in-law."

Sen. (Aside.) This is strange!

Arr. (Aside.) I shall anon believe your vultures. ³ Marcus

"Your wisdoms, conscript fathers, are able [125] to examine, and censure ⁴ these suggestions. But were they left to our absolving voice, we durst pronounce them, as we think them, most malicious."

Sen. (Aside.) O, he has restor'd all; list! 130
"Yet are they offer'd to be averr'd, and on the lives of the informers. What we should say, or rather what we should not say, lords of the senate, if this be true, our gods and goddesses confound us if we know! Only we must think, [135] we have plac'd our benefits ill, and conclude, that in our choice, either we were wanting to the gods, or the gods to us."

The Senators shift their places.

Arr. (Aside.) The place grows hot; they shift.
"We have not been covetous, honourable [140] fathers, to change; neither is it now any new lust that alters our affection, or old loathing; but those needful jealousies of state, that warn wiser princes hourly to provide their safety; and do teach them how learned a thing it is [145] to beware of the humblest enemy; much more of those great ones, whom their own employ'd favours have made fit for their fears."

[1] *Sen. (Aside.)* Away.

[2] *Sen. (Aside.)* Sit farther.

Cot. (Aside.) Let's remove —

Arr. (Aside.) Gods! how the leaves drop off, this little wind! 148

"We therefore desire, that the offices he holds be first seized by the senate; and himself suspended from all exercise of place or power —"

Sen. (Aside.) How!

San. (Thrusting by.) By your leave. [152] rious?

Arr. Come, porpoise. (*Aside.*) Where's Hate? His gout keeps him most miserably constant! — Your dancing shows a tempest.

Sej.

Read no more.

Reg. Lords of the senate, hold your seats: read on.

Sej. These letters, they are forg'd.

Reg. A guard! sit still. 170

Enter LACO, with the Guards.

Arr. There's change!

Reg. Did silence, and read forward.

Prae. Silence! — "and himself suspended from all exercise of place or power, but till due and mature trial be made of his innocence, which yet we can faintly apprehend the necessity to [175]

¹ Trust.

² Obstacles

³ Referring to augury.

⁴ Judge.

doubt. If, conscript fathers, to your more searching wisdoms, there shall appear farther cause — or of farther proceeding, either to seizure of lands, goods, or more — it is not our power that shall limit your authority, or our favour [150] that must corrupt your justice: either were dishonourable in you, and both uncharitable to ourself. We would willingly be present with your counsels in this business; but the danger of so potent a faction, if it should prove [155] so, forbids our attempting it: except one of the consuls would be entreated for our safety, to undertake the guard of us home, then we should most readily adventure. In the meantime, it shall not be fit for us to importune [160] so judicious a senate, who know how much they hurt the innocent that spare the guilty; and how grateful a sacrifice to the gods is the life of an ingrateful person. We reflect not in this on Sejanus, (notwithstanding, if you [165] keep an eye upon him — and there is Latiaris, a senator, and Pinnarius Natta, two of his most trusted ministers; and so profess, whom we desire not to have apprehended,) but as the necessity of the cause exacts it." 200

Reg. A guard on Latiaris!

Arr. O, the spy.
The reverend spy is caught! Who pities him?
Reward, sir, for your service: now, you have done

Your property,¹ you see what use is made!
[*Exeunt LATIARIS and NATTA guarded.*]
Hang up the instrument.

Sej. Give leave.

Lac. Stand, stand! 205
He comes upon his death, that doth advance
An inch toward my point.

Sej. Have we no friends here?
Arr. Husht! Where now are all the hails and acclamations?

[*Enter*] MACRO.

Mac. Hail to the consuls, and this noble senate!

Sej. [*Aside.*] Is Macro here? O, thou art lost, Sejanus! 210

Mac. Sit still, and unaffrighted, reverend fathers;

acro, by Caesar's grace the new-made provost,

And now possess of the praetorian bands,
An honour late belong'd to that proud man,
Bids you be safe: and to your constant doom² 215
Of his deservings, offers you the surety
Of all the soldiers, tribunes, and centurions,
Receiv'd in our command.

Reg. Sejanus, Sejanus,
Stand forth, Sej us!

Sej. Am I call'd!

Mac. Ay, thou,
Thou insolent monster, art bid stand.

Sej. Why, Macro, 220
It hath been otherwise between you and I;
This court, that knows us both, hath seen a difference,

¹ Performed your office.

² Fi judgment.

And can, if it be pleas'd to speak, confirm
Whose insolence is most.

Mac. Come down, Typhoeus.
If mine be most, lo! thus I make it more; 225
Kick up thy heels in air, tear off thy robe,
Play with thy beard and nostrils. Thus 't is fit
(And no man take compassion of thy state)
To use th' ingrateful viper, tread his brains
Into the earth

Reg. Forbear.
Mac. If I could lose 230
All my humanity now, 't were well to torture
So meriting a traitor. — Wherefore, fathers,
Sit you amaz'd and silent; and not censure
This wretch, who, in the hour he first rebell'd
'Gainst Caesar's bounty, did condemn himself?
Phlegra, the field where all the sons of earth
Muster'd against the gods, did ne'er acknowledge 237

So proud and huge a monster.

Reg. Take h' hence;
And all the gods guard Caesar!

Tri. Take him hence.

Hat. Hence.

Cot. To the dungeon with him.

San. He deserves it. 240

Sen. Crown all our doors with bays.

San. And let an ox,
With gilded horns and garlands, straight be led
Unto the Capitol.

Hat. And sacrific'd

To Jove, for Caesar's safety.

Tri. All our gods

Be present still to Caesar!

Cot. Phoebus.

San. Mars. 245

Hat. Diana.

San. Pallas.

Sen. Juno, Mercury,

All guard him!

Mac. Forth thou prodigy of men.

[*Exit SEJANUS, guarded.*]

Cot. Let all the traitor's titles be defac'd.

Tri. His images and statues be pull'd down.

Hat. His chariot-wheels be broken.

Arr. And the legs

Of the poor horses, that deserved nought, 251
Let them be broken too!

Lep. O violent change,
And whirl of men's affections!

Arr. Like, as both
Their bulks and souls were bound on Fortune's
wheel,

And must act only with her motion. 255

[*Exeunt all but*] LEPIDUS and ARRUNTUS.

Lep. Who would depend upon the popular
air,

Or voice of men, that have to-day beheld
That which, if all the gods had fore-declar'd,
Would not have been believ'd Sejanus' fall?
He that this morn rose proudly as the sun, 260
And, breaking through a 'st of clients'
breath,

Came on as gaz'd at and admir'd as he,
When superstitious Moors salute his light!
That had our servile nobles waiting him

As common grooms, and hanging on his look
No less than human life on destiny !
That had men's knees as frequent as the gods,
And sacrifices more than Rome had altars,
And this man fall ! fall ? ay, without a look
That durst appear his friend, or lend so much
Of vain relief, to his chang'd state, as pity !

Arr. They that before, like gnats, play'd in
his beams,
And throng'd to circumscribe him, now not
seen,

Nor deign to hold a common seat with him !
Others, that waited him unto the senate,
Now inhumanely ravish him to prison,
Whom but this morn they follow'd as their
lord !

Guard through the streets, bound like a fugi-
tive,

Instead of wreaths give fetters, strokes for
stoops :

Blind shame for honours, and black taunts for
titles !

Who would trust slippery Chance ?

Lep. They that would make
Themselves her spoil ; and foolishly forget,
When she doth flatter, that she comes to prey.
Fortune, thou hadst no deity, if men
Had wisdom : we have placed thee so high,
By fond belief in thy felicity.

(Shout within.) The gods guard Caesar ! All the
gods guard Caesar !

*[Re-enter MACRO, REGULUS, [and divers],
Senators.*

Mac. Now, great Sejanus, you that aw'd the
state,

And sought to bring the nobles to your whip ;
That would be Caesar's tutor, and dispose
Of dignities and offices ! that had
The public head still bare to your designs,
And made the general voice to echo yours !
That look'd for salutations twelve score off,
And would have pyramids, yea, temples, rear'd
To your huge greatness ; now you lie as flat
As was your pride advanc'd !

Reg. Th ks to the gods !

Sen. And praise to Macro, that hath saved
Rome !

Liberty, liberty, liberty ! Lead on,
And praise to Macro, that hath saved Rome !

[Exeunt all but] ARRUNTIUS and LEPIDUS.

Arr. I prophesy, out of the senate's flattery,
That this new fellow, Macro, will become
A greater prodigy in Rome than he
That now is fall'n.

[Enter TERENTIUS.]

Ter. O you, whose minds are good,
And have not forc'd all mankind from your
breasts ;

That yet have so much stock of virtue left
To pity guilty states, when they are wretched :
Lend your soft ears to hear, and eyes to weep
Deeds done by men, beyond the acts of furies.

1 ised.

The eager multitude (who never yet
Knew why to love or hate, but only pleas'd
T' express their rage of power) no sooner heard
The murmur of Sejanus in decline,
But with that speed and heat of appetite,
With which they greedily devour the way
To some great sports, or a new theatre,
They fill'd the Capitol, and Pompey's Cirque
Where, like so many mastiffs biting stones,
As if his statues now were sensitive
Of their wild fury ; first, they tear them down ;
Then fast'ning ropes, drag them along the
streets,

Crying in scorn, " This, this was that rich head
Was crown'd with garlands, and with odours,
this

That was in Rome so revered ! Now
The furnace and the bellows shall to work,
The great Sejanus crack, and piece by piece
Drop in the founder's pit."

Lep. O popular rage !

Ter. The whilst the senate at the temple of
Concord

Make haste to meet again, and thronging cry,
" Let us condemn him, tread him down in water,
While he doth lie upon the bank, away !"
While some, more tardy, cry unto their bearers,
" He will be censur'd ere we come, run, knaves,"
And use that furious diligence, for fear
Their bondmen should inform against their
slackness,

And bring their quaking flesh unto the hook.
The rout, they follow with confused voice,
Crying they're glad, say they could ne'er abide
him ;

Inquire what man he was, what kind of face,
What beard he had, what nose, what lips ?
protest

They ever did presage he'd come to this ;
They never thought him wise, nor valiant ; ask
After his garments, when he dies, what death ;
And not a beast of all the herd demands
What was his crime, or who were his accusers,
Under what proof or testimony he fell.
There came, says one, a huge long-worded
letter

From Capreae against him. Did there so ?

O, they are satisfied ; no more.

Lep. Alas !

They follow Fortune, and hate men condemn'd,
Guilty or not.

Arr. But had Sejanus thriv'd
In his design, and prosperously oppress
The old Tiberius ; then, in that same minute,
These very rascals, that now rage like furies,
Would have proclaim'd Sejanus emperor.

Lep. But what hath follow'd ?

Ter. Sentence by the senate,
To lose his head ; which was no sooner off,
But that and th' unfortunate trunk were seiz'd
By the rude multitude ; who not content
With what the forward justice of the state
Officially had done, with violent rage
Have rent it limb from limb. A thousand heads,
A thousand hands, ten thousand tongues and
voices,

Employ'd at once in several acts of malice !

Old men not staid with age, virgins with shame,
Late wives with loss of husbands, mothers of
children,

308

Losing all grief in joy of his sad fall,
Run quite transported with their cruelty!
These mounting at his head, these at his face,
These digging out his eyes, those with his brain
Sprinkling themselves, their houses and their
friends,

371

Others are met, have ravish'd thence an arm,
And deal small pieces of the flesh for favours;
This with a thigh, this hath cut off his hands,
And this his feet, these fingers, and these
toes;

375

That hath his liver, he his heart there wants
Nothing but room for wrath, and place for
hatred!

What cannot oft be done, is now o'erdone.
The whole, and all of what was great Sejanus,
And, next to Caesar, did possess the world,
Now torn and scatter'd, as he needs no grave
Each little dust covers a little part
So lies he nowhere, and yet often buried!

[Enter] NUNTIVS.

Arr. More of Sejanus?

Nun. Yes.

Lep. What can be added?
We know him dead.

Nun. Then there begin your pity.
There is enough behind to melt ev'n Rome,
And Caesar into tears; since never slave
Could yet so highly offend, but tyranny,
In tormenting him, would make him worth la-
menting.

385

A son and daughter to the dead Sejanus,
(Of whom there is not now so much remaining
As would give fast'ning to the hangman's
hook.)

390

Have they drawn forth for farther sacrifice;
Whose tenderness of knowledge, unripe years,
And childish silly innocence was such,
As scarce would lend them feeling of their
danger.

395

The girl so simple, as she often askt
Where they would lead her? for what cause
they dragg'd her?

Cried, she would do no more: that she could
take

Warning with beating. And because our
laws

400

Admit no virgin immature to die.
The wittily and strangely cruel Macro
Deliver'd her to be deflower'd and spoil'd
By the rude lust of the licentious hangman,
Then to be strangled with her harmless brother.

404

Lep. O, act most worthy hell, and lasting
night,

To hide it from the world!

Nun. Their bodies thrown
Into the Gemonies, (I know not how,

Or by what accident return'd,) the mother,
Th' expuls'd¹ Apicata, finds them there,

410

Whom when she saw lie spread on the degrees,²
After a world of fury on herself,

Tearing her hair, defacing of her face,
Beating her breasts and womb, kneeling amaz'd,

415

Crying to heaven, then to them, at last,
Her drowned voice gat up above her woes,

And with such black and bitter execrations
As might affright the gods, and force the sun

Run backward to the east; nay, make the old
Deformed chaos rise again, t' o'erwhelm

420

Them, us, and all the world, she fills the air,
Upbraids the heavens with their partial dooms,

Defies their tyrannous powers, and demands,
What she, and those poor innocents have trans-

gress'd,
That they must suffer such a share in ven-

425

geance,
Whilst Livia, Lygdus, and Endemus live,

Who, as she says, and firmly vows to prove it
To Caesar and the senate, poison'd Drusus?

Lep. Confederates with her husband!
Nun. Ay.

Lep. Strange act!
Arr. And strangely open'd. What says now

my monster,
The multitude? They reel now, do they not?

430

Nun. Their gall is gone, and now they 'gin
to weep

The mischief they have done.
Arr. I thank 'em, rogues.

Nun. Part are so stupid, or so flexible,
As they believe him innocent; all grieve:

And some, whose hands yet reek with his warm
blood,

And grip the part which they did tear of him,
Wish him collected and created new.

Lep. How Fortune plies her sports, when she
begins

To practise 'em! pursues, continues, adds,
Confounds with varying her impassion'd moods!

Arr. Dost thou hope, Fortune, to redeem thy
crimes,

To make amend for thy ill placed favours,
With these strange punishments! Forbear,

you things

That stand upon the pinnacles of state,
To boast your slippery height; when you do

fall,
You pash³ yourselves in pieces, ne'er to rise;

And he that lends you pity, is not wise.
Ter. Let this example move the insolent man

Not to grow proud and careless of the gods,
It is an odious wisdom to blaspheme,

Much more to slighten, or deny their powers:
For whom the morning saw so great and high,

Thus low and little, 'fore the even doth lie.

[Exeunt.]

¹ Divorced.

² Steps.

³ Dash, bruise.

VOLPONE; OR, THE FOX

BY

BEN JONSON

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

VOLPONE, a Magnifico.

MOSCA, his Parasite

VOLTORE, an Advocate

CORBACCIO, an old Gentleman.

CORVINO, a Merchant

BENARIO, a young Gentleman, [son to Corbaccio.]

[STUPPOLITIC WOULD-BE, a Knight.

PEREGRINE, a Gentleman Traveller.

NARRO, a Dwarf

CASTRONE, an Eunuch

ANDROGYNO, an Hermaphrodite.

Grege [or Mob]

Commandadori, Officers [of Justice]

Mercatori, three Merchants.

Avocatori, four Magistrates

Notario, the Register

Fine Madame WOULD-BE, the Knight's Wife.

CELLIA, [Corvino] the Merchant's Wife.

Servitore, a Servant, [two Waiting-] women, &c.

SCENE. — Venice.

THE ARGUMENT

VOLPONE, childless rich, feigns sick, despairs,
Offers his state to hopes of several heirs,
Lies languishing his parasite receives
Presents of all, assures, deludes; then weaves
Other cross plots, which ope themselves, are told.
New tricks for safety are sought, they thrive. When, bold,
Each tempts th' other again, and all are sold.

5

PROLOGUE

Now, luck yet send us, and a little wit
Will serve to make our play hit,
According to the palates of the season,
Here is rhyme, not empty of reason.
This we were bid to credit from our poet,
Whose true scope, if you would know it,
In all his poems still hath been this measure,
To mix profit with your pleasure,
And not as some, whose throats their envy failing,
Cry hoarsely, "All he writes is railing."
And when his plays come forth, think they can flout them,
With saying, he was a year about them.
To this there needs no lie, but this his creature,
Which was two months since no feature:
And though he dares give them five lives to mend it,
'Tis known, five weeks fully penn'd it,
From his own hand, without a coadjutor,
Novice, journeyman, or tutor
Yet thus much I can give you as a token
Of his play's worth, no eggs are broken,
Nor quaking custards with fierce teeth affrighted,
Wherewith your rout are so delighted;
Nor haies he in a gull, old ends reciting,
To stop gaps in his loose writing;
With such a deal of monst'rous and fore'd action,
As might make Bethlem¹ a faction:

5

10

15

20

25

¹ Bedlam; the madh .

Nor made he his play for jests stol'n from each table,
 But makes jests to fit his fable;
 And so presents quick comedy refin'd,
 As best critics have design'd;
 The laws of time, place, persons he observeth,
 From no needful rule he swerveth.
 All gall and copperas¹ from his ink he draineth,
 Only a little salt remaineth,
 Wherewith he'll rub your cheeks, till, red with laughter,
 They shall look fresh a week after.

ACT I

SCENE I.²

[Enter] VOLPONE, MOSCA.

Volp. Good morning to the day; and next,
 my gold!

Open the shrine, that I may see my saint.

[MOSCA withdraws the curtain, and
 discovers piles of gold, plate
 jewels, etc.]

Hail the world's soul, and mine! More glad
 than is

The teeming earth to see the long'd-for sun
 Peep through the horns of the celestial Ram, ⁵
 Am I, to view thy splendour dark'ning his;
 That lying here, amongst my other hoards,
 Show'st like a flame by night, or like the day
 Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled
 Unto the centre.³ O thou son of Sol, ¹⁰
 But brighter than thy father, let me kiss,
 With adoration, thee, and every relic
 Of sacred treasure in this blessed room.
 Well did wise poets, by thy glorious name,
 Title that age which they would have the best;
 Thou being the best of things, and far tran-
 scending ¹⁵

All style of joy, in children, parents, friends,
 Or any other waking dream on earth:
 Thy looks when they to Venus did ascribe,
 They should have given her twenty thousand
 Cupids; ²⁰

Such are thy beauties and our loves! Dear
 saint,
 Riches, the dumb god, that giv'st all men
 tongues,
 That canst do nought, and yet mak'st men do
 all things;

The price of souls; even hell, with thee to
 boot, ²⁴

Is made worth heaven. Thou art virtue, fame,
 Honour, and all things else. Who can get thee,
 He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise — ⁴

Mos. And what he will, sir. Riches are in
 fortune

A greater good than wisdom is in nature.

Volp. True, my beloved Mosca. Yet I glory
 More in the cunning purchase of my wealth, ³¹
 Than in the glad possession, since I gain

¹ Green vitriol, used in making ink.

² A room in Volpone's house.

³ Centre of the earth.

⁴ Gifford and others have noted that in this splendid
 speech Jonson is indebted to Pindar, Euripides, and
 o. e.

No common way; I use no trade, no venture;
 I wound no earth with ploughshares, I fat no
 beasts

To feed the shambles; have no mills for iron, ³⁵
 Oil, corn, or men, to grind them into powder;
 I blow no subtle glass, expose no ships
 To threat'nings of the furrow-faced sea;
 I turn no monies in the public bank,
 No usure private.

Mos. No, sir, nor devour ⁴⁰
 Soft prodigals. You shall ha' some will swal-
 low

A melting heir as glibly as your Dutch
 Will pills of butter, and ne'er purge for it;
 Tear forth the fathers of poor families
 Out of their beds, and coffin them alive ⁴⁵
 In some kind clasp'ing prison, where their bones
 May be forthcoming, when the flesh is rotten:
 But your sweet nature doth abhor these
 courses;

You loathe the widow's or the orphan's tears
 Should wash your pavements, or their piteous
 cries ⁵⁰

Ring in your roofs, and beat the air for ven-
 geance.

Volp. Right, Mosca; I do loathe it.

Mos. And, besides, sir,
 You are not like the thresher that doth stand
 With a huge flail, watching a heap of corn, ⁵⁴
 And, hungry, dares not taste the smallest grain,
 But feeds on mallows, and such bitter herbs;
 Nor like the merchant, who hath fill'd his
 vaults

With Romagna, rich and Candian wines,
 Yet drinks the lees of Lombard's vinegar:
 You will not lie in straw, whilst moths and
 worms ⁶⁰

Feed on your sumptuous hangings and soft
 beds;

You know the use of riches, and dare give now
 From that bright heap, to me, your poor ob-
 server,

Or to your dwarf, or your hermaphrodite,
 Your eunuch, or what other household trifle ⁶⁵
 Your pleasure allows maintenance —

Vol. Hold thee, Mosca,
 Take of my hand; thou strik'st on truth in all,
 And they are envious term thee parasite.
 Call forth my dwarf, my eunuch, and my fool,
 And let 'em make me sport. [Exit Mos.]

What should I do, ⁷⁰
 But cocker up my genius, and live free
 To all delights my fortune calls me to?
 I have no wife, no parent, child, ally,
 To give my substance to; but whom I make

Must be my heir; and this makes men observe¹
me:⁷⁵
This draws new clients daily to my house,
Women and men of every sex and age,
That bring me presents, send me plate, coin,
jewels,
With hope that when I die (which they expect
Each greedy minute) it shall then return⁸⁰
Tenfold upon them; whilst some, covetous
Above the rest, seek to engross me whole,
And counter-work the one unto the other,
Contend in gitts, as they would seem in love:
All which I suffer, playing with their hopes,⁸⁵
And am content to coin 'em into profit,
And look upon their kindness, and take more,
And look on that; still bearing them in hand,²
Letting the cherry knock against their lips,
And draw it by their mouths, and back again.—
How now!⁹¹

SCENE II.³

[To him re-enter] MOSCA, [with] NANO, ANDROGYNO, and CASTRONE.

Nan. "Now, room for fresh gamesters, who
do will you to know,
They do bring you neither play nor university
show;
And therefore do intreat you that whatsoever
they rehearse,
May not fare a whit the worse, for the false
pace of the verse.
If you wonder at this, you will wonder more ere
we pass,⁵
For know, here⁴ is inclos'd the soul of Pytha-
goras,
That juggler divine, as hereafter shall follow;
Which soul, fast and loose, sir, came first from
Apollo,
And was breath'd into Aethalides, Mercurius
his son,
Where it had the gift to remember all that ever
was done.¹⁰
From thence it fled forth, and made quick
transmigration
To goldy-lock'd Euphorbus, who w kill'd in
good fashion,
At the siege of old Troy, by the cuckold of
Sparta.
Hermotimus w next (I find it in my charta).
To whom it did pass, where no sooner it was
missing,¹⁵
But with one Pyrrh of Delos it learn'd to go
a-fishing;
And thence did it enter the sophist of Greece.
From Pythagore, she went into a beautiful
piece,
Hight Aspasia, the meretrix; and the next toss
of her
Was again of a whore, she became a philosopher,
Crates the cynick, as itself doth relate it:²¹
Since kings, knights, and beggars, knaves, lords,
and fools gat it,

¹ Pay obsequious attention to.² Deceiving by false hopes.³ The same. The scene divisions are Jo n's.⁴ In Androgyno.

Besides ox and ass, camel, mule, goat, and
brock.⁵
In all which it hath spoke, as in the cobbler's
cock.⁶
But I come not here to discourse of that matter,
Or his one, two, or three, or his great oath,
By QUATER!⁷
His musics, his trigon,⁸ his golden thigh,
Or his telling how elements shift; but I
Would ask, how of late thou hast suffer'd
translation,
And shifted thy coat in these days of reforma-
tion.³⁰
And. Like one of the reform'd, a fool, as you
see,
Counting all old doctrine heresy.

Nan. But not on thine own forbid meats
hast thou ventur'd?

And. On fish, when first a Carthusian I en-
ter'd.

Nan. Why, then thy dogmatical silence hath
left thee?

And. Of that an obstreperous lawyer bereft me.

Nan. O wonderful change, when sir lawyer
forsook thee!

For Pythagore's sake, what body then took thee?

And. A good dull mule.

Nan. And how! by that means
Thou wert brought to allow of the eating of
beans?

And. Yes. [thou pass?

Nan. But from the mule into whom didst

And. Into a very strange beast, by some
writers call'd an ass;

By others a precise,⁹ pure, illuminate brother
Of those devour flesh, and sometimes one
another;

And will drop you forth a libel, or a sanctifi'd lie,
Betwixt every spoonful of a nativity-pie.¹⁰⁴⁵

Nan. Now quit thee, for heaven, of that
profane nation.

And gently report thy next transmigration.

And. To the same that I am.

Nan. A creature of delight,
And, what is more than a fool, an hermaphro-
dite!⁵⁰

Now, prithee, sweet soul, in all thy variation,
Which body wouldst thou choose to keep up
thy station?

And. Troth, this I am in: even here would
I tarry.

Nan. 'Cause here the delight of each sex
thou canst vary?

And. Alas, those pleasures be stale and for-
saken;⁵⁵

No, 'tis your fool wherewith I am so taken,
The only one creature that I can call blessed;
For all other fo s I have prov'd most dis-
tressed.

Nan. Spoke true, as thou wert in Pythagoras
still.

This learned opinion we celebrate will,⁶⁰

⁵ Badger.⁶ This interlude is based on Lucian's dialogue between
a cobbler and a cock.⁷ Quatre, the four in dice.⁹ Puritanical.⁸ A triangular lyre.¹⁰ Christ pie.

Fellow eunuch, as behoves us, with all our wit
and art,
To dignity that whereof ourselves are so great
and special a part."

Volp. Now, very, very pretty! Mosca, this
Was thy invention?

Mos. If it please my patron,
Not else.

Volp. It doth, good Mosca.

Mos. Then it was, sir. ⁶⁵

[*NANO and CASTRONE sing.*]

SONG.

"Fools, they are the only nation
Worth men's envy or admation,
Free from care or sorrow-taking,
Selves and others in this taking
All they speak of do is taking ⁷⁰
Your fool he is your great man's darling,
And your ladies' sport and pleasure,
Tongue and bauble are his treasure.
E'en his face begetteth laughter,
And he speaks truth free from slaughter,¹ ⁷⁵
He is the grace of every feast,
And the life of every banquet,
When wit waits upon the fool
O, who would not be
He, he, he?" ⁸⁰

One knocks without.

Volp. Who's that? Away! Look, Mosca
Fool, begone!

[*Exit NANO, CASTRONE, and ANDRO.*]
Mos. 'Tis Signior Vulture, the advocate;
I know him by his knock.

Volp. Fetch me my gown,
My furs, and night-caps; say my couch is
changing ⁸⁵
And let him entertain himself awhile
Without i' th' gallery. [*Exit MOSCA.*] Now,
now my clients
Begin their visitation! Vulture, kite,
Raven, and gorcrow,² all my birds of prey, ⁹⁰
That think me turning carcase, now they come:
I am not for 'em yet.

[*Re-enter MOSCA, with the gown, etc.*]

How now! the news?

Mos. A piece of plate, sir.

Volp. Of what bigness?

Mos. Huge,
Massy, and antique, with your name inscrib'd,
And arms engraven.

Volp. Good! and not a fox ⁹⁴
Stretch on the earth, with fine delusive sleights,
Mocking a gaping crow? ha, Mosca!

Mos. Sharp, sir.

Volp. Give me my furs.

[*Puts on his sick dress.*]

Why dost thou laugh so, man?

Mos. I cannot choose, sir, when I apprehend
What thoughts he has without now, as he
walks: ⁹⁸

That this might be the last gift he should give,
That this would fetch you; if you died to-day,

¹ With impunity.

² Carrion crow.

And gave him all, what he should be to-morrow;
What large return would come of all his ven-
tures, ¹⁰³

How he should worshipp'd be, and reverenc'd;
Ride with his furs, and foot cloths; waited on
By herds of fools and chents; have clear way
Made for his mule, as letter'd as himself;
Be call'd the great and learned advocate: ¹⁰⁸
And then concludes, there's nought impossible.

Volp. Yes, to be learned, Mosca.

Mos.

O, no. rich
Implies it. Hood an ass with reverend purple,
So you can hide his two ambitious ears,
And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.

Volp. My caps, my caps, good Mosca. Fetch
him in. ¹¹⁴

Mos. Stay, sir, your ointment for your eyes.

Volp. That's true;

Dispatch, dispatch! I long to have possession
Of my new present.

Mos. That, and thousands more,
I hope to see you lord of.

Volp. Thanks, kind Mosca.

Mos. And that, when I am lost in blended
dust,

And hundreds such as I am, in succession — ¹²⁰

Volp. Nay, that were too much, Mosca.

Mos. You shall live

Still to delude these harpies.

Volp. Loving Mosca!

'Tis well: my pillow now, and let him enter.

[*Exit MOSCA.*]

Now, my feign'd cough, my phthisic, and my
gout,

My apoplexy, palsy, and catarrhs, ¹²⁵

Help, with your forced functions, this my pos-
ture,

Wherein, this three year, I have milk'd their
hopes.

He comes; I hear him — Uh! [*coughing*] uh!
uh! uh! O —

SCENE III⁴

VOLPONE; [*re-enter MOSCA, [introducing] VOL-
TORE [with a piece of plate.]*]

Mos. You still are what you were, sir. Only
you,

Of all the rest, are he commands his love,
And you do wisely to preserve it thus,
With early visitation, and kind notes
Of your good meaning to him, which, I know, ⁵
Cannot but come most grateful. Patron! sir!
Here's Signior Vulture is come —

Volp. [*Faintly.*] What say you?

Mos. Sir, Signior Vulture is come this morn-
ing

To visit you.

Volp. I thank him.

Mos. And hath brought
A piece of antique plate, bought of St. Mark,⁵
With which he here presents you.

³ With a reference to the etymological sense of
"moving round."

⁴ The same

⁵ At one of the goldsmith's shops beside St. Mark's.

Volp. He is welcome. 11
 Pray him to come more often.
Mos. Yes.
Vol. What says he?
Mos. He thanks you, and desires you see him often.
Volp. Mosca.
Mos. My patron!
Volp. Bring him near, where is he?
 I long to feel his hand.
Mos. The plate is here, sir. 15
Vol. How fare you, sir?
Volp. I thank you, Signior Voltore;
 Where is the plate? mine eyes are bad.
Vol. [putting it into his hands.] I'm sorry
 To see you still thus weak.
Mos. [Aside.] That he's not weaker.
Volp. You are too munificent.
Vol. No, sir; would to heaven
 I could as well give health to you, as that
 plate! 20
Volp. You give, sir, what you can; I thank
 you. Your love
 Hath taste in this, and shall not be unanswer'd.
 I pray you see me often.
Vol. Yes, I shall, sir.
Volp. Be not far from me.
Mos. Do you observe that, sir?
Volp. Harken unto me still; it will concern
 you. 25
Mos. You are a happy man, sir; know your
 good.
Volp. I cannot now last long —
Mos. [Aside.] You are his heir, sir.
Vol. [Aside.] Am I?
Volp. I feel me going. Uh! uh! uh! uh!
 I'm sailing to my port. Uh! uh! uh! uh!
 And I am glad I am so near my haven. 30
Mos. Alas, kind gentleman! Well, we must
 all go —
Vol. But, Mosca —
Mos. Age will conquer.
Vol. Prithee, hear me;
 Am I inscrib'd his heir for certain?
Mos. Are you!
 I do beseech you, sir, you will vouchsafe
 To write me your family. All my hopes 35
 Depend upon your worship: I am lost
 Except the rising sun do shine on me.
Vol. It shall both shine, and warm thee,
 Mosca.
Mos. Sir,
 I am a man that hath not done your love
 All the worst offices. here I wear your keys, 40
 See all your coffers and your caskets lock'd,
 Keep the poor inventory of your jewels,
 Your plate, and monies; am your steward, sir,
 Husband your goods here.
Vol. But am I sole heir?
Mos. Without a partner, sir: confirm'd this
 morning; 45
 The wax is warm yet, and the ink scarce dry
 Upon the parchment.
Vol. Happy, happy me!
 By what good chance, sweet Mosca?
Mos. Your desert, ;
 I know no second cause.

Vol. Thy modesty
 Is loth to know it, well, we shall requite it. 50
Mos. He ever lik'd your course, sir; that
 first took him
 I oft have heard him say how he admir'd
 Men of your large profession, that could speak
 To every cause, and things mere contraries,
 Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law; 55
 That, with most quick agility, could turn,
 And return; make knots, and undo them;
 Give forked counsel, take provoking gold
 On either hand, and put it up; these men,
 He knew, would thrive with their humility. 60
 And, for his part, he thought he should be blest
 To have his heir of such a suffering spirit,
 So wise, so grave, of so perplex'd a tongue,
 And loud withal, that would not wag, nor
 scarce
 Lie still, without a fee; when every word 65
 Your worship but lets fall, is a chequin! —
Another knocks.
 Who's that? one knocks; I would not have
 you seen, sir.
 And yet — pretend you came and went in haste;
 I'll fashion an excuse — and, gentle sir,
 When you do come to swim in golden lard, 70
 Up to the arms in honey, that your chin
 Is borne up stiff with fatness of the flood,
 Think on your vassal, but remember me.
 I ha' not been your worst of clients.
Vol. Mosca! —
Mos. When will you have your inventory
 brought, sir? 75
 Or see a copy of the will? — Anon!
 I'll bring them to you, sir. Away, begone,
 Put business in your face. [Exit VOLTORE.]
Volp. [Springing up.] Excellent Mosca!
 Come hither, let me kiss thee.
Mos. Keep you still, sir.
 Here is Corbaccio.
Volp. Set the plate away; 80
 The vulture's gone, and the old raven's come.

SCENE IV. 2

MOSCA, VOLPONE.

Mos. Betake you to your silence, and your
 sleep.
 Stand there and multiply. [Putting the plate to
 the rest.] Now we shall see
 A wretch who is indeed more impotent
 Than this can feign to be; yet hopes to hop
 Over his grave.

[Enter CORBACCIO.]

Signior Corbaccio! 85
 You're very welcome, sir
Corb. How does your patron?
Mos. Troth, as he did, sir; no amends.
Corb. What! mends he?
Mos. No, sir: he's rather worse.
Corb. That's well. Where is he?
Mos. Upon his couch, sir, newly fall'n asleep.
Corb. Does he sleep well?

1 Gifford amends to re-turn, could.

2 The a.

Mos. No wink, sir, all this night, 10
Nor yesterday; but slumbers.

Corb. Good! he should take
Some counsel of physicians: I have brought
him

An opiate here, from mine own doctor.

Mos. He will not hear of drugs.

Corb. Why? I myself
Stood by while 't was made, saw all th' ingre-
dients; 15

And know it cannot but most gently work:
My life for his, 't is but to make him sleep.

Volp. [*Aside.*] Ay, his last sleep, if he would
take it.

Mos. Sir,
He has no faith in physic.

Corb. Say you, say you?

Mos. He has no faith in physic: he does
think 20

Most of your doctors are the greater danger,
And worse disease, t' escape. I often have
Heard him protest that your physician
Should never be his heir.

Corb. Not I his heir?

Mos. Not your physician, sir.

Corb. O, no, no, no, 25
I do not mean it.

Mos. No, sir, nor their fees
He cannot brook: he says they flay a man
Before they kill him.

Corb. Right, I do conceive you.

Mos. And then they do it by experiment;
For which the law not only doth absolve 'em,
But gives them great reward: and he is loth 30
To hire his death so.

Corb. It is true, they kill
With as much licence as a judge.

Mos. Nay, more;
For he but kills, sir, where the law condemns,
And these can kill him too.

Corb. Ay, or me; 35
Or any man. How does his apoplex?
Is that strong on him still?

Mos. Most violent.
His speech is broken, and his eyes are set,
His face drawn longer than 't was wont —

Corb. How! how!
Stronger than he was wont?

Mos. No, sir; his face 40
Drawn longer than 't was wont.

Corb. O, good!

Mos. His mouth
Is ever gaping, and his eyelids hang.

Corb. Good.

Mos. A freezing numbness stiffens all his
joints,
And makes the colour of his flesh like lead.

Corb. 'T is good.

Mos. His pulse beats slow, and dull.

Corb. Good symptoms still. 45

Mos. And from his brain —

Corb. Ha? How? Not from his brain?

Mos. Yes, sir, and from his brain —

Corb. I conceive you; good.

Mos. Flows a cold sweat, with a continual
rheum,
Orth the resolved corners of his eyes.

Corb. Is 't possible? Yet I am better, ha! 50
How does he with the swimming of his head?

Mos. O, sir, 't is past the scotomy, 1 he now
Hath lost his feeling, and hath left to snort:
You hardly can perceive him, that he breathes.

Corb. Excellent, excellent! sure I shall out-
last him. 55

This makes me young again, a score of years.

Mos. I was a-coming for you, sir.

Corb. Has he made his will?
What has he giv'n me?

Mos. No, sir.

Corb. Nothing! ha?

Mos. He has not made his will, sir.

Corb. Oh, oh, oh!

What then did Voltore, the lawyer, here? 60
Mos. He smelt a carcase, sir, when he but
heard

My master was about his testament;

As I did urge him to it for your good —

Corb. He came unto him, did he? I thought 65
so.

Mos. Yes, and presented him this piece of
plate. 65

Corb. To be his heir?

Mos. I do not know, sir.

Corb. True:

I know it too.

Mos. [*Aside.*] By your own scale, sir.

Corb. Well,
I shall prevent him yet. See, Mosca, look,
Here I have brought a bag of bright chequins, 2
Will quite lay down his plate.

Mos. [*taking the bag.*] Yea, marry, sir. 70
This is true physic, this your sacred medicine;
No talk of opiates to this great elixir!

Corb. 'T is *aurum palpabile*, if not *potabile*.

Mos. It shall be minister'd to him in his bowl.

Corb. Ay, do, do, do.

Mos. Most blessed cordial! 75

This will recover him.

Corb. Yes, do, do, do.

Mos. I think it were not best, sir.

Corb.

Mos. What?

Corb. To recover him.

Mos. O, no, no, no; by no means.

Mos. Why, sir, this

Will work some strange effect, if he but feel it.

Corb. 'T is true, therefore forbear; I'll take 80
my venture:

Give me 't again.

Mos. At no hand: pardon me:

You shall not do yourself that wrong, sir. I

Will so advise you, you shall have it all.

Corb. How? [no man

Mos. All, sir; 't is your right, your own;

Can claim a part: 't is yours without a rival, 85

Decreed by destiny.

Corb. How, how, good Mosca?

Mos. I'll tell you, sir. This fit he shall re-
cover, —

Corb. I do conceive you.

Mos. And on first advantage

Of his gain'd sense, will I re-importune him

¹ Imperfect sight, with giddiness.

² Ital. *zecchino*, a sequin; a coin worth about two
dollars.

Unto the making of his testament: 90
And show him this. [*Pointing to the money.*]

Corb. Good, good.

Mos. 'Tis better yet,
If you will hear, sir.

Corb. Yes, with all my heart.

Mos. Now would I counsel you, make home
with speed;

There, frame a will; whereto you shall inscribe
My master your sole heir.

Corb. And disinherit 95

My son?

Mos. O, sir, the better for that colour¹
Shall make it much more taking.

Corb. O, but colour?

Mos. This will, sir, you shall send it unto me.
Now, when I come to inforce, as I will do,
Your cares, your watchings, and your many
prayers, 100

Your more than many gifts, your this day's
present,

And last, produce your will, where, without
thought,

Or least regard, unto your proper issue,

A son so brave, and highly meriting,
The stream of your diverted love hath thrown
you 105

Upon my master, and made him your heir;
He cannot be so stupid, or stone-dead,

But out of conscience and mere gratitude —

Corb. He must pronounce me his?

Mos. 'Tis true.

Corb. This plot

Did I think on before.

Mos. I do believe it. 110

Corb. Do you not believe it?

Mos. Yes, sir,

Corb. Mine own project.

Mos. Which, when he hath done, sir —

Corb. Publish'd me his heir?

Mos. And you so certain to survive him —

Corb. Ay.

Mos. Being so lusty a man —

Corb. 'Tis true.

Mos. Yes, sir —

Corb. I thought on that too. See, how he
should be 115

The very organ to express my thoughts!

Mos. You have not only done yourself a
good —

Corb. But multipli'd it on my son.

Mos. 'Tis right, sir.

Corb. Still, my invention.

Mos. 'Las, sir! heaven knows,

It hath been all my study, all my care, 120
(I e'en grow gray withal,) how to work
things —

Corb. I do conceive, sweet Mosca.

Mos. You are he

For whom I labour here.

Corb. Ay, do, do, do:

I'll straight about it. [*Going.*]

Mos. [*Aside.*] Rook go with you,² raven!

Corb. I know thee honest.

Mos. You do lie, sir!

• Pretence. 2 ay you be rooked, or cheated.

Corb. And — 125

Mos. Your knowledge is no better than your
ears, sir.

Corb. I do not doubt to be a father to thee.

Mos. Nor I to gull my brother of his blessing.

Corb. I may ha' my youth restor'd to me,
why not?

Mos. Your worship is a precious ass!

Corb. What sayst thou?

Mos. I do desire your worship to make haste,

131

Corb. 'Tis done, 'tis done; I go. [*Exit.*]

Volp. [*Leaping from his couch.*] O, I shall
burst!

Let out my sides, let out my sides —

Mos. Contain

Your flux of laughter, sir you know this hope

Is such a bait, it covers any hook. 135

Volp. O, but thy working, and thy placing it!

I cannot hold, good rascal, let me kiss thee:

I never knew thee in so rare a humour.

Mos. Alas, sir, I but do as I am taught;

Follow your grave instructions; give em

words; 140

Pour oil into their ears, and send them hence.

Volp. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare p -

ishment

Is avarice to itself!

Mos. Ay, with our help, sir.

Volp. So many cares, so many maladies,

So many fears attending on old age. 145

Yea, so often call'd on, as no wish

Can be more frequent with 'em, their limbs

faint,

Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing, going,

All dead before them; yea, their very teeth,

Their instruments of eating, failing them: 150

Yet this is reckon'd life! Nay, here was one,

Is now gone home, that wishes to live longer!

Feels not his gout, nor palsy; feigns himself

Younger by scores of years, flatters his age

With confident belying it, hopes he may 155

With charms like Aeson, have his youth re-

stor'd;

And with these thoughts so batterns, as if fate

Would be as easily cheated on as he,

And all turns air! Who's that there, now? a

third! *Another knocks.*

Mos. Close, to your couch again; I hear his

voice. 160

It is Corvino, our spruce merchant.

Volp. [*Lies down as before.*] Dead.

Mos. Another bout, sir, with your eyes

[*Anointing them.*] Who's there?

SCENE V.³

MOSCA, VOLPONE. [*Enter*] CORVINO.

Signior Corvino! come most wish'd for! O,

How happy were you, if you knew it, now!

Corv. Why? what? wherein?

Mos. The tardy hour is come, sir.

Corv. He is not dead?

Mos. Not dead, sir, but good;

He kno no man.

Corv. How shall I do then ?
Mos. Why, sir? ⁵
Corv. I have brought him here a pearl.
Mos. Perhaps he has
 So much remembrance left as to know you,
 sir:
 He still calls on you ; nothing but your name
 Is in his mouth. Is your pearl orient,¹ sir ?
Corv. Venice was never owner of the like. ¹⁰
Volp. [*faintly.*] Signior Corvino !
Mos. Hark !
Volp. Signior Corvino.
Mos. He calls you ; step and give it him. —
 He's here, sir.
 And he has brought you a rich pearl.
Corv. How do you, sir ?
 Tell him it doubles the twelve carat.
Mos. Sir,
 He cannot understand, his hearing's gone ; ¹⁵
 And yet it comforts him to see you —
Corv. Say
 I have a diamond for him, too.
Mos. Best show 't, sir,
 Put it into his hand : 'tis only there
 He apprehends : he has his feeling yet.
 See how he grasps it !
Corv. 'Las, good gentleman ! ²⁰
 How pitiful the sight is !
Mos. Tut, forget, sir.
 The weeping of an heir should still be laughter
 Under a visor
Corv. Why, am I his heir ?
Mos. Sir, I am sworn, I may not show the
 will
 Till he be dead ; but here has been Corbaccio,
 Here has been Voltore, here were others too, ²⁵
 I cannot number 'em, they were so many ;
 All gaping here for legacies : but I,
 Taking the vantage of his naming you,
Signior Corvino, Signior Corvino, took ³⁰
 Paper, and pen, and ink, and there I ask'd
 him
 Whom he would have his heir ! *Corvino.* Who
 Should be executor ? *Corvino.* And
 To any question he was silent to,
 I still interpreted the nods he made, ³⁵
 Through weakness, for consent : and sent home
 th' others,
 Nothing bequeath'd them, but to cry and curse.
Corv. O, my dear Mosca. (*They embrace.*)
 Does he not perceive us ?
Mos. No more than a blind harper. He knows
 no man,
 No face of friend, nor name of any servant, ⁴⁰
 Who 't was that fed him last, or gave him
 drink :
 Not those he hath begotten, or brought up,
 Can he remember.
Corv. Has he children ?
Mos. Bastards,
 Some dozen, or more, that he begot on beggars,
 Gypsies, and Jews, and black-moors, when he
 was drunk. ⁴⁵
 Knew you not that, sir ? 't is the co on
 fable,

¹ Used for "brilliant" as well as "oriental."

The dwarf, the fool, the eunuch, are all his ;
 He's the true father of his family,
 In all save me — but he has giv'n 'em nothing.
Corv. That's well, that's well ! Art sure he
 does not hear us ?
Mos. Sure, sir ! why, look you, credit your
 own sense. [*Shouts in Volp's ear.*]
 The pox approach, and add to your diseases,
 If it would send you hence the sooner, sir,
 For your incontinence, it hath deserv'd it
 Thoroughly and thoroughly, and the plague to
 boot ! —
 You may come near, sir. — Would you would
 once close
 Those filthy eyes of yours, that flow with slime
 Like two frog-pits ; and those same hanging
 cheeks,
 Cover'd with hide instead of skin — Nay, help,
 sir !
 That look like frozen dish-clouts set on end !
Corv. Or like an old smok'd wall, on which
 the rain
 Ran down in streaks !
Mos. Excellent, sir ! speak out :
 You may be louder yet, a culverin
 Discharged in his ear would hardly bore it.
Corv. His nose is like a common sewer, still
 running.
Mos. 'T is good ! And what his mouth ?
Corv. A very draught.
Mos. O, stop it up —
Corv. By no means.
Mos. Pray you, let me.
 Faith I could stifle him rarely with a pillow
 As well as any woman that should keep him.
Corv. Do as you will ; but I'll begone.
Mos. Be so ;
 It is your presence makes him last so long.
Corv. I pray you use no violence.
Mos. No, sir ! why ?
 Why should you be thus scrupulous, pray you,
 sir ?
Corv. Nay, at your discretion.
Mos. Well, good sir, be gone.
Corv. I will not trouble him now to take² my
 pearl.
Mos. Fuh ! nor your diamond. What a need-
 less care
 Is this afflicts you ? Is not all here yours ?
 Am not I here, whom you have made your
 creature ?
 That owe my being to you ?
Corv. Grateful Mosca !
 Thou art my friend, my fellow, my compan-
 ion,
 My partner, and shalt share in all my fortunes.
Mos. Excepting one.
Corv. What's that ?
Mos. Your gallant wife, sir. [*Exit Corv.*]
 Now is he gone : we had no other means
 To shoot him hence but this.
Volp. My divine Mosca !
 Thou hast to-day outgoned thyself. Who's there ?
 Another knocks.

² To Corvino, to join in the abuse.

³ Take from Volpone's hand, which had closed on it.

I will be troubled with no more. Prepare
Me music, dances, banquets, all delights;
The Turk is not more sensual in his pleasures
Than will Volpone. [*Exit Mos.*] Let me see; a
pearl!
A diamond! plate! chequins! Good morning's
purchase.¹
Why, this is better than rob churches, yet;
Or fat, by eating, once a month, a man —

[*Re-enter MOSCA.*]

Who is 't?
Mos. The beauteous Lady Would-be, sir,
Wife to the English knight, Sir Politic Would-
be,
(This is the style, sir, is directed me,) 95
Hath sent to know how you have slept to-night,
And if you would be visited?

Volp. Not now:
Some three hours hence.
Mos. I told the squire² so much.
Volp. When I am high with mirth and wine;
then then 99

'Fore heaven, I wonder at the desperate valour
Of the bold English, that they dare let loose
Their wives to all encounters!

Mos. Sir, this knight
Had not his name for nothing, he is *politic*,
And knows, howe'er his wife affect strange
airs,

She hath not yet the face to be dishonest: 105
But had she Signior Corvino's wife's face —

Volp. Hath she so rare a face?

Mos. O, sir, the wonder,
The blazing star of Italy! a wench
Of the first year, a beauty ripe as harvest!
Whose skin is whiter than a swan all over, 110
Than silver, snow, or lilies; a soft lip,
Would tempt you to eternity of kissing!
And flesh that melteth in the touch to blood!
Bright as your gold, and lovely as your gold!

Volp. Why had not I known this before?

Mos. Alas, sir, 115
Myself but yesterday discover'd it.

Volp. How might I see her?
Mos. O, not possible;
She's kept as warily as is your gold;
Never does come abroad, never takes air
But at a windore. All her looks are sweet, 120
As the first grapes or cherries, and are watch'd
As near as they are.

Volp. I must see her.

Mos. Sir,
There is a guard of ten spies thick upon her,
All his whole household; each of which is set
Upon his fellow, and have all their charge, 125
When he goes out, when he comes in, examin'd.
Volp. I will go see her, though but at her
windore.

Mos. In some disguise then.

Volp. That is true; I must
Maintain mine own shape still the same: we'll
think. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ Booty

² Messenger, go-between.

ACT II

SCENE I.³

[*Enter*] SIR POLITIC WOULD-BE, and PEREGRINE.

Sir P. Sir, to a wise man, all the world's his
soil.

It is not Italy, nor France, nor Europe,
That must bound me, if my fates call me forth.
Yet I protest, it is no salt desire
Of seeing countries, shifting a religion,
Nor any disaffection to the state
Where I was bred, and unto which I owe
My dearest plots, hath brought me out, much less
That idle, antique, stale, grey-headed project
Of knowing men's minds and manners, with
Ulysses! 10

But a peculiar humour of my wife's
Laid for this height of Venice, to observe,
To quote,⁴ to learn the language, and so
forth —

I hope you travel, sir, with licence?

Per. Yea.

Sir P. I dare the safelier converse — 15
long, sir,

Since you left England?

Per. Seven weeks.

Sir P. So lately!
You have not been with my lord bassador?
[climate?] 20

Per. Not yet, sir
Sir P. Pray you, what news, sir, vents our
I heard last night a most strange thing reported
By some of my lord's followers, and I long 25
To hear how 't will be seconded.

Per. What was 't, sir?
Sir P. Marry, sir, of a raven that should build
In a ship royal of the king's.

Per. [Aside.] This fellow,
Does he gull me, trow? or is gull'd? Your
name, sir?

Sir P. My name is Politic Would-be.
Per. [Aside.] O, that speaks him. 30

A knight, sir?

Sir P. A poor knight, sir.

Per. Your lady
Lies⁵ here in Venice, for intelligence
Of tires and fashions, and behaviour,
Among the courtesans? The fine Lady Would-
be?

Sir P. Yes, sir; the spider and the bee oft-
times 35
Suck from one flower.

Per. Good Sir Politic,
I cry you mercy; I have heard much of you:
'T is true, sir, of your raven.

Sir P. On your knowledge?

Per. Yes, and your lion's whelping in the
Tower.

Sir P. Another whelp!⁶

Per. Another, sir.

³ St. Mark's Place; a retired corner before Corvino's
house.

⁴ To make note of.

⁵ Stays.

⁶ A lion is recorded by Stow to have been born in
the Tower of London, Aug. 5, 1604, the first born in
captivity in England.

Sir P. Now heaven !³⁵
What prodigies be these ? The fires at Berwick !
And the new star ! These things concurring,
strange,
And full of omen ! Saw you those meteors ?

Per. I did, sir.

Sir P. Fearful ! Pray you, sir, confirm me,
Were there three porpoises seen above the
bridge,⁴⁰
As they give out ?

Per. Six, and a sturgeon, sir.

Sir P. I am astonish'd.

Per. Nay, sir, be not so ;
I'll tell you a greater prodigy than these.

Sir P. What should these things portend ?

Per. The very day
(Let me be sure) that I put forth from London,
There was a whale discover'd in the river,⁴⁵
As high as Woolwich, that had waited there,
Few know how many months, for the subver-
sion

Of the Stode fleet.

Sir P. Is 't possible ? Believe it,
'T was either sent from Spain, or the arch-
duke's.⁵⁰

Spinola's whale, upon my life, my credit !
Will they not leave these projects ? Worthy sir,
Some other news.

Per. Faith, Stone the fool is dead,
And they do lack a tavern fool extremely.

Sir P. Is Mass Stone dead ?

Per. He's dead, sir ; why, I hope⁵⁵
You thought him not immortal ? — [*Aside.*] O,
this knight,

Were he well known, would be a precious thing
To fit our English stage : he that should write
But such a fellow, should be thought to feign
Extremely, if not maliciously.

Sir P. Stone dead !⁶⁰

Per. Dead. — Lord ! how deeply, sir, you ap-
prehend it !

He was no kinsman to you ?

Sir P. That I know of.
Well ! that same fellow was an unknown fool.

Per. And yet you knew him, it seems ?

Sir P. I did so. Sir,
I knew him one of the most dangerous heads⁶⁵
Living within the state, and so I held him.

Per. Indeed, sir ?

Sir P. While he liv'd, in action,
He has receiv'd weekly intelligence,
Upon my knowledge, out of the Low Countries,
For all parts of the world, in cabbages ;⁷⁰
And those dispens'd again to ambassadors,
In oranges, musk-melons, apricots,
Lemons, pome-citrons, and such-like ; some-
times

In Colchester oysters, and your Selsey cockles.

Per. You make me wonder.

Sir P. Sir, upon my knowledge.⁷⁵
Nay, I've observ'd him, at your public ordinary,
Take his advertisement¹ from a traveller,
A conceal'd statesman, in a trencher of meat ;
And instantly, before the meal was done,
Convey an answer in a tooth-pick.

¹ Info tion.

Per. Strange !⁸⁰
How could this be, sir ?

Sir P. Why, the meat was cut
So like his character, and so laud as he
Must easily read the cipher.

Per. I have heard,
He could not read, sir.

Sir P. So 't was given out,
In policy, by those that did employ him.⁸⁵
But he could read, and had your languages,
And to 't, as sound a noddle —

Per. I have heard, sir,
That your baboons were spies, and that they
were

A kind of subtle nation near to China.

Sir P. Ay, ay, your Mamaluchi. Faith, they
had⁹⁰

Their hand in a French plot or two ; but they
Were so extremely giv'n to women, as
They made discovery of all : yet I
Had my advices here, on Wednesday last,
From one of their own coat, they were return'd,
Made their relations, as the fashion is,⁹⁵
And now stand fair for fresh employment.

Per. [*Aside.*] Heart !
This Sir Pol will be ignorant of nothing. —
It seems, sir, you know all.

Sir P. Not all, sir ; but
I have some general notions. I do love¹⁰⁰
To note and to observe : though I live out,
Free from the active torrent, yet I'd mark
The currents and the passages of things
For mine own private use ; and know the ebbs
And flows of state.

Per. Believe it, sir, I hold¹⁰⁵
Myself in no small tie² unto my fortunes,
For casting me thus luckily upon you,
Whose knowledge, if your bounty equal it,
May do me great assistance, in instruction
For my behaviour, and my bearing, which¹¹⁰
Is yet so rude and raw.

Sir P. Why ? came you forth
mpty of rules for travel ?

Per. Faith, I had
Some common ones, from out that vulgar
grammar,
Which he that cri'd Italian to me, taught me.

Sir P. Why, this it is that spoils all our
brave bloods,¹¹⁵
Trusting our hopeful gentry unto pedants,
Fellows of outside, and mere bark : You seem
To be a gentleman of ingenious race : —
I not profess it, but my fate hath been
To be, where I have been consulted with,¹²⁰
In this high kind, touching some great men's
sons,

Persons of blood and honour. —

Per. Who be these, sir ?

SCENE II.

[*To them enter*] MOSCA and NANO [*disguised,
followed by persons with materials for erecting
a stage.*]

Mos. Under that window, there 't must be.
The same.

² Obligation.

Sir P. Fellows, to mount a bank. Did your instructor

In the dear tongues, never discourse to you Of the Italian mountebanks?

Per. Yes, sir. Why, Here shall you see one.

Per. They are quacksalvers, Fellows that live by venting oils and drugs.

Sir P. Was that the character he gave you of them?

Per. As I remember.

Sir P. Pity his ignorance. They are the only knowing men of Europe! Great general scholars, excellent physicians, 10 Most admir'd statesmen, profest favourites And cabinet counsellors to the greatest princes; The only languag'd men of all the world!

Per. And, I have heard, they are most lewd impostors;

Made all of terms and shreds; no less beliers 15 Of great men's favours, than their own vile medicines;

Which they will utter upon monstrous oaths; Selling that drug for twopence, ere they part, Which they have valu'd at twelve crowns before.

Sir P. Sir, calumnies are answer'd best with silence.

Yoursell shall judge. — Who is it mounts, my friends?

Mos. Scoto of Mantua, 2 sir.

Sir P. Is't he? Nay, then I'll proudly promise, sir, you shall behold Another man than has been phant'sied 3 to you. I wonder yet, that he should mount his bank, 25 Here in this nook, that has been wont t' appear In face of the Piazza! — Here he comes.

[Enter VOLPONE, disguised as a mountebank Doctor, and followed by a crowd of people.]

Volp. Mount, zany. [To NANO.]

Mos. Follow, follow, follow, follow!

Sir P. See how the people follow him! he's a man 30

May write ten thousand crowns in bank here. Note,

[VOLPONE mounts the stage.]

Mark but his gesture: — I do use to observe The state he keeps in getting up.

Per. 'Tis worth it, sir.

Volp. "Most noble gentlemen, and my 34 worthy patrons! It may seem strange that I, your Scoto Mantuano, who was ever wont to fix my bank in the face of the public Piazza, near the shelter of the Portico to the Procuratia, should now, after eight months' absence from this illustrious city of Venice, humbly retire 40 myself into an obscure nook of the Piazza."

Sir P. Did not I now object the same?

Per. Peace, sir.

Volp. "Let me tell you: I am not, as your Lombard proverb saith, cold on my feet; or

1 Ignorant.

2 The name of an Italian juggler who in England about this time. (Gifford.)

3 Misrepresented.

content to part with my commodities at a (4 cheaper rate than I am accusom'd. I look not for it. Nor that the calumnious reports of that impudent detractor, and shame to our profession (Alessandro Buttone, I mean), who gave out, in public, I was condemn'd a' *sforzato* 4 (50 to the galleys, for poisoning the Cardinal Bembo's — cook, hath at all attach'd, much less dejected me. No, no, worthy gentlemen; to tell you true, I cannot endure to see the rabble of these ground *charlatani*, 5 that spread their 60 cloaks on the pavement, as if they meant to do feats of activity, and then come in lamely, with their mouldy tales out of Boecacio, like stale Tabarin, 6 the fabulist. some of them discoursing their travels, and of their tedious cap- 70 tivity in the Turk's galleys, when, indeed, were the truth known, they were the Christian's galleys, where very temperately they eat bread, and drunk water, as a wholesome penance, enjoin'd them by their confessors, for base pil- 80 feries."

Sir P. Note but his bearing, and contempt of these.

Volp. "These turdy-facy-nasty-paty-lousy-fartical rogues, with one poor groat's-worth of 80 unprepar'd autimony, finely wrapt up in several *scartoccios*, 7 are able, very well, to kill their twenty a week, and play, yet these meagre, starv'd spirits, who have half stopt the organs of their minds with earthy oppilations, 8 90 want not their favours among your shrivell'd salad-eating artisans, who are overjoy'd that they may have their half-perth of physic; though it purge 'em into another world, 't makes no matter."

Sir P. Excellent! ha' you heard better language, sir? 80

Volp. "Well, let 'em go. And, gentlemen, honourable gentlemen, know, that for this time, our bank, being thus removed from the clamours of the *canaglia* 9 shall be the scene of pleasure and delight; for I have nothing 100 to sell, little or nothing to sell."

Sir P. I told you, sir, his end.

Per. You did so, sir.

Volp. "I protest, I, and my six servants, are not able to make of this precious liquor so fast as it is fetch'd away from my lodging by 100 gentlemen of your city; strangers of the Ter firma; 10 worshipful merchants; ay, and senators too: who, ever since my arrival, have detain'd me to their uses, by their splendidous liberalities. And worthily; for, what avails your 110 rich man to have his magazines stuff'd with *mos cadelli*, or of the purest grape, when his physicians prescribe him, on pain of death, to drink nothing but water cocted 11 with aniseeds? O 120

4 Ital. "With hard labor."

5 Petty charlatans, impostors.

6 A French charlatan of the early seventeenth century, whose jests were published.

7 Folds of paper.

8 Obstructions.

9 Rabble.

10 Continental possessions of Venice. (Gifford.)

11 Boiled.

health! health! the blessing of the rich! the riches of the poor! who can buy thee at too dear a rate, since there is no enjoying this world without thee? Be not then so sparing of your purses, honourable gentlemen, as to abridge the natural course of life —”¹⁰⁵

Per. You see his end.

Ay, is't not good?

Sir P. Volp. “For when a humid flux, or catarrh, by the mutability of air, falls from your head into an arm or shoulder, or any other part; take you a ducket, or your chequin of gold, and apply to the place affected: see what good effect it can work. No, no, 't is this blessed unguento,¹ this rare extraction, that hath only power to disperse all malignant humours, that proceed either of hot, cold, moist, or windy causes —”¹¹⁶

Per. I would he had put in dry too.

Sir P. Pray you observe.

Volp. “To fortify the most indigest and crude stomach, ay, were it of one that, through extreme weakness, vomited blood, applying only a warm napkin to the place, after the unction and fricace;²—for the vertigine³ in the head, putting but a drop into your nostrils, likewise behind the ears; a most sovereign and approved remedy; the mal caduco,⁴ cramps, convulsions, paralyses, epilepsies, tremor cordia, retir'd nerves, ill vapours of the spleen, stoppings of the liver, the stone, the strangury, hernia ventosa, ihaca passio;⁵ stops a dysenteria immediately; easeth the torsion⁶ of the small guts; and cures melancholia hypocondriaca, being taken and appl'd, according to my printed receipt. (Pointing to his bill and his glass.) For this is the physician, this the medicine; this counsels, this cures; this gives the direction, this works the effect; and, in sum, both together may be term'd an abstract of the theoretic and practic in the Aesculapian art. “T will cost you eight crowns. And,—Zan Fritada, prithee sing a verse extempore in honour of it.”¹⁴⁰

Sir P. How do you like him, sir?

Per. Most strangely, I!

Sir P. Is not his language rare?

Per. But alchemy, I never heard the like; or Broughton's⁷ books.

[NANO sings.]

Had old Hippocrates, or Galen,
That to their books put med'cines all in,
But known this secret, they had never
(Of which they will be guilty ever)
Been murderers of so much paper,
Or wasted many a hurtless taper;
No Indian drug had e'er been fam'd,
Tobacco, sassafiras not nam'd,
Ne yet of guacum one small stick, sir,
Nor Raymund Lully's⁸ great elixir.¹⁵⁰

¹ Ointment.

² An oil to be rubbed in.

³ Giddiness

⁷ An eccentric theologian of the time. See *The Alchemist*.

⁸ The well-known alchemist of the fourteenth century.

⁴ Epilepsy.

⁵ Colic.

⁶ Gripes.

Ne had been known the Danish Gonswart,⁹
Or Paalacelsus, with his long sword.¹⁰

Per. All this, yet, will not do; eight crowns is high.

Volp. “No more. — Gentlemen, if I had but time to discourse to you the miraculous effects of this my oil, surnam'd Oglio del Scoto, with the countless catalogue of those I have cur'd of th' aforesaid, and many more diseases, the patents and privileges of all the princes and commonwealths of Christendom; or but the depositions of those that appear'd on my part, before the signory of the Santa and most learned College of Physicians; where I was author's'd, upon notice taken of the admirable virtues of my medicaments, and mine own excellency in matter of rare and unknown secrets, not only to disperse them publicly in this famous city, but in all the territories, that happily joy under the government of the most pious and magnificent states of Italy. But may some other gallant fellow say, ‘O, there be divers that make profession to have as good, and as experimented receipts as yours.’ indeed, very many have assay'd, like apes, in imitation of that, which is really and essentially in me, to make of this oil; bestow'd great cost in furnaces, stills, alembics, continual fires, and preparation of the ingredients (as indeed there goes to it six hundred several simples, besides some quantity of human fat, for the conglutination, which we buy of the anatomists), but when these practitioners come to the last decoction, blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies in fumo.¹¹ ha, ha, ha! Poor wretches! I rather pity their folly and indiscretion, than their loss of time and money; for those may be recover'd by industry; but to be a fool born, is a disease incurable.”¹⁵¹

“For myself, I always from my youth have endeavour'd to get the rarest secrets, and book them, either in exchange, or for money, I spar'd nor cost nor labour, where anything was worthy to be learned. And, gentlemen, honourable gentlemen, I will undertake, by virtue of chymical art, out of the honourable hat that covers your head, to extract the four elements; that is to say, the fire, air, water, and earth, and return you your felt without burn or stain. For, whilst others have been at the ballo,¹² I have been at my book; and am now past the craggy paths of study, and come to the flowery plains of honour and reputation.”¹⁵²

Sir P. I do assure you, sir, that is his aim.

Volp. “But to our price —”

Per. And that withal, Sir Pol.

Volp. “You all know, honourable gentlemen, I never valu'd this ampulla, or vial, at less than eight crowns; but for this time, I am content to be depriv'd of it for six; six crowns is the price, and less in courtesy I know you cannot offer me; take it or leave it, howsoever,

⁹ Unknown

¹⁰ In the hilt of which he carried his familiar.

¹¹ In smoke

¹² Ball, dancing.

both it and I am at your service. I ask you not as the value of the thing, for then I should de-^[215] mand of you a thousand crowns, so the Cardinals Montalto, Fernese, the great Duke of Tuscany, my gossip,¹ with divers other princes, have given me; but I despise money. Only to show my affection to you, honourable gentle-^[220] men, and your illustrious State here, I have neglected the messages of these princes, mine own offices, fram'd my journey hither, only to present you with the fruits of my travels. —^[224] Tune your voices once more to the touch of your instruments, and give the honourable assembly some delightful recreation."

Per. What monstrous and most painful circumstance is here, to get some three or four gazettes,² Some threepence 't the whole! for that 't will come to. 220

[NANO sings.]

You that would last long, list to my song,
Make no more coil, but buy of this oil
Would you be ever fair and young?
Stout of teeth, and strong of tongue?
Tart of palate? quick of ear? 225
Sharp of sight? of nostril clear?
Moist of hand? and light of foot?
Or, I will come nearer to 't,
Would you live free from all diseases?
Do the act your mistress pleases, 240
Yet fright all aches! from your bones?
Here 's a medicine for the nones!

Volp. "Well, I am in a humour at this time to make a present of the small quantity my coffer contains; to the rich in courtesy, and ^[241] to the poor for God's sake. Wherefore now mark: I ask'd you six crowns, and six crowns, at other times, you have paid me; you shall not give me six crowns, nor five, nor four, nor three, nor two, nor one; nor half a ducat; no, nor a ^[250] *moccinigo*.⁵ Sixpence it will cost you, or six hundred pound — expect no lower price, for, by the banner of my front, I will not bate a bagatine,⁶ — that I will have, only, a pledge of your loves, to carry something from amongst you, to ^[255] show I am not condemn'd by you. Therefore, now, toss your handkerchiefs, cheerfully, cheerfully; and be advertis'd, that the first heroic spirit that deigns to grace me with a handkerchief, I will give it a little remembrance of ^[260] something beside, shall please it better than if I had presented it with a double pistollet."⁷

Per. Will you be that heroic spark, Sir Pol?

CELIA, at the window, throws down her handkerchief.

O, see! the windore has prevented ⁸ you.

¹ Lit. god-parent; usually, familiar friend.

² A small Venetian coin, worth about three farthings. The name was transferred to the news-sheets bought for it.

³ Pron. *atches*.

⁴ For the purpose.

⁵ A coin used in Venice, worth about ninepence.

⁶ An Italian coin worth about one third of a farthing.

⁷ A Spanish coin.

⁸ Anticipated.

Volp. "Lady, I kiss your bounty; and for ^[266] this timely grace you have done your poor *Recito* of Mantua, I will return you, over and above my oil, a secret of that high and mestimable nature, shall make you for ever enamour'd on that minute, wherein your eye first descended ^[270] on so mean, yet not altogether to be despis'd, an object. Here is a powder conceal'd in this paper, of which, if I should speak to the worth, nine thousand volumes were but as one page, that page as a line, that line as a word; ^[274] so short is this pilgrimage of *mar* (which, I call life) to the expressing of it. *What*! reflect on the price? Why, the whole world is but as an empire, that empire as a province, that province as a bank, that bank as a private purse ^[278] to the purchase of it. I will only tell you, 't is the powder that made *Venus* a goddess (given her by *Apollo*), that kept her perpetually young, clear'd her wrinkles, firm'd her gums, fill'd her skin, colour'd her hair, from her de- ^[285] riv'd to *Helen*, and at the sack of *Troy* unfortunately lost till now, in this our age, it was as happily recover'd, by a studious antiquary, out of some ruins of *Asia*, who sent a moiety of it to the court of *France* (but much ^[290] sophisticated), wherewith the ladies there now colour their hair. The rest, at this present, remains with me; extracted to a quintessence so that, wherever it but touches, in youth it perpetually preserves, in age restores the com- ^[295] plexion, seats your teeth, did they dance like virginal jacks,⁹ firm as a wall. makes them white as ivory, that were black as —"

SCENE III.¹¹

[To them enter] CORVINO.

Cor. Spite o' the devil, and my shame! come down here;
Come down! — No house but mine to make your scene?

Signior Flamminio, will you down, sir? down?
What, is my wife your *Franciscina*, sir?
No windows on the whole *Piazza*, here,
To make your properties, but mine? but mine?

Beats away [VOLPONE, NANO, etc.]
Heart! ere to-morrow I shall be new christen'd,
And called the *Pantaloni di Besogniosi*,¹²
About the town.

Per. What should this mean, Sir Pol?
Sir P. Some trick of state, believe it; I will home. 10

Per. It may be some design on you.
Sir P. I know not.
I'll stand upon my guard.

Per. It is your best, sir.
Sir P. This three weeks, all my advices, all my letters.

They have been intercepted.

Per. Indeed, sir!

Best have a care.
Sir P. Nay, so I will.

⁹ Small pieces of wood to which were attached the quills which struck the strings of the virginal.

¹⁰ The same. ¹¹ Ital. "Fool of the Beggars."

Per. This knight, ¹⁵
I may not lose him, for my mirth, till night.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.¹[*Enter*] VOLPONE, MOSCA.*Volp.* O, I am wounded!*Mos.* Where, sir?*Volp.* Not without;
Those blows were nothing: I could bear them
ever.*But angry Cupid, bolting from her eyes,
Hath shot himself into me like a flame;
Where now he flings about his burning heat, ⁵
As in a furnace an ambitious fire
Whose vent is stopt. The fight is all within
me.**I cannot live, except thou help me, Mosca;
My liver melts, and I, without the hope
Of some soft air from her refreshing breath, ¹⁰
Am but a heap of cinders.**Mos.* 'Las, good sir,*Would you had never seen her!**Volp.* Nay, would thou
Hadst never told me of her!*Mos.* Sir, 't is true;*I do confess I was unfortunate,
And you unhappy; but I'm bound in con-
science, ¹⁵**No less than duty, to effect my best
To your release of torment, and I will, sir.**Volp.* Dear Mosca, shall I hope?*Mos.* Sir, more than dear,
I will not bid you to despair of aught
Within a human compass.*Volp.* O, there spoke ²⁰
My better angel. Mosca, take my keys,
Gold, plate, and jewels, all 's at thy devotion;
Employ them how thou wilt: nay, coin me
too:*So thou in this but crown my longings, Mosca.**Mos.* Use but your patience.*Volp.* So I have.*Mos.* I doubt not. ²⁵*To bring success to your desires.**Volp.* Nay, then,*I not repent me of my late disguise.**Mos.* If you can horn him, sir, you need not.*Volp.* True:*Besides, I never meant him for my heir.**Is not the colour o' my beard and eyebrows ³⁰**To make me known?**Mos.* No jot.*Volp.* I did it well.*Mos.* So well, would I could follow you in*mine,**With half the happiness! and yet I would**Escape your epilogue.²**Volp.* But were they gull'd*With a belief that I was Scoto?**Mos.* Sir, ³⁵*Scoto himself could hardly have distinguish'd!**I have not time to flatter you now; we'll part:**And I prosper, so applaud my art. [*Exeunt.*]*SCENE V.³[*Enter*] CORVINO, [with his sword in his hand,
dragging in] CELIA.*Corv.* Death of mine honour, with the city's
fool!*A juggling, tooth-drawing, prating mount-
bank!**And at a public windore! where, whilst he,
With his stram'd action, and his dole of faces,⁴
To his drag-lecture draws your itching ears,⁵
A crew of old, unmarri'd, noted lechers,
Stood leering up like satyrs and you smile
Most graciously, and fan your favours forth,
To give your hot spectators satisfaction!
What, was your mountbank their call? their
whistle? ¹⁰**Or were you enamour'd on his copper rings,
His saffron jewel, with the toad-stone in 't,
Or his embroid' red suit, with the cope-stitch,
Made of a hearse cloth? or his old tilt-feather?
Or his starch'd beard! Well, you shall have
him, yes! ¹⁵**He shall come home, and minister unto you
The fricace for the mother.⁶ Or, let me see,
I think you'd rather mount; would you not
mount?**Why, if you'll mount, you may; yes, truly,
you may!**And so you may be seen, down to the foot. ²⁰
Get you a cittern, Lady Vanity,
And be a dealer with the virtuous man;
Make one. I'll but protest myself a cuckold,
And save your dowry. I'm a Dutchman, I!
For if you thought me an Italian, ²⁵
You would be damn'd ere you did this, you
whore!**Thou'dst tremble to imagine that the murder
Of father, mother, brother, all thy race,
Should follow, as the subject of my justice.**Cel.* Good sir, have patience.*Corv.* What couldst thou propose ³⁰
Less to thyself, than in this heat of wrath,
And stung with my dishonour, I should strike
This steel into thee, with as many stabs
As thou wert gaz'd upon with goatish eyes?*Cel.* Alas, sir, be appeas'd! I could not think
My being at the windore should more now ³⁵
Move your impatience than at other times.*Corv.* No! not to seek and entertain a parley
With a known knave, before a multitude!
You were an actor with your handkerchief, ⁴⁰
Which he most sweetly kist in the receipt,
And might, no doubt, return it with a letter,
And point the place where you might meet;
your sister's,*Your mother's, or your aunt's might serve the
turn.**Cel.* Why, dear sir, when do I make these
excuses, ⁴⁵*Or ever stir abroad, but to the church?**And that so seldom —**Corv.* Well, it shall be I ;*And thy restraint before was liberty,*¹ A room in Volpone's house.² I. e. the beating from Corvino.³ A room in Corvino's house.⁴ Gri. es.⁵ Hysteria.⁶ Expect.

To what I now decree and therefore mark
me.
First, I will have this bawdy light damm'd
up;
And till 't be done, some two or three yards
off,
I'll chalk a line; o'er which if thou but chance
To set thy desp'rate foot, more hell, more
horror,
More wild remorseless rage shall seize on thee,
Than on a conjuror that had heedless left
His circle's safety ere his devil was laid
Then here's a lock which I will hang upon
thee,
And, now I think on 't, I will keep thee back-
wards;
Thy lodging shall be backwards: thy walks
backwards;
Thy prospect, all be backwards; and no plea-
sure,
That thou shalt know but backwards: nay,
since you force
My honest nature, know, it is your own,
Being too open, makes me use you thus:
Since you will not contain your subtle nostrils
In a sweet room, but they must snuff the air
Of rank and sweaty passengers. (*Knock within.*)
One knocks.
Away, and be not seen, pain of thy life;
Nor look toward the windore; if thou dost —
Nay, stay, hear this — let me not prosper,
whore,
But I will make thee an anatomy,
Dissect thee mine own self, and read a lecture
Upon thee to the city, and in public.
Away! —

[*Enter SERVANT.*]

Ser. Who's there?
'Tis Signior Mosca, sir.

SCENE VI.¹

CORVINO. *Enter MOSCA.*

Corv. Let him come in. His master's dead;
there's yet
Some good to help the bad. — My Mosca, wel-
come!
I guess your news.
Mos. I fear you cannot, sir.
Corv. Is 't not his death?
Mos. Rather the contrary.
Corv. Not his recovery?
Mos. Yes, sir.
Corv. I am curs'd,
I am bewitch'd, my crosses meet to vex me.
How? how? how? how?
Mos. Why, sir, with Scoto's oil;
Corbaccio and Voltore brought of it,
Whilst I was busy in an inner room —
Corv. Death! that damn'd mountebank! but
for the law
Now, I could kill the rascal: it cannot be
His oil should have that virtue. Ha' not I
Known him a common rogue, come fiddling
in

¹ The same.

To the *osteria*,² with a tumbling whore,
And, when he has done all his forc'd tricks,
been glad
Of a poor spoonful of dead wine, with flies
in 't?
It cannot be. All his ingredients
Are a sheep's gall, a roasted bitch's marrow,
Some few sod'd earwigs, pounded caterpillars,
A little capon's grease, and fasting spittle.
I know them to a dram.

Mos. I know not, sir;
But some on 't, there, they pour'd into his ears,
Some in his nostrils, and recover'd him;
Applying but the fricace.

Corv. Fox o' that fricace!
Mos. And since, to seem the more officious
And flatt'ring of his health, there, they have had,
At extreme fees, the college of physicians
Consulting on him, how they might restore
him;

Where one would have a cataplasm⁴ of spices,
Another a flay'd ape clapp'd to his breast,
A third would have it a dog, a fourth an oil,
With wild cats' skins: at last, they all resolv'd
That to preserve him, was no other means
But some young woman must be straight sought
out.

Lusty, and full of juice, to sleep by him;
And to this service most unhappily,
And most unwillingly, am I now employ'd,
Which here I thought to pre-acquaint you with,
For your advice, since it concerns you most;
Because I would not do that thing might cross
Your ends, on whom I have my whole depend-
ence, sir;

Yet, if I do it not they may delate⁵
My slackness to my patron, work me out
Of his opinion; and there all your hopes,
Ventures, or whatsoever, are all frustrate!
I do but tell you, sir. Besides, they are all
Now striving who shall first present him; there-
fore —
I could entreat you, briefly conclude somewhat;
Prevent 'em if you can.

Corv. Death to my hopes,
This is my villanous fortune! Best to hire
Some common courtesan.

Mos. Ay, I thought on that, sir;
But they are all so subtle, full of art —
And age again doting and flexible,
So as — I cannot tell — we may, perchance,
Light on a quean may cheat us all.

Corv. 'Tis true.

Mos. No, no: it must be one that has no
tricks, sir,
Some simple thing, a creature made⁶ unto it;
Some wench you may command. Ha! you no
kinswoman?
Gods so — Think, think, think, think, think,
think, think, sir.

One o' the doctors offer'd there his daughter.

Corv. How!

Mos. Yes, Signior Lupo, the physician.

Corv. His daughter!

² The Inn.
³ Boiled.

⁴ Poultice.
⁵ Accuse.

⁶ Prepared.

Mos. And a virgin, sir. Why, alas,
He knows the state of 's body, what it is :
That nought can warm his blood, sir, but a fe-
ver,
Nor any incantation raise his spirit :
A long forgetfulness hath seiz'd that part.
Besides, sir, who shall know it? Some one or
two —

Corv. I pray thee give me leave. [*Walks
aside.*] If any man
But I had had this luck — The thing in 't self,
I know, is nothing. — Wherefore should not
I

As well command my blood and my affections
As this dull doctor? In the point of honour,
The cases are all one of wife and daughter.

Mos. [*Aside.*] I hear him coming.¹

Corv. She shall do 't 't is done.
Slight! if this doctor, who is not engag'd,
Unless 't be for his counsel, which is nothing,
Offer his daughter, what should I, that am
So deeply in? I will prevent him: Wretch!
Covetous wretch! — Mosca, I have determin'd.

Mos. How, sir? [*wot of* ²⁰

Corv. We'll make all sure. The party you
Shall be mine own wife, Mosca.

Mos. Sir, the thing,
But that I would not seem to counsel you,
I should have motion'd ² to you, at the first:
And make your count, ³ you have cut all their
throats.⁴

Why, 't is directly taking a possession!
And in his next fit, we may let him go.
'T is but to pull the pillow from his head,
And he is throttled: it had been done before
But for your scrupulous doubts.

Corv. Ay, a plague on 't,
My conscience fools my wit! Well, I'll be
brief,

And so be thou, lest they should be before us.
Go home, prepare him, tell him with what
zeal

And willingness I do it: swear it was
On the first hearing, as thou mayst do, truly,
Mine own free motion.

Mos. Sir, I warrant you,
I'll so possess him with it, that the rest
Of his starv'd clients shall be banish'd all;
And only you receiv'd. But come not, sir,
Until I send, for I have something else
To ripen for your good, you must not know 't.

Corv. But do not you forget to send now.

Mos. Fear not. [*Exit.*] ¹⁰¹

[SCENE VII.]⁵

CORVINO.

Corv. Where are you, wife? My Celia!
wife!

[*Enter CELIA.*]

— What, blubb'ring?

Come, dry those tears. I think thou thought'st
me in earnest;

Ha! by this light I talk'd so but to try thee:
Methinks, the lightness of the occasion
Should have confirm'd thee. Come, I not
jealous.

Cel. No?

Corv. Faith I am not, I, nor never was;
It is a poor unprofitable humour.

Do not I know, if women have a will,
They'll do 'gainst all the watches o' the
world,

And that the fiercest spies are tam'd with gold?
Tut, I am confident in thee, thou shalt see 't; ¹¹

And see I'll give thee cause too, to believe it.
Come kiss me. Go, and make thee ready
straight,

In all thy best attire, thy choicest jewels,
Put 'em all on, and, with 'em, thy best
looks: ¹⁵

We are invited to a solemn feast,
At old Volpone's, where it shall appear
How far I am free from jealousy or fear.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I.⁶

[*Enter*] MOSCA.

Mos. I fear I shall begin to grow in love
With my dear self, and my most prosperous
parts,

They do so spring and burgeon, I can feel
A whimsy i' my blood: I know not how,
Success hath made me wanton. I could skip
Out of my skin now, like a subtle snake,
I am so lumber. O! your parasite
Is a most precious thing, dropt from above,
Not bred 'mongst clods and clodpoles, here on
earth.

I muse, the mystery ⁷ was not made a science, ¹⁰
It is so liberally profest! Almost

All the wise world is little else, in nature,
But parasites or sub-parasites. And yet
I mean not those that have your bare town-art,
To know who's fit to feed them; have no
house, ¹⁵

No family, no care, and therefore mould
Tales for men's ears, to bait that sense; or get
Kitchen-invention, and some stale receipts
To please the belly, and the groin; nor those,
With their court dog-tricks, that can fawn and
flee, ²⁰

Make their revenue out of legs ⁸ and faces,
Echo my lord, and lick away a moth;
But your fine elegant rascal, that can rise
And stoop, almost together, like an arrow;
Shoot through the air as nimbly as a star; ²⁵
Turn short as doth a swallow, and be here,
And there, and here, and yonder, all at once;
Present to any humour, all occasion;
And change a visor swifter than a thought! ³⁰
This is the creature had the art born with him;
Toils not to learn it, but doth practise it
Out of most excellent nature: and such sparks
Are the true parasites, others but their zanies.

¹ Coming into my trap

² Proposed.

³ Reckon on it. ⁴ Outdone them all.

⁵ The same

⁶ A street.

⁷ Profession.

⁸ Bows.

SCENE II.¹MOSCA. [*Enter*] BONARIO.

Who's this? Bonario, old Bonaccio's son?
The person I was bound to seek. Fair sir,
You are happ'ly met.

Bon. That cannot be by thee.

Mos. Why, sir? [*leave me*]

Bon. Nay, pray thee know thy way, and
I would be loth to interchange discourse
With such a mate² as thou art.

Mos. Courteous sir,
Scorn not my poverty.

Bon. Not I, by heaven;
But thou shalt give me leave to hate thy base-
ness.

Mos. Baseness!

Bon. Ay, answer me, is not thy sloth
Sufficient argument³ thy flattery?
Thy means of feeding?

Mos. Heaven be good to me!
These imputations are too common, sir,
And easily stuck on virtue when she's poor.
You are unequal³ to me, and however
Your sentence may be righteous, yet you are
not,
That, ere you know me, thus proceed in cen-
sure.

St. Mark bear witness 'gainst you, 't is inhuman,
[*Weeps*]
Bon. [*Aside*]. What! does he weep? the sign
is soft and good:

I do repent me that I was so harsh.

Mos. 'T is true, that, sway'd by strong neces-
sity,

I am enforc'd to eat my careful bread
With too much obsequy, 't is true, beside,
That I am fain to spin mine own poor raiment
Out of my mere observance, being not born
To a free fortune: but that I have done
Base offices, in rending friends asunder,
Dividing families, betraying counsels,
Whisp'ring false lies, or mining men with
praises,

Train'd their credulity with perjuries,
Corrupted chastity, or am in love
With mine own tender ease, but would not
rather

Prove the most rugged and laborious course,
That might redeem my present estimation,
Let me here perish, in all hope of goodness.

Bon. [*Aside*]. This cannot be a personated
passion. —

I was to blame, so to mistake thy nature;
Prithce forgive me. and speak out thy business.

Mos. Sir, it concerns you; and though I may
seem

At first to make a main offence in manners,
And in my gratitude unto my master,
Yet for the pure love which I bear all right,
And hatred of the wrong, I must reveal it.
This very hour your father is in purpose
To disinherit you —

Bon. How!

Mos. And thrust you forth,

As a mere stranger to his blood: 't is true, sir.

The work no way engageth me, but as
I claim an interest in the general state

Of goodness and true virtue, which I hear
T' abound in you; and for which mere respect,
Without a second aim, sir, I have done it.

Bon. This tale hath lost thee much of the
late trust

Thou hadst with me; it is impossible.

I know not how to lend it any thought,

My father should be so unnatural.

Mos. It is a confidence that well becomes

Your piety; and form'd, no doubt, it is

From your own simple innocence which makes

Your wrong more monstrous and abhor'd. But,

sir,

I now will tell you more. This very minute,

It is, or will be doing; and if you

Shall be but pleas'd to go with me, I'll bring

you,

I dare not say where you shall see, but where

Your ear shall be a witness of the deed;

Hear yourself written bastard, and profest

The common issue of the earth.

Bon. I'm maz'd!

Mos. Sir, if I do it not, draw your just sword,

And score your vengeance on my front and

face;

Mark me your villain: you have too much

wrong,

And I do suffer for you, sir. My heart

Weeps blood in anguish —

Bon. Lead; I follow thee. [*Exeunt*].

SCENE III.⁴

[*Enter*] VOLPONE, NANO, ANDROGYNO, CAS-
TRONE.

Volp. Mosca stays long, methinks. — Bring
forth your sports,
And help to make the wretched time more
sweet.

Nan. "Dwarf, fool, and eunuch, well met
here we be.

A question it were now, whether of us three,
Being all the known delicacies of a rich man,

In pleasing him, claim the precedence can?"

Cas. "I claim for myself."

And. "And so doth the fool."

Nan. "'T is foolish indeed. let me set you

both to school.

First for your dwarf, he's little and witty,

And everything, as it is little, is pretty;

Else why do men say to a creature of my shape,

So soon as they see him, 'It's a pretty little

ape'?

And why a pretty ape, but for pleasing imita-
tion

Of greater men's actions, in a ridiculous fash-
ion?

Beside, this feat⁵ body of mine doth not crave

Half the meat, drink, and cloth, one of your

bulks will have.

Admit your fool's face be the mother of laugh-
ter,

¹ The same.² Fellow³ Unfair.⁴ A room in Volpone's house⁵ Neatly made.

Yet, for his brain, it must always come after :
And though that do feed him, it's a pitiful case,
His body is beholding to such a bad face." 20

One knocks.

Volp. Who's there? My couch; away! look!
Nano, see: [Exeunt AND. and CAS.]

Give me my caps first—go, inquire. [Exit
NANO.] Now, Cupid

Send it be Mosca, and with fair return!

Nan. [within.] It is the beauteous madam—
Volp. Would-be—is it?

Nan. The same.

Volp. Now torment on me! Squire her in; 25
For she will enter, or dwell here for ever.

Nay, quickly. [Retires to his couch.] That my fit
were past! I fear

A second hell too, that my loathing this
Will quite expel my appetite to the other:

Would she were taking now her tedious leave.
Lord, how it threatens me what I am to suffer! 31

SCENE IV.¹

[To him enter] NANO, LADY POLITIC WOULD-BE.

Lady P. I thank you, good sir. Pray you
signify

Unto your patron I am here. — This band
Shows not my neck enough. — I trouble you, sir;

Let me request you bid one of my women
Come hither to me. In good faith, I am drest 5

Most favourably to-day! It is no matter:
'T is well enough.

[Enter 1 Waiting-woman.]

Look, see these petulant things,
How they have done this!

Volp. [Aside.] I do feel the fever
Ent'ring in at mine ears; O, for a charm,

To fright it hence!

Lady P. Come nearer: is this curl 10
In his right place, or this? Why is this higher

Than all the rest? You ha' not wash'd your
eyes yet!

Or do they not stand even i' your head?
Where is your fellow? call her. [Exit 1 Woman.]

Nan. Now, St. Mark
Deliver us! anon she'll beat her women, 15

Because her nose is red.

[Re-enter 1 with 2 Woman.]

Lady P. I pray you view
This tire,² forsooth: are all things apt, or no?

1 Wom. One hair a little here sticks out, for-
sooth.

Lady P. Does 't so, forsooth! and where was
your dear sight,

When it did so, forsooth! What now! bird-
ey'd? 3

And you, too? Pray you, both approach and
mend it.

Now, by that light I muse you're not ash 'd!
I, that have preach'd these things so oft unto

you,
Read you the principles, argu'd all the grounds,
Disputed every fitness, every grace, 25

1 e e. 2 Head-dress. 3 Short-sighted(?)

Call'd you to counsel of so frequent dressings—
Nan. [Aside.] More carefully than of your
fame or honour.

Lady P. Made you acquainted what an ample
dowry

The knowledge of these things would be unto
you,

Able alone to get you noble husbands 30
At your return and you thus to neglect it!

Besides, you seeing what a curious nation
Th' Italians are, what will they say of me?

"The English lady cannot dress herself."
Here's a fine imputation to our country! 35

Well, go your ways, and stay i' the next room.
This focus⁴ was too coarse too, it's no matter—

Good sir, you'll give 'em entertainment?
[Exeunt NANO and Waiting-women.]

Volp. The storm comes toward me. [Pone?
Lady P. [Goes to the couch.] How does my Vol-

Volp. Troubl'd with noise, I cannot sleep; I
dreamt 40

That a strange fury ent'red now my house,
And, with the dreadful tempest of her breath,

Did cleave my roof asunder.

Lady P. Believe me, and I
Had the most fearful dream, could I remem-
ber 't—

Volp. [Aside.] Out on my fate! I have given
her the occasion 45

How to torment me. she will tell me hers.

Lady P. Methought the golden mediocrity,
Polite, and delicate—

Volp. O, if you do love me,
No more. I sweat, and suffer, at the mention
Of any dream; feel how I tremble yet. 50

Lady P. Alas, good soul! the passion of the
heart.

Seed-pearl were good now, boil'd with syrup of
apples,

Tincture of gold, and coral, citron-pills,
Your elecampane⁵ root, myrobalanes⁶—

Volp. Ay me, I have ta'en a grasshopper by
the wing! 7

Lady P. Burnt silk and amber. You have
muscadel

Good i' the house—
Volp. You will not drink, and part?

Lady P. No, fear not that. I doubt we shall
not get

Some English saffron, half a dram would
serve; 55

Your sixteen cloves, a little musk, dried mints;
Bugloss, and barley-meal—

Volp. [Aside.] She's in again!
Before I feign'd diseases, now I have one.

Lady P. And these appli'd with a right
scarlet cloth.

Volp. [Aside.] Another flood of words! a
very torrent!

Lady P. Shall I, sir, make you a poultice?
Volp. No, no, no. 65

I'm very well, you need prescribe no more.

⁴ Paint for the face.

⁵ Horse-heal, a medicinal herb.

⁶ An astringent kind of plum.

⁷ "The faster you hold them by the wings, the louder they scream."

Lady P. I have a little studied physick; but now
 I'm all for music, save, i' the forenoons,
 An hour or two for painting I would have
 A lady, indeed, to have all letters and arts, 70
 Be able to discourse, to write, to paint,
 But principal, as Plato holds, your music,
 And so does wise Pythagoras, I take it,
 Is your true rapture: when there is concent:
 In face, in voice, and clothes: and is, indeed, 75
 Our sex's chiefest ornament.

Volp. The poet
 As old in time as Plato, and as knowing,
 Says that your highest female grace is silence.

Lady P. Which of your poets? Petrarch, or
 Tasso, or Dante?

Guarini? Ariosto? Aretine? 80
Cieco di Hadria? I have read them all.

Volp. [Aside.] Is everything a cause to my
 destruction?

Lady P. I think I have two or three of 'em
 about me.

Volp. [Aside.] The sun, the sea, will sooner
 both stand still 84

Than her eternal tongue! nothing can scape it.

Lady P. Here's Pastor Fido —

Volp. [Aside.] Profess obstinate silence;
 That's now my safest.

Lady P. All our English writers,
 I mean such as are happy in th' Italian,
 Will deign to steal out of this author, mainly;
 Almost as much as from Montagnié: 90

He has so modern and facile a vein,
 Fitting the time, and catching the court-ear!
 Your Petrarch is more passionate, yet he,
 In days of sonnetting, trusted 'em with much:
 Dante is hard, and few can understand him. 95
 But for a desperate wit, there's Aretine;
 Only his pictures are a little obscene —
 You mark me not.

Volp. Alas, my mind's perturb'd.
Lady P. Why, in such cases, we must cure
 ourselves,

Make use of our philosophy —
Volp. Oh me! 100

Lady P. And as we find our passions do
 rebel,

Encounter them with reason, or divert 'em,
 By giving scope unto some other humour
 Of lesser danger: as, in politic bodies,
 There's nothing more doth overwhelm the
 judgment, 105

And cloud the understanding, than too much
 Settling and fixing, and, as 't were, subsiding
 Upon one object. For the incorporating
 Of these same outward things, into that part
 Which we call mental, leaves some certain
 faeces 110

That stop the organs, and, as Plato says,
 Assassinate our knowledge.

Volp. [Aside.] Now, the spirit
 Of patience help me!

Lady P. Come, in faith, I must
 Visit you more a days; and ke you well:
 Laugh and be lusty.

1 ony.

Volp. [Aside.] My good angel save me! 115
Lady P. There was but one sole man in all
 the world

With whom I e'er could sympathise; and he
 Would be you, often, three, four hours together
 To hear me speak; and be sometime so rapt,
 As he would answer me quite from the pur-
 pose, 120

Like you, and you are like him, just. I'll dis-
 course,

An't be but only, sir, to bring you asleep,
 How we did spend our time and loves together,
 For some six years.

Volp. Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!

Lady P. For we were coaetanei,² and brought
 up — 125

Volp. Some power, some fate, some fortune
 rescue me!

SCENE V.³

[To them enter] MOSCA.

Mos. God save you, madam!

Lady P. Good sir.

Volp. Mosca! welcome,
 Welcome to my redemption.

Mos. Why, sir?

Volp. Oh,
 Rid me of this my torture, quickly, there;
 My madam with the everlasting voice:
 The bells, in time of pestilence, ne'er made
 Like noise, or were in that perpetual motion!
 The Cock-pit comes not near it. All my house,
 But now, steam'd like a bath with her thick
 breath,

A lawyer could not have been heard; nor scarce
 Another woman, such a hail of words
 She has let fall. For hell's sake, rid her hence.

Mos. Has she presented?

Volp. Oh, I do not care;
 I'll take her absence upon any price,
 With any loss.

Mos. Madam —

Lady P. I ha' brought your patron
 A toy, a cap here, of mine own work.

Mos. 'Tis well. 15
 I had forgot to tell you I saw your knight
 Where you would little think it. —

Lady P. Where? 20

Mos. Marry,
 Where yet, if you make haste, you may appre-
 hend him,

Rowing upon the water in a gondole,
 With the most cunning courtesan of Venice. 25

Lady P. Is't true?

Mos. Pursue 'em, and believe your eyes:
 Leave me to make your gift.

[Exit LADY P. hastily.]

I knew't would take:
 For, lightly, they that use the elves most
 licence,

Are still most jealous.

Volp. Mosca, hearty thanks
 For thy quick fiction, and delivery of me. 30

Now to my hopes, what sayst thou?

² Of the s e age.

³ s s e.

[Re-enter LADY P. WOULD-BE.]

Lady P. But do you hear, sir? —
Volp. Again! I fear a paroxysm
Lady P. Which way
 Row'd they together?
Mos. Toward the Rialto.
Lady P. I pray you lend me your dwarf. 29
Mos. I pray you take him. [Exit LADY P.]
 You hopes, sir, are like happy blossoms, fair,
 And promise timely fruit, it you will stay
 But the maturing; keep you at your couch,
 Corbaccio will arrive straight, with the will,
 When he is gone, I'll tell you more. [Exit.]
Volp. My blood, 35
 My spirits are return'd, I am alive
 And, like your wanton gamester at primero,
 Whose thought had whisper'd to him, not go 1
 less,
 Methinks I lie, and draw 2 — for an encounter. 2

SCENE VI. 3

[Enter] MOSCA, BONARIO.

Mos. Sir, here conceal'd [Opening a door] you
 may hear all. But, pray you,
 Have patience, sir; [One knocks.] the same's
 your father knocks.
 I am compell'd to leave you. [Exit.]
Bon. Do so. — Yet
 Cannot my thought imagine this a truth. [Goes in.]

SCENE VII. 4

[Enter] MOSCA, CORVINO, CELIA. —

Mos. Death on me! you are come too soon,
 what meant you?
 Did not I say I would send?
Corv. Yes, but I fear'd
 You might forget it, and then they prevent us.
Mos. Prevent! [Aside.] Did e'er man haste
 so for his horns?
 A courtier would not ply it so for a place. 5
 — Well, now there is no helping it, stay here;
 I'll presently return. [Exit.]
Corv. Where are you, Celia?
 You know not wherefore I have brought you
 hither?
Cel. Not well, except you told me.
Corv. Now I will:
 Hark hither. [They retire to one side.]

[Re-enter MOSCA.]

[word,
Mos. (to BONARIO) Sir, your father hath sent
 It will be half an hour ere he come; 11
 And therefore, if you please to walk the while
 Into that gallery — at the upper end,
 There are some books to entertain the time:
 And I'll take care no man shall come unto you,
 sir. 15
Bon. Yes, I will stay there. — [Aside.] I do
 doubt this fellow. [Exit.]

1 Hazard.

2 Terms in primero. Volpone is lying in the alcove at
 the back of the stage, and at the end of the scene the
 curtains close on him.

3 The same

4 The same.

Mos. [Looking after him.] There, he is far
 enough, he can hear nothing:
 And for his father, I can keep him off. 5
Corv. Nay, now, there is no starting back,
 and therefore,
 Resolve upon it I have so decreed. 20
 It must be done. Nor would I move 't afore,
 Because I would avoid all shifts and tricks,
 That might deny me.
Cel. Sir, let me beseech you,
 Affect not these strange trials, if you doubt
 My chastity, why, lock me up for ever; 25
 Make me the heir of darkness Let me live
 Where I may please your fears, if not your trust.
Corv. Believe it, I have no such humour, I.
 All that I speak I mean, yet I'm not mad; 30
 Not horn-mad, you see? Go to, show yourself
 Obedient, and a wife.

Cel. O heaven!
Corv. I say it,
 Do so.
Cel. Was this the train?
Corv. I've told you reasons;
 What the physicians have set down; how much
 It may concern me; what my engagements are;
 My means, and the necessity of those means 35
 For my recovery wherefore, if you be
 Loyal and mine, be won, respect my venture.
Cel. Before your honour?
Corv. Honour! tut, a breath:
 There's no such thing in nature; a mere term
 Invented to awe fools. What is my gold 40
 The worse for touching, clothes for being look'd
 on?
 Why, this 's no more. An old decrepit wretch,
 That has no sense, no sinew; takes his meat
 With others' fingers: only knows to gape
 When you do scald his gums, a voice, a shadow;
 And what can this man hurt you?
Cel. [Aside.] Lord! what spirit 45
 Is this hath ent'red him?
Corv. And for your fame,
 That's such a jig; as if I would go tell it,
 Cry it on the Piazza! Who shall know it
 But he that cannot speak it, and this fellow, 50
 Whose lips are i' my pocket? Save yourself,
 (If you'll proclaim 't, you may,) I know no other
 Should come to know it.

Cel. Are heaven and saints then nothing?
 Will they be blind or stupid?
Corv. How!
Cel. Good sir,
 Be jealous still, emulate them; and think 55
 What hate they burn with toward every sin.
Corv. I grant you: if I thought it were a sin
 I would not urge you. Should I offer this
 To some young Frenchman, or hot Tuscan blood
 That had read Aretine, conn'd all his prints, 60
 Knew every quirk within lust's labyrinth,
 And were profest critic in lechery;
 And I would look upon him, and applaud him,
 This were a sin: but here, 't is contrary,
 A pious work, mere charity for physic, 65
 And honest polity, to assure mine own.

5 At this point, Mosca goes back and opens the cur-
 tains, discovering Volpone on his couch.

Cel. O heaven! canst thou suffer such a change?

Volp. Thou art mine honour, Mosca, and my pride,
My joy, my tickling, my delight! Go bring em.

Mos. [*Advancing.*] Please you draw near, sir.

Corv. Come on, what —
You will not be rebellious? By that light —

Mos. Sir, Signior Corvino, here, is come to see you.

Volp. Oh!

Mos. And hearing of the consultation had,
So lately, for your health, is come to offer,
Or rather, sir, to prostitute —

Corv. Thanks, sweet Mosca. ⁷⁵

Mos. Freely, unask'd, or untreated —

Corv. Well.

Mos. As the true fervent instance of his love,
His own most fair and proper wife, the beauty
Only of price in Venice —

Corv. 'Tis well urg'd.

Mos. To be your comfortress, and to preserve you. ⁸⁰

Volp. Alas, I am past, already! Pray you, thank him

For his good care and promptness; but for that,
'Tis a vain labour e'en to fight 'gainst heaven;
Applying fire to stone — uh, uh, uh, uh!

[*Coughing*]
Making a dead leaf grow again. I take ⁸⁵
His wishes gently, though; and you may tell him

What I have done for him: marry, my state is hopeless.

Will him to pray for me; and to use his fortune
With reverence when he comes to 't.

Mos. Do you hear, sir?
Go to him with your wife.

Corv. Heart of my father! ⁹⁰
Wilt thou persist thus? Come, I pray thee, come.

Thou seest 'tis nothing, Celia. By this hand
I shall grow violent. Come, do 't, I say.

Cel. Sir, kill me, rather: I will take down
poison,

Eat burning coals, do anything —

Corv. Be damn'd! ⁹⁵
Heart, I will drag thee hence home by the hair;
Cry thee a strumpet through the streets; rip up
Thy mouth unto thine ears; and slit thy nose,
Like a raw rochet! ¹ — Do not tempt me; come,
Yield, I am loth — Death! I will buy some
slave ¹⁰⁰

Whom I will kill, and bind thee to him alive;
And at my windore hang you forth, devising
Some monstrous crime, which I, in capital let-
ters,

Will eat into thy flesh with aquafortis, ¹⁰⁴
And burning cor'sives, ² on this stubborn breast.
Now, by the blood thou hast incens'd, I'll do it!

Cel. Sir, what you please, you may; I am
your martyr.

¹ "A *rochet* or *rouget*, so named from its red colour, is a fish of the gurnet kind, but not so large." (Whalley)

² Corrosives.

Corv. Be not thus obstinate, I ha' not deserv'd it.

Think who it is intreats you. Prithee, sweet; —
Good faith, thou shalt have jewels, gowns, at-
tires, ¹¹⁰

What thou wilt think, and ask. Do but go kiss him.

Or touch him but. For my sake At my suit —
This once. No! not! I shall remember this.

Will you disgrace me thus? Do you thirst my
undoing?

Mos. Nay, gentle lady, be advis'd.

Corv. No, no. ¹¹⁵
She has watch'd her time. God's precious, this
is scurvy,

'T is very scurvy; and you are —

Mos. Nay, good sir.

Corv. An arrant locust — by heaven, a
locust! —

Whore, crocodile, that hast thy tears prepar'd,
Expecting how thou 'lt bid 'em flow —

Mos. Nay, pray you, sir! ¹²⁰

She will consider.

Cel. Would my life would serve
To satisfy — [him,

Corv. 'Sdeath! if she would but speak to
And save my reputation, 't were somewhat;
But spitefully to affect my utter ruin!

Mos. Ay, now you have put your fortune in
her hands. ¹²⁵

Why 't faith, it is her modesty, I must quit her.
If you were absent, she would be more coming;
I know it. and dare undertake for her.

What woman can before her husband? Pray you,
Let us depart and leave her here.

Corv. Sweet Celia, ¹³⁰
Thou mayest redeem all yet; I'll say no more:
If not, esteem yourself as lost. Nay, stay there.

[*Exit with MOSCA.*]

Cel. O God, and his good angels! whither,
whither,

Is shame fled human breasts? that with such
ease, ¹³⁴

Men dare put off your honours, and their own?

Is that, which ever was a cause of life,
Now plac'd beneath the basest circumstance,
And modesty an exile made, for money?

Volp. Ay, in Corvino, and such earth-fed
minds, ¹⁴⁰

That never tasted the true heaven of love. ¹⁴⁰
Assure thee, Celia, he that would sell thee,
Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,

He would have sold his part of Paradise
For ready money, had he met a cope-man. ³

Why art thou maz'd to see me thus reviv'd?
Rather applaud thy beauty's miracle; ¹⁴⁵

'T is thy great work, that hath, not now alone,
But sundry times rais'd me, in several shapes,
And, but this morning, like a mountebank,

To see thee at thy windore. ay, before ¹⁵⁰
I would have left my practice, for thy love,
In varying figures, I would have contended
With the blue Proteus, or the horned flood. ⁴

Now art thou welcome.

³ Chapman, merchant.

⁴ "Achelous, of whose 'contention' there is a pretty
story in Ovid." (Gifford)

Cel. Sir!
Volp. Nay, fly me not,
 Nor let thy false imagination¹⁵⁵
 That I was bed-rid, make thee think I am so:
 Thou shalt not find it. I am now as fresh,
 As hot, as high, and in as jovial plight
 As, when, in that so celebrated scene,
 At recitation of our comedy,¹⁶⁰
 For entertainment of the great Valois,
 I acted young Antinous; and attracted
 The eyes and ears of all the ladies present,
 To admire each graceful gesture, note, and
 footing. [*Sings.*]

Song¹

Come, my Celia, let us prove¹⁶⁵
 While we can, the sports of love,
 Time will not be ours for ever,
 He, at length, our good will sever,
 Spend not then his gifts in vain.
 Suns that set may rise again,¹⁷⁰
 But if once we lose this light,
 'T is with us perpetual night
 Why should we defer our joys?
 Fame and rumour are but toys.
 Cannot we delude the eyes¹⁷⁵
 Of a few poor household spies?
 Or his easier ears beguile,
 Thus removed by our wile?
 'T is no sin love's fruits to steal;
 But the sweet thefts to reveal:¹⁸⁰
 To be taken, to be seen,
 These have crimes accounted been.

Vel. Some serene² blast me, or dire lightning
 strike

'I is my offending face!
Volp. Why droops my Celia?

Thou hast, in place of a base husband found¹⁸⁵
 A worthy lover: use thy fortune well,
 With secrecy and pleasure. See, behold,
 What thou art queen of; not in expectation,
 As I feed others: but possess'd and crown'd.
 See, here, a rope of pearl, and each more orient⁸
 Then the brave Aegyptian queen carous'd:¹⁹¹
 Dissolve and drink 'em. See, a carbuncle,
 May put out both the eyes of our St. Mark;
 A diamond would have bought Lollia Paulina,
 When she came in like star-light, hid with
 jewels¹⁹⁵

That were the spoils of provinces; take these
 And wear, and lose 'em; yet remains an ear-
 ring

To purchase them again, and this whole state.
 A gem but worth a private patrimony
 Is nothing; we will eat such at a meal.²⁰⁰
 The heads of parrots, tongues of nightingales,
 The brains of peacocks, and of estriches,
 Shall be our food, and, could we get the phoe-
 nix,

Though nature lost her kind, she were our dish.

Cel. Good sir, these things might move a
 mind affected²⁰⁵

With such delights; but I, whose innocence
 Is all I can think wealthy, or worth th' enjoy-
 ing,

¹ Imitated, in part, from Catullus.

² Mildew.

³ Brilliant.

And which, once lost, I have nought to lose be-
 yond it,

Cannot be taken with these sensual baits:

If you have conscience —

Volp. 'Tis the beggar's virtue;

If thou hast wisdom, hear me, Celia.²¹¹

Thy baths shall be the juice of July-flowers,

Spirit of roses, and of violets,

The milk of unicorns, and panthers' breath²¹⁴

Gather'd in bags, and mix'd with Cretan wines.

Our drink shall be prepared gold and amber;

Which we will take until my roof whirl round

With the vertigo, and my dwarf shall dance,

My eunuch sing, my fool make up the antic,²¹⁹

Whilst we, in changed shapes, act Ovid's tales,

Thou, like Europa now, and I like Jove,

Then I like Mars, and thou like Erycine:

So of the rest, till we have quite run through,

And wearied all the fables of the gods.²²⁴

Then will I have thee in more modern forms,

Attired like some sprightly dame of France,

Brave Tuscan lady, or proud Spanish beauty;

Sometimes unto the Persian sophy's wife;

Or the grand signior's mistress; and for change,

To one of our most artful courtesans,²³⁰

Or some quick Negro, or cold Russian;

And I will meet thee in as many shapes:

Where we may so transmute our wand'ring souls

Out at our lips, and score up sums of pleasures,

[*Sings.*]

That the curious shall not know²³⁵

How to tell them as they flow;

And the envious, when they find

What their number is, be pun'd.

Cel. If you have ears that will be pierc'd —
 or eyes

That can be open'd — a heart that may be
 touch'd —²⁴⁰

Or any part that yet sounds man about you —

If you have touch of holy saints — or heaven —

Do me the grace to let me scape: — if not,

Be bountiful and kill me. You do know,

I am a creature, hither ill betray'd,²⁴⁵

By one whose shame I would forget it were:

If you will deign me neither of these graces,

Yet feed your wrath, sir, rather than your lust,

(It is a vice comes nearer manliness.)

And punish that unhappy crime of nature,²⁵⁰

Which you miscall my beauty: flay my face,

Or poison it with ointments for seducing

Your blood to this rebellion. Rub these hands

With what may cause an eating leprosy,

E'en to my bones and marrow: anything²⁵⁵

That may disfavour me, save in my honour —

And I will kneel to you, pray for you, pay down

A thousand hourly vows, sir, for your health;

Report, and think you virtuous —

Volp. Think me cold,

Frozen, and impotent, and so report me?²⁶⁰

That I had Nestor's hernia, thou wouldst think.

I do degenerate, and abuse my nation,

To play with opportunity thus long;

I should have done the act, and then have par-
 ley'd.

Yield, or I'll force thee. [*Seizes her.*]

Cel. O! just God!

Volp. In vain — 265
Bon. (leaps out from where MOSCA had placed him.) Forbear, foul ravisher! libidinous swine!
 Free the fore'd lady, or thou diest, impostor.
 But that I'm loth to snatch thy punishment
 Out of the hand of justice, thou shouldst yet
 Be made the timely sacrifice of vengeance, 270
 Before this altar and this dross, thy idol. —
 Lady, let's quit the place, it is the den
 Of villany; fear nought, you have a guard:
 And he ere long shall meet his just reward. 274

[*Exeunt BON. and CEL.*]

Volp. Fall on me, roof, and bury me in ruin!
 Become my grave, that wert my shelter! O!
 I am unmask'd, unspirited, undone,
 Betray'd to beggary, to infamy —

[SCENE VIII.]¹

VOLPONE. [*Enter*] MOSCA, [*wounded and bleeding.*]

Mos. Whershall I run, most wretched sh e
 of men,

To beat out my unlucky brains?

Volp. Here, here.

What! dost thou bleed?

Mos. O, that his well-driv'n sword
 Had been so courteous to have cleft me down
 Unto the navel, ere I liv'd to see 5
 My life, my hopes, my spirits, my patron, all
 Thus desperately engaged by my error!

Volp. Woe on thy fortune!

Mos. And my follies, sir.

Volp. Thou hast made me miserable.

Mos. And myself, sir.

Who would have thought he would have hear-
 k'ned so? 10

Volp. What shall we do?

Mos. I know not; if my heart
 Could expiate the mischance, I'd pluck it out.
 Will you be pleas'd to hang me, or cut my
 throat?

And I'll requite you, sir. Let's die like
 Romans.²

Since we have liv'd like Grecians.

Volp. *They knock without.*
 Hark! who's there? 15

I hear some footing; officers, the saff,³
 Come to apprehend us! I do feel the brand
 Hissing already at my forehead; now
 Mine ears are boring.

Mos. To your couch, sir, you,
 Make that place good, however. [*VOLPONE lies*
down as before.] Guilty men 20

Suspect what they deserve still. Signior Cor-
 baccio!

[SCENE IX.]⁴

[*To them enter*] CORBACCIO.

Corb. Why, how now, Mosca?

Mos. O, undone, amaz'd, sir.
 Your son, I know not by what accident,

Acquainted with your purpose to my patron,
 Touching your will, and making him your heir,
 Ent'red our house with violence, his sword
 drawn, 5

Sought for you, called you wretch, unnatural,
 Vow'd he would kill you.

Corb. Me!

Mos. Yes, and my patron.

Corb. This act shall disinherit him indeed:

Here is the will.

Mos. 'Tis well, sir.

Corb. Right and well:

Be you as careful now for me.

[*Enter VOLTONE behind*]

Mos. My life, sir, 10
 Is not more tender'd; I am only yours.

Corb. How does he? Will he die shortly,
 think'st thou?

Mos. I fear

He'll outlast May.

Corb. To-day?

Mos. No, last out May, sir.

Corb. Couldst thou not gi' him a dram?

Mos. O, by no means, sir.

Corb. Nay, I'll not bid you.

Volt. [*coming forward.*] This is a knave, I
 see. 15

Mos. [*Aside, seeing VOLT.*] How! Signior Vol-
 tore! did he hear me?

Volt. Parasite!

Mos. Who's that? — O, sir, most timely wel-
 come —

Volt. Scarce,

To the discovery of your tricks, I fear.

You are his, *only*? And mine also, are you not?

Mos. Who? I, sir!

Volt. You, sir. What device is this 20

About a will?

Mos. A plot for you, sir.

Volt. Come,

Put not your foists⁵ upon me; I shall scent 'em.

Mos. Did you not hear it?

Volt. Yes, I hear Corbaccio

Hath made your patron there his heir.

Mos. 'Tis true,

By my device, drawn to it by my plot, 25

With hope —

Volt. Your patron should reciprocate?

And you have promis'd?

Mos. For your good I did, sir.

Nay, more, I told his son, brought, hid him
 here,

Where he might hear his father pass the deed;

Being persuaded to it by this thought, sir, 30

That the unnaturalness, first, of the act,

And then his father's oft disclaiming in him,

(Which I did mean t' help on), would sure en-
 rage h'

To do some violence upon his parent, 35

On which the law should take sufficient hold,

And you be stated in a double hope.

Truth be my comfort, and my conscience,

My only aim was to dig you a fortune

Out of these two rotten sepulchres —

¹ The same.

² I. e. by suicide.

³ Bailiff's attendants.

⁴ The same.

⁵ Deceits.

Volt. I cry thee mercy, Mosca.
Mos. — Worth your patience, 40
 And your great merit, sir. And see the change!
Volt. Why, what success?
Mos. Most hapless! you must help, sir.
 Whilst we expected th' old raven, in comes
 Corvino's wife, sent hither by her husband —
Volt. What, with a present?
Mos. No, sir, on visitation, 45
 (I'll tell you how anon;) and staying long,
 The youth he grows impatient, rushes forth,
 Seizeth the lady, wounds me, makes her swear
 (Or he would murder her, that was his vow)
 T' affirm my patron to have done her rape: 50
 Which how unlike it is, you see! and hence,
 With that pretext he's gone, t' accuse his
 father,
 Defame my patron, defeat you —
Volt. Where 's her husband?
 Let him be sent for straight.
Mos. Sir, I'll go fetch him.
Volt. Bring him to the Scrutineo.¹
Mos. Sir, I will. 55
Volt. This must be stopt.
Mos. O you do nobly, sir.
 Alas, 't was labour'd all, sir, for your good,
 Nor was there want of counsel in the plot:
 But Fortune can, at any time, o'erthrow
 The projects of a hundred learned clerks, sir. 60
Corb. [listening.] What's that?
Volt. Wilt please you, sir, to go along?
*[Exit CORBACCIO, followed by VOL-
 TORE.]*
Mos. Patron, go in, and pray for our success.
Volt. [rising from his couch.] Need makes
 devotion: heaven your labour bless!
[Exeunt.]

ACT IV

SCENE I.²

[Enter] SIR POLITIC WOULD-BE, PEREGRINE.

Sir P. I told you, sir, it was a plot; you see
 What observation is! You mention'd me
 For some instructions: I will tell you, sir,
 (Since we are met here in this height of Venice,) 5
 Some few particulars I have set down,
 Only for this meridian, fit to be known
 Of your crude traveller; and they are these.
 I will not touch, sir, at your phrase, or clothes,
 For they are old.

Per. Sir, I have better.
Sir P. Pardon,
 I meant, as they are themes.
Per. O, sir, proceed. 10
Sir P. First, for your garb, it must be grave
 and serious,
 Very reserv'd and lockt; not tell a secret
 On any terms, not to your father; scarce
 A fable, but with caution: make sure choice 15
 Both of your company and discourse; beware
 You never speak a truth —
Per. How!

¹ Senate Ho .² A street.

Sir P. Not to strangers,
 For those be they you must converse with
 most;
 Others I would not know, sir, but at distance
 So as I still might be a saver in them. 20
 You shall have tricks else past upon you hourly
 And then, for your religion, profess none,
 But wonder at the diversity of all;
 And, for your part, protest, were there no other
 But simply the laws o' th' land, you could con-
 tent you. 25
Nic. Machiavel and Monsieur Bodin,³ both
 Were of this mind. Then must you learn the
 use
 And handling of your silver fork at meals,
 The metal of your glass; (these are main mat-
 ters
 With your Italian,) and to know the hour 30
 When you must eat your melons and your figs.
Per. Is that a point of state too?
Sir P. Here it is:
 For your Venetian, if he see a man
 Preposterous in the least, he has him straight;
 He has; he strips him. I'll acquaint you, sir, 35
 I now have liv'd here 't is some fourteen months:
 Within the first week of my landing here,
 All took me for a citizen of Venice,
 I knew the forms so well —
Per. [Aside.] And nothing else.
Sir P. I had read Contarene,⁴ took me a
 house, 40
 Dealt with my Jews to furnish it with mov-
 ables —
 Well, if I could but find one man, one man
 To mine own heart, whom I durst trust, I
 would —
Per. What, what, sir?
Sir P. Make him rich; make him a fortune:
 He should not think again. I would command 45
 it.
Per. As how?
Sir P. With certain projects that I have;
 Which I may not discover
Per. [Aside.] If I had
 But one to wager with, I would lay odds now,
 He tells me instantly.
Sir P. One is, and that
 I care not greatly who knows, to serve the state
 Of Venice with red herrings for three years, 50
 And at a certain rate, from Rotterdam,
 Where I have correspondence. There 's a letter,
 Sent me from one o' th' states, and to that pur-
 pose:
 He cannot write his name, but that's his
 mark. 55
Per. He is a chandler?
Sir P. No, a cheesemonger.
 There are some others too with whom I treat
 About the same negotiation;
 And I will undertake it: for 't is thus
 I'll do 't with ease, I have cast⁵ it all. Your
 hoy⁶ 60
 Carries but three men in her, and a boy;
 And she shall make me three returns a year:

³ A famous French lawyer.⁴ Gasp. Contarini. author of a work on Venice⁵ Reckoned.⁶ A small passenger sloop.

So if there come but one of three, I save ;
If two, I can defalk ¹—but this is now,
If my main project fail.

Per. Then you have others ? ⁶⁵

Sir P. I should be loth to draw the subtle
air

Of such a place, without my thousand aims.
I'll not dissemble, sir. where'er I come,
I love to be considerative ; and 'tis true,
I have at my free hours thought upon ⁷⁰
Some certain goods unto the state of Venice,
Which I do call my Cautions, and, sir, which
I mean, in hope of pension, to propound
To the Great Council, then unto the Forty, ⁷⁴
So to the Ten My means are made already —

Per. By whom ? ^{[be obscure,}

Sir P. Sir, one that though his place
Yet he can sway, and they will hear him He's
A commandadore.

Per. What ! a common serjeant ?

Sir P. Sir, such as they are, put it in their
mouths,

What they should say, sometimes ; as well as
greater ⁸⁰

I think I have my notes to show you —
^[Searching his pockets.]

Per. Good sir

Sir P. But you shall swear unto me, on your
gentry,

Not to anticipate — I, sir !

Sir P. Nor reveal
A circumstance — My paper is not with me.

Per. O, but you can remember, sir.

Sir P. My first is ⁸⁵
Concerning tinder-boxes. You must know,
No family is here without its box.

Now, sir, it being so portable a thing,
Put case, that you or I were ill affected

Unto the state, sir ; with it in our pockets, ⁹⁰
Might not I go into the Arsenal,

Or you come out again, and none the wiser ?

Per. Except yourself, sir.

Sir P. Go to, then. I therefore
Advertise to the state, how fit it were

That none but such as were known patriots, ⁹⁵
Sound lovers of their country, should be suf-
fer'd

T' enjoy them in their houses ; and even those
Seal'd at some office, and at such a bigness

As might not lurk in pockets.

Per. Admirable !

Sir P. My next is, how t' inquire, and be re-
solv'd ¹⁰⁰

By present demonstration, whether a ship,
Newly arriv'd from Soria, ² or from

Any suspected part of all the Levant,
Be guilty of the plague ; and where they use

To lie out forty, fifty days, sometimes, ¹⁰⁵
About the Lazaretto, for their trial ;

I'll save that charge and loss unto the merchant,
And in an hour clear the doubt.

Per. Indeed, sir !

Sir P. Or — I will lose my labour.

Per. My faith, that 's much.

¹ Cut off, reduce.

² Syria.

Sir P. Nay, sir, conceive me. It will cost me
in omons, ¹¹⁰

Some thirty livres —

Per. Which is one pound sterling.

Sir P. Beside my waterworks. for this I do,
sir.

First, I bring in your ship 'twixt two brick
walls ;

But those the state shall venture. On the one
I strain me a fair tarpauling, and in that ¹¹⁵

I stick my omions, cut as in halves, the other
Is full of loopholes, out of which I thrust

The noses of my bellows ; and those bellows
I keep, with waterworks, in perpetual motion,

Which is the easiest matter of a hundred. ¹²⁰
Now, sir, your omion, which doth naturally

Attract th' infection, and your bellows blow-
ing

The air upon him, will show instantly,
By his chang'd colour, if there be contagion ;

Or else remain as fair as at the first ¹²⁵
Now it is known, 't is nothing.

Per. You are right, sir

Sir P. I would I had my note

Per. Faith, so would I .

But you ha' done well for once, sir

Sir P. Were I false,
Or would be made so, I could show you reasons

How I could sell this state now to the Turk, ¹³⁰
Spite of their galleys, or their —

^[Examining his papers.]

Per. Pray you, Sir Pol.

Sir P. I have 'em not about me.

Per. That I fear'd.

They are there, sir ?

Sir P. No, this is my diary,
Wherein I note my actions of the day. ¹³⁴

Per. Pray you let's see, sir. What is here ?

^[Reads.]
“ A rat had gnawn my spur-leathers ; notwith-
standing,

I put on new, and did go forth ; but first
I threw three beans over the threshold. Item,

I went and bought two toothpicks, whereof
one

I burst immediately, in a discourse ¹⁴⁰
With a Dutch merchant, 'bout *ragion' del stato*.³

From him I went and paid a *moccimgo* ⁴
For piecing my silk stockings ; by the way

I cheapen'd ⁵ sprats ; and at St. Mark's I
urin'd ”

'Faith these are politic notes !

Sir P. Sir, I do slip ¹⁴⁵
No action of my life, but thus I quote ⁶ it.

Per. Believe me, it is wise !

Sir P. Nay, sir, read forth.

SCENE II.⁷

<sup>[Enter, at a distance,] LADY POLITIC WOULD-
BE, NANO, [and two Waiting]-women.</sup>

Lady P. Where should this loose knight be,
trow ? Sure he 's hous'd.

Nan. Why, then he 's fast.

³ Politics.

⁴ Bargained for.

⁵ About ninepence

⁶ Note.

⁷ The s e.

Lady P. Ay, he plays both ¹ with me.
I pray you stay. This heat will do more harm
To my complexion than his heart is worth.
(I do not care to hinder, but to take him.) ⁵
How it comes off! [*Rubbing her cheeks.*]

¹ *Wom.* My master's yonder.

Lady P. Where?

² *Wom.* With a young gentleman.

Lady P. That same's the party:
In man's apparel! Pray you, sir, jog my
knight:

I will be tender to his reputation,
However he demerit.

Sir P. [*seeing her*] My lady!

Per. Where? ¹⁰

Sir P. 'Tis she indeed, sir; you shall know
her. She is,

Were she not mine, a lady of that merit,
For fashion and behaviour, and for beauty
I durst compare —

Per. It seems you are not jealous,
That dare commend her.

Sir P. Nay, and for discourse — ¹⁵

Per. Being your wife, she cannot miss that.

Sir P. [*introducing PER.*] Madam,
Here is a gentleman, pray you, use him fairly,
He seems a youth, but he is —

Lady P. None. ²⁰

Sir P. Yes one

Has put his face as soon into the world —

Lady P. You mean, as early? But to-day?

Sir P. How's this? ²⁵

Lady P. Why, in this habit, sir; you apprehend me.

Well, Master Would-be, this doth not become
you;

I had thought the odour, sir, of your good name
Had been more precious to you; that you would
not

Have done this dire massacre on your honour;
One of your gravity, and rank besides! ²⁵
But knights, I see, care little for the oath

They make to ladies; chiefly their own ladies.

Sir P. Now, by my spurs, the symbol of my
knighthood —

Per. [*Aside.*] Lord, how his brain is humbl'd
for an oath! ³⁰

Sir P. I reach² you not.

Lady P. Right, sir, your polity
May bear it through thus. Sir, a word with you.
[*To PER.*]

I would be loth to contest publicly
With any gentlewoman, or to seem

Froward, or violent, as the courtier says; ³⁵

It comes too near rusticity in a lady,

Which I would shun by all means: and how-
ever

I may deserve from Master Would-be, yet
T³ have one fair gentlewoman thus be made

The unkind instrument to wrong another, ⁴⁰

And one she knows not, ay, and to perséver;

In my poor judgment, is not warranted

From being a solecism in our sex,
If not in manners.

¹ Both "fast and loose," the e of a g e.

² Unders d.

Per. How is this!

Sir P. Sweet mad ,
Come nearer to your aim.

Lady P. Marry, and will, sir. ⁴⁵
Since you provoke me with your impudence,
And laughter of your light land-syren here,
Your Sporus, your hermaphrodite —

Per. What's here?
Poetic fury and historic storms! ⁴⁰

Sir P. The gentleman, believe it, is of worth
And of our nation.

Lady P. Ay, your Whitefriars nation. ⁵
Come, I blush for you, Master Would-be, I;
And am asham'd you should ha' no more fore-
head

Than thus to be the patron, or St. George,
To a lewd harlot, a base fricatrice, ⁵⁵
A female devil, in a male outside.

Sir P. Nay,
An you be such a one, I must bid adieu

To your delights. The case appears too liquid.
[*Exit.*]

Lady P. Ay, you may carry't clear, with
you state-face!

But for your carnival concupiscence, ⁶⁰
Who here is fled for liberty of conscience,
From furious persecution of the marshal,
Her will I disc'ple. ⁶

Per. This is fine, i' faith!

And do you use this often? Is this part
Of your wit's exercise, 'gainst you have occa-
sion? ⁶⁵

Madam —

Lady P. Go to, sir.

Per. Do you hear me, lady?
Why, if your knight have set you to beg shirts,

Or to invite me home, you might have done it
A nearer way by far.

Lady P. This cannot work you

Out of my snare.

Per. Why, am I in it, then? ⁷⁰

Indeed your husband told me you were fair,
And so you are; only your nose inclines,

That side that's next the sun, to the queen-
apple. ⁸

Lady P. This cannot be endur'd by any pa-
tience.

SCENE III.⁷

[*To them enter*] MOSCA.

Mos. What is the matter, mad ?

Lady P. If the senate
Right not my quest in this, I will protest 'em

To all the world no aristocracy.

Mos. What is the injury, lady?

Lady P. Why, the callet ⁴

You told me of, here I have ta'en disguis'd. ⁵

Mos. Who? this! what means your lady-
ship? The creature

I mention'd to you is apprehended now,

Before the senate; you shall see her —

Lady P. Where?

³ Whitefriars was at this time a privileged spot, in
which fraudulent debtors, gamblers, prostitutes, and
other outcasts of society usually resided. (Gifford.)

⁴ Prostitute. ⁵ Disciple, discipline.

⁶ The queen-apple is red within. ⁷ The same.

Mos. I'll bring you to her. This young gentleman,
I saw him land this morning at the port. ¹⁰
Lady P. Is 't possible! how has my judgment wander'd?
Sir, I must, blushing, say to you, I have err'd;
And plead your pardon.

Per. What, more changes yet!
Lady P. I hope you ha' not the malice to remember

A gentlewoman's passion. If you stay ¹⁵
In Venice here, please you to use me, sir —
Mos. Will you go, madam?

Lady P. Pray you, sir, use me; in faith,
The more you see me the more I shall conceive
You have forgot our quarrel.
[*Exeunt LADY WOULD-BE, MOSCA, NANO, and Waiting-women.*]

Per. This is rare!
Sir Politic Would-be? No, *Sir Politic Bawd,* ²⁰
To bring me thus acquainted with his wife!
Well, wise *Sir Pol,* since you have practis'd
thus

Upon my freshman-ship, I'll try your salt-head,
What proof it is against a counter-plot. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.¹

[*Enter*] VOLTORE, CORBACCIO, CORVINO,
MOSCA.

Volt. Well, now you know the carriage of the
business,
Your constancy is all that is requir'd
Unto the safety of it.

Mos. Is the lie
Safely convey'd² amongst us? Is that sure?
Knows every man his burden?

Corv. Yes.
Mos. Then shrink not. ⁵

Corv. But knows the advocate the truth?
Mos. O, sir,

By no means; I devis'd a formal tale,
That salv'd your reputation. But be valiant,
sir.

Corv. I fear no one but him that this his
pleading

Should make him stand for a co-heir —
Mos. Co-halter! ¹⁰

Hang him; we will but use his tongue, his noise,
As we do croaker's³ here.

Corv. Ay, what shall he do?
Mos. When we ha' done, you mean?

Corv. Yes.
Mos. Why, we'll think;

tell him for mummia:⁴ he's half dust already. —

Do you not smile, (to VOLTORE) to see this
buffalo,⁵

How he doth sport it with his head? [*Aside.*]
I should.

If all were well and past. — Sir, (to CORBACCIO)
only you

¹ The Scrutineo, or Senate House.

³ Corbaccio's.

⁴ A medicine, supposed to be made of the oozing from
mice.

⁵ Horned animal — the usual joke on cuckolds.

Are he that shall enjoy the crop of all,
And these not know for whom they toil.

Corb. Ay, peace.

Mos. (turning to CORVINO.) But you shall eat
it [*Aside.*] Much! — Worshipful sir, (to
VOLTORE) ²⁰

Mercury sit upon your thund'ring tongue,
Or the French Hercules, and make your lan-
guage

As conquering as his club, to beat along,
As with a tempest, flat, our adversaries;
But much more yours, sir.

Volt. Here they come, ha' done. ²⁵
Mos. I have another witness, if you need, sir,
I can produce.

Volt. Who is it?

Mos. Sir, I have her.

SCENE V.⁶

[*Enter*] 4 Avocatori, [und take their seats,] BO-
NARIO, CFIIL Notario, Commandadori, Saffi,
and other Officers of Justice]

1 *Avoc.* The like of this the senate never
heard of.

2 *Avoc.* 'T will come most strange to them
when we report it.

4 *Avoc.* The gentlewoman has been ever
held

Of unapproved name.

3 *Avoc.* So has the youth.

4 *Avoc.* The more unnatural part that of his
father. ⁵

2 *Avoc.* More of the husband.

1 *Avoc.* I not know to 've
His act a name, it is so monstrous!

4 *Avoc.* But the impostor, he's a thing
created.

'T exceed example!

1 *Avoc.* And all after-times!

2 *Avoc.* I never heard a true voluptuary ¹⁰
Describ'd but him.

3 *Avoc.* Appear yet those were cited?
Not. All but the old magnifico, Volpone.

1 *Avoc.* Why is not he here?

Mos. Please your fatherhoods,
Here is his advocate: himself's so weak,
So feeble —

4 *Avoc.* Who are you?

Bon. His parasite, ¹⁵
His knave, his pander. I beseech the court
He may be forc'd to come, that your grave eyes
May bear strong witness of his strange impost-
ures.

Volt. Upon my faith and credit with your
virtues.

He is not able to endure the air. ²⁰

2 *Avoc.* Bring him.

3 *Avoc.* We will see him.

4 *Avoc.* Fetch h'.

Volt. Your fatherhoods' fit pleasures be
obey'd; [*Exeunt Officers.*]

But sure, the sight will rather move your pities
Th' indignation. May it please the court,
In the meantime, he may be heard in me. ²⁵

⁶ The sa.

I know this place most void of prejudice,
And therefore crave it, since we have no reason
To fear our truth should hurt our cause.

3 *Avoc.* Speak free.
Volt. Then know, most honour'd fathers, I
must now

Discover to your strangely abus'd ears, 30
The most prodigious and most frontless piece
Of solid impudence, and treachery,
That ever vicious nature yet brought forth
To shame the state of Venice. This lewd
woman,

That wants no artificial looks or tears 35
To help the vizard she has now put on,
Hath long been known a close adulteress
To that lascivious youth there; not suspected,
I say, but known, and taken in the act 30
With him; and by this man, the easy husband,
Pardon'd, whose timeless bounty makes him
now

Stand here, the most unhappy, innocent person,
That ever man's own goodness made accus'd.
For these not knowing how to owe a gift
Of that dear grace, but with their shame; be-
ing plac'd 45

So above all powers of their gratitude,
Began to hate the benefit, and in place
Of thanks, devise t' extirp the memory
Of such an act: wherein I pray your father-
hoods

To observe the malice, yea, the rage of crea-
tures 50

Discover'd in their evils and what heart
Such take, ev'n from their crimes: — but that
anon

Will more appear. — This gentleman, the
father,

Hearing of this foul fact, with many others,
Which daily struck at his too tender ears, 55
And griev'd in nothing more than that he could
not

Preserve himself a parent (his son's ills
Growing to that strange flood), at last decreed
To disinherit him.

1 *Avoc.* These be strange turns!

2 *Avoc.* The young man's fame was ever
fair and honest. 60

Volt. So much more full of danger is his vice,
That can beguile so, under shade of virtue.
But, as I said, my honour'd sires, his father
Having this settled purpose, by what means
To him betray'd, we know not, and this day 65
Appointed for the deed; that parricide,
I cannot style him better, by confederacy
Preparing this his paramour to be there,
Ent'red Volpone's house (who was the man,
Your fatherhoods must understand, design'd 70
For the inheritance), there sought his father: —
But with what purpose sought he him, my
lords?

I tremble to pronounce it, that a son
Unto a father, and to such a father,
Should have so foul, felonious intent! 75
It was to murder him: when being prevented
By his more happy absence, what then did he?
Not check his wicked thoughts; no, now new
deeds;

(Mischief doth never end where it begins)
An act of horror, fathers! He dragg'd forth 80
The aged gentleman that had there lain bed-
rid

Three years and more, out of his innocent couch,
Naked upon the floor; there left him; wounded
His servant in the face, and with this strumpet,
The stale¹ to his forg'd practice, who was glad
To be so active, — (I shall here desire 85
Your fatherhoods to note but my collections,
As most remarkable, —) thought at once to
stop

His father's ends, discredit his free choice
In the old gentleman, redeem themselves, 90
By laying infamy upon this man,
To whom, with blushing, they should owe
their lives.

1 *Avoc.* What proofs have you of this?

Bon. Most honour'd fathers,
I humbly crave there be no credit given
To this man's mercenary tongue.

2 *Avoc.* Forbear. 95

Bon. His soul moves in his fee.

3 *Avoc.* O, sir,

Bon. This fellow,
For six sols² more would plead against his
Maker.

1 *Avoc.* You do forget yourself.

Volt. Nay, nay, grave fathers,
Let him have scope can any man imagine 99
That he will spare his accuser, that would not
Have spar'd his parent?

1 *Avoc.* Well, produce your proofs.

Cel. I would I could forget I were a creature.
Volt. Signior Corbaccio!

[CORBACCIO comes forward.]

4 *Avoc.* What is he?

Volt. The father.

2 *Avoc.* Has he had an oath?

Not. Yes.

Corb. What must I do now? 104

Not. Your testimony's crav'd

Corb. Speak to the knave?

I'll ha' my mouth first stopt with earth; my
heart

Abhors his knowledge: I disclaim in³ him.

1 *Avoc.* But for what cause?

Corb. The mere portent of nature!

He is an utter stranger to my loins. 109

Bon. Have they made you to⁴ this?

Corb. I will not hear thee,

Monster of men, swine, goat, wolf, parricide!

Speak not, thou viper.

Bon. Sir, I will sit down,

And rather wish my innocence should suffer

Than I resist the authority of a father. 114

Volt. Signior Corvino!

[CORVINO comes forward.]

2 *Avoc.* This is strange.

1 *Avoc.* Who's this?

Not. The husband.

4 *Avoc.* Is he sworn?

Not. He is.

3 *Avoc.* Speak then.

¹ Stalking horse, mask to his false plot

² A sol = about a franc. ³ Disown.

⁴ Prepared you to do.

Corv. This woman, please your fatherhoods,
is a whore,
Of most hot exercise, more than a partridge,
Upon record —

1 *Avoc.* No more.

Corv. Neighs like a jennet. 119

Not Preserve the honour of the court.

Corv. I shall,

And modesty of your most reverend ears.
And yet I hope that I may say, these eyes
Have seen her glu'd unto that piece of cedar,
That fine well timber'd gallant and that here
The letters may be read, thorough the horn,¹ 125
That make the story perfect.

Mos. Excellent! sir.

Corv. [*Aside to MOSCA.*] There is no shame in
this now, is there?

Mos. None.

Corv. Or if I said, I hop'd that she were on-
ward

To her damnation, if there be a hell
Greater than whore and woman, a good Catho-
lic 130

May make the doubt.

3 *Avoc.* His grief hath made him frantic.

1 *Avoc.* Remove him hence.

2 *Avoc.* Look to the woman.

CELLA swoons.

Corv. Rare!

Prettily feign'd again!

4 *Avoc.* Stand from about her.

1 *Avoc.* Give her the air.

3 *Avoc.* What can you say? [*To MOSCA.*]

Mos. My wound,

May it please your wisdoms, speaks for me, re-
ceiv'd 135

In aid of my good patron, when he mist
His sought-for father, when that well-taught
dame

Had her cue giv'n her to cry out, "A rape!"

Bon. O most laid² impudence! Fathers —

3 *Avoc.* Sir, be silent; 139

You had your hearing free, so must they theirs.

2 *Avoc.* I do begin to doubt th' imposture
here.

4 *Avoc.* This woman has too many moods.

Volt. Grave fathers,

She is a creature of a most profest

And prostituted lewdness.

Corv. Most impetuous, 144

Unsatisfi'd, grave fathers!

Volt. May her feignings

Not take your wisdoms: but this day she baited
A stranger, a grave knight, with her loose eyes,
And more lascivious kisses. This man saw 'em
Together on the water, in a gondola.

Mos. Here is the lady herself, that saw them

too, 150

Without; who then had in the open streets

Pursu'd them, but for saving her knight's hon-
our.

1 *Avoc.* Produce that lady.

2 *Avoc.* Let her come. [*Exit MOSCA.*]

¹ Playing upon the horns of the cuckold and the
horn-book.

² Well-contriv'd.

4 *Avoc.* These things,
They strike with wonder.

3 *Avoc.* I am turn'd a stone.

SCENE VI.³

[*To them re-enter*] MOSCA [*with*] LADY
WOULD-BE.

Mos. Be resolute, madam.

Lady P. Ay, this same is she.

[*Pointing to CELIA.*]

Out, thou chameleon harlot! now thine eyes
Vie tears with the hyena. Dar'st thou look
Upon my wronged face? I cry your pardons,
I fear I have forgettfully transgrest 5
Against the dignity of the court —

2 *Avoc.* No, madam.

Lady P. And been exorbitant —

2 *Avoc.* You have not, lady.

4 *Avoc.* These proofs are strong.

Lady P. Surely, I had no purpose
To scandalize your honours, or my sex's.

3 *Avoc.* We do believe it.

Lady P. Surely you may believe it. 10

2 *Avoc.* Madam, we do.

Lady P. Indeed you may; my breeding
Is not so coarse —

4 *Avoc.* We know it.

Lady P. To offend

With pertinacy —

3 *Avoc.* Lady —

Lady P. Such a presence!

No surely.

1 *Avoc.* We will think it.

Lady P. You may think it.

1 *Avoc.* Let her o'ercome. What witnesses
have you, 15

To make good your report?

Bon. Our consciences.

Cel. And heaven, that never fails the inno-
cent.

1 *Avoc.* These are no testimonies.

Bon. Not in your courts,

Where multitude and clamour overcomes.

1 *Avoc.* Nay, then you do wax insolent.

VOLPONE is brought in, as impotent.

Volt. Here, here, 20

The testimony comes that will convince,
And put to utter dumbness their bold tongues!

See here, grave fathers, here's the ravisher,

The rider on men's wives, the great impostor,

The grand voluptuary! Do you not think 25

These limbs should affect venery? or these
eyes

Covet a concubine? Pray you mark these
hands;

Are they not fit to stroke a lady's breasts?

Perhaps he doth dissemble!

Bon. So he does.

Volt. Would you ha' him tortur'd?

Bon. I would have him prov'd. 30

Volt. Best try him then with goads, or burn-
ing irons;

Put him to the strappado: I have heard

³ The same.

The rack hath cur'd the gout; faith, give it him,
And help him of a malady; be courteous. 34
I'll undertake, before these honour'd fathers,
He shall have yet as many left diseases,
As she has known adulterers, or thou strumpets.
O, my most equal hearers, if these deeds,
Acts of this bold and most exorbitant strain,
May pass with suff'rance, what one citizen 40
But owes the forfeit of his life, yea, fame,
To him that dares traduce him? Which of you
Are safe, my honour'd fathers? I would ask,
With leave of your grave fatherhoods, if their
plot

Have any face or colour like to truth? 45
Or if, unto the dullest nostril here,
It smell not rank, and most abhorred slander?
I crave your care of this good gentleman,
Whose life is much endanger'd by their fable,
And as for them, I will conclude with this, 50
That vicious persons, when they're hot, and
flesh'd

In impious acts, their constancy¹ abounds:
Damn'd deeds are done with greatest confidence.

1 *Avoc.* Take 'em to custody, and sever them.

2 *Avoc.* 'Tis pity two such prodigies should live. 55

1 *Avoc.* Let the old gentleman be return'd with care.

[*Exeunt Officers with VOLPONE.*]

I'm sorry our credulity wrong'd him.

4 *Avoc.* These are two creatures!

3 *Avoc.* I've an earthquake in me.

2 *Avoc.* Their shame, ev'n in their cradles,
fled their faces.

4 *Avoc.* You have done a worthy service to the state, sir, 60

In their discovery. [To *VOLT.*]

1 *Avoc.* You shall hear, ere night,
What punishment the court decrees upon 'em.

[*Exeunt Avocat., Not., and Officers with BONARIO and CELIA.*]

Volt. We thank your fatherhoods. How like you it?

Mos. Rare.

I'd ha' your tongue, sir, tipt with gold for this;

I'd ha' you be the heir to the whole city; 65
The earth I'd have want men ere you want living:

They're bound to erect your statue in St. Mark's.

Signior Corvino, I would have you go
And show yourself that you have conquer'd.

Corv. Yes.

Mos. It was much better that you should profess 70

Yourselves a cuckold thus, than that the other
Should have been prov'd.

Corv. Nay, I consider'd that:

Now it is her fault.

Mos. Then it had been yours.

Corv. True; I do doubt this advocate still.

Mos. I' faith.
You need not, I dare ease you of that care. 75

Corv. I trust thee, Mosca. [*Exit.*]

Mos. As your own soul, sir,

Corb. Mosca!

Mos. Now for your business, sir.

Corb. How! ha' you business?

Mos. Yes, yours, sir,

Corb. O, none else?

Mos. None else, not I.

Corb. Be careful then.

Mos. Rest you with both your eyes, sir.

Corb. Dispatch it.

Mos. Instantly.

Corb. And look that all, 80

Whatever, be put in, jewels, plate, moneys,

Household stuff, bedding, curtains.

Mos. Curtain-rings, sir

Only the advocate's fee must be deducted.

Corb. I'll pay him now; you'll be too prodigal.

Mos. Sir, I must tender it.

Corb. Two chequins is well. 85

Mos. No, six, sir.

Corb. 'Tis too much.

Mos. He talk'd a great while;

You must consider that, sir.

Corb. Well, there's three —

Mos. I'll give it him.

Corb. Do so, and there's for thee. [*Exit.*]

Mos. [*Aside.*] Bountiful bones! What horrid strange offence

Did he commit 'gainst nature, in his youth, 90

Worthy this age? — You see, sir, [*to VOLT*] how

I work

Unto your ends; take you no notice.

Volt. No,

I'll leave you.

Mos. All is yours, the devil and all,

Good advocate! — Madam, I'll bring you home.

Lady P. No, I'll go see your patron.

Mos. That you shall not: 95

I'll tell you why. My purpose is to urge

My patron to reform his will, and for

The zeal you've shown to-day, whereas before

You were but third or fourth, you shall be 99

now

Put in the first; which would appear as begg'd

If you were present. Therefore —

Lady P. You shall sway me. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I.²

[*Enter*] VOLPONE.

Volp. Well, I am here, and all this br t is past.

I ne'er was in dislike with my disguise

Till this fled moment: here 't was good, in pri-

ate;

But in your public, — *cave* whilst I breathe. *

'Fore God, my left leg 'gan to have the cramp.

* Boldne

* A room in Volpone's house.

And I apprehended straight some power had struck me
With a dead palsy. Well ! I must be merry,
And shake it off. A many of these fears
Would put me into some villanous disease,
Should they come thick upon me. I'll prevent 'em. 10

Give me a bowl of lusty wine, to fright
This humour from my heart. (*Drinks.*) Hum,
hum, hum !

'Tis almost gone already, I shall conquer.
Any device now of rare ingenious knavery, 14
That would possess me with a violent laughter,
Would make me up again. (*Drinks again.*) So,
so, so, so !

This heat is life ; 'tis blood by this time. —
Mosca !

SCENE II.¹VOLPONE. [*Enter*] MOSCA.

Mos. How now, sir ? Does the day look clear again ?

Are we recover'd, and wrought out of error,
Into our way, to see our path before us ?
Is our trade free once more ?

Volp. Exquisite Mosca !
Mos. Was it not carri'd learnedly ?

Volp. And stoutly : 5
Good wits are greatest in extremities.

Mos. It were folly beyond thought to trust
Any grand act unto a cowardly spirit.

You are not taken with it enough, methinks.

Volp. O, more than if I had enjoy'd the
wench : 10

The pleasure of all woman-kind 's not like it.

Mos. Why, now you speak, sir. We must
here be fix'd ;

Here we must rest ; this is our masterpiece ;
We cannot think to go beyond this.

Volp. True,
Thou hast play'd thy prize, my precious Mosca.

Mos. Nay, sir, 15

To gull the court —

Volp. And quite divert the torrent
Upon the innocent.

Mos. Yes, and to make

So rare a music out of discords —

Volp. Right.

That yet to me 's the strangest, how thou 'st
borne it !

That these, being so divided 'mongst them-
selves, 20

Should not scent somewhat, or in me or thee,
Or doubt their own side.

Mos. True, they will not see 't.
Too much light blinds 'em, I think. Each of
'em

Is so possess'd and stuff'd with his own hopes

That anything unto the contrary, 25

Never so true, or never so apparent,

Never so palpable, they will resist it —

Volp. Like a temptation of the devil.

Mos. Right, sir.
Merchants may talk of trade, and your great
signiors

¹ The same.

Of land that yields well ; but if Italy 30
Have any glebe more fruitful than these fellows,
I am deceiv'd. Did not your advocate rare ?

Volp. O — "My most honour'd fathers, my
grave fathers,

Under correction of your fatherhoods,
What face of truth is here ? If these strange
deeds 35

May pass, most honour'd fathers" — I had
much ado

To forbear laughing.

Mos. It seem'd to me, you sweat, sir.
Volp. In troth, I did a little.

Mos. But confess, sir,
Were you not daunted ?

Volp. In good faith, I was
A little in a mist, but not dejected ; 40

Never but still myself.

Mos. I think it, sir.
Now, so truth help me, I must needs say this.

And out of conscience for your advocate,
He has taken pains, in faith, sir, and deserv'd,
In my poor judgment, I speak it under favour, 45

Not to contrary you, sir, very richly —
Well — to be cozen'd.

Volp. Troth, and I think so too,
By that I heard him in the latter end.

Mos. O, but before, sir. had you heard him
first

Draw it to certain heads, then aggravate, 50
Then use his vehement figures — I look'd still
When he would shift a shirt ; and doing this
Out of pure love, no hope of gain —

Volp. 'Tis right.
I cannot answer him, Mosca, as I would,

Not yet ; but for thy sake, at thy entreaty, 55
I will begin, even now — to vex 'em all,
This very instant.

Mos. Good sir.

Volp. Call the dwarf
And eunuch forth.

Mos. Castrone, Nano !

[*Enter CASTRONE and NANO.*]

Nano. Here.

Volp. Shall we have a jig now ?

Mos. What you please, sir.

Volp. Go,

Straight give out about the streets, you two, 60
That I am dead ; do it with constancy,
Sadly, do you hear ? Impute it to the grief
Of this late slander.

[*Ereunt CAST. and NANO.*]

Mos. What do you mean, sir ?

Volp. O,

I shall have instantly my Vulture, Crow,
Raven, come flying hither, on the news, 65

To peck for carrion, my she-wolf, and all,
Greedy, and full of expectation —

Mos. And then to have it ravish'd from their
mouths !

Volp. 'Tis true. I will ha' thee put on a
gown, 69

And take upon thee, as thou wert mine heir ;

² riously.

Show 'em a will. Open that chest, and reach
Forth one of those that has the blanks; I'll
straight
Put in thy name.

Mos. It will be rare, sir.
[Gives him a paper.]

Volp. Ay,
When they e'en gape, and find themselves de-
luded —

Mos. Yes. [patch,

Volp. And thou use them scurvily! Dis-
Get on thy gown.

Mos. [putting on a gown] But what, sir, if
they ask

After the body?

Volp. Say, it was corrupted.

Mos. I'll say it stunk, sir; and was fain to
have it

Coffin'd up instantly, and sent away.

Volp. Anything; what thou wilt. Hold,
here's my will.

Get thee a cap, a count-book, pen and ink,
Papers afore thee; sit as thou wert taking
An inventory of parcels. I'll get up
Behind the curtain, on a stool, and hearken.
Sometime peep over, see how they do look,
With what degrees their blood doth leave their
faces.

O, 't will afford me a rare meal of laughter!

Mos. [putting on a cap, and setting out the
table, &c.] Your advocate will turn stark
dull upon it.

Volp. It will take off his oratory's edge.

Mos. But your clarissimo, old roundback, he
Will crump you like a hog-louse, with the touch.

Volp. And what Corvino?

Mos. O, sir, look for him,
To-morrow morning, with a rope and dagger,
To visit all the streets; he must run mad,
My lady too, that came into the court,
To bear false witness for your worship —

Volp. Yes,
And kiss'd me 'fore the fathers, when my face
Flow'd all with oils —

Mos. And sweat, sir. Why, your gold
Is such another med'cine, it dries up
All those offensive savours it transforms
The most deformed, and restores them lovely,
As 't were the strange poetical girdle.¹ Jove
Could not invent t' himself a shroud more subtle
To pass Acrisius' ² guards. It is the thing
Makes all the world her grace, her youth, her
beauty.

Volp. I think she loves me.

Mos. Who? The lady, sir?
She's jealous of you.

Volp. Dost thou say so?

Mos. [Knocking within.]
There's some already. Hark.

Volp. Look.

Mos. It is the Vulture;
He has the quickest scent.

Volp. I'll to my place,
Thou to thy posture. [Goes behind the curtain.]

¹ Cestus. (Jonson.)

² The father of Dan.

Mos. I am set.
Volp. But, Mosca, 110
Play the artificer now, torture 'em rarely.

SCENE III.³

MOSCA. [Enter] VOLTORE.

Volp. How now, my Mosca?

Mos. [writing]. "Turkey carpets, nine —"

Volp. Taking an inventory! that is well.

Mos. "Two suits of bedding, tissue —"

Volp. Where's the will?

Let me read that the while.

[Enter Servants with CORBACCIO in a chair.]

Corb. So, set me down,
And get you home. [Exeunt Servants.]

Volp. Is he come now, to trouble us?

Mos. "Of cloth of gold, two more —"

Corb. Is it done, Mosca?

Mos. "Of several velvets, eight —"

Volp. I like his care.

Corb. Dost thou not hear?

[Enter CORVINO.]

Corv. Ha! is the hour come, Mosca?

Volp. Ay, now they muster.

Corv. Peeps from behind a traverse.

Corv. What does the advocate here, 10
Or this Corbaccio?

Corb. What do these here?

[Enter LADY POL. WOULD-BE.]

Lady P. Mosca!

Is his thread spun?

Mos. "Eight chests of linen —"

Volp. O,

My fine Dame Would-be, too!

Corv. Mosca, the will,

That I may show it these, and rid 'em
hence.

Mos. "Six chests of diaper, four of dam-
ask" — There.

[Gives them the will carelessly, over
his shoulder.]

Corb. Is that the will?

Mos. "Down-beds, and bolsters —"

Volp. Rare!

Be busy still. Now they begin to flutter:

They never think of me. Look, see, see, see!

How their swift eyes run over the long deed,

Unto the name, and to the legacies,

What is bequeath'd them there —

Mos. "Ten suits of hangings —"

Volp. Ay, in their garters, Mosca. Now their
hopes

Are at the gasp.

Volp. Mosca the heir.

Corb. What's that?

Volp. My advocate is dumb; look to my
merchant,

He's heard of some strange storm, a ship is
lost,

He faints; my lady will swoon. Old glazen-eyes,

He hath not reach'd his despair yet.

³ The same.

Corb. All these
Are out of hope; I am, sure, the man.

[*Takes the will.*]

Corv. But, Mosca —

Mos. "Two cabinets —"

Corv. Is this in earnest?

Mos. "One

Of ebony —"

Corv. Or do you but delude me? ³⁰

Mos. "The other, mother of pearl." — I'm

very busy,

Good faith, it is a fortune thrown upon me —

"Item, one salt of agate" — not my seeking.

Lady P. Do you hear, sir? [bear,

Mos. "A perfum'd box" — Pray you for-

You see I'm troubl'd — "made of an onyx —"

Lady P. How! ³⁵

Mos. To-morrow or next day, I shall be at

leisure

To talk with you all.

Corv. Is this my large hope's issue?

Lady P. Sir, I must have a fairer answer.

Mos. Madam!

Marry, and shall: pray you, fairly quit my

house.

Nay, raise no tempest with your looks; but

hark you, ⁴⁰

Remember what your ladyship off'red me

To put you in an heir; go to, think on it:

And what you said e'en your best madams

did

For maintenance; and why not you? Enough.

Go home, and use the poor Sir Pol, your knight,

well, ⁴⁵

For fear I tell some riddles; go, be melancholic.

[*Exit LADY WOULD-BE.*]

Volp. O, my fine devil!

Corv. Mosca, pray you a word.

Mos. Lord! will not you take your dispatch

hence yet?

Methinks, of all, you should have been th' ex-

ple.

Why should you stay here? With what thought,

what promise? ⁵⁰

Hear you; do you not know, I know you an

ass,

And that you would most fain have been a wit-

tol

If fortune would have let you? that you are

A declar'd cuckold, on good terms? This

pearl,

You'll say, was yours? right: this diamond? ⁵⁵

I'll not deny't, but thank you. Much here

else?

It may be so. Why, think that these good works

May help to hide your bad. I'll not betray

you;

Although you be but extraordinary,

And have it only in title, it sufficeth: ⁶⁰

Go home, be melancholy too, or mad.

[*Exit CORVINO.*]

Volp. Rare Mosca! how his villany becomes

him!

Volp. Certain he doth delude all these for

me.

Corb. Mosca the heir!

Volp. O, his four eyes have fo d it.

Corb. I am cozen'd, cheated, by a parasite.

slave;

Harlot. ¹ th' hast gull'd me. ⁶⁵

Mos. Yes, sir. Stop your mouth,

Or I shall draw the only tooth is left.

Are not you he, that filthy covetous wretch,

With the three legs, that here, in hope of prey,

Have, any time this three years, snuff'd about,

With your most grov'ling nose, and would

have hir'd ⁷¹

Me to the pois'ning of my patron, sir?

Are not you he that have to-day in court

Profess'd the disinheriting of your son?

Perjur'd yourself? Go home, and die, and

stink; ⁷⁵

If you but croak a syllable, all comes out:

Away, and call your porters! [*Exit CORBACCIO.*]

Go, go, stink.

Volp. Excellent varlet!

Volp. Now, my faithful Mosca,

I find thy constancy —

Mos. Sir!

Volp. Sincere.

Mos. [*writing.*] "A table

Of porphyry" — I marle ² you'll be thus

troublesome. ⁸⁰

Volp. Nay, leave off now, they are gone.

Mos. Why, who are you?

What! who did send for you? O, cry you mercy,

Reverend sir! Good faith, I am griev'd for

you,

That any chance of mine should thus defeat

Your (I must needs say) most deserving trav-

ails. ⁸⁵

But I protest, sir, it was cast upon me,

And I could almost wish to be without it,

But that the will o' the dead must be observ'd.

Marry, my joy is that you need it not;

You have a gift, sir (thank your education), ⁹⁰

Will never let you want, while there are men,

And malice, to breed causes. ³ Would I had

But half the like, for all my fortune, sir!

If I have any suits, as I do hope,

Things being so easy and direct, I shall not, ⁹⁵

I will make bold with your obstreperous aid,

Conceive me — for your fee, sir. In mean time,

You that have so much law, I know ha' the

conscience

Not to be covetous of what is mine.

Good sir, I thank you for my plate; 't will

help ¹⁰⁰

To set up a young man. Good faith, you look

As you were costive; best go home and purge,

sir. [*Exit VOLTORE.*]

Volp. [*comes from behind the curtain.*] Bid h

eat lettuce ⁴ well. My witty mischief,

Let me embrace thee. O that I could now

Transform thee to a Venus! — Mosca, go, ¹⁰⁵

Straight take my habit of clarissimo,

And walk the streets; be seen, torment 'em

more:

We must pursue, as well as plot. Who would

Have lost this feast?

Mos. I doubt it will lose them.

¹ Fellow formerly used of both sexes.

² Marvel

³ Law-suits. ⁴ To ke him sleep

Volp. O, my recovery shall recover all. ¹¹⁰
That I could now but think on some disguise
To meet 'em in, and ask 'em questions.
How I would vex 'em still at every turn!

Mos. Sir, I can fit you.

Volp. Canst thou?

Mos. Yes, I know
One o' the commandadori, sir, so like you; ¹¹⁵
Him will I straight make drunk, and bring
you his habit.

Volp. A rare disguise, and answering thy brain!
O, I will be a sharp disease unto 'em.

Mos. Sir, you must look for curses —

Volp. Till they burst,
The Fox fares ever best when he is curst. ¹²⁰
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.¹

[*Enter*] PEREGRINE [*disguised and*] three Mercators.

Per. Am I enough disguis'd?

1 Mer. I warrant you.

Per. All my ambition is to fright him only.

2 Mer. If you could ship h' away, 't were
excellent.

3 Mer. To Zant, or to Aleppo!

Per. Yes, and ha' his
Adventures put i' th' Book of Voyages, ⁵
And his gull'd story regist'ed for truth.

Well, gentlemen, when I am in a while,
And that you think us warm in our discourse,
Know your approaches.

1 Mer. Trust it to our care. ⁹
[*Exeunt Merchants.*]

[*Enter Waiting-woman.*]

Per. Save you, fair lady! Is Sir Pol within?

Wom. I do not know, sir.

Per. Pray you say unto him
Here is a merchant, upon earnest business,
Desires to speak with him.

Wom. I will see, sir. [*Exit.*]

Per. Pray you.
I see the family is all female here.

[*Re-enter Waiting-woman.*]

Wom. He says, sir, he has weighty affairs of
state, ¹⁵

That now require him whole; some other time
You may possess him.

Per. Pray you say again,
If those require him whole, these will exact him,
Whereof I bring him tidings. [*Exit Woman.*]

What might be
His grave affair of state now! How to make ²⁰
Bolognian sausages here in Venice, sparing
One o' th' ingredients?

[*Re-enter Waiting-woman.*]

Wom. Sir, he says, he knows
By your word "tidings," that you are no

statesman,
And therefore wills you stay.

Per. Sweet, pray you return h' ;
I have not read so many proclatio, ²⁵

¹ A hall in Sir Politic's house.

And studied them for words, as he has done —
But — here he deigns to come. [*Exit Woman.*]

[*Enter SIR POLITIC.*]

Sir P. Sir, I must crave
Your courteous pardon. There hath chanc'd to-
day

Unkind disaster 'twixt my lady and me;
And I was penning my apology, ³⁰
To give her satisfaction, as you came now.

Per. Sir, I am griev'd I bring you worse dis-
aster:

The gentleman you met at th' port to-day,

That told you he was newly arriv'd —

Sir P. Ay, was

A fugitive punk?

Per. No, sir, a spy set on you: ³⁵
And he has made relation to the senate,
That you profest to him to have a plot
To sell the State of Venice to the Turk.

Sir P. O me! [time,

Per. For which warrants are sign'd by this
To apprehend you, and to search your study ⁴⁰
For papers —

Sir P. Alas, sir, I have none, but notes
Drawn out of play-books —

Per. All the better, sir.

Sir P. And some essays. What shall I do?

Per. Sir, best

Convey yourself into a sugar-chest;
Or, if you could he round, a frail² were rare; ⁴⁵
And I could send you aboard.

Sir P. Sir, I but talk'd so,
For discourse sake merely. [*They knock without.*]

Per. Hark! they are there.

Sir P. I am a wretch, a wretch!

Per. What will you do, sir?

Have you ne'er a currant-butt to leap into?
They'll put you to the rack; you must be
sudden. ⁵⁰

Sir P. Sir, I have an engine³ —

3 Mer. [*within.*] Sir Politic Would-be!

2 Mer. [*within.*] Where is he?

Sir P. That I've thought upon before time.

Per. What is it?

Sir P. I shall ne'er endure the torture.

Marry, it is, sir, of a tortoise-shell,

Fitted for these extremities: pray you, sir, help
me. ⁵⁵

Here I've a place, sir, to put back my legs,

Please you to lay it on, sir, [*Lies down while*

PER. places the shell upon him.] — with
this cap,

And my black gloves. I'll lie, sir, like a
tortoise,

Till they are gone.

Per. And call you this an engine?

Sir P. Mine own device. — Good sir, bid my
wife's women ⁶⁰

To burn my papers. [*Exit PER.*]

The three Merchants rush in.

1 Mer. Where is he hid?

3 Mer. We must,

And will sure find him.

2 Mer. Which is his study?

³ Rush-basket. ² Contrivance

[Re-enter PEREGRINE.]

1 Mer. What
Are you, sir?
Per. I'm a merchant, that came here
To look upon this tortoise?
3 Mer. How!
1 Mer. St. Mark!
What beast is this?
Per. It is a fish.
2 Mer. Come out here!
Per. Nay, you may strike him, sir, and tread
upon him,
He'll bear a cart.
1 Mer. What, to run over him?
Per. Yes, sir.
3 Mer. Let's jump upon him.
2 Mer. Can he not go?
Per. He creeps, sir.
1 Mer. Let's see him creep.
Per. No, good sir, you will hurt him.
2 Mer. Heart, I will see him creep, or prick
his guts.
3 Mer. Come out here!
Per. Pray you, sir, creep a little.
1 Mer. Forth.
2 Mer. Yet further.
Per. Good sir! — Creep.
2 Mer. We'll see his legs.
They pull off the shell and discover
him.
3 Mer. Gods so, he has garters!
1 Mer. Ay, and gloves!
2 Mer. Is this
Your fearful tortoise?
Per. [discovering himself.] Now, Sir Pol,
we're even!
For your next project I shall be prepar'd:
I am sorry for the funeral of your notes, sir.
1 Mer. 'Twere a rare motion¹ to be seen in
Fleet-street.
2 Mer. Ay, in the Term.
1 Mer. Or Smithfield, in the fair.
3 Mer. Methinks't is but a melancholic
sight.
Per. Farewell, most politic tortoise!
[Exeunt PER. and Merchants.]
[Re-enter Waiting-woman.]
Sir P. Where's my lady?
Knows she of this?
Wom. I know not, sir.
Sir P. Enquire. —
O, I shall be the fable of all feasts,
The freight of the gazetti,² ship-boys' tale;
And, which is worst, even talk for ordinaries.
Wom. My lady's come most melancholic
home,
And says, sir, she will straight to sea, for
physic.
Sir P. And I, to shun this place and clime
for ever,
Creeping with house on back, and think it well
To shrink my poor head in my politic shell.
[Exeunt.]

¹ Show.² The theme of the newspapers.SCENE V.³[Enter] MOSCA in the habit of a clarissimo, and
VOLPONE in that of a commandadore.

Volp. Am I then like him?
Mos. O, sir, you are he;
No man can sever you.
Volp. Good.
Mos. But what am I?
Volp. 'Fore heaven, a brave clarissimo; thou
becom'st it!
Pity thou wert not born one.
Mos. [Aside.] If I hold
My made one, 't will be well.
Volp. I'll go and see
What news first at the court. [Exit.]
Mos. Do so. My Fox
Is out of his hole, and ere he shall re-enter.
I'll make him languish in his borrow'd case,⁴
Except he come to composition with me. —
Androgyno, Castrone, Nano!
[Enter ANDROGYNO, CASTRONE, and NANO.]
All. Here.
Mos. Go, recreate yourselves abroad; go,
sport. — [Exeunt]
So, now I have the keys, and am possesst.
Since he will needs be dead afore his time,
I'll bury him, or gain by 'm. I'm his heir,
And so will keep me, till he share at least.
To cozen him of all, were but a cheat.
Well plac'd; no man would construe it a sin:
Let his sport pay for 't. This is call'd the Fox-
trap. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.⁵

[Enter] CORBACCIO, CORVINO.

Corb. They say the court is set.
Corv. We must maintain
Our first tale good, for both our reputations.
Corb. Why, mine's no tale: my son would
there have kill'd me.
Corv. That's true, I had forgot: — mine is,
I'm sure.
But for your will, sir.
Corb. Ay, I'll come upon him
For that hereafter, now his patron's dead.
[Enter VOLPONE.]
Volp. Signior Corvino! and Corbaccio! sir,
Much joy unto you.
Corv. Of what?
Volp. The sudden good
Dropt down upon you —
Corb. Where?
Volp. And none knows how,
From old Volpone, sir.
Corb. Out, arrant knave!
Volp. Let not your too much wealth, sir,
make you furious.
Corb. Away, thou varlet.
Volp. Why, sir?
Corb. Dost thou mock me?

³ A room in Volpone's house.⁴ Disguise.⁵ A street.

Volp. You mock the world, sir; did you not change wills?

Corb. Out, harlot!

Volp. O! belike you are the man, Signior Corvino? Faith, you carry it well, ¹⁵ You grow not mad withal; I love your spirit: You are not over-leaven'd with your fortune. You should ha' some would swell now, like a wine-fat,

With such an autumn. — Did he gi' you all, sir?

Corb. Avoid, you rascal!

Volp. Troth, your wife has shown ²⁰ Herself a very woman; but you are well, You need not care, you have a good estate, To bear it out, sir, better by this chance: Except Corbaccio have a share.

Corb. Hence, varlet.

Volp. You will not be acknown, sir; why, 'tis wise. ²⁵

Thus do all gamesters, at all games, dissembles:

No man will seem to win. [*Exeunt CORVINO and CORBACCIO.*] Here comes my vulture, Heaving his beak up i' the air, and snuffing.

SCENE VII. ¹

VOLPONE. [*Enter*] VOLTORE.

Volt. Outstript thus, by a parasite! a slave, Would run on errands, and make legs for crumbs!

Well, what I'll do —

Volp. The court stays for your worship. I e'en rejoice, sir, at your worship's happiness,

And that it fell into so learned hands, ⁵ That understand the fing'ring —

Volt. What do you mean?

Volp. I mean to be a suitor to your worship,

For the small tenement, out of reparations, ² That, at the end of your long row of houses, By the Piscaria. it was, in Volpone's time, ¹⁰ Your predecessor, ere he grew diseas'd, A handsome, pretty, custom'd ³ bawdy-house As any was in Venice, none disprais'd; But fell with him: his body and that house Decay'd together.

Volt. Come, sir, leave your prating. ¹⁵

Volp. Why, if your worship give me but your hand

That I may ha' the refusal, I have done.

¹ 'Tis a mere toy to you, sir; candle-rents; As your learn'd worship knows —

Volt. What do I know?

Volp. Marry, no end of your wealth, sir; God decrease it! ²⁰

Volt. Mistaking knave! what, mock'st thou my misfortune? [*Exit.*]

Volt. His blessing on your heart, sir; would 't were more! —

Now to my first again, at the next corner. [*Exit.*]

¹ The same.

² Out of repair

³ Well-frequented.

SCENE VIII. ⁴

[*Enter*] CORBACCIO and CORVINO; — (*MOSCA passant.*)

Corb. See, in our habit! ⁵ see the impudent varlet!

Corv. That I could shoot mine eyes at him, like gun-stones!

[*Enter*] VOLPONE.]

Volp. But is this true, sir, of the parasite?

Corb. Again, t' afflict us! monster!

Volp. In good faith, sir, I'm heartily griev'd, a beard of your grave length ⁵

Should beso over-reach'd. I never brook'd That parasite's hair; methought his nose should cozen ⁶

There still was somewhat in his look, did promise

The bane of a clarissimo.

Corb. Knave —

Volp. Methinks Yet you, that are so traded i' the world, ¹⁰ A witty merchant, the fine bird, Corvino, That have such moral emblems on your name, Should not have sung your shame, and dropt your cheese,

To let the Fox laugh at your emptiness.

Corv. Sirrah, you think the privilege of the place, ¹⁵

And your red saucy cap, that seems to me Nail'd to your jolt-head with those two chequins,

Can warrant your abuses; come you hither: You shall perceive, sir, I dare beat you; approach.

Volp. No haste, sir, I do know your valour well, ²⁰

Since you durst publish what you are, sir. *Tarry,*

I'd speak with you.

Volp. Sir, sir, another time —

Corv. Nay, now.

Volp. O lord, sir! I were a wise man, Would stand the fury of a distracted cuckold.

MOSCA walks by them.

Corb. What, come again!

Volp. Upon 'em, Mosca; save me. ²⁵

Corb. The air's infected where he breathes.

Corv. Let's fly him.

[*Exeunt CORV. and CORB.*]

Volp. Excellent basilisk! turn upon the vulture.

SCENE IX. ⁷

MOSCA, VOLPONE. [*Enter*] VOLTORE.

Volt. Well, flesh-fly, it is summer with you now;

Your winter will come on.

Mos. Good advocate, Pruthee not rail, nor threaten out of place th; Thou 't make a solecism, as madam says.

⁴ The Scrutineo, or Senate House.

⁵ Dressed like a clarissimo, or gentleman.

⁶ Swindle. ⁷ The

Get you a biggin¹ more; your brain breaks loose. [*Exit.*]²
Vol. Well sir. [*slave,*]
Volp. Would you ha' me beat the insolent
 Throw dirt upon his first good clothes?
Vol. This same
 Is doubtless some familiar.
Volp. Sir, the court,
 In troth, stays for you. I am mad, a mule
 That never read Justinian, should get up,
 And ride an advocate. Had you no quirk
 To avoid gullage, sir, by such a creature?
 I hope you do but jest; he has not done 't:
 This 's but confederacy to blind the rest.
 You are the heir?
Vol. A strange, officious,
 Troublesome knave! thou dost torment me.
Volp. I know —
 It cannot be, sir, that you should be cozen'd;
 'Tis not within the wit of man to do it;
 You are so wise, so prudent; and 'tis fit
 That wealth and wisdom still should go together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.²

[*Enter*] 4 *Avocatori*, *Notario*, *BONARIO*, *CELLA*,
CORBACCIO, *CORVINO*, *Commandadori*, [*Saffi*,
etc.]

1 *Avoc.* Are all the parties here?
Not. All but th' advocate.
 2 *Avoc.* And here he comes.

[*Enter* *VOLTORE* and *VOLPONE*.]

1 *Avoc.* Then bring them forth to sentence.
Vol. O, my most honour'd fathers, let your
 mercy
 Once win upon your justice, to forgive —
 I am distracted —
Volp. (*Aside.*) What will he do now?
Vol. O,
 I know not which t' address myself to first;
 Whether your fatherhoods, or these innocents —
Corv. (*Aside.*) Will he betray himself?
Vol. Whom equally
 I have abus'd, out of most covetous ends —
Corv. The man is mad!
Corb. What's that?
Corv. He is possest.
Vol. For which, now struck in conscience,
 here I prostrate
 Myself at your offended feet, for pardon.
 1, 2 *Avoc.* Arise.
Cel. O heaven, how just thou art!
Volp. I'm caught
 I' mine own noose —
Corv. [*to CORBACCIO.*] Be content, sir;
 nought now
 Can help but impudence.
 1 *Avoc.* Speak forward.
Com. Silence!
Vol. It is not passion in me, reverend
 fathers,
 ut only conscience, conscience, my good sires,

That makes me now tell truth. That parasite,
 That knave, hath been the instrument of all.
 1 *Avoc.* Where is that knave? Fetch him.

Volp. I go. [*Exit.*]
Corv. Grave fathers,
 This man 's distracted; he confest it now:
 For, hoping to be old Volpone's heir,
 Who now is dead —

3 *Avoc.* How!
 2 *Avoc.* Is Volpone dead?
Corv. Dead since, grave fathers.

Bon. O sure vengeance!
 1 *Avoc.* Stay,
 Then he was no deceiver?

Vol. O no, none:
 This parasite, grave fathers.
Corv. He does speak

Out of mere envy, 'cause the servant 's made
 The thing he gap'd for. Please your father-
 hoods,

This is the truth, though I'll not justify
 The other, but he may be some-deal faulty.
Vol. Ay, to your hopes, as well as mine, *Cor-*
vino:

But I'll use modesty.³ Pleaseth your wisdo
 To view these certain notes, and but confer
 them;

And as I hope favour, they shall speak clear
 truth.

Corv. The devil has ent'red him!
Bon. Or bides in you.

4 *Avoc.* We have done ill, by a public officer
 To send for him, if he be heir.

2 *Avoc.* For whom?
 4 *Avoc.* Him that they call the parasite.

3 *Avoc.* 'Tis true,
 He is a man of great estate, now left.

4 *Avoc.* Go you, and learn his name, and say
 the court

Entreats his presence here, but to the clearing
 Of some few doubts. [*Exit* *Notary*.]

2 *Avoc.* This same 's a labyrinth.
 1 *Avoc.* Stand you unto your first report?

Corv. My state,
 My life, my f e —

Bon. Where is 't?
Corv. Are at the stake.

1 *Avoc.* Is yours so too?
Corb. The advocate's a knave, ⁴

And has a forked tongue —
 2 *Avoc.* Speak to the point.

Corb. So is the parasite too.
 1 *Avoc.* This is confusion.

Vol. I do beseech your fatherhoods, read but
 those — [*Giving them papers.*]

Corv. And credit nothing the false spirit hath
 writ:

It cannot be but he 's possest, grave fathers. ⁵
 [*The scene closes.*]

SCENE XI.⁵

[*Enter*] *VOLPONE*.

Volp. To make a snare for mine own neck!
 and run

¹ Barrister's c .

² The sa

³ Moderation.

⁴ Compare.

⁵ A street.

My head into it, wilfully! with laughter!
When I had newly scap'd, was free and clear,
Out of mere wantonness! O, the dull devil
Was in this brain of mine when I devis'd it, 5
And Mosca gave it second; he must now
Help to sear up this vein, or we bleed dead.

[Enter NANO, ANDROGYNO, and CASTRONE.]

How now! Who let you loose? Whither go you now?

What, to buy gingerbread, or to drown kit-lings?

Nan. Sir, Master Mosca call'd us out of doors, And bid us all go play, and took the keys. 11

And. Yes. [Why, so!]

Volp. Did Master Mosca take the keys? I'm farther in. These are my fine conceits!

I must be merry, with a mischief to me! 14

What a vile wretch was I, that could not bear My fortune soberly? I must ha' my crochets, And my conundrums! Well, go you, and seek him:

His meaning may be truer than my fear.

Bid him, he straight come to me to the court; Thither will I, and, if 't be possible, 20

Unscrew my advocate, upon new hopes. When I provok'd him, then I lost myself.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE XII.¹

Avocatori, [BONARIO, CELIA, CORBACCIO, CORVINO, Commandadori, Saffi,] etc., [as before.]

1 Avoc. These things can ne'er be reconcil'd.

He here [showing the papers] Professeth that the gentleman was wrong'd, And that the gentlewoman was brought thither, Fore'd by her husband, and there left.

Volp. Most true.

Cel. How ready is heaven to those that pray!

1 Avoc. But that Volpone would have ravish'd her, he holds 5

Utterly false, knowing his impotence.

Corv. Grave fathers, he's possess'd; again, I say,

Possess'd: nay, if there be possession, and Obsession, he has both.

3 Avoc. Here comes our officer. 10

[Enter VOLTPORE.]

Volp. The parasite will straight be here, grave fathers.

Avoc. You might invent some other name, sir varlet.

3 Avoc. Did not the notary meet him? Volp. Not that I know.

4 Avoc. His coming will clear all.

2 Avoc. Yet it is misty. Volp. May't please your fatherhoods —

Volp. [whispers VOLTPORE.] Sir, the parasite is Will'd me to tell you that his master lives; That you are still the m; your hopes the same;

And this w only a jest —

Volp. How?

¹ e Scrutineo, or te Ho .

Volp. Sir, to try If you were firm, and how you stood affected.

Volp. Art sure he lives? Do I live, sir? 1

Volp. O me! I was too violent.

Volp. Sir, you may redeem it. 11 They said you were possess'd, fall down, and seem so:

I'll help to make it good. [VOLTPORE falls.] God bless the man! —

Stop your wind hard, and swell — See, see, see, see!

He vomits crooked pins! His eyes are set, 14 Like a dead hare's hung in a poulter's shop!

His mouth's running away! Do you see, signior? Now it is in his belly.

Corv. Ay, the devil!

Volp. Now in his throat.

Corv. Ay, I perceive it plain.

Volp. 'T will out, 't will out! stand clear. 20 See where it flies,

In shape of a blue toad, with a bat's wings! Do you not see it, sir?

Corv. What? I think I do.

Corv. 'T is too manifest.

Volp. Look! he comes t' himself!

Volp. Where am I?

Volp. Take good heart, the worst is past, sir. You're dispossess'd.

1 Avoc. What accident is this! 25

2 Avoc. Sudden and full of wonder!

3 Avoc. If he were Possess'd, as it appears, all this is nothing.

Corv. He has been often subject to these fits.

1 Avoc. Show him that writing: — do you know it, sir?

Volp. [whispers VOLTPORE.] Deny it, sir, forswear it; know it not.

Volp. Yes, I do know it well, it is my hand; But all that it contains is false.

Bon. O practice! 2

2 Avoc. What maze is this!

1 Avoc. Is he not guilty then, Whom you there name the parasite?

Volp. Grave fathers, No more than his good patron, old Volpone. 30

4 Avoc. Why, he is dead.

Volp. O no, my honour'd fathers, He lives —

1 Avoc. ow! lives?

Volp. Lives.

2 Avoc. This is subtler yet!

3 Avoc. You said he was dead.

Volp. Never.

3 Avoc. You said so.

Corv. I heard so.

4 Avoc. Here comes the gentleman; make him way.

[Enter MOSCA.]

3 Avoc. A stool.

4 Avoc. [Aside.] A proper n; and were Volpone dead,

A fit atch for my daughter.

² Co p' cy.

3 *Avoc.* Give him way.
Volp. [*Aside to Mos.*] Mosca, I was a'most lost; the advocate Had betray'd all; but now it is recover'd; All's on the hinge again — Say I am living.
Mos. What busy knave is this! — Most reverend fathers,
 I sooner had attended your grave pleasures, But that my order for the funeral Of my dear patron did require me —
Volp. [*Aside*] Mosca!
Mos. Whom I intend to bury like a gentleman.
Volp. [*Aside*] Ay, quick, and cozen me of all.
 2 *Avoc.* Still stranger!
 More intricate!
 1 *Avoc.* And come about again!
 4 *Avoc.* [*Aside*] It is a match, my daughter is bestow'd.
Mos. [*Aside to Volp.*] Will you gi' me half?
Volp. First I'll be hang'd.
Mos. I know
 Your voice is good, cry not so loud.
 1 *Avoc.* Demand
 The advocate — Sir, did you not affirm
 Volpone was alive?
Volp. Yes, and he is;
 This gent'man told me so. — [*Aside to Mos.*] Thou shalt have half.
Mos. Whose drunkard is this same? Speak, some that know him.
 I never saw his face. — [*Aside to Volp.*] I cannot now
 Afford it you so cheap.
Volp. No!
 1 *Avoc.* What say you?
Volp. The officer told me.
Volp. I did, grave fathers, And will maintain he lives, with mine own life, And that this creature [*points to Mos.*] told me. [*Aside*] — I was born With all good stars my enemies.
Mos. Most grave fathers,
 If such an insolence as this must pass
 Upon me, I am silent: 't was not this For which you sent, I hope.
 2 *Avoc.* Take him away.
Volp. Mosca!
 3 *Avoc.* Let him be whipt.
Volp. Wilt thou betray me?
 Cozen me?
 3 *Avoc.* And taught to bear himself
 Toward a person of his rank.
 4 *Avoc.* Away.
 [*The Officers seize VOLPONE.*]
Mos. I humbly thank your fatherhoods.
Volp. Soft, soft; [*Aside*] Whipt! And lose all that I have! If I confess, It cannot be much more.
 4 *Avoc.* Sir, are you married?
Volp. They'll be ali'd anon; I must be resolute;
 The Fox shall here uncase.
Mos. Puts off his disguise.
Volp. Patron!
 Nay, now
 My ruin shall not come alone; your match

I'll hinder sure: my substance shall not glue you,
 Nor screw you into a family.
Mos. Why, patron!
Volp. I am Volpone, and this is my knave;
 [*Pointing to MOSCA.*]
 This [*to Volt.*], his own knave; this [*to CORR.*], avarice's fool;
 This [*to CORR.*], a chimera of wittol, fool, and knave
 And, reverend fathers, since we all can hope Nought but a sentence, let's not now despair it. You hear me brief.
Corv. May it please your fatherhoods —
Com. Silence.
 1 *Avoc.* The knot is now undone by miracle.
 2 *Avoc.* Nothing can be more clear.
 3 *Avoc.* Or can more prove These innocent.
 1 *Avoc.* Give 'em their liberty.
Bon. Heaven could not long let such gross crimes be hid.
 2 *Avoc.* If this be held the highway to get riches,
 May I be poor!
 3 *Avoc.* This's not the gain, but torment.
 1 *Avoc.* These possess wealth, as sick men possess fevers,
 Which trulier may be said to possess them.
 2 *Avoc.* Disrobe that parasite.
Corv. Mos. Most honour'd fathers —
 1 *Avoc.* Can you plead aught to stay the course of justice?
 If you can, speak.
Corv. Volt. We beg favour.
Cel. And mercy.
 1 *Avoc.* You hurt your innocence, suing for the guilty.
 Stand forth; and first the parasite. You appear To have been the chiefest minister, if not plotter,
 In all these lewd impostures, and now, lastly, Have with your impudence abus'd¹ the court, And habit of a gentleman of Venice,
 Being a fellow of no birth or blood:
 For which our sentence is, first, thou be whipt; Then live perpetual prisoner in our galleys.
Volp. I thank you for him.
Mos. Bane to thy wolfish nature!
 1 *Avoc.* Deliver him to the scaff.² [*Mosca is carried out.*] Thou, Volpone, By blood and rank a gentleman, canst not fall Under like censure; but our judgment on thee Is, that thy substance all be straight confiscate To the hospital of the Incurabili:
 And since the most was gotten by imposture, By feigning lame, gout, palsy, and such diseases,
 Thou art to lie in prison, cramp'd with irons, Till thou be'st sick and lame indeed. Remove him.
[He is taken from the Bar.]
Volp. This is called mortifying of a Fox.
 1 *Avoc.* Thou, Voltore, to take away the scandal
 Thou hast giv'n all worthy men of thy profession,
¹ Deceiv'd. ² Under-bailiff.

Art banish'd from their fellowship, and our state.
 Corbaccio! — bring him near. We here possess
 Thy son of all thy state, and confine thee ¹³⁰
 To the monastery of San Spirito;
 Where, since thou knew'st not how to live well
 here.

Thou shalt be learn'd to die well.

Corb Ha! what said he?

Com. You shall know anon, sir.

¹ *Avoc.* Thou, Corvino, shalt
 Be straight embark'd from thine own house,
 and row'd ¹³⁵

Round about Venice, through the Grand Canal,
 Wearing a cap, with fair long ass's ears,
 Instead of horns! and so to mount, a paper
 Pinn'd on thy breast, to the Berlina.¹

Corv Yes, ¹³⁰
 And have mine eyes beat out with stinking fish,
 Bruis'd fruit, and rotten eggs — 't is well. I 'm
 glad

I shall not see my shame yet.

¹ *Avoc.* And to expiate
 Thy wrongs done to thy wife, thou art to send her

¹ Pillory.

Home to her father, with her dowry trebled:
 And these are all your judgments.

All. Honour'd fathers — ¹⁴⁰

¹ *Avoc.* Which may not be revok'd. Now
 you begin,

When crimes are done and past, and to be
 punish'd,

To think what your crimes are. Away with
 them!

Let all that see these vices thus rewarded,

Take heart, and love to study 'em. Mischiefs
 feed ¹⁵⁰

Like beasts, till they be fat, and then they
 bleed. [*Exeunt.*]

VOLPONE [*comes forward*].

"The seasoning of a play is the applause.
 Now, though the Fox be punish'd by the laws,
 He yet doth hope, there is no suff'ring due, ¹⁵⁵
 For any fact² which he hath done 'gainst you;
 If there be, censure him; here he doubtful
 stands:

If not, fare jovially, and clap your hands."
 [*Exit.*]

² Deed.

THE ALCHEMIST

BY

BEN JONSON

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

SUBTLE, the ALCHEMIST.
FACE, the House-keeper.
DOL COMMON, their colleague.
DAPPER, a [Lawyer's] clerk
DRUGGER, a Tobacco-man.
LOVEWIT, Master of the House.
[Sir] EPIC MAMMOR, a Knight.

[PERTINAX] SURLY, a Gamester.
TRIBULATION [WHOLESOME], a Pastor of Amsterdam
ANANIAS, a Deacon there.
KASTRILL, the angry boy.
DAME PLIANT, his sister, a Widow.
Neighbours.
Officers, Mutes.

SCENE. — *London.*

[TO THE READER¹

If thou beest more, thou art an understander, and then I trust thee. If thou art one that tak'st up, and but a pretender, beware at what hands thou receiv'st thy commodity; for thou wert never more fair in the way to be coz'n'd than in this age in poetry, especially in plays wherein now the concupiscence of jigs and dances² so reigneth, as to run away from nature and be afraid of her is the only point of art that tickles the spectators. But how out of purpose and place do I name art, when the professors are grown so obstinate contemnors of it, and presumers on their own naturals,³ as they are deriders of all diligence that way, and, by simple mocking at the terms when they understand not the things, think to get off wittily with their ignorance! Nay, they are esteem'd the more learned and sufficient for this by the multitude,⁴ through their excellent vice⁵ of judgment. For they commend writers as they do fencers or wrestlers; who, if they come in robustously and put for it with a great deal of violence, are receiv'd for the braver fellows; when many times their own rudeness is the cause of their disgrace, and a little touch of their adversary gives all that boisterous force the foil.⁶ I deny not but that these men who always seek to do more than enough may some time happen on some thing that is good and great; but very seldom: and when it comes, it doth not recompence the rest of their ill. It sticks out, perhaps, and is more eminent, because all is sordid and vile about it; as lights are more discern'd in a thick darkness than a faint shadow. I speak not this out of a hope to do good on any man against his will; for I know, if it were put to the question of theirs and mine, the worse would find more suffrages, because the most favour common errors. But I give thee this warning, that there is a great difference between those that (to gain the opinion of copie⁷) utter⁸ all they can, however unfitly, and those that use election and a mean. For it is only the disease of the unskillful to think rude things greater than polish'd, or scatter'd more numero than compos'd.]

ARGUMENT

THE sickness hot,⁹ a master quit, for fear,
H is house in town, and left one servant there.
E ase him corrupted, and gave means to know
A Cheater and his punk;¹⁰ who now brought low,
L eaving their narrow practice, were become
C oz'ners¹¹ at large; and only wanting some
H ouse to set up, and with him they here contract,
E ach for a share, and all begin to act.
M uch company they draw, and much abuse,¹²
I n casting figures,¹³ telling fortunes, news,
S elling of flies,¹⁴ flat bawdry, with the stone,¹⁵
T ill it, and they, and all in fume¹⁶ are gone.

¹ Printed in Q. only

² Hoe's copy of the Q. reads *Dauunces, and Antikes for jigs and dances.*

³ Natural gifts.

⁴ Hoe's Q. *Many.*

⁵ Surpassing defect.

⁶ Defeat.

⁷ *Copia*, copiousness.

⁸ Publish.

⁹ The plague raging.

¹⁰ Mistress.

¹¹ Swindlers.

¹² Deceive.

¹³ Calculating the future.

¹⁴ Familiar spirits.

¹⁵ Philosophers' stone.

¹⁶ Smoke.

PROLOGUE

FORTUNE, that favours fools, these two short hours

We wish away, both for your sakes and ours,

Judging spectators; and desire in place,

To th' author justice, to ourselves but grace.

Our scene is London, 'cause we would make kno

No country's mirth is better than our own.

No clime breeds better matter for your whore,

Bawd, squire, impostor, many persons more,

Whose manners, now call'd humours, feed the stage;

And which have still been subject for the rage

Or spleen of comic writers. Though this pen

Did never aim to grieve, but better men;

Howe'er the age he lives in doth endure

The vices that she breeds, above their cure.

But when the wholesome remedies are sweet,

And, in their working gain and profit meet,

He hopes to find no spirit so much diseas'd,

But will with such fair correctives be pleas'd.

For here he doth not fear who can apply.

If there be any that will sit so nigh

Unto the stream, to look what it doth run,

They shall find things, they'd think, or wish, were done;

They are so natural follies, but so shewn,

As even the doers may see, and yet not own.

ACT I

SCENE I.¹

[Enter] FACE, [in a captain's uniform, with his sword drawn, and] SUTLE [with a vial, quarrelling, and followed by] DOL COMMON.

FACE. Believe 't, I will.

Sub. Thy worst I fart at thee.

Dol. Ha' you your wits? Why, gentlemen!

for love—

FACE. Sirrah, I'll strip you —

Sub. What to do? Lick figs²

Out at my — [sleights³

FACE. Rogue, rogue! — out of all your

Dol. Nay, look ye, sovereign, general, are you madmen?

Sub. O, let the wild sheep loose. I'll gum your silks

With good strong water, an you come.

Dol. Will you have The neighbours hear you? Will you betray all?

Hark! I hear somebody.

FACE. Sirrah —

Sub. I shall mar

All that the tailor has made, if you approach.¹⁰

FACE. You most notorious whelp, you olent slave,

Dare you do this?

Sub. Yes, faith; yes, faith.

FACE. Why, who

Am I, my mongrel, who am I?

Sub. I'll tell you,

Since you know not yourself.

FACE. Speak lower, rogue.

¹ A room in Lovewit's house.

² Rabelais, Bk. IV. ch. 45.

Drop your tricks.

Sub. Yes. You were once (t' e's not long past) the good,

Honest, plain, livery-three-pound-thrum,⁴ that kept

Your master's worship's house here in the Friars,⁵

For the vacations

FACE. Will you be so loud?

Sub. Since, by my means, translated suburb-captain.

FACE. By your means, doctor dog!

Sub. Within man's memory,¹⁰

All this I speak of.

FACE. Why, I pray you, have I

Been countenanc'd by you, or you by me?

Do but collect, sir, where I met you first.

Sub. I do not hear well.

FACE. Not of this, I think it.

But I shall put you in mind, sir; — at Pie-corner,¹⁵

Taking your meal of steam in, from cooks' stalls,

Where, like the father of hunger, you did walk

Piteously costive, with your pinch'd-horn-nose,

And your complexion of the Roman wash,⁶

Stuck full of black and melancholic worms,¹⁰

Like powder-corns' shot at the artillery-yard.

Sub. I wish you could advance your voice a little.

FACE. When you went pinn'd up in the several

rag You had rak'd and pick'd from dunghills, before day;

Your feet in mouldy slippers, for your kibes;⁸

A felt of rug,⁹ and a thin threaden cloak,¹⁰

That scarce would cover your no-buttocks —

⁴ Poorly paid servant.

⁵ The precinct of Blackfriars.

⁶ I. e. sallow.

⁸ Chiliblains.

⁹ Grains of powder.

¹⁰ A hat of coarse terial.

Sub. So, sir!
Face. When all your alchemy, and your alge-
 bra,
 Your minerals, vegetals, and animals,
 Your conjuring, coo'ning;¹ and your dozen of
 trades,⁴⁰
 Could not relieve your corpse with so much
 linen
 Would make you tinder, but to see a fire;
 I ga' you count'nance, credit for your coals,
 Your stills, your glasses, your materials;
 Built you a furnace, drew you customers,⁴⁵
 Advanc'd all your black arts, lent you, beside,
 A house to practise in —

Sub. Your master's house!
Face. Where you have studied the more
 thriving skill
 Of bawdry, since.

Sub. Yes, in your master's house.
 You and the rats here kept possession.⁵⁰
 Make it not strange.² I know you were one
 could keep
 The buttery-hatch still lock'd, and save the
 chippings,

Sell the dole beer to aqua-vitæ men.³
 The which, together with your Christmas vails⁴
 At post-and-pair,⁵ your letting out of coun-
 ters,⁵⁵
 Made you a pretty stock, some twenty marks,
 And gave you credit to converse with cobwebs,
 Here, since your mistress' death hath broke up
 house.

Face. You 'ght talk softerlier, rascal.

Sub. No, you scarab,
 I'll thunder you in pieces. I will teach you⁶⁰
 How to beware to tempt a Fury again
 That carries tempest in his hand and voice.

Face. The place has made you valiant.

Sub. No, your clothes.
 Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of dung,
 So poor, so wretched, when no living thing⁶⁵
 Would keep thee company, but a spider or
 worse?

Rais'd thee from brooms, and dust, and wat'r-
 ing-pots,

Sublim'd thee, and exalted thee, and fix'd thee
 In the third region,⁷ call'd our state of grace?
 Wrought thee to spirit, to quintessence, with⁷⁰
 pains

Would twice have won me the philosopher's
 work?

Put thee in words and fashion? made thee fit
 For more than ordinary fellowships?

Giv'n thee thy oaths, thy quarrelling dimen-
 sions?

Thy rules to cheat at horse-race, cock-pit, cards,
 Dice, or whatever gallant tincture⁸ else?⁷⁵

Made thee a second in mine own great art?
 And have I this for thanks! Do you rebel?

Do you fly out i' the projection?⁹
 Would you be gone now?

Dol. Gentlemen, what mean you?⁸⁰
 Will you mar all?

Sub. Slave, thou hadst had no name —
Dol. Will you undo yourselves with civil
 war?

Sub. Never been known, past *equi cibatum*,
 The heat of horse-dung, under ground, in cel-
 lars,
 Or an ale-house darker than deaf John's; been⁸⁵
 lost

To all mankind, but laundresses and tapsters,
 Had not I been.

Dol. Do you know who hears you, sovereign?
Face. Sirrah — [were civil]

Dol. Nay, general, I thought you
Face. I shall turn desperate, if you grow thus
 loud,

Sub. And hang thyself, I care not.
Face. Hang thee, collier,

And all thy pots and pans, in picture I will,⁹¹
 Since thou hast moy'd me —

Dol. [Aside] O, this 'll o'erthrow all.
Face. Write thee up bawd in Paul's; have
 all thy tricks

Of coo'ning with a hollow coal, dust, scrapings.
 Searching for things lost, with a sieve and
 shears,⁹⁵

Erecting figures in your rows of houses,¹⁰⁰
 And taking in of shadows with a glass,
 Told in red letters; and a face cut for thee,
 Worse than Gamaliel Ratsey's,¹¹

Dol. Are you sound?
 Ha' you your senses, masters?

Face. I will have¹⁰⁵
 A book, but rarely reckoning thy impostures,
 Shall prove a true philosopher's stone to
 printers.

Sub. Away, you trencher-rascal!
Face. Out, you dog-leech!

The vomit of all prisons —
Dol. Will you be

Your own destructions, gentlemen?
Face. Still spew'd out¹⁰⁸

For lying too heavy o' the b ket.¹²
Sub. Cheater!

Face. Bawd!
Sub. Cow-herd!

Face. Conjurer!
Sub. Cutpurse!

Face. Witch!
Dol. O me!

We are ruin'd, lost! Ha' you no more regard
 To your reputations? Where's your judgment?

'Slight,¹⁰⁹
 Have yet some care of me, o' your republic —

Face. Away, this brach!¹³ I'll bring thee,
 rogue, within

The statute of sorcery, tricesimo tertio
 Of Harry the Eighth:¹⁴ ay, and perhaps thy neck
 Within a noose, for laund'ring gold and barbing
 it.¹⁵

¹ Swindling. ² Don't pretend to forget.

³ Sell the beer intended for the poor to liquor-dealers.

⁴ Tips ⁵ A game of cards

⁶ I. e., to the card-players.

⁷ Technical jargon of alchemy. ⁸ Accomplishment.

⁹ At the moment when success is near.

¹⁰ Astrological tricks ¹¹ A notorious highwayman.

¹² Eating more than his share of rations.

¹³ Bitch.

¹⁴ 33 Henry VIII, the first act against witchcraft in

England.

¹⁵ "Sweating" and clipping the co ge.

Dol. You 'll bring your head within a cockscomb, will you?¹ 115

She catcheth out FACE his sword, and breaks SUBTLE's glass.

And you, sir, with your menstree!² — Gather it up.

'Sdeath, you abominable pair of stinkards, Leave off your barking, and grow one again, Or, by the light that shines, I 'll cut your throats. I 'll not be made a prey unto the marshal 120 For ne'er a snarling dog-bolt³ o' you both. Ha! you together cozen'd all this while, And all the world, and shall it now be said, You've made most courteous shift to cozen yourselves?

[*To FACE.*] You will accuse him! You will "bring him in Within the statute!" Who shall take your word? 125

A whoreson, upstart, apocryphal captain, Whom not a Puritan in Blackfriars will trust So much as for a feather: and you, too,

[*to SUBTLE*] Will give the cause, forsooth! You will insult, And claim a primacy in the divisions! 131 You must be chief! As if you, only, had The powder to project⁴ with, and the work Were not begun out of equality! 134

The venture tripartite! All things in common! Without priority! 'Sdeath! you perpetual curs, Fall to your couples again, and cozen kindly, And heartily, and lovingly, as you should, And lose not the beginning of a term, Or, by this hand, I shall grow factious too, 140 And take my part, and quit you.

Face. 'Tis his fault; He ever mu_urs, and objects his pains, And says, the weight of all lies upon him.

Sub. Why, so it does, *Dol.* How does it? Do not we Sustain our parts?

Sub. Yes, but they are not equal. 145 *Dol.* Why, if your part exceed to-day, I hope Ours may to-morrow match it.

Sub. Ay, they may. *Dol.* May, murmuring mastiff! Ay, and do. Death on me!

Help me to throttle him. [*Seizes SUB. by the throat.*]

Sub. Dorothy! Mistress Dorothy! 'Ods precious, I 'll do anything. What do you mean? 150

Dol. Because o' your fermentation and ciba-tion?⁵

Sub. Not I, by heaven — *Dol.* Your Sol and Luna — help me. 155

[*To FACE.*] *Sub.* Would I were hang'd then! I 'll conform myself.

Dol. Will you, sir? Do so then, and quickly: swear.

Sub. What should I swear? *Dol.* To leave your faction,⁶ sir, And labour kindly in the common work. 160

¹ Halter.

² A liquid which dissolves solids.

³ A contemptible fellow.

⁴ Transmute metals.

⁵ Alchemical te

⁶ eling.

Sub. Let me not breathe if I meant aught be-side.

I only us'd those speeches as a spur

To him

Dol. I hope we need no spurs, sir. Do we?

Face. 'Slid, prove to-day who shall shark best.

Sub. Agreed. 160

Dol. Yes, and work close and friendly.

Sub. 'Slight, the knot Shall grow the stronger for this breach, with me. [*They shake hands.*]

Dol. Why, so, my good baboons! Shall wege make

A sort⁷ of sober, scurvy, precise neighbours, That scarce have smil'd twice sin' the king came in,⁸ 165

A feast of laughter at our follies? Rascals, Would run themselves from breath, to see me ride,

Or you t' have but a hole to thrust your heads in,⁹ For which you should pay ear-rent?¹⁰ No, agree. And may Don Provost ride a feasting long, 170 In his old velvet jerkin and stain'd scarfs, My noble sovereign, and worthy general, Ere we contribute a new crewel¹¹ garter To his most worsted worship.

Sub. Royal Dol!

Spoken like Claridiana,¹² and thyself. 175

Face. For which at supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,

And not be styl'd Dol Common, but Dol Pro-per,

Dol Singular: the longest cut at night, Shall draw thee for his Dol Particular.

[*Bell rings without.*]

Sub. Who 's that? One rings. To the window.

Dol. [*Exit DOL.*] — Pray heav'n, 180

The master do not trouble us this quarter.

Face. O, fear not him. While there dies one a week

O' the plague, he 's safe from thinking toward London.

Beside, he 's busy at his hop-yards now;

I had a letter from him. If he do, 185

He 'll send such word, for airing o' the house,

As you shall have sufficient time to quit it:

Though we break up a fortnight, 't is no mat-ter.

Re-enter DOL.

Sub. Who is it, Dol?

Dol. A fine young quodling.¹³ 190

Face.

My lawyer's clerk, I lighted on last night, 195

In Holborn, at the Dagger. He would have

(I told you of him) a familiar,

To rifle with at horses, and win cups.

Dol. O, let him in.

Sub. Stay. Who shall do 't?

Face. Get you 198

Your robes on; I will meet him, as going out.

⁷ Group.

⁸ Seven years before.

⁹ In the pillory.

¹⁰ Have your ears cut off.

¹¹ Familiar puns

¹² The heroine of the "Error of Knighthood."

¹³ Green apple, a youth.

Dol. And what shall I do?
Face. Not be seen; away! [*Exit DOL.*]
 Seem you very reserv'd.
Sub. Enough. [*Exit.*]
Face. [*aloud and retiring.*] God be wi' you,
 sir,
 I pray you let him know that I was here:
 His name is Dapper. I would gladly have staid,
 but —

SCENE II.¹

FACE.

Dap. [*within.*] Captain, I am here. [*doctor.*]
Face. Who's that? — He's come, I think,
 [*Enter DAPPER.*]

Good faith, sir, I was going away.
Dap. In truth,
 I am very sorry, captain.
Face. But I thought
 Sure I should meet you.
Dap. Ay, I am very glad.
 I had a scurvy writ or two to make,
 And I had lent my watch last night to one
 That dines to-day at the sheriff's, and so was
 robb'd
 Of my pass-time.²

[*Re-enter SUTTLE in his velvet cap and gown.*]

Is this the cunning-man?
Face. This is his worship.
Dap. Is he a doctor?
Face. Yes.
Dap. And ha' you broke³ with him, captain?
Face. Ay.
Dap. And how?⁴
Face. Faith, he does make the matter, sir, so
 dainty,⁴
 I know not what to say.
Dap. Not so, good captain.
Face. Would I were fairly rid on't, believe
 me.
Dap. Nay, now you grieve me, sir. Why
 should you wish so?
 I dare assure you, I'll not be ungrateful.⁵
Face. I cannot think you will, sir. But the
 law
 Is such a thing — and then he says, Read's⁶
 matter
 Falling so lately —

Dap. Read! he was an ass,
 And dealt, sir, with a fool.
Face. It was a clerk, sir.⁷
Dap. A clerk!
Face. Nay, hear me, sir. You know the law
 Better, I think —
Dap. I should, sir, and the danger:
 You know, I show'd the statute to you.
Face. You did so.
Dap. And will I tell then! By this hand of
 flesh,
 Would it 'ght never write good courthand
 more,

If I discover.⁸ What do you think of me,
 That I am a chiaus?⁷

Face. What's that?
Dap. The Turk was here.
 As one would say, do you think I am a Turk?
Face. I'll tell the doctor so.

Dap. Do, good sweet captain.
Face. Come, noble doctor, pray thee let's
 prevail,

This is the gentleman, and he is no chiaus.⁹
Sub. Captain, I have return'd you all my an-
 swer.

I would do much, sir, for your love — But
 this
 I neither may, nor can.

Face. Tut, do not say so.
 You deal now with a noble fellow, doctor,
 One that will thank you richly; and he's no
 chiaus.¹⁰

Let that, sir, move you.

Sub. Pray you, forbear —
Face. He has

Four angels here.

Sub. You do me wrong, good sir.
Face. Doctor, wherein? To tempt you with
 these spirits?

Sub. To tempt my art and love, sir, to my
 peril.

'Fore heav'n, I scarce can think you are my
 friend.¹¹

That so would draw me to apparent danger.
Face. I draw you! A horse draw you, and a
 halter,

You, and your flies⁸ together —

Dap. Nay, good captain.
Face. That know no difference of men.

Sub. Good words, sir.

Face. Good deeds, sir, doctor dogs'-meat.

'Slight, I bring you

No cheating Chm o' the Cloughs⁹ or Claribels,¹⁰
 That look as big as five-and-fifty, and flush;¹¹
 And spit out secrets like hot custard —

Dap. Captain!

Face. Nor any melancholic underscribe,

Shall tell the vicar; but a special gentle,¹²

That is the heir to forty marks a year,

Consorts with the small poets of the time,

Is the sole hope of his old grandmother;

That knows the law, and writes you six fair

hands,

Is a fine clerk, and has his ciph'ring perfect.¹³

Will take his oath o' the Greek Xenophon,¹⁴

If need be, in his pocket; and can court

His mistress out of Ovid.

Dap. Nay, dear captain —

Face. Did you not tell me so?

Dap. Yes; but I'd ha' you

Use master doctor with some more respect.¹⁵

⁶ Reveal

⁷ A Turkish interpreter, like the one who had re-

cently cheated some merchants.

⁸ Familiar spirits.

⁹ An outlaw hero.

¹⁰ Probably a hero of romance. The name occurs in

Spenser.

¹¹ Five-and-fifty was the highest number to stand on

at the old game of Primero. If a flush accompanied this,

the hand w^{as} ept the table (Gifford.)

¹² The Q reads *Testament*.

¹ The same. The scene-divisions are Jonson's.

² Watch. ³ Opened the matter.

⁴ Has such scruples.

⁵ A magician recently convicted.

- Face.* Hang him, proud stag, with his broad velvet head !—
 But for your sake, I'd choke ere I would change
 An article of breath with such a puck-fist !¹
 Come, let's be gone. [*Going.*]
- Sub.* Pray you le' me speak with you.
Dap. His worship calls you, captain.
Face. I am sorry
 I e'er embark'd myself in such a business. 66
Dap. Nay, good sir ; he did call you.
Face. Will he take then ?
Sub. First, hear me —
Face. Not a syllable, 'less you take.
Sub. Pray ye, sir —
Face. Upon no terms but an *assumpsit*.²
Sub. Your humour must be law.
Face. *He takes the money.*
 Why now, sir, talk. 70
 Now I dare hear you with mine honour. Speak.
 So may this gentleman too.
Sub. Why, sir —
[Offering to whisper FACE.]
Face. No whisp'ring.
Sub. 'Fore heav'n, you do not apprehend the loss
 You do yourself in this.
Face. Wherein ? for what ?
Sub. Marry, to be so importunate for one 75
 That, when he has it, will undo you all :
 He'll win up all the money 'r the town.
Face. How ? [*gamester,*
Sub. Yes, and blow up gamester after
 As they do crackers in a puppet-play.
 If I do give him a familiar, 80
 Give you him all you play for ; never set³ him :
 For he will have it.
Face. You're mistaken, doctor.
 Why, he does ask one but for cups and horses,
 A rifting⁴ fly ; none o' your great familiars.
Dap. Yes, captain, I would have it for all
 games. 85
Sub. I told you so.
Face. [*taking DAP. aside.*] 'Slight, that is a
 new business !
 I understood you, a tame bird, to fly
 Twice in a term, or so, on Friday nights,
 When you had left the office ; for a nag
 Of forty or fifty shillings.
Dap. Ay, 't is true, sir ; 90
 But I do think, now, I shall leave the law,
 And therefore —
Face. Why, this changes quite the case.
 Do you think that I dare move him ?
Dap. If you please, sir ;
 All's one to him, I see.
Face. What ! for that money ? 94
 I cannot with my conscience ; nor should you
 Make the request, methinks.
Dap. No, sir, I mean
 To add consideration.
Face. Why, then, sir,
 I'll try. [*Goes to SUBTLE.*] Say that it were for
 all games, doctor ?
Sub. I say then, not a mouth shall eat for h'
 Niggard.
² That he has undertaken the affair.
 Stake a inst. ⁴ To be d in raffles.
- At any ordinary,⁵ but o' the score,⁶ 100
 That is a gaming mouth, conceive me.
Face. Indeed !
Sub. He'll draw you all the treasure of the
 realm,
 If it be set him.
Face. Speak you this from art ?
Sub. Ay, sir, and reason too, the ground of
 art
 He is o' the only best complexion, 105
 The queen of Fairy loves.
Face. What ! Is he ?
Sub. Peace.
 He'll overhear you. Sir, should she but see
 him —
Face. What ?
Sub. Do not you tell him.
Face. Will he win at cards too ?
Sub. The spirits of dead Holland, living
 Isaac,⁷ 110
 You'd swear, were in him ; such a vigorous luck
 As cannot be resisted 'Slight, he'll put
 Six o' your gallants to a cloak,⁸ indeed.
Face. A strange success, that some man shall
 be born to !
Sub. He hears you, man —
Dap. Sir, I'll not be ingrateful.
Face. Faith, I have a confidence in his good
 nature : 115
 You hear, he says he will not be ingrateful.
Sub. Why, as you please ; my venture follows
 yours.
Face. Troth, do it, doctor ; think him trusty,
 and make him.
 He may make us both happy in an hour ;
 Win some five thousand pound, and send us
 two on 't. 120
Dap. Believe it, and I will, sir.
Face. And you shall, sir.
 You have heard all ? *FACE takes him aside.*
Dap. No, what was 't ? Nothing, I, sir.
Face. Nothing ?
Dap. A little, sir.
Face. Well, a rare star
 Reign'd at your birth.
Dap. At mine, sir ! No.
Face. The doctor
 Swears that you are —
Sub. Nay, captain, you'll tell all now. 125
Face. Allied to the queen of Fairy.
Dap. Who ! That I am ?
 Believe it, no such matter —
Face. Yes, and that
 You were born with a caul o' your head.
Dap. Who says so ?
Face. Come
 You know it well enough, though you dissemble
 it. 130
Dap. I' fac,⁹ I do not ; you are mistaken.
Face. How !
- ⁵ Table d'hôte restaurant.
⁶ The gamblers (who frequented ordinaries) will be
 so impoverished through his winnings that they will
 have to eat on credit.
⁷ Supposed to refer to two alchemists, but the dates
 do not agree.
⁸ Strip to the cloak. ⁹ Faith.

Swear by your face, and in a thing so known
 Unto the doctor? How shall we, sir, trust you
 I ' the other matter? Can we ever think,
 When you have won five or six thousand pound,
 You 'll send us shares in 't, by this rate?

Dap. By Jove, sir, ¹³⁵
 I 'll win ten thousand pound, and send you half.
 I ' fac 's no oath.

Sub. No, no, he did but jest.
Face. Go to. Go thank the doctor. He 's your
 friend,
 To take it so.

Dap. I thank his worship.
Face. So!

Another angel.

Dap. Must I?

Face. Must you! 'Slight, ¹⁴⁰

What else is thanks? Will you be trivial? —

Doctor, [*DAPPER gives him the money.*]

When must he come for his familiar?

Dap. Shall I not ha' it with me?

Sub. O, good sir!

There must a world of ceremonies pass;

You must be bath'd and fumigated first: ¹⁴⁵

Besides, the queen of Fairy does not rise

Till it be noon.

Face. Not if she danc'd to-night.

Sub. And she must bless it.

Face. Did you never see

Her royal grace yet?

Dap. Whom?

Face. Your aunt of Fairy?

Sub. Not since she kist h' in the cradle,

captain; ¹⁵⁰

I can resolve you that.

Face. Well, see her grace,

Whate'er it cost you, for a thing that I know.

It will be somewhat hard to compass; but

However, see her. You are made, believe it, ¹⁵⁴

If you can see her. Her grace is a lone woman,

And very rich; and if she take a fancy,

She will do strange things. See her, at any hand.

'Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has!

It is the doctor's fear.

Dap. How will 't be done, then?

Face. Let me alone, take you no thought. Do

you ¹⁶⁰

But say to me, "Captain, I 'll see her grace."

Dap. "Captain, I 'll see her grace."

Face. Enough. *One knocks without.*

Sub. Who 's there?

Anon. — [*Aside to FACE.*] Conduct him forth

by the back way.

Sir, against one o'clock prepare yourself;

Till when you must be fasting; only take ¹⁶⁵

Three drops of vinegar in at your nose,

Two at your mouth, and one at either ear;

Then bathe your fingers' ends and wash your

eyes,

To sharpen your five senses, and cry *hum* ¹⁶⁹

Thrice, and then *buz* as often; and then come.

[*Exit.*]

Face. Can you remember this?

Dap. I warrant you.

Face. Well then, away. It is but your bestow-

ing

Some twenty nobles 'mong her grace's servants.

And put on a clean shirt. You do not know ¹⁷⁴

What grace her grace may do you in clean linen.

[*Exeunt FACE and DAPPER.*]

SCENE III.¹

Sub. [*within.*] Come in! Good wives, I pray
 you forbear me now;

Troth, I can do you no good till afternoon. —

[*Enter SUBTLE, followed by DRUGGER.*]

Sub. What is your name, say you? Abel
 Drugger?

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. A seller of tobacco?

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. Umph!

Free of the grocers? ²

Drug. Ay, an 't please you.

Sub. Well — ⁵

Your business, Abel?

Drug. This, an 't please your worship;

I am a young beginner, and am building

Of a new shop, an 't like your worship, just

At corner of a street: — Here is the plot ⁸

on 't — ⁹

And I would know by art, sir, of your worship,

Which way I should make my door, by necro-

manancy,

And where my shelves; and which should be

for boxes,

And which for pots. I would be glad to thrive,

sir:

And I was wish'd ⁴ to your worship by a gentle-

man,

One Captain Face, that says you know men's

planets, ¹⁵

And their good angels, and their bad.

Sub.

I do,

If I do see 'em —

[*Enter FACE.*]

Face. What! my honest Abel?

Thou art well met here.

Drug. Troth, sir, I was speaking,

Just as your worship came here, of your worship.

I pray you speak for me to master doctor. ²⁸

Face. He shall do anything. Doctor, do you

hear?

This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow;

He lets me have good tobacco, and he does not

Sophisticate it with sack-lees or oil,

Nor washes it in muscadell and grains, ²⁵

Nor buries it in gravel, under ground,

Wrapp'd up in greasy leather, or piss'd clouts:

But keeps it in fine lily pots, that, open'd,

Smell like conserve of roses, or French beans.

He has his maple block, ⁶ his silver tongs, ³⁰

Winchester pipes, and fire of juniper: ⁶

A neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no gold-

smith. ⁷

¹ The same.

² I. e. a member of the Grocers' Company.

³ Plan.

⁴ Recommended.

⁵ On which tobacco was shredded.

⁶ The coals of which were used to light pipes.

⁷ Usurer.

Sub. He's a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on.

Face. Already, sir, ha' you found it? Lo thee, Abel!

Sub. And in right way toward riches —

Face. Sir!

Sub. This summer. ³⁵
He will be of the clothing of his company,¹
And next spring call'd to the scarlet,² spend what he can.

Face. What, and so little beard?

Sub. Sir, you must think,
He may have a receipt to make hair come:
But he'll be wise, preserve his youth, and fine for 't; ⁴⁰

His fortune looks for him another way.

Face. 'Shud, doctor, how canst thou know this so soon?

I am amus'd³ at that.

Sub. By a rule, captain,
In metoposcopy,⁴ which I do work by; ⁴⁴
A certain star i' the forehead, which you see not.

Your chestnut or your olive-colour'd face
Does never fail: and your long ear doth promise.
I knew 't, by certain spots, too, in his teeth,
And on the nail of his mercurial finger.

Face. Which finger's that?

Sub. His little finger. Look. ⁵⁰
You were born upon a Wednesday?

Drug. Yes, indeed, sir.

Sub. The thumb, in chiromancy, we give Venus;

The forefinger to Jove; the midst to Saturn;
The ring to Sol; the least to Mercury,
Who was the lord, sir, of his horoscope, ⁵⁵
His house of life being Libra; which forshow'd
Heshould be a merchant, and should trade with balance.

Face. Why, this is strange! Is it not, honest Nab?

Sub. There is a ship now coming from Ormus,
That shall yield h' such a commodity ⁶⁰
Of drugs — This is the west, and this the south? [Pointing to the plan.]

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. And those are your two sides?

Drug. Ay, sir.

Sub. Make me your door then, south; your broad side, west.

And on the east side of your shop, aloft,
Write Mathlai, Tarmiel, and Baraborat; ⁶⁵
Upon the north part, Rael, Velel, Thiel.
They are the names of those Mercurial spirits
That do fright flies from boxes.

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. And
Beneath your threshold, bury me a loadstone ⁷⁰
To draw in gallants that wear spurs: the rest,
They'll seem⁵ to follow.

Face. That's a secret, Nab!

Sub. And, on your stall, a puppet, with a vice

¹ Wear the livery.

² Be sheriff.

³ A ed.

⁴ A branch of physiognomy.

⁵ Be seen.

And a court-fucus,⁶ to call city-dames:
You shall deal much with minerals.

Drug. Sir, I have.

At home, already —

Sub. Ay, I know, you've arsenic, ⁷⁵
Vitriol, sal-tartar, argaile, ⁷ alkali,
Cinoper ⁸ I know all. — This fellow, captain,
Will come, in time, to be a great distiller,
And give a say⁹ — I will not say directly,
But very fair — at the philosopher's stone. ⁸⁰

Face. Why, how now, Abel! is this true?

Drug. [Aside to FACE.] Good captain,
What must I give?

Face. Nay, I'll not counsel thee.
Thou hear'st what wealth (he says, spend what

thou canst),

Thou'rt like to come to.

Drug. I would gi' him a crown.

Face. A crown! and toward such a fortune?

Heart,
Thou shalt rather gi' him thy shop. No gold about thee?

Drug. Yes, I have a portague, ¹⁰ I ha' kept this half-year.

Face. Out on thee, Nab! 'Slight, there was such an offer —

Shalt keep 't no longer, I'll gi' it him for thee.

Doctor,
Nab prays your worship to drink this, and swears ⁹⁰

He will appear more grateful, as your skill
Does raise him in the world.

Drug. I would entreat
Another favour of his worship.

Face. What is 't, Nab?

Drug. But to look over, sir, my almanac,
And cross out my ill-days, ¹¹ that I may neither

Bargain, nor trust upon them.

Face. That he shall, Nab: ⁹⁵
Leave it, it shall be done, 'ganst afternoon.

Sub. And a direction for his shelves.

Face. Now, Nab,

Art thou well pleas'd, Nab?

Drug. 'Thank, sir, both your worships. ¹⁰⁰

Face. Away. [Exit DRUGGER.]

Why, now, you smoaky persecutor of nature!

Now do you see, that something's to be done,

Beside your beech-coal, and your cor'sive ¹²

waters,

Your crosslets, ¹³ crucibles, and encurbites? ¹⁴

You must have stuff brought home to you, to work on ¹⁰⁵

And yet you think, I am at no expense

In searching out these veins, then following 'em,

Then trying 'em out. 'Fore God, my intelligence

Costs me more money than my share oft comes to,

In these rare works.

Sub. You're pleasant, sir. — How now! ¹¹⁰

⁶ Paint for the face. ⁷ Tartar deposited by wine.

⁸ Cinnabar, mercuric sulphid.

⁹ Assay.

¹⁰ A gold coin worth about three pounds, twelve shillings

¹¹ Unlucky days. ¹² Corrosive. ¹³ Crucible.

¹⁴ Glass retort, shaped like a gourd.

SCENE IV.¹

FACE, SUTLE. [Enter] DOL.

Sub. What says my dainty Dolkin?

Dol. Yonder fish-wife
Will not away. And there's your giantess,
The bawd of Lambeth.

Sub. Heart, I cannot speak with 'em.

Dol. Not afore night, I have told 'em in a
voice,Thorough the trunk, like one of your familiars.
But I have spied Sir Epicure Mammon —Sub. Where? ⁶Dol. Coming along, at far end of the lane,
Slow of his feet, but earnest of his tongue
To one that's with h'.

Sub. Face, go you and shift.

Dol, you must presently make ready too. ¹⁰
[Exit FACE.]

Dol. Why, what's the matter?

Sub. O, I did look for him
With the sun's rising: marvel he could sleep!
This is the day I am to perfect for himThe magisterium, our great work, the stone;
And yield it, made, into his hands; of which ¹⁵
He has, this month, talk'd as he were possess'd.
And now he's dealing pieces on 't away.Methinks I see him ent'ring ordinaries,
Dispensing for the pox, and plaguy houses,
Reaching his dose, walking Moorfields for
lepers, ²⁰And off'ring citizens' wives pomander ² -brace-
lets,As his preservative, made of the elixir;
Searching the 'spital, to make old bawds young;
And the highways, for beggars to make rich.I see no end of his labours. He will make ²⁵
Nature asham'd of her long sleep; when art,
Who's but a step-dame, shall do more than she,In her best love to mankind, ever could.
If his dream last, he'll turn the age to gold.
[Exit.]

ACT II

SCENE I.³

[Enter] Sir EPICURE MAMMON and SURLY.

Mam. Come on, sir. Now you set your foot
on shoreIn *Novo Orbe*; ⁴ here 's the rich Peru:
And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
Great Solomon's Ophir! He was sailing to 't
Three ye, but we have reach'd it in ten
months. ⁵This is the day wherein, to all my friends,
I will pronounce the happy word, BE RICH;
T S DAY YOU SHALL BE SPECTATISSIMI. ⁶
You shall no more deal with the hollow die, ⁹
Or the frail card; no more be at charge of keeping
The livery-punk ⁶ for the young heir, that must¹ The same.² A ball of perfume carried against infection.³ An outer room in Lovewit's house.⁴ The New World.⁵ Most gazed at.⁶ Female accomplice in s'nding he' out of pro-
perty.Seal, at all hours, in his shirt. no more,
If he deny, ha' him beaten to 't, as he is
That brings him the commodity; no more
Shall thirst of satin, or the covetous hunger ¹⁵
Of velvet entrails' for a rude-spun cloak,
To be display'd at Madam Augusta's, make
The sons of Sword and Hazard fall before
The golden calf, and on their knees, whole
nights,Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets: ²⁰
Or go a feasting after drum and ensign.
No more of this. You shall start up young vice-
roys,And have your punks and punkettes, my S ^{1y}.
And unto thee I speak it first, BE RICH.
Where is my Subtle there? Within, ho![FACE. within.] Sir, ²⁵
He'll come to you by and by.Mam. That is his fire-drake, ⁸His Lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals,
Till he firk ⁹ nature up, in her own centre.You are not faithful, ¹⁰ sir. This night I'll change
All that is metal in my house to gold. ³⁰And, early in the morning, will I send
To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
And buy their tin and lead up; and to Lothbury
For all the copper.

Sur. What, and turn that, too?

Mam. Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and
Cornwall, ³⁵And make them perfect Indies! You admire
now?

Sur. No, faith.

Mam. But when you see th' e cts of the
Great Med'cine,Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of Mercury, or Venus, or the Moon, ⁴⁰Shall turn it to as many of the Sun; ¹¹
Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum*:

You will believe me.

Sur. Yes, when I see 't, I will.
But if my eyes do cozen me so, and IGiving 'em no occasion, sure I'll have ⁴⁵
A whore, shall piss 'em out next day.

Mam. Ha! why?

Do you think I fable with you? I assure you,
He that has once the flower of the sun,The perfect ruby, which we call elixir,
Not only can do that, but by its virtue, ⁵⁰Can confer honour, love, respect, long life;
Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,To whom he will. In eight and twenty days,
I'll make an old man of fourscore, a child.

Sur. No doubt; he's that already.

Mam. Nay, I mean, ⁵⁵Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle,
To the fifth age; make h' get sons and daugh-
ters,Young giants; as our philosophers have done,
The ancient patriarchs, afore the flood,But taking, once a week, on a knife's point, ⁶⁰
The quantity of a grain of mustard of it;

Become stout M es, and beget young Cupids.

⁷ Lining.⁸ Stir, rouse.⁹ Dragon.¹⁰ Believing.¹¹ T mercury, copper, or silver into gold.

Sur. The decay'd vestals of Pickt-hatch¹
would thank you,
That keep the fire alive there.

Mam. 'Tis the secret
Of nature naturiz'd 'gainst all infections,
Cures all diseases coming of all causes;
A month's grief in a day, a year's in twelve;
And, of what age soever, in a month.
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.
I'll undertake, withal, to fright the plague
Out o' the kingdom in three months.

Sur. And I'll
Be bound, the players shall sing your praises
then,
Without their poets.²

Mam. Sir, I'll do 't. Meantime,
I'll give away so much unto my man,
Shall serve th' whole city with preservative
Weekly; each house his dose, and at the
rate —

Sur. As he that built the Water-work does
with water?

Mam. You are incredulous.

Sur. Faith, I have a humour,
I would not willingly be gull'd.³ Your stone
Cannot transmute me.

Mam. Pertinax Surly,
Will you believe antiquity? Records?
I'll show you a book where Moses, and his
sister,

And Solomon have written of the art;
Ay, and a treatise penn'd by Adam —

Sur. How!

Mam. Of the philosopher's stone, and in High
Dutch.

Sur. Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch?

Mam. He did;

Which proves it was the primitive tongue.

Sur. What paper?

Mam. On cedar board.

Sur. O that, indeed, they say,
Will last 'gainst worms.

Mam. 'Tis like your Irish wood
'Gainst cobwebs. I have a piece of Jason's
fleece too,

Which was no other than a book of alchemy,
Writ in large sheepskin, a good fat ram-vellum.
Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub,
And all that fable of Medea's charms,
The manner of our work; the bulls, our furnace,
Still breathing fire; our argent-vive,⁴ the
dragon:

The dragon's teeth, mercury sublimate,
That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the
biting;

And they are gather'd into Jason's helm,
Th' alembic, and then sow'd in Mars his field,
And thence sublim'd so often, till they're fix'd.
Both this, th' Hesperian garden, Cadmus' story,
Jove's shower, the boon of Midas, Argus' eyes,
Bocace his Demogorgon,⁵ thousands more,
All abstract riddles of our stone. — How now!

¹ A disreputable locality

² The theatres were closed when the plague was pre-
lent.

³ Fooled.

⁴ Quicksilver.

⁵ According to Boccaccio, the ancestor of the gods.

SCENE II.⁶

MAMMON, SURLY. [*Enter*] FACE, [*as a Servant.*]

Mam. Do we succeed? Is our day come?
And holds it?

Face. The evening will set red upon you, sir;
You have colour for it, crimson: the red fer-
ment

Has done his office; three hours hence prepare
you

To see projection.

Mam. Pertinax, my Surly.

Agam I say to thee, aloud, BE RICH.
This day thou shalt have ingots; and to-morrow
Give lords th' affront. — Is it, my Zephyrus,
right?

Blushes the bolt's-head? ⁷

Face. Like a wench with child, sir,
That were but now discover'd to her master.

Mam. Excellent witty Lungs! — My only care

Where to get stuff enough now, to project on;
This town will not half serve me.

Face. No, sir? Buy
The covering off o' churches.

Mam. That's true.

Face. Yes.
Let 'em stand bare, as do their auditory;
Or cap 'em new with shingles.

Mam. No, good thatch:
Thatch will lie light upo' the rafters, Lungs.
Lungs, I will manumit thee from the furnace;
I will restore thee thy complexion, Puff,
Lost in the embers; and repair this brain,
Hurt wi' the fume o' the metals.

Face. I have blown, sir,
Hard, for your worship; thrown by many a
coal,

When 't was not beech; weigh'd those I put in,
just

To keep your heat still even. These blear'd
eyes

Have wak'd to read your several colours, sir,
Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow,
The peacock's tail, the plumed swan.

Mam. And lastly,

Thou hast descried the flower, the *sanguis agni*?
Face. Yes, sir.

Mam. Where's master?

Face. At's prayers, sir, he;
Good man, he's doing his devotions
For the success.

Mam. Lungs, I will set a period
To all thy labours; thou shalt be the master
Of my seraglio.

Face. Good, sir.

Mam. But do you hear?
I'll geld you, Lungs.

Face. Yes, sir.

Mam. For I do me
To have a list of wives and concubines
Equal with Solomon, who had the stone
Alike with me; and I will make me a back
With the elixir, that shall be tough

⁶ The same.

⁷ A kind of flask.

⁸ Transmute.

⁹ Congregation.

As Hercules, to encounter fifty a night.—
Thou'rt sure thou saw'st it blood?

Face. Both blood and spirit, sir. ⁴⁰

Mam. I will have all my beds blown up, not
stuff;

Down is too hard; and then, mine oval room
Fill'd with such pictures as Tiberius took
From Elephants, and dull Aretine

But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses ⁴⁵
Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse
And multiply the figures, as I walk

Naked between my succubae,¹ My mists
I'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room,

To lose our selves in; and my baths, like pits ⁵⁰
To fall into; from whence we will come forth,
And roll us dry in gossamer and roses.—

Is it arrived at ruby?—Where I spy
A wealthy citizen, or [a] rich lawyer,

Have a sublim'd pure wife, unto that fellow ⁵⁵
I'll send a thousand pound to be my cuckold.

Face. And I shall carry it?

Mam. No. I'll ha' no bawds
But fathers and mothers: they will do it best,

Best of all others. And my flatterers
Shall be the pure and gravest of divines, ⁶⁰

That I can get for money. My mere fools,
Eloquent burgesses, and then my poets

The same that writ so subtly of the fart,
Whom I will entertain still for that subject.

The few that would give out themselves to be ⁶⁵
Court and town-stallions, and, each-where, bely
Ladies who are known most innocent, for

them,—
Those will I beg, to make me eunuchs of

And they shall fan me with ten estrich tails
A-piece, made in a plume to gather wind. ⁷⁰

We will be brave, Puff, now we ha' the med'¹-
cine.

My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded

With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and ru-
bies.

The tongues of carps, dormice, and c ^{els'}
heels, ⁷⁵

Boil'd i' the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl
(Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy):

And I will eat these broths with spoons of am-
ber,

Headed with diamond and carbuncle.
My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd sal-
mons,²

Knots,³ godwits, lampreys: I myself will have
The beards of barbel⁴ serv'd, instead of salads;

Oil'd mushrooms; and the swelling unctuous
paps

Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
Drest with an exquisite and poignant sauce; ⁸⁵

For which, I'll say unto my cook, *There's gold;*
Go forth, and be a knight.

Face. Sir, I'll go look
A little, how it heightens. *[Exit.]*

Mam. Do.—My shirts
I'll have of taffeta-sarsnet,⁵ soft and light

As cobwebs; and for all my other raiment, ⁹⁰

¹ Mistresses.

² Salmon elaborately prepared.

³ Robin-snipes.

⁴ A fish.

⁵ Soft silk.

It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,
Were he to teach the world riot anew.

My gloves of fishes and birds' skins, perfum'd
With gums of paradise, and Eastern air—

Sur. And do you think to have the stone with
this? ⁹⁵

Mam. No, I do think t' have all this with
the stone.

Sur. Why, I have heard he must be *homo*
frugi.⁶

A pious, holy, and religious man,
One free from mortal sin, a very virgin.

Mam. That makes it, sir; he is so. But I buy
it; ¹⁰⁰

My venture brings it me. He, honest wretch,
A notable, superstitious, good soul,

Has worn his knees bare, and his slippers bald,
With prayer and fasting for it: and, sir, let him

Do it alone, for me, still. Here he comes. ¹⁰⁵
Not a profane word afore him; 't is poison.—

SCENE III.

MAMMON, SURLY. *[Enter] SUBTLE.*

Mam. Good morrow, father.

Sub. Gentle son, good morrow,
And to your friend there. What is he is with
you?

Mam. An heretic, that I did bring along,
In hope, sir, to convert him.

Sub. Son, I doubt
You're covetous, that thus you meet your t' e

I' the just⁸ point, prevent⁹ your day at morn-
ing. ⁶

This argues something worthy of a fear
Of importune and carnal appetite.

Take heed you do not cause the blessing leave
you,

With your ungovern'd haste. I should be sorry
To see my labours, now e'en at perfection, ¹¹

Got by long watching and large patience,
Not prosper where my love and zeal hath plac'd

'em.
Which (heaven I call to witness, with your self,

To whom I have pour'd my thoughts) in all my
ends, ¹⁵

Have look'd no way, but unto public good,
To pious uses, and dear charity,

Now grown a prodigy with men. Wherein
If you, my son, should now prevaricate,

And to your own particular lusts employ ²⁰
So great and catholic a bliss, be sure
A curse will follow, yea, and overtake

Your subtle and most secret ways.

Mam. I know, sir;
You shall not need to fear me; I but come

To ha' you confute this gentleman.

Sur. Who is, ²⁵
Indeed, sir, somewhat costive of belief
Toward your stone; would not be gull'd.

Sub. Well, son,
All that I can convince him in, is this,

The work is done, bright Sol is in his robe.
We have a med'cine of the triple soul, ³⁰

⁶ A virtuous man.

⁷ The e.

⁸ Exact.

⁹ Antici te.

The glorified spirit. Thanks be to heaven,
And make us worthy of it! — *Uten Spiegel!*¹

Face. [*within.*] Anon, sir.

Sub. Look well to the register.
And let your heat still lessen by degrees,
To the aludels.²

Face. [*within.*] Yes, sir.

Sub. Did you look
O' the bolt's head yet?

Face. [*within.*] Which? On D, sir?

Sub. Ay;

What's the complexion?

Face. [*within.*] Whitish.

Sub. Infuse vinegar,³
To draw his volatile substance and his tincture:
And let the water in glass E be filt'red,
And put into the gripe's egg.⁴ Lute⁵ him well;
And leave him clos'd in *balneo*.⁶

Face. [*within.*] I will, sir.

Sur. What a brave language here is! next to
canting.⁷

Sub. I have another work you never saw,
son,

That three days since past the philosopher's
wheel,

In the lent heat of Athanor;⁷ and's become
Sulphur o' Nature.

Mam. But 't is for me?

Sub. What need you?
You have enough, in that is, perfect.

Mam. O, but —

Sub. Why, this is covetise!

Mam. No, I assure you,
I shall employ it all in pious uses,
Founding of colleges and grammar schools,
Marrying young virgins, building hospitals,
And, now and then, a church.

[*Re-enter FACE.*]

Sub. How now!

Face. Sir, please you,

Shall I not change the filter?

Sub. Marry, yes;

And bring me the complexion of glass B.

[*Exit FACE.*]

Mam. Ha' you another?

Sub. Yes, son; were I assur'd
Your piety were firm, we would not want

The means to glorify it: but I hope the best.

I mean to tinct C in sand-heat to-morrow,

And give him imbibition.⁸

Mam. Of white oil?

Sub. No, sir, of red. F is come over the helm

too,

I thank my maker, in S. Mary's bath.

And shows *lac virginis*. Blessed be heaven!

I sent you of his faeces there calcin'd:

Out of that calx, I ha' won the salt of mercury.

Mam. By pouring on your rectified water?

Sub. Yes, and reverberating in Athanor.

¹ The hero of a well-known German jest-book.

² A pear-shaped vessel, open at both ends.

³ An egg-shaped vessel. *Gripe* is griffin.

⁴ Seal with clay.

⁵ A dish of warm water.

⁶ *Magues'* slang.

⁷ An alchemical furnace.

⁸ Absorption.

[*Re-enter FACE.*]

How now! what colour says it?

Face. The ground black, sir.

Mam. That's your crow's head?

Sur. Your cock's comb's, is it not?

Sub. No, 't is not perfect. Would it were the

crow!

That work wants something.

Sur. [*Aside.*] O, I look'd for this,

The hay's⁹ a pitching.

Sub. Are you sure you loos'd 'em

In their own menstree?¹⁰

Face. Yes, sir, and then married 'em,

And put 'em in a bolt's-head nipp'd to digestion,

According as you bade me, when I set

The liquor of Mars to circulation

In the same heat.

Sub. The process then was right.

Face. Yes, by the token, sir, the retort brake,

And what was say'd was put into the pellican,

And sign'd with Hermes' seal.

Sub. I think 't was so.

We should have a new amalgama.

Sur. [*Aside.*] O, this ferret

Is rank as any polecat.

Sub. But I care not;

Let him e'en die; we have enough beside,

In embrion. H has his white shirt on?

Face. Yes, sir,

He's ripe for inceration, he stands warm,

In his ash-fire. I would not you should let

Any die now, if I might counsel, sir,

For luck's sake to the rest: it is not good.

Mam. He says right.

Sur. [*Aside.*] Ay, are you bolted?

Face. Nay, I know 't, sir,

I've seen th' ill fortune. What is some three

ounces

Of fresh materials?

Mam. Is 't no more?

Face. No more, sir,

Of gold, t' amalgam with some six of mercury.

Mam. Away, here's money. What will serve?

Face. Ask him, sir.

Mam. How much?

Sub. Give him nine pound: you may gi' him

Sur. Yes, twenty, and be cozen'd, do.

Mam. There 't is. [*Gives FACE the money.*]

Sub. This needs not; but that you will have

it so,

To see conclusions of all: for two

Of our inferior works are at fixation,

A third is in ascension. Go your ways.

Ha' you set the oil of Luna in kemia?

Face. Yes, sir.

Sub. And the philosopher's vinegar?

Face. Ay. [*Exit.*]

Sur. We shall have a salad!

Mam. When do you make projection?

Sub. Son, be not hasty, I exalt our med'cine,

By hanging him in *balneo vaporoso*,

And giving him solution; then congeal him;

And then dissolve him; then again congeal h' ;

⁹ A net for catching rabbits.

¹⁰ Dissolving fluids.

For look, how oft I iterate the work,
So many times I add unto his virtue. 110
As, if at first one ounce convert a hundred,
After his second loose, he'll tain a thousand;
His third solution, ten; his fourth, a hundred,
After his fifth, a thousand thousand ounces
Of any imperfect metal, into pure 115
Silver or gold, in all examinations,
As good as any of the natural mine.
Get you your stuff here against afternoon,
Your brass, your pewter, and your andirons.

Mam. Not those of iron?

Sub. Yes, you may bring them too; 120
We'll change all metals.

Sur. I believe you in that.

Mam. Then I may send my spits?

Sub. Yes, and your racks.

Sur. And dripping-pans, and pot-hangers,
and hooks?

Shall he not?

Sub. If he please.

Sur. — To be an ass. 124

Sub. How, sir!

Mam. This gent'man you must bear withal.
I told you he had no faith.

Sur. And little hope, sir;

But much less charity, should I gull myself.

Sub. Why, what have you observ'd, sir, in
our art,

Seems so impossible?

Sur. But your whole work, no more.
That you should hatch gold in a furnace, sir,
As they do eggs in Egypt!

Sub. Sir, do you 131
Believe that eggs are hatch'd so?

Sur. If I should?

Sub. Why, I think that the greater miracle.
No egg but differs from a chicken more
Than metals in themselves.

Sur. That cannot be. 135
The egg's ordain'd by nature to that end,
And is a chicken *in potentia*.

Sub. The same we say of lead and other
metals,

Which would be gold if they had time.

Mam. And that
Our art doth further.

Sub. Ay, for 't were absurd 140
To think that nature in the earth bred gold
Perfect i' the instant. something went before.
There must be remote matter.

Sur. Ay, what is that?

Sub. Marry, we say —

Mam. Ay, now it heats: stand, father,
Pound him to dust.

Sub. It is, of the one part, 145
A humid exhalation, which we call

Materia liquida, or the unctuous water;
On th' other part, a certain crass and viscous

Portion of earth, both which, coöperate,

Do make the elementary matter of gold; 150

Which is not yet *propria materia*,

But common to all metals and all stones;

For, where it is forsaken of that moisture,

And hath more dryness, it becomes a stone:

Where it retains more of the humid fatness, 155

It turns to sulphur, or to quicksilver.

Who are the parents of all other metals.

Nor can this remote matter suddenly

Progress so from extreme unto extreme, 156

As to grow gold, and leap o'er all the means.

Nature doth first beget th' imperfect, then

Proceeds she to the perfect. Of that airy

And oily water, mercury is engend'ed,

Sulphur o' the fat and earthy part, the one, 164

Which is the last, supplying the place of male,

The other of the female, in all metals.

Some do believe hermaphrodeity,

That both do act and suffer. But these two

Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive.

And even in gold they are; for we do find 170

Seeds of them by our fire, and gold in them,

And can produce the species of each metal

More perfect thence, than nature doth in earth.

Beside, who doth not see in daily practice

Art can beget bees, hornets, beetles, wasps, 175

Out of the carcasses and dung of creatures,

Yea, scorpions of an herb, being rightly plac'd?

And these are living creatures, far more perfect

And excellent than metals.

Mam. Well said, father!

Nay, if he take you in hand, sir, with an argu- 180

ment,

He'll bray you in a mortar.

Sur. Pray you, sir, stay.

Rather than I'll be bray'd, sir, I'll believe

That Alchemy is a pretty kind of game,

Somewhat like tricks o' the cards, to cheat a

man

With charming.

Sub. Sir?

Sur. What else are all your terms, 185

Whereon no one o' your writers grees with

other?

Of your elixir, your *lac virginis*,

Your stone, your med'cine, and your chryso-

sperm,

Your sal, your sulphur, and your mercury, 190

Your oil of height, your tree of life, your blood,

Your marchesite, your tutie, your magnesia,

Your toad, your crow, your dragon, and your

panther;

Your sun, your moon, your firmament, your

adrop,

Your lato, azoch, zernich, chibrit, heautarit, 194

And then your red man, and your white woman,

With all your broths, your menstrues, and ma- 200

terials

Of piss and egg-shells, women's terms, man's

blood,

Hair o' the head, burnt clouts, chalk, merds,

and clay,

Powder of bones, scalings of iron, glass,

And worlds of other strange ingredients, 206

Would burst a man to name?

Sub. And all these, nam'd,

Intending but one thing; which art our writers

Us'd to obscure their art.

Mam. Sir, so I told him —

Because¹ the simple idiot should not learn it,

And make it vulgar.

Sub. Was not all the knowledge

¹ In order that.

Of the Aegyptians writ in mystic symbols?
 Speak not the scriptures oft in parables?
 Are not the choicest fables of the poets,
 That were the fountains and first springs of
 wisdom,

Wrapt in perplexed allegories?

Mam. I urg'd that, ²¹⁰
 And clear'd to him, that Sisyphus was damn'd
 To roll the ceaseless stone, only because
 He would have made ours common. (*DOL is*
seen) [*at the door.*] — Who is this?

Sub God's precious! — What do you mean?
 Go in, good lady,

Let me entreat you. [*DOL retires.*] — Where's
 this varlet?

[*Re-enter FACE.*]

Face. Sir. ²¹⁵

Sub. You very knave! do you use me thus?

Face. Wherein, sir?

Sub. Go in and see, you traitor Go!

[*Exit FACE.*]
 Who is it, sir?

Mam. Who is it, sir; nothing.

Sub. Nothing, sir; nothing.

Mam. What's the matter, good sir?

I have not seen you thus distemp'ed: who is 't?

Sub. All arts have still had, sir, their adver-
 saries; ²²⁰

But ours the most ignorant. —

FACE returns.

What now?

Face. 'T was not my fault, sir; she would
 speak with you.

Sub. Would she, sir! Follow me. [*Exit.*]

Mam. [*stopping him.*] Stay, Lungs.

Face. I dare not, sir.

Mam. How! pray thee, stay.

Face. She's mad, sir, and sent hither — ²²⁵

Mam. Stay, man; what is she?

Face. A lord's sister, sir.

He'll be mad too. —

Mam. I warrant thee. — Why sent hither?

Face. Sir, to be cur'd.

Sub. [*within.*] Why, rascal!

Face. Lo you! — Here, sir! *Exit.*

Mam. 'Fore God, a Bradamante, a brave
 piece.

Sur. Heart, this is a bawdy-house! I'll be
 burnt else. ²³⁰

Mam. O, by this light, no: do not wrong him.

He's

Too scrupulous that way: it is his vice.
 No, he's a rare physician, do him right,
 An excellent Paracelsian, and has done
 Strange cures with mineral physic. He deals all
 With spirits, he; he will not hear a word ²³⁵
 Of Galen; or his tedious recipes. —

FACE again.

How now, Lungs!

Face. Softly, sir; speak softly. I meant
 To ha' told your worship all. This must not
 hear.

Mam. No, he will not be gull'd; let him alone.

Face. You're very right, sir; she is a most
 rare scholar, ²⁴⁰

And is gone mad with studying Broughton's¹
 works.

If you but name a word touching the Hebrew,
 She falls into her fit, and will discourse

So learnedly of genealogies, ²⁴⁵

As you would run mad too, to hear her, sir.

Mam. How might one do t' have conference
 with her, Lungs?

Face. O, divers have run mad upon the con-
 ference.

I do not know, sir: I am sent in haste

To fetch a vial.

Sur. Be not gull'd, Sir Mammon. ²⁵⁰

Mam. Wherein? Pray ye, be patient.

Sur. Yes, as you are,

And trust confederate knaves and bawds and
 whores.

Mam. You are too foul, believe it. — Come
 here, I'll,

One word.

Face. I dare not, in good faith. [*Going.*]

Mam. Stay, knave.

Face. He's extreme angry that you saw her,

sir. ²⁵⁵

Mam. Drink that. [*Gives him money.*] What
 is she when she's out of her fit?

Face. O, the most affablest creature, sir! so
 merry!

So pleasant! She'll mount you up, like quick-
 silver,

Over the helm; and circulate like oil,

A very vegetal discourse of state, ²⁶⁰

Of mathematics, bawdry, anything —

Mam. Is she no way accessible? no means,

No trick to give a man a taste of her — wit —

Or so?

[*Sub. within.*] I'll!

Face. I'll come to you again, sir. [*Exit.*]

Mam. Surly, I did not think one o' your
 breeding ²⁶⁵

Would traduce personages of worth.

Sur. Sir Epicure,

Your friend to use; yet still loth to be gull'd:

I do not like your philosophical bawds.

Their stone is lechery enough to pay for, ²⁷⁰

Without this bait.

Mam. Heart, you abuse yourself.

I know the lady, and her friends, and means,

The original of this disaster. Her brother

Has told me all.

Sur. And yet you ne'er saw her

Till now! ²⁷⁵

Mam. O yes, but I forgot. I have, believe

it,

One o' the treacherous'st memories, I do think,

Of all mankind.

Sur. What call you her brother?

Mam. My lord —

He wi' not have his name known, now I think

on 't.

Sur. A very treacherous memory!

Mam. O' my faith — ²⁸⁰

Sur. Tut, if you ha' it not about you, pass it

Till we meet next.

Mam. Nay, by this hand, 't is true.

¹ A learned eccentric of the time.

He's one I honour, and my noble friend ;
And I respect his house.

Sur. Heart ! can it be
That a grave sir, a rich, that has no need, 285
A wise sir, too, at other times, should thus,
With his own oaths, and arguments, make hard
means

To gull himself ? An this be your elixir,
Your *lapis mineralis*, and your lunary,
Give me your honest trick yet at primero, 290
Or gleek, ¹ and take your *lutum sapientis*,
Your *menstruum simplex* ! I'll have gold before
you,
And with less danger of the quicksilver,
Or the hot sulphur.

[*Re-enter FACE.*]

Face. Here's one from Captain *Face*, sir. 295
(*To SURLY.*)

Desires you meet him i' the Temple-church,
Some half-hour hence, and upon earnest busi-
ness.

Sir, (*whispers MAMMON*) if you please to quit us
now, and come

Again within two hours, you shall have
My master busy examining o' the works ; 300
And I will steal you in unto the party,
That you may see her converse. — Sir, shall I
say

You'll meet the captain's worship ?

Sur. Sir, I will. — [*Walks aside.*]
But, by attorney, and to a second purpose.
Now, I am sure it is a bawdy-house, 305
I'll swear it, were the marshal here to thank
me.

The naming this commander doth confirm it.
Don *Face* ! why, he's the most authentic dealer
I' these commodities, the superintendent
To all the quainter traffickers in town ! 310
He is the visitor, and does appoint
Who lies with whom, and at what hour ; what
price ;

Which gown, and in what smock ; what fall ; ²
what tire. ³

Him will I prove, by a third person, to find
The subtleties of this dark labyrinth : 315

Which if I do discover, dear Sir Mammon,
You'll give your poor friend leave, though no
philosopher,
To laugh ; for you that are, 't is thought, shall
weep.

Face. Sir, he does pray you'll not forget.

Sur. I will not, sir.
Sir Epicure, I shall leave you. [*Exit.*]

Mam. I follow you straight. 320

Face. But do so, good sir, to avoid suspicion.
This gent' man has a parlous head.

Mam. But wilt thou, Wen,
B' constant to thy promise ?

Face. As my life, sir.

Mam. And wilt thou insinuate what I am,
and praise me,

And say I am a noble fellow ?

Face. O, what else, sir ? 325

And that you'll make her royal with the stone,
An empress ; and yourself King of Bantam.

Mam. Wilt thou do this ?

Face. Will I, sir !

Mam. L gs, my Lungs !
I love thee.

Face. Send your stuff, sir, that my master
May busy himself about projection. 330

Mam. Thou 'st witch'd me, rogue : take, go.

[*Gives him money.*]

Face. Your jack, and all, sir.

Mam. Thou art a villain — I will send my
jack,
And the weights too. Slave, I could bite thine
ear.

Away, thou dost not care for me.

Face. Not I, sir !

Mam. Come, I was born to make thee, my
good weasel, 335

Set thee on a bench, and ha' thee twirl a chain
With the best lord's vermin of 'em all.

Face. Away, sir.

Mam. A count, nay, a count palatine —

Face. Good sir, go.

Mam. Shall not advance thee better : no, nor
f ter. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.⁴

FACE. [*Re-enter*] *SUBTLE* and *DOL*.

Sub. Has he bit ? has he bit ?

Face. And swallow'd, too, my

Subtle.

I ha' given him line, and now he plays, i' faith.

Sub. And shall we twitch him ?

Face. Thorough both the gills.
A wench is a rare bait, with which a man

No sooner's taken, but he straight firks mad. ⁵

Sub. Dol, my Lord What's-h 's sister, you
must now

Bear yourself *statelich*.

Dol. O, let me alone,

I'll not forget my race, I warrant you.

I'll keep my distance, laugh and talk aloud ;

Have all the tricks of a proud scurvy lady, ¹⁰

And be as rude's her woman.

Face. Well said, sanguine ! ⁶

Sub. But will he send his andirons ?

Face. His jack too,

And 's iron shoeing-horn ; I ha' spoke to him.

Well,

I must not lose my wary gamester yonder.

Sub. O, Monsieur Caution, that will not be

gull'd ? ¹⁵

Face. Ay,

If I can strike a fine hook into him, now ! —

The Temple-church, there I have cast mine an-
gle.

Well, pray for me. I'll about it.

(*One knocks.*)

Sub. What, more gudgeons ! ⁷

Dol. scout, scout ! [*DOL goes to the window.*]

Stay, *Face*, you must go to the door ;

'Pray God it be my anabaptist — Who is 't, Dol ?

¹ Games at cards.

² A collar, or a veil.

³ A head-dress.

⁴ The same.

⁵ R mad.

⁶ Red cheeks.

⁷ E dupes.

Dol. I know him not: he looks like a gold-end-man.¹

Sub. Gods so! 't is he, he said he would send — what call you him?

The sanctified elder, that should deal 25

For Mammon's jack and andirons. Let him in.

Stay, help me off, first, with my gown. [*Exit*

FACE with the gown.] Away,

Madam, to your withdrawing chamber. Now,

[*Exit DOL.*]

In a new tune, new gesture, but old language.—

This fellow is sent from one negotiates with me

About the stone too, for the holy brethren 31

Of Amsterdam, the exil'd saints, that hope

To raise their discipline² by it. I must use him

In some strange fashion now, to make him ad-

mirre me.

SCENE V.³

SUBTLE. [*Enter*] ANANIAS.

Where is my drudge? [*Aloud.*]

[*Enter*] *FACE.*

Face. Sir!

Sub. Take away the recipient,

And rectify your menstrue from the phlegma.

Then pour it on the Sol, in the cucurbite,

And let 'em macerate together.

Face. Yes, sir.

And save the ground?

Sub. No: *terra damnata* 5

Must not have entrance in the work. — Who

are you?

Ana. A faithful brother,⁴ if it please you.

Sub. What's that?

A Lullianist? a Ripley?⁵ *Filius artis*?

Can you sublime and dulcify? Calcene?

Know you the sapor pontic? Sapor stiptic? 10

Or what is homogene, or heterogene?

Ana. I understand no heathen language,

truly.

Sub. Heathen! You Knipperdoling?⁶ Is Ars

sacra,

Or chrysopoeia, or spagyrica,

Or the pamphysic, or panarchic knowledge, 15

A heathen language?

Ana. Heathen Greek, I take it.

Sub. How! Heathen Greek?

Ana. All's heathen but the Hebrew.

Sub. Sirrah my varlet, stand you forth and

speak to him

Like a philosopher: answer i' the language.

Name the vexations, and the martyrizations 20

Of metals in the work.

Face. Sir, putrefaction,

Solution, ablution, sublimation,

Cohobation, calcination, ceration, and

Fixation.

Sub. This is heathen Greek, to you, now! —

And when comes vivification?

¹ A man who buys broken remnants of gold.

² Puritan form of church government

³ The same.

⁴ A Puritan. Subtle wilfully misunderstands

⁵ A follower of Raymond Lully (1235-1315) or George Ripley (d. *cir* 1490), well-known alch. ical writers.

⁶ An Anabaptist leader.

Face. After mortification, 25

Sub. What's cohobation?

Face. 'T is the pouring on

Your *agua regis*, and then drawing him off,

To the trine circle of the seven spheres.

Sub. What's the proper passion of metals?

Face. Malleation.

Sub. What's your *ultimum supplicium auri*?

Face. Antimonium. 30

Sub. This's heathen Greek to you! — And

what's your mercury?

Face. A very fugitive, he will be gone, sir.

Sub. How know you him?

Face. By his viscosity,

His oleosity, and his suscibility.

Sub. How do you sublime him?

Face. With the calce of egg-shells, 35

White marble, talc.

Sub. Your magisterium now,

What's that?

Face. Shifting, sir, your elements,

Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot,

Hot into dry.

Sub. This is heathen Greek to you still!

Your *lapis philosophicus*?

Face. 'T is a stone, 40

And not a stone; a spirit, a soul, and a body:

Which if you do dissolve, it is dissolv'd;

If you coagulate, it is coagulated;

If you make it to fly, it flieth.

Sub. Enough. [*Exit FACE.*]

This's heathen Greek to you! What are you,

sir?

Ana. Please you, a servant of the exil'd

brethren,

That deal with widows' and with orphans'

goods,

And make a just account unto the saints:

A deacon.

Sub. O, you are sent from Master Wholesome,

Your teacher?

Ana. From Tribulation Wholesome, 45

Our very zealous pastor.

Sub. Good! I have

Some orphans' goods to come here.

Ana. Of what kind, sir?

Sub. Pewter and brass, andirons and kitchen-

ware.

Metals, that we must use our med'cine on: 50

Wherein the brethren may have a penn'orth

For ready money.

Ana. Were the orphans' parents

Sincere professors?

Sub. Why do you ask?

Ana. Because

We then are to deal justly, and give, in truth,

Their utmost value.

Sub. 'Slid, you'd cozen else, 55

An if their parents were not of the faithful! —

I will not trust you, now I think on it,

Till I ha' talk'd with your pastor. Ha' you

brought money

To buy more coals?

Ana. No, surely.

Sub. No? How so?

Ana. The brethren bid me say unto you,

sir,

Surely, they will not venture any more
Till they may see projection.

Sub. How!
Ana. You've had
For the instruments, as bricks, and lome, and
glasses,
Already thirty pound; and for materials,
They say, some ninety more: and they have
heard since,
That one, at Heidelberg, made it of an egg,
And a small paper of pin-dust.

Sub. What's your name?
Ana. My name is Ananias.

Sub. Out, the varlet
That cozen'd the apostles! Hence, away!
Flee, mischief! had your holy consistory
No name to send me, of another sound
Than wicked Ananias? Send your elders
Hither, to make atonement for you, quickly,
And giv' me satisfaction; or out goes
The fire, and down th' alembics, and the fur-

nace,
Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch!
Both *sericon* and *bufo* shall be lost,
Tell 'em. All hope of rooting out the bishops,
Or th' anti-Christian hierarchy shall perish,
If they stay threescore minutes: the aqueity,
Terreity, and sulphureity
Shall run together again, and all be annull'd,
Thou wicked Ananias! [*Exit ANANIAS.*] This
will fetch 'em,
And make 'em haste towards their gulling
more.

A man must deal like a rough nurse, and fright
Those that are froward, to an appetite.

SCENE VI.¹

SUBTLE. [*Enter*] FACE [*in his uniform, followed
by*] DRUGGER.

Face. He's busy with his spirits, but we'll
upon him.

Sub. How now! What mates, what Bayards²
ha' we here?

Face. I told you he would be furious. — Sir,
here's Nab

Has brought you another piece of gold to look
on;

— We must appease him. Give it me, — and
prays you,

You would devise — what is it, Nab?

Drug. A sign, sir.

Face. Ay, a good lucky one, a thriving sign,
doctor.

Sub. I was devising now.

Face. [*Aside to SUBTLE*] 'Slight, do not say
so,

He will repent he ga' you any more. —

What say you to his constellation, doctor,

The Balance?

Sub. No, that way is stale and common.

A townsman born in Taurus, gives the bull,

Or the bull's head: in Aries, the ram, —

A poor-device! No, I will have his name

Form'd in some mystic character; whose *radii*,

Striking the senses of the passers-by,
Shall, by a virtual³ influence, breed affections,
That may result upon the party owns it:

As thus

Face. Nab!

Sub. He first shall have a bell, that's *Abel*;

And by it standing one whose name is *Dee*,⁴

In a *rug*⁵ gown, there's *D*, and *Rug*, that's

drug

And right aneinst him a dog snarling *er*;

There's *s* Druggier, *Abel* Druggier. That's his

sign.

And here's now mystery and hieroglyphic!

Face. *Abel*, thou art made.

Drug. Sir, I do thank his worship.

Face. Six o' thy legs⁶ more will not do it,

Nab.

He has brought you a pipe of tobacco, doctor.

Drug. Yes, sir:

I have another thing I would impart —

Face. Out with it, Nab

Drug. Sir, there is lodg'd, hard by me,

A rich young widow —

Face. Good! a bona roba?⁷

Drug. But nineteen at the most.

Face. Very good, *Abel*.

Drug. Marry, she's not in fashion yet; she

wears

A hood, but 't stands a cop.⁸

Face. No matter, *Abel*.

Drug. And I do now and then give her a fu-

cus⁹ —

Face. What! dost thou deal, Nab?

Sub. I did tell you, captain.

Drug. And physic too, sometime, sir; for

which she trusts me

With all her mind. She's come up here of pur-

pose

To learn the fashion.

Face. Good (his match too!) — On, Nab.

Drug. And she does strangely long to know

her fortune.

Face. God's lid, Nab, send her to the doctor,

hither.

Drug. Yes, I have spoke to her of his worship

already;

But she's afraid it will be blown abroad,

And hurt her a marriage.

Face. Hurt it! 't is the way

To heal it, if 't were hurt; to make it more

Follow'd and sought. Nab, thou shalt tell her

this.

She'll be more known, more talk'd of; and yo

widows

Are ne'er of any price till they be famous;

Their honour is their multitude of suitors.

Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What!

Thou dost not know?

Drug. No, sir, she'll never marry

Under a knight: her brother has made a vow.

³ Due to the virtue or power of the device

⁴ A reference to Dr. Dee, the famous magician and astrologer, who died in 1608.

⁵ Of coarse freze. ⁶ Bows. ⁷ Handsome wench.

⁸ Peaked (?) or straight on the top of her head, instead of tilted (?)

⁹ Paint for her face.

¹ The same.

² Blind ho

F. e. What! and dost thou despair, my little Nab,
Knowing what the doctor has set down for thee,
And seeing so many o' the city dubb'd? ⁵⁵
One glass o' thy water, with a madam I know,
Will have it done, Nab. What's her brother? a knight?

Drug. No, sir, a gentleman newly warm in 's land, sir,
Scarce cold in his one and twenty, that does govern

His sister here; and is a man himself ⁶⁰
Of some three thousand a year, and is come up
To learn to quarrel, and to live by his wits,
And will go down again, and die i' the country.

Face. How! to quarrel?

Drug. Yes, sir, to carry quarrels,
As gallants do; to manage 'em by line. ⁶⁵

Face. 'Slid, Nab, the doctor is the only man

In Christendom for him. He has made a table,
With mathematical demonstrations,
Touching the art of quarrels; he will give him
An instrument to quarrel by. Go, bring 'em ⁷⁰
both,

Him and his sister. And, for thee, with her
The doctor happ'y may persuade. Go to:
'Shalt give his worship a new damask suit
Upon the premises.

Sub. O, good captain!

Face. He shall;
He is the honestest fellow, doctor. Stay not, ⁷⁵
No offers; bring the damask, and the parties.

Drug. I'll try my power, sir.

Face. And thy will too, Nab.

Sub. 'Tis good tobacco, this! What is 't an ounce?

Face. He'll send you a pound, doctor.

Sub. O no.

Face. He will do 't.
It is the gooddest soul! — Abel, about it. ⁸⁰
Thou shalt know more anon. Away, be gone.

[Exit ABEL.]

A miserable rogue, and lives with cheese,
And has the worms. That was the cause, indeed,

Why he came now: he dealth with me in private, ⁸⁵

To get a med'cine for 'em.

Sub. And shall, sir. This works.

Face. A wife, a wife for one on 's, my dear

Subtle!

We'll e'en draw lots, and he that fails, shall have

The more in goods, the other has in tail.

Sub. Rather the less; for she may be so light
She may want grains.

Face. Ay; or be such a burden, ⁹⁰
A man would scarce endure her for the whole.

Sub. Faith, best let 's see her first, and then determine.

Face. Content: but Dol must ha' no breath on 't.

Sub. Mum.

Away you, to your Surly yonder, catch him.

Face. Pray God I ha' not staid too long. ⁹⁵

Sub. I fear it. [Exeunt.]

ACT III

SCENE I.¹

[Enter] TRIBULATION [WHOLESOME] and ANANIAS.

Tri. These chastisements are common to the saints,
And such rebukes we of the separation
Must bear with willing shoulders, as the trials
Sent forth to tempt our frailties.

Ana. In pure zeal,
I do not like the man; he is a heathen, ⁵
And speaks the language of Canaan, truly.

Tri. I think him a profane person indeed.

Ana. He bears
The visible mark of the beast in his forehead.

And for his stone, it is a work of darkness,
And with philosophy blinds the eyes of man. ¹⁰

Tri. Good brother, we must bend unto all means

That may give furtherance to the holy cause.

Ana. Which his cannot: the sanctified cause
Should have a sanctified course.

Tri. Not always necessary:
The children of perdition are oft times ¹⁵

Made instruments even of the greatest works.

Beside, we should give somewhat to man's nature,

The place he lives in, still about the fire,
And fume of metals, that intoxicate

The brain of man, and make him prone to ²⁰

passion.

Where have you greater atheists than your cooks?

Or more profane, or choleric, than your glass-men?

More anti-Christian than your bell-founders?
What makes the devil so devilish, I would ask ²⁵

you,

Sathan, our common enemy, but his being ³⁰
Perpetually about the fire, and boiling
Brimstone and arsenic? We must give, I say,

Unto the motives, and the stirrers up
Of humours in the blood. It may be so,

When as the work is done, the stone is made, ³⁵
This heat of his may turn into a zeal,

And stand up for the beauteous discipline
Against the menstuous cloth and rag of Rome.

We must await his calling, and the coming
Of the good spirit. You did fault, t' upbraid ⁴⁰

him
With the brethren's blessing of Heidelberg,

weighing
What need we have to hasten on the work,
For the restoring of the silenc'd saints, ⁴⁵

Which ne'er will be but by the philosopher's stone.

And so a learned elder, one of Scotland, ⁵⁰
Assur'd me; *aurum potable* being

The only med'cine for the civil magistrate,
T' incline him to a feeling of the cause;

And must be daily us'd in the disease.

Ana. I have not edified more, truly, by ⁵⁵

¹ The lane before Lovewit's house.

² Non-conformist ministers not allowed to preach.

Not since the beautiful light first shone on me.

And I am sad my zeal hath so offended.

Tri. Let us call on him then.

Ana. The motion's good,
And of the spirit; I will knock first. [*Knocks*]
Peace be within! [*The door is opened,*
and they enter]

SCENE II.¹

[*Enter*] SUBTLE, [*followed by*] TRIBULATION
and ANANIAS.

Sub. O, are you come? 'Twas time. Your
threescore minutes
Were at last thread, you see; and down had
gone

Furnus acediae, turris circulatorius:
Limbec, bolt's-head, retort, and pelican
Had all been cinders. Wicked Ananias!
Art thou return'd? Nay, then it goes down
yet.

Tri. Sir, be appeased; he is come to humble
Himself in spirit, and to ask your patience,
If too much zeal hath carried him aside
From the due path.

Sub. Why, this doth qualify!

Tri. The brethren had no purpose, verily,
To give you the least grievance; but are ready
To lend their willing hands to any project
The spirit and you direct.

Sub. This qualifies more!
Tri. And for the orphans' goods, let them be
valu'd,

Or what is needful else to the holy work,
It shall be numb'rd; here, by me, the saints
Throw down their purse before you.

Sub. This qualifies most!
Why, thus it should be, now you understand.
Have I discours'd so unto you of our stone,
And of the good that it shall bring your cause?
Show'd you (beside the main of hiring forces
Abroad, drawing the Hollanders, your friends,
From th' Indies, to serve you, with all their fleet)
That even the med'cinal use shall make you a
faction

And party in the realm? As, put the case,
That some great man in state, he have the
gout,

Why, you but send three drops of your elixir,
You help him straight: there you have made a
friend.

Another has the palsy or the dropsy,
He takes of your incombustible stuff,
He's young again: there you have made a
friend.

A lady that is past the feat of body,
Though not of mind, and hath her face decay'd
Beyond all cure of paintings, you restore
With the oil of talk: there you have made a
friend;

And all her friends. A lord that is a leper,
A knight that has the bone-ache, or a squire
That hath both these, you make 'em smooth
and sound

¹ A room in Lovewit's ho

With a bare fricace² of your med'cine; still
You increase your friends.

Tri. Ay, 't is very pregnant.

Sub. And then the turning of this lawyer's
pewter

To plate at Christmas

Ana. Christ-tide, I pray you.

Sub. Yet, Ananias!

Ana. I have done.

Sub. Or changing

His parcel³ gilt to massy gold. You cannot
But raise you friends. Withal, to be of power
To pay an army in the field, to buy
The King of France out of his realms, or Spain
Out of his Indies. What can you not do
Against lords spiritual or temporal,
That shall oppone⁴ you?

Tri. Verily, 't is true.

We may be temporal lords ourselves, I take it.

Sub. You may be anything, and leave off to
make

Long-winded exercises; or suck up

Your *ha!* and *hum!* in a tune. I not deny,

But such as are not graced in a state,

May, for their ends, be adverse in religion,

And get a tune to call the flock together:

For, to say sooth, a tune does much with women

And other phlegmatic people; it is your bell.

Ana. Bells are profane; a tune may be re-
ligious.

Sub. No warning with you? Then farewell
my patience.

Slight, it shall down; I will not be thus tortur'd.

Tri. I pray you, sir.

Sub. All shall perish. I have spoke it.

Tri. Let me find grace, sir, in your eyes; the
man,

He stands corrected: neither did his zeal,
But as your self, allow a tune somewhere,
Which now, being tow'rd⁵ the stone, we shall
not need.

Sub. No, nor your holy vizard,⁶ to win widows

To give you legacies; or make zealous wives

To rob their husbands for the common cause:

Nor take the start of bonds broke but one day,

And say they were forfeited by providence.

Nor shall you need o'er night to eat huge meals,

To celebrate your next day's fast the better;

The whilst the brethren and the sisters h

bled,

Abate the stiffness of the flesh. Nor cast

Before your hungry hearers scrupulous bones;

As whether a Christian may hawk or hunt,

Or whether matrons of the holy assembly

May lay their hair out, or wear doublets,

Or have that idol, starch, about their linen.

Ana. It is indeed an idol.

Tri. Mind him not, sir.

I do command thee, spirit (of zeal, but trouble),

To peace within him! Pray you, sir, go on.

Sub. Nor shall you need to libel⁷ against the
prelates,

And shorten so your ears⁸ against the hearing

² Rubbing ³ Partly. ⁴ Oppose.

⁵ Near possession of. ⁶ Set expression of face.

⁷ The dry bones of disc ion on such scruples.

⁸ ve your ears cut off in the pillory.

Of the next wire-drawn grace. Nor of necessity
 Rail against plays, to please the alderman
 Whose daily custard you devour; nor he
 With zealous rage till you are hoarse. Not one
 Of these so singular arts. Nor call yourselves
 By names of Tribulation, Persecution,
 Restraint, Long-patience, and such like,
 affected

By the whole family or wood¹ of you,
 Only for glory, and to catch the ear
 Of the disciple.

Tri. Truly, sir, they are
 Ways that the godly brethren have invented,
 For propagation of the glorious cause,
 As very notable means, and whereby also
 Themselves grow soon, and profitably, famous.

Sub. O, but the stone, all's idle to't! No-
 thing!

The art of angels, nature's miracle,
 The divine secret that doth fly in clouds
 From east to west. and whose tradition
 Is not from men, but spirits.

Ana. I hate traditions;
 I do not trust them —

Tri. Peace!
Ana. They are popish all.

I will not peace: I will not —

Tri. Ananias!
Ana. Please the profane, to grieve the godly;
 I may not.

Sub. Well, Ananias, thou shalt overcome.
Tri. It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him, sir:

But truly else a very faithful brother,
 A botcher,² and a man by revelation

That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.

Sub. Has he a competent sum there i' the
 bag

To buy the goods within? I am made guardian,
 And must, for charity and conscience' sake,

Now see the most be made for my poor orphan;
 Though I desire the brethren, too, good gainers:

There they are within. When you have view'd
 and bought 'em,

And ta'en the inventory of what they are,
 They are ready for projection; there's no more

To do cast on the med'cine, so much silver
 As there is tin there, so much gold as brass,

I'll gi' it you in by weight.

Tri. But how long time,
 Sir, must the saints expect yet?

Sub. Let me see,
 How's the moon now? Eight, nine, ten days
 hence,

He will be silver potate; then three days
 Before he citronise.³ Some fifteen days,

The magisterium⁴ will be perfected.

Ana. About the second day of the third week,
 In the ninth month?

Sub. Yes, my good Ananias.
Tri. What will the orphans' goods arise to,
 think you?

¹ Assembly.
² Tailor. But the term was used generally of Puri-
 tans.

³ Become the color of citron — a stage in the pro-
 cess of producing the stone

⁴ Full accomplishment

Sub. Some hundred marks, as much as fill'd
 three cars,

Unladen now. you'll make six millions of
 'em —

But I must ha' more coals laid in.

Tri. How?
Sub. Another load,

And then we ha' finish'd. We must now in-
 crease

Our fire to *ignis ardens*; ⁵ we are past
Fimus equinus, balnei, cineris,⁶

And all those lenter⁷ heats. If the holy purse
 Should with this draught fall low, and that the
 saints

Do need a present sum, I have a trick
 To melt the pewter, you shall buy now in-
 stantly,

And with a tincture make you as good Dutch
 dollars

As any are in Holland.

Tri. Can you so?
Sub. Ay, and shall bide the third examination.

Ana. It will be joyful tidings to the brethren.
Sub. But you must carry it secret.

Tri. Ay; but stay,
 This act of coining, is it lawful?

Ana. Lawful!
 We know no magistrate: or, if we did,

This's foreign coin.

Sub. It is no coining, sir.
 It is but casting.

Tri. Ha! you distinguish well:
 Casting of money may be lawful.

Ana. 'Tis, sir.
Tri. Truly, I take it so.

Sub. There is no scruple,
 Sir, to be made of it; believe Ananias;

This case of conscience he is studied in.

Tri. I'll make a question of it to the bre-
 thren.

Ana. The brethren shall approve it lawful,
 doubt not.

Where shall 't be done?
Sub. For that we'll talk anon. *Knock without.*

There's some to speak with me. Go in, I pray
 you,

And view the parcels. That's the inventory.
 I'll come to you straight. [*Exeunt TRIB. and*

ANA.] Who is it? — Face! appear.

SCENE III.⁸

SUBTLE. [*Enter*] FACE [*in his uniform*].

Sub. How now! good prize?
Face. Good pox! Yond' costive cheater

Never came on.

Sub. How then?
Face. I ha' walk'd the round

Till now, and no such thing

Sub. And ha' you quit him?
Face. Quit him! An hell would quit him too,
 he were happy.

'Slight! would you have me stalk like a mill-
 jade,

⁵ Fiery heat.
⁶ Heat from horse-dung, warm bath, ashes.
⁷ Milder.

⁸ The same.

All day, for one that will not yield us grains ?
I know him of old.

Sub. O, but to ha' gull'd him,
Had been a mastery.

Face. Let him go, black boy !
And turn thee, that some fresh news may possess thee.

A noble count, a don of Spain (my dear¹⁰
Delicious compeer, and my party¹¹-bawd),
Who is come hither private for his conscience
And brought munition with him, six great
slops,²

Bigger than three Dutch hoys,³ beside round
trunks,⁴

Furnish'd with pistolets,⁵ and pieces of eight,⁶
Will straight be here, my rogue, to have thy
bath,

(That is the colour,⁷) and to make his batt'ry
Upon our Dol, our castle, our cinqueport,
Our Dover pier, our what thou wilt. Where is
she ?

She must prepare perfumes, delicate linen,²⁰
The bath in chief, a banquet, and her wit,
Where is the doxy ?

Sub. I'll send her to thee :
And but despatch my brace of little John Ley-
dens⁸

And come again myself.

Face. Are they within then ?
Sub. Numb'ring the sum.

Face. How much ?
Sub. A hundred marks, boy. [*Exit.*]

Face. Why, this is a lucky day. Ten pounds
of Mammon !²⁵

Three o' my clerk ! A portague o' my grocer !
This o' the brethren ! Beside reversions
And states to come, i' the widow, and my count !
My share-to-day will not be bought for thy —

[*Enter DOL.*]

Dol. What ?³⁰
Face. Pounds, dainty Dorothy ! Art thou so
near ?

Dol. Yes ; say, lord general, how fares our
camp ?

Face. As with the few that had entrench'd
themselves

Safe, by their discipline, against a world, Dol,
And laugh'd within those trenches, and grew
fat³⁵

With thinking on the booties, Dol, brought in
Daily by their small parties. This dear hour,
A doughty don is taken with my Dol ;

And thou mayst make his ransom what thou
wilt,

My Dousabel ;⁹ he shall be brought here, fet-
ter'd⁴⁰

With thy fair looks, before he sees thee ; and
thrown

In a down-bed, as dark as any dungeon ;

¹ Partner.

³ Passenger sloops.

² Large breeches.

⁴ Trunk hose.

⁵ A Spanish gold coin worth about 16s. 8d.

⁶ A coin worth about 4s. 6d.

⁷ Pretext

⁸ Puritane, from the name of the Anabaptist leader.

⁹ *I. e. douce et belle* ; sweet t

Where thou shalt keep him waking with thy
drum ;

Thy drum, my Dol, thy drum ; till he be tame
As the poor blackbirds were i' the great frost,
Or bees are with a bason, and so hive him⁴⁵
I' the swan-skin coverlid and cambric sheets,
Till he work honey and wax, my little God's-
gift.¹⁰

Dol. What is he, general ?

Face. An adalantado,¹¹
A grandee, girl. Was not my Dapper here yet ?

Dol. No.

Face. Nor my Druggier ?

Dol.

Neither.

Face. A pox on 'em,
They are so long a furnishing ! such stunkards
Would not be seen upon these festival days. —

[*Re-enter SUBTLE.*]

How now ! ha' you done ?

Sub. Done. They are gone : the sum
Is here in bank, my Face. I would we knew⁵⁵
Another chapman who would buy 'em outright.

Face. 'Slid, Nab shall do 't against he ha' the
widow,

To furnish household.

Sub. Excellent, well thought on :
Pray God he come.

Face. I pray he keep away

Till our new business be o'erpast.

Sub. But, Face,⁶⁰
How canst thou by this secret don ?

Face. A spirit
Brought me th' intelligence in a paper here,
As I was conjuring yonder in my circle
For Surly ; I ha' my flies¹² abroad. Your bath
Is famous, Subtle, by my means. Sweet Dol,⁶⁵
You must go tune your virginal, no losing
O' the least time. And — do you hear ? — good
action !

Firk like a flounder ; kiss like a scallop, close ;
And tickle him with thy mother-tongue. His
great

Verdugoship¹³ has not a jot of language ;⁷⁰
So much the easier to be cozen'd, my Dolly.

He will come here in a hir'd coach, obscure,
And our own coachman, whom I have sent
guide,

No creature else. (*One knocks.*) Who 's that ?
[*Exit DOL.*]

Sub. It is not he ?

Face. O no, not yet this hour.

[*Re-enter DOL.*]

Sub. Who is 't ?

Dol. Dapper,⁷⁵

Your clerk.

Face. God's will then, Queen of Fairy,
On with your tire ; [*Exit DOL.*] and, doctor, with
your robes.

Let's despatch him for God's sake.

Sub. 'T will be long.

¹⁰ Referring to the literal meaning of *Dorothea*.

¹¹ A Spanish governor.

¹² Familiars.

¹³ Verdugo is a Sp^{ish} name, but the prec^{ed} 'om
is uncert

Face. I warrant you, take but the cues I give you,
It shall be brief enough. [*Goes to the window.*]
'Slight, here are more!
Abel, and I think the angry boy, the heir,
That fain would quarrel.
Sub. And the widow?
Face. No,
Not that I see. Away! [*Exit SUB.*]

SCENE IV.¹FACE. [*Enter*] DAPPER.

Face. O, sir, you are welcome.
The doctor is within a moving for you;
I have had the most ado to win him to it!—
He swears you'll be the darling o' the dice:
He never heard her highness dote till now.²
Your aunt has giv'n you the most gracious words
That can be thought on.
Dap. Shall I see her grace?
Face. See her, and kiss her too.—

[*Enter ABEL, followed by KASTRIL.*]

What, honest Nab!
Hast brought the damask?
Nab. No, sir; here's tobacco.
Face. 'Tis well done, Nab; thou'lt bring the damask too?
Drug. Yes. Here's the gentleman, captain, Master Kastril,
I have brought to see the doctor.
Face. Where's the widow?
Drug. Sir, as he likes, his sister, he says, shall come.
Face. O, is it so? Good time. Is your name Kastril, sir?
Kas. Ay, and the best o' the Kastrils, I'd be sorry else,
By fifteen hundred a year.³ Where is this doctor?
My mad tobacco-boy here tells me of one
That can do things. Has he any skill?

Face. Wherein, sir?
Kas. To carry a business, manage a quarrel fairly,
Upon fit terms.

Face. It seems, sir, you're but young
About the town, that can make that a question.
Kas. Sir, not so young but I have heard some speech
Of the angry boys,⁴ and seen 'em take tobacco;
And in his shop; and I can take it too.
And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down
And practise i' the country.

Face. Sir, for the duello,⁵
The doctor, I assure you, shall inform you,
To the least shadow of a hair; and show you
An instrument he has of his own making.
Wherewith, no sooner shall you make report
Of any quarrel, but he will take the height on't
Most instantly, and tell in what degree

¹ The same. ² Folio adds (*he says*).³ I. e. he is £1500 a year richer than any other of the Kastrils.⁴ Roysterers, young bloods.

Of safety it lies in, or mortality.
And how it may be borne, whether in a right line,
Or a half circle; or may else be cast
Into an angle blunt, if not acute:
And this he will demonstrate. And then, rules
To give and take the lie by.

Kas. How! to take it?
Face. Yes, in oblique he'll show you, or in circle;⁵
But ne'er in diameter.⁶ The whole town
Study his theorems, and dispute them ordinarily
At the eating academies.

Kas. But does he teach
Living by the wits too?
Face. Anything whatever.
You cannot think that subtlety but he reads it.
He made me a captain. I was a stark pimp,
Just o' your standing, 'fore I met with him;
It's not two months since. I'll tell you his method:

First, he will enter you at some ordinary.
Kas. No, I'll not come there: you shall pardon me.

Face. For why, sir?
Kas. There's gaming there, and tricks.
Face. Why, would you be
A gallant, and not game?
Kas. Ay, 'twill spend a man.

Face. Spend you! It will repair you when you are spent.
How do they live by their wits there, that have vented
Six times your fortunes?

Kas. What, three thousand a year!
Face. Ay, forty thousand.

Kas. Are there such?
Face. Ay, sir,

And gallants yet. Here's a young gentleman
Is born to nothing,—[*Points to DAPPER.*] forty marks a year

Which I count nothing:—he's to be initiated,
And have a fly o' the doctor. He will win you
By irresistible luck, within this fortnight,
Enough to buy a barony. They will set him
Upmost, at the groom porter's,⁷ all the Christmas:

And for the whole year through at every place
Where there is play, present him with the chair,

The best attendance, the best drink, sometimes
Two glasses of Canary, and pay nothing;
The purest linen and the sharpest knife,
The partridge next his trencher: and somewhere
The dainty bed, in private, with the dainty.

You shall ha' your ordinaries bid for him,
As playhouses for a poet; and the matter
Pray him aloud to name what dish he affects,
Which must be butter'd shrimps: and those that drink

To no mouth else, will drink to his, as being
The goodly president mouth of all the board.
Kas. Do you not gull one?

⁵ The lie circumstantial.⁶ The lie direct.⁷ An officer of the royal household, having charge of the cards, dice, etc. He had the privilege of keeping open table at Christmas.

Face. 'Ods my life! Do you think it?
You shall have a cast commander, (can but get
In credit with a glove, or a spurrier,
For some two pair of either's ware aforehand.)
Will, by most swift posts, dealing [but] with
him, 80
Arrive at competent means to keep hi elf,
His punk, and naked boy, in excellent fashion,
And be admir'd for't.

Kas. Will the doctor teach this?
Face. He will do more, sir: when your land
is gone,
(As men of spirit hate to keep earth long), 85
In a vacation,¹ when small money is stirring,
And ordinaries suspended till the term,
He'll show a perspective,² where on one side
You shall behold the faces and the persons
Of all sufficient young heirs in town, 90
Whose bonds are current for commodity;³
On th' other side, the merchants' forms, and
others,

That without help of any second broker,
Who would expect a share, will trust such parcels:

In the third square, the very street and sign 95
Where the commodity dwells, and does but
wait

To be deliver'd, be it pepper, soap,
Hops, or tobacco, oatmeal, woad,⁴ or cheeses.
All which you may so handle, to enjoy
To your own use, and never stand oblig'd. 100

Kas. I' faith! is he such a fellow?
Face. Why, Nab here knows him.
And then for making matches for rich widows,
Young gentlewomen, heirs, the fortunat'st
man!

He's sent to, far and near, all over England, 104
To have his counsel, and to know their fortunes.

Kas. God's will, my suster shall see him.

Face. I'll tell you, sir,
What he did tell me of Nab. It's a strange
thing—

(By the way, you must eat no cheese, Nab, it
breeds melancholy,
And that same melancholy breeds worms) but
pass it:— 109

He told me, honest Nab here was ne'er at tavern
But once in 's life.

Drug. Truth, and no more I was not.
Face. And then he was so sick—

Drug. Could he tell you that too?
Face. How should I know it?

Drug. In troth, we had been a shooting,
And had a piece of fat ram-mutton to supper,
That lay so heavy o' my stomach—

Face. And he has no head 115
To bear any wine; for what with the noise o'
the fiddlers,

And care of his shop, for he dares keep no servants—

Drug. My head did so ache—

¹ Of the law-courts.

² A magic glass

³ The reference is to the "commodity" fraud, in which a borrower was obliged to take part of a loan in merchandise, which the lender frequently bought back by agents for much less than it repaid in the loan.

⁴ A plant d for a dye.

Face. As he was fain to be brought home.
The doctor told me: and then a good old
woman—

Drug. Yes, faith, she dwells in Seacoal-lane,
—did cure me, 118

With sodden ale, and pellitory⁵ o' the wall;
Cost me but twopence. I had another sickness
Was worse than that.

Face. Ay, that was with the grief
Thou took'st for being cess'd⁶ at eighteen-
pence,

For the waterwork.

Drug. In truth, and it was like 125
T' have cost me almost my life.

Face. Thy hair went off?

Drug. Yes, sir; 't was done for spite.

Face. Nay, so says the doctor.

Kas. Pray thee, tobacco-boy, go fetch my
suster;

I'll see this learned boy before I go,

And so shall she.

Face. Sir, he is busy now: 130

But if you have a sister to fetch hither,

Perhaps your own pains may command her
sooner;

And he by that time will be free.

Kas. I go. [Exit.]

Face. Drugger, she's thine: the damask!—

[Exit ABEL.] Subtle and I

Must wrastle for her. [Aside.] Come on, Master
Dapper, 135

You see how I turn clients here away,

To give your cause dispatch; ha' you perform'd
The ceremonies were enjoind' you?

Dap. Yes, o' the vinegar,

And the clean shirt.

Face. 'T is well: that shirt may do you
More worship than you think. Your aunt's a-
fire, 140

But that she will not show it, t' have a sight of
you.

Ha' you provided for her grace's servants?

Dap. Yes, here are six score Edward shil-
lings.

Face. Good!

Dap. And an old Harry's sovereign.

Face. Very good!

Dap. And three James shillings, and
Elizabeth groat, 145

Just twenty nobles.⁷

Face. O, you are too just.

I would you had had the other noble in Maries.

Dap. I have some Philip and Maries.

Face. Ay, those same

Are best of all: where are they? Hark, the
doctor.

SCENE V.⁸

FACE, DAPPER. [Enter] SUBTLE, disguised
like a priest of Fairy [with a strip of cloth].

Sub. [in a feigned voice.] Is yet her gr e's
cousin come?

Face. He is come.

Sub. And is he fasting?

Face. He is come.

Sub. And is he fasting?

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Sub. And is he fasting?

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Sub. And is he fasting?

Face. He is come.

Sub. And is he fasting?

Face. He is come.

Sub

Face. Yes.
Sub. And hath cried "hum"?
Face. Thrice, you must answer.
Dap. Thrice.
Sub. And as oft "buz"?
Face. If you have, say.
Dap. I have.
Sub. Then, to her cuz,
 Hoping that he hath vinegar'd his senses,
 As he was bid, the Fairy queen dispenses,
 By me, this robe, the petticoat of Fortune;
 Which that he straight put on, she doth importune.
 And though to Fortune near be her petticoat,
 Yet nearer is her smock, the queen doth note:
 And therefore, even of that a piece she hath sent,
 Which, being a child, to wrap him in was rent;
 And prays him for a scarf he now will wear it,
 With as much love as then her grace did tear it,
 About his eyes, *(They blind him with the rag.)* to show he is fortunate.
 And, trusting unto her to make his state,
 He'll throw away all worldly pelf about him;
 Which that he will perform, she doth not doubt him.
Face. She need not doubt him, sir. Alas, he has nothing
 But what he will part withal as willingly,
 Upon her grace's word — throw away your purse —
 As she would ask it: — handkerchiefs and all —
 She cannot bid that thing but he'll obey. —
 If you have a ring about you, cast it off,
 Or a silver seal at your wrist; her grace will send *(He throws away, as they bid him.)*
 Her fairies here to search you, therefore deal directly¹ with her highness if they find
 That you conceal a mite, you are undone.
Dap. Truly, there's all.
Face. All what?
Dap. My money; truly.
Face. Keep nothing that is transitory about you.
[Aside to SUBTLE.] Bid Dol play music. — Look, the elves are come
DOL. enters with a cittern.
 To pinch you, if you tell not the truth. Advise you.
They pinch him.
Dap. O! I have a paper with a spur-ryal² in't.
Face. Ti, ti.
 They knew't, they say.
Sub. Ti, ti, ti, ti. He has more yet.
Face. Ti, ti-ti-ti. I' the other pocket?
Sub. Titi, titi, titi, titi.
 They must pinch him or he will never confess, they say. *[They pinch him again.]*
Dap. O, O!
Face. Nay, pray you, hold: he is her grace's nephew
 Ti, ti, ti? What care you? Good faith, you shall care. —
 Deal plainly, sir, and shame the fairies. Show You are innocent.

¹ Uprightly.² A gold coin worth 15s.

Dap. By this good light, I ha' nothing.
Sub. Ti, ti, ti, to, ta. He does equivocate she says
 Ti, ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da; and swears by the light when he is blinded.
Dap. By this good dark, I ha' nothing but a half-crown
 Of gold about my wrist, that my love gave me;
 And a leaden heart I wore sin' she forsook me.
Face. I thought 't was something. And would you incur
 Your aunt's displeasure for these trifles? Come, I had rather you had thrown away twenty half-crowns. *[Takes it off.]*
 You may wear your leaden heart still. — How now!
Sub. What news, Dol?
Dol. Yonder's your knight, Sir Mammon.
Face. God's lid, we never thought of him till now!
 Where is he?
Dol. Here hard by. He's at the door.
Sub. And you are not ready now! Dol, get his suit. *[Exit Dol.]*
 He must not be sent back.
Face. O, by no means.
 What shall we do with this same puffin³ here, Now he's o' the spit?
Sub. Why, lay him back awhile, With some device.
[Re-enter DOL with FACE's clothes.]
 — Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti. Would her grace speak with me?
 I come. — Help, Dol! *Knocking without.*
Face. *(speaks through the keyhole)* — Who's there? Sir Epicure,
 My master's i' the way. Please you to walk
 Three or four turns, but till his back be turn'd,
 And I am for you. — Quickly, Dol!
Sub. Her grace
 Commends her kindly to you, Master Dapper.
Dap. I long to see her grace.
Sub. She now is set
 At dinner in her bed, and she has sent you
 From her own private trencher, a dead mouse,
 And a piece of gingerbread, to be merry withal,
 And stay your stomach, lest you faint with fasting:
 Yet if you could hold out till she saw you, she says,
 It would be better for you.
Face. Sir, he shall
 Hold out, an't were this two hours, for her highness;
 I can assure you that. We will not lose
 All we ha' done. —
Sub. He must not see, nor speak
 To anybody, till then.
Face. For that we'll put, sir,
 A stay in's mouth.
Sub. Of what?
Face. Of gingerbread.
 Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her grace
³ A sort of sea-bird, used contemptuously of a puffed-up person.

Thus far, shall not now crinkle¹ for a little. —
Gape, sir, and let him fit you.

[*They thrust a gag of gingerbread into his mouth.*]

Sub. — Where shall we now
Bestow him?

Dol. I' the privy. —

Sub. Come along, sir, so
I must now show you Fortune's privy lodgings.

Face. Are they perfum'd, and his bath ready?

Sub. All:
Only the fumigation's somewhat strong.

Face. [*speaking through the keyhole.*] Sir Epicure, I am yours, sir, by and by.

[*Exeunt with DAPPER.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I.²

[*Enter*] FACE and MAMMON.

Face. O, sir, you're come i' the only finest time. —

Mam. Where's master?

Face. Now preparing for projection, sir.
Your stuff will be all chang'd shortly.

Mam. Into gold?

Face. To gold and silver, sir.

Mam. Silver I care not for

Face. Yes, sir, a little to give beggars.

Mam. Where's the lady?

Face. At hand here. I ha' told her such brave things o' you,

Touching your bounty and your noblespirit —
Mam. Hast thou?

Face. As she is almost in her fit to see you.
But, good sir, no divinity i' your conference,
For fear of putting her in rage. —

Mam. I warrant thee. 10

Face. Six men [sir] will not hold her down.

And then,
If the old man should hear or see you —

Mam. Fear not.

Face. The very house, sir, would run mad.
You know it,

How scrupulous he is, and violent,
'Gainst the least act of sin. Physic or mathemat- 15

ics,
Poetry, state,³ or bawdry, as I told you,
She will endure, and never startle; but
No word of controversy.

Mam. I am school'd, good Ulen.

Face. And you must praise her house, remem-
ber that,

And her nobility.

Mam. Let me alone: 20
No herald, no, nor antiquary, Lungs,
Shall do it better. Go.

Face. [*Aside.*] Why, this is yet
A kind of modern happiness,⁴ to have

Dol Common for a great lady. [*Exit.*]

Mam. Now, Epicure, 25
Heighten thyself, talk to her all in gold;

¹ Turn aside from his purpose.

² A room in Lovewit's house.

³ Politics. ⁴ Up-to-date appropriateness.

Rain her as many showers as Jove did drops
Unto his Danae, show the god a miser,
Compar'd with Mammon. What! the stone will
do't.

She shall feel gold, taste gold, hear gold, sleep
gold;

Nay, we will *concombere* gold: I will be puissant,
And mighty in my talk to her. —

[*Re-enter FACE with DOL richly dressed.*]

Here she comes. 31

Face. To him, Dol, suckle him. This is the
noble knight

I told your ladyship —

Mam. Madam, with your pardon,
I kiss your vesture.

Dol. Sir, I were uncivil
If I would suffer that: my lip to you, sir. 35

Mam. I hope my lord your brother be in
health, lady.

Dol. My lord my brother is, though I no lady,
sir.

Face. [*Aside.*] Well said, my Guinea bird.

Mam. Right noble madam —

Face. [*Aside.*] O, we shall have most fierce
idolatry.

Mam. 'Tis your prerogative.

Dol. Rather your courtesy. 40

Mam. Were there nought else t' enlarge your
virtues to me,

These answers speak your breeding and your
blood.

Dol. Blood we boast none, sir; a poor baron's
daughter.

Mam. Poor! and gat you? Profane not. Had
your father

Slept all the happy remnant of his life 45
After that act, lien but there still, and panted,
He'd done enough to make himself, his issue,
And his posterity noble.

Dol. Sir, although

We may be said to want the gilt and trappin ,
The dress of honour, yet we strive to keep 50

The seeds and the materials.

Mam. I do see
The old ingredient, virtue, was not lost.

Nor the drug money us'd to make your com-
pound.

There is a strange nobility i' your eye,
This lip, that chin! Methinks you do resemble

One o' the Austriac princes.

Face. [*Aside.*] Very like! 55

Her father was an Irish costermonger.

Mam. The house of Valois just had such a
nose,

And such a forehead yet the Medici
Of Florence boast.

Dol. Troth, and I have been lik'ned 60
To all these princes.

Face. [*Aside.*] I'll be sworn, I heard it.

Mam. I know not how! it is not any one,
But e'en the very choice of all their features.

Face. [*Aside.*] I'll in, and laugh. [*Exit.*]

Mam. A certain touch, or air,
That sparkles a divinity beyond 65

An earthly beauty!

Dol. O, you play the courtier.

Mam. Good lady, gi' me leave —

Dol. In faith, I may not,
To mock me, sir.

Mam. To burn i' this sweet flame;
The phoenix never knew a nobler death.

Dol. Nay, now you court the courtier, and
destroy ⁷⁰

What you would build. This art, sir, i' your
words,

Calls your whole faith in question.

Mam. By my soul —

Dol. Nay, oaths are made o' the same air, sir.

Mam. Nature

Never bestow'd upon mortality
A more unblam'd, a more harmonious feature;

She play'd the step-dame in all faces else: ⁷⁵
Sweet madam, le' me be particular —

Dol. Particular, sir! I pray you, know your
distance.

Mam. In no ill sense, sweet lady: but to ask
How your fair graces pass the hours? I see ⁸⁰

You're lodg'd here, i' the house of a rare man,
An excellent artist: but what's that to you?

Dol. Yes, sir; I study here the mathematics,
And distillation.

Mam. O, I cry your pardon.
He's a divine instructor! can extract ⁸⁵

The souls of all things by his art; call all
The virtues, and the miracles of the sun,

Into a temperate furnace; teach dull nature
What her own forces are. A man, the emp'r^r

Has courted above Kelly; ⁹⁰ sent his medals
And chains, t' invite him.

Dol. Ay, and for his physic, sir —

Mam. Above the art of Aesculapius,
That drew the envy of the thunderer!

I know all this, and more.

Dol. Troth, I am taken, sir,
Whole with these studies that contemplate na-
ture. ⁹⁵

Mam. It is a noble humour; but this form
Was not intended to so dark a use.

Had you been crooked, foul, of some coarse
mould,

A cloister had done well; but such a feature,
That might stand up the glory of a kingdom,

To live recluse is a mere solecism, ¹⁰¹
Though in a nunnery. It must not be.

I muse, my lord your brother will permit it:
You should spend half my land first, were I he.

Does not this diamond better on my finger ¹⁰⁵
Than i' the quarry?

Dol. Yes.

Mam. Why, you are like it.
You were created, lady, for the light.

Here, you shall wear it; take it, the first pledge
Of what I speak, to bind you to believe me.

Dol. In chains of adamant?

Mam. Yes, the strongest bands. ¹¹⁰
And take a secret too. — Here, by your side,
Doth stand this hour the happiest man in Europe.

Dol. You are contented, sir?

Mam. Nay, in true being,
The envy of princes and the fear of states.

Dol. Say you so, Sir Epicure?

Mam. Yes, and thou shalt prove it, ¹¹⁵
Daughter of honour. I have cast mine eye
Upon thy form, and I will rear this beauty
Above all styles.

Dol. You mean no treason, sir?

Mam. No, I will take away that jealousy.
I am the lord of the philosopher's stone, ¹²⁰
And thou the lady.

Dol. How, sir! ha' you that?

Mam. I am the master of the mastery. ²
This day the good old wretch here o' the house
Has made it for us: now he's at projection.

Think therefore thy first wish now, let me hear
it; ¹²⁵

And it shall rain into thy lap, no shower,
But floods of gold, whole cataracts, a deluge,
To get a nation on thee.

Dol. You are pleas'd, sir,
To work on the ambition of our sex.

Mam. I am pleas'd the glory of her sex should
know, ¹³⁰

This nook here of the Friars is no climate
For her to live obscurely in, to learn

Physic and surgery, for the constable's wife
Of some odd hundred in Essex; but come forth,

And taste the air of palaces; eat, drink ¹³⁵
The toils of empirics, and their boasted prac-
tice;

Tincture of pearl, and coral, gold, and amber;
Be seen at feasts and triumphs; have it ask'd,

What miracle she is; set all the eyes
Of court a-fire, like a burning glass, ¹⁴⁰

And work 'em into cinders, when the jewels
Of twenty states adorn thee, and the light

Strikes out the stars that, when thy n e is
mention'd,

Queens may look pale; and, we but showing our
love,

Nero's Poppaea may be lost in story! ¹⁴⁵
Thus will we have it.

Dol. I could well consent, sir,
But in a monarchy, how will this be?

The prince will soon take notice, and both seize
You and your stone, it being a wealth unfit

For any private subject.

Mam. If he knew it. ¹⁵⁰

Dol. Yourself do boast it, sir.

Mam. To thee, my life.

Dol. O, but beware, sir! You may come to
end

The remnant of your days in a loath'd p' on,
By speaking of it.

Mam. 'Tis no idle fear. ¹⁵⁵
We'll therefore go with all, my girl, and live
In a free state, where we will eat our mullets,

Sous'd in high-country wines, sup phea ts'
eggs,

And have our cockles boil'd in silver shells;
Our sh'r' ps to swim again, as when they liv'd,

In a rare butter made of dolphins' milk, ¹⁶⁰
Whose cream does look like opals; and with
these

Delicate meats set ourselves high for ple ure,
And take us down again, and then renew

¹ The partner of Dee, the astrologer. He and Dee
ited the emperor, Rodolph II, at Prague in 1584.

² The art of tr mutation.

Our youth d strength with drinking the
elixir,
And so enjoy a perpetuity¹⁵⁵
Of life and lust! And thou shalt ha' thy ward-
robe
Richer than Nature's, still to change thyself,
And vary oft'ner, for thy pride, than she,
Or Art, her wise and almost-equal servant.

[Re-enter FACE.]

Face. Sir, you are too loud. I hear you every
word¹⁷⁰

Into the laboratory. Some fitter place;
The garden, or great chamber above. How like
you her?

Mam. Excellent! Lungs. There's for thee.
[Gives him money.]

Face. But do you hear?
Good sir, beware, no mention of the rabbins.

Mam. We think not on 'em.

Face. [Exeunt MAM. and DOL.]
O, it is well, sir. — Subtle! ¹⁷⁵

SCENE II.¹

FACE. [Enter] SUBTLE.

Dost thou not laugh?

Sub. Yes; are they gone?

Face. All's clear.

Sub. The widow is come.

Face. And your quarreling disciple?

Sub. Ay.

Face. I must to my captainship again then.

Sub. Stay, bring 'em in first.

Face. So I meant. What is she?

A bonnibel?

Sub. I know not.

Face. We'll draw lots: ⁵

You'll stand to that?

Sub. What else?

Face. O, for a suit,

To fall now like a curtain, flap!

Sub. To th' door, man.

Face. You'll ha' the first kiss, 'cause I am
not ready. [Exit.]

Sub. Yes, and perhaps hit you through both
the nostrils.²

Face. [within.] Who would you speak with?

Kas. [within.] Where's the captain?

Face. [within.] Gone, sir,

About some business.

Kas. [within.] Gone!

Face. [within.] He'll return straight.

But, master doctor, his lieutenant, is here.

[Enter KASTRIL, followed by Dame PLIANT.]

Sub. Come near, my worshipful boy, my

terrae fili,

That is, my boy of land; make thy approaches:

Welcome; I know thy lusts and thy desires, ¹⁵

And I will serve and satisfy 'em. Begin,

Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this

line;

Here is my centre: gro d thy quarrel.

Kas. You lie.

1 The e. 2 "Put your nose t of joint."

Sub. How, child of wrath and anger! the
loud lie?

For what, my sudden boy?

Kas. Nay, that look you to, ²⁰

I am aforehand.

Sub. O, this is no true grammar,

And as ill logic! You must render causes,

child,

Your first and second intentions, know your

canons

And your divisions, moods, degrees, and differ-

ences,

Your predicaments, substance, and accident, ²⁵

Series extern and intern, with their causes,

Efficient, material, formal, final,

And ha' your elements perfect?

Kas. What is this?

The angry's tongue he talks in?

Sub. That false precept,

Of being aforehand, has deceiv'd a number, ³⁰

And made 'em enter quarrels oftentimes

Before they were aware; and afterward,

Against their wills.

Kas. How must I do then, sir?

Sub. I cry this lady mercy; she should first

Have been saluted. (Kisses her.) I do call you

lady, ³⁵

Because you are to be one ere 't be long,

My soft and buxom widow.

Kas. Is she, i' faith?

Sub. Yes, or my art is an egregious liar.

Kas. How know you?

Sub. By inspection on her forehead, ⁴⁰

And subtlety of her lip, which must be tasted

Oft to make a judgment. (Kisses her again.)

'Slight, she melts

Like a myrobolane.⁴ Here is yet a line,

In *rivo frontis*,⁵ tells me he is no knight.

Dame P. What is he then, sir?

Sub. Let me see your hand.

O, your *linea fortunae* makes it plain; ⁴⁵

And *stella* here in *monte Veneris*.

But, most of all, *junctura annularis*.⁶

He is a soldier, or a man of art, lady,

But shall have some great honour shortly.

Dame P. Brother,

He's a rare man, believe me!

[Re-enter FACE, in his uniform.]

Kas. Hold your peace. ⁵⁰

Here comes t' other rare man. — 'Save you,

captain.

Face. Good Master Kastril! Is this your

sister?

Kas. Ay, sir.

Please you to kuss her, and be proud to know

her.

Face. I shall be proud to know you, lady.

[Kisses her.]

Dame P. Brother,

He calls me lady, too.

Kas. Ay, peace: I heard it. ⁵⁵

[Takes her aside.]

3 Swaggering.

4 A kind of dried plum, esteemed as a sweetmeat.

5 Frontal vein.

6 Th are the cant ph es of palmistry.

Face. The count is come.

Sub. Where is he?

Face. At the door.

Sub. Why, you must entertain him.

Face. What will you do

With these the while?

Sub. Why, have 'em up, and show 'em
Some fustian book, or the dark glass.

Face. 'Fore God,
She is a delicate dabchick! I must have her.

[*Exit*]

Sub. [*Aside.*] Must you! Ay, if your fortune
will, you must. —

Come, sir, the captain will come to us presently.
I'll ha' you to my chamber of demonstrations,
Where I'll show you both the grammar and

logic,
And rhetoric of quarreling; my whole method
Drawn out in tables; and my instrument, ⁶⁰
That hath the several scales upon 't shall make
you

Able to quarrel at a straw's-breadth by moon-
light.

And, lady, I'll have you look in a glass, ⁶⁹
Some half an hour, but to clear your eyesight,
Against you see¹ your fortune; which is greater
Th I may judge upon the sudden, trust me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.²

[*Enter*] *FACE*.

Face. Where are you, doctor?

Sub. [*within.*] I'll come to you presently.

Face. I will ha' this same widow, now I ha'
seen her,
On any composition.

[*Enter*] *SUBTLE*]

Sub. What do you say?

Face. Ha' you dispos'd of them?

Sub. I ha' sent 'em up.

Face. Subtle, in troth, I needs must have this
widow.

Sub. Is that the matter?

Face. Nay, but hear me.

Sub. Go to.

If you rebel once, Dol shall know it all:
Therefore be quiet, and obey your chance.

Face. Nay, thou art so violent now. Do but
conceive,

Thou art old, and canst not serve —

Sub. Who cannot? I? ¹⁰

'Slight, I will serve her with thee, for a —

Face. Nay,

But understand: I'll gi' you composition.³

Sub. I will not treat with thee. What! sell
my fortune?

'Tis better than my birthright. Do not mur-
mur:

Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, Dol ¹⁵
Knows it directly.

Face. Well, sir, I am silent.

Will you go help to fetch in Don in state?

[*Exit.*]

¹ In preparation for seeing.

² The a.

³ Recompe .

Sub. I follow you, sir. We must keep *Face*
in awe,

Or he will overlook us like a tyrant.

[*Re-enter* *FACE*, *introducing*] *SURLY* like a *Span-
iard*.

Brain of a tailor! who comes here? Don John!

Sur. Senores, beso las manos a vuestras merce-
des.⁴

Sub. Would you had stoop'd a little, and
kist our *anos*. ²¹

Face. Peace, Subtle!

Sub. Stab me; I shall never hold, man.
He looks in that deep ruff like a head in a plat-
ter,

Serv'd in by a short cloak upon two trestles, ²⁵
Face. Or what do you say to a collar of
brawn,⁵ cut down

Beneath the souse,⁶ and wriggled with a knife?

Sub. 'Slud, he does look too fat to be a *Span-
iard*.

Face. Perhaps some Fleming or some Hol-
lander got him

In d'Alva's time; Count Egmont's bastard.

Sub. Don, ³⁰

Your scurvy, yellow, Madrid face is welcome.

Sur. *Gratia*.

Sub. He speaks out of a fortification.

Pray God he ha' no squibs in those deep sets.⁷

Sur. Por dios, senores, ⁸ muy linda casa!

Sub. What says he?

Face. Praises the house, I think; ³⁵
I know no more but 's action.

Sub. Yes, the casa,

My precious Diego, will prove fair enough

To cozen you in. Do you mark? You shall

Be cozened, Diego.⁹

Face. Cozened, do you see,
My worthy Donzel,¹⁰ cozened.

Sur. Entiendo.¹¹ ⁴⁰

Sub. Do you intend it? So do we, dear Don.

Have you brought pistolets¹² or portagues,

Mysolemn Don? [*To* *FACE*.] Dost thou feel any?

Face. [*Feels his pockets.*] Fnnl.

Sub. You shall be emptied, Don, pumped and

drawn

Dry, as they say.

Face. Milked, in troth, sweet Don. ⁴⁵

Sub. See all the monsters; the great lion of
all, Don.

Sur. Con licencia, se puede ver a esta se-
nora? ¹³

Sub. What talks he now?

Face. Of the senora.

Sub. O, Don.

This is the lioness, which you shall see

Also, my Don.

⁴ Spanish. "Gentlemen, I kiss your hands."

⁵ Neck of a boar, or boar's flesh rolled.

⁶ Ear.

⁷ The deep plats of his ruff.

⁸ "Gad, sirs, a very pretty house."

⁹ Spaniard. Strictly, Spanish for *James*.

¹⁰ Diminutive of *Don*.

¹¹ "I understand."

¹² Spanish gold coin, worth about 16s. 8d.

¹³ "If you please, may I see the lady?"

Face. 'Slid, Subtle, how shall we do? 50
 Sub. For what?
 Face. Why, Dol's employ'd, you know.
 Sub. That's true.
 'Fore heav'n I know not: he must stay, that's all.
 Face. Stay! that he must not by no means.
 Sub. No! why?
 Face. Unless you 'll mar all. 'Slight, he 'll suspect it;
 And then he will not pay, not half so well. 55
 This is a travell'd punk-master, and does know All the delays; a notable hot rascal,
 And looks already rampant.
 Sub. 'Sdeath, and Mammon
 Must not be troubled.
 Face. Mammon! in no case.
 Sub. What shall we do then?
 Face. Think: you must be sudden.¹ 60
 Sur. *Entiendo que la senora es tan hermosa, que codicio tan a verla como la bien aventuranza de mi vida.*²
 Face. *Mi vida!* 'Slid, Subtle, he puts me in mind o' the widow.
 What dost thou say to draw her to 't, ha! 65
 And tell her 't is her fortune? All our venture Now lies upon 't. It is but one man more,
 Which on's chance to have her and beside,
 There is no maidenhead to be fear'd or lost.
 What dost thou think on 't, Subtle?
 Sub. Who, I? why — 70
 Face. The credit of our house too is engag'd.³
 Sub. You made me an offer for my share ere-while.
 What wilt thou gi' me, i' faith?
 Face. O, by that light
 I 'll not buy now. You know your doom⁴ to me.
 'en take your lot, obey your chance, sir; win her, 75
 And wear her — out for me.
 Sub. 'Slight, I 'll not work her then.
 Face. It is the common cause; therefore be-think you.
 Dol else must know it, as you said.
 Sub. I care not.
 Sur. *Senores, porque se tarda tanto?*⁵
 Sub. Faith, I am not fit, I am old.
 Face. That's now no reason, sir.
 Sur. *Puede ser de hazer burla de mi amor?*⁶ 81
 Face. You hear the Don too? By this air I call,
 And loose the hinges. Dol!
 Sub. A plague of hell —
 Face. Will you then do?
 Sub. You're a terrible rogue!
 I 'll think of this. Will you, sir, call the widow?
 Face. Yes, and I 'll take her too with all her faults, 85
 Now I do think on 't better.
 Sub. With all my heart, sir;
 Am I discharg'd o' the lot?

¹ Quick about it.² "I understand that the lady is so handsome that I as eager to see her as the good fortune of my life."³ Involved. ⁴ Agreement.⁵ "Sir, why so long delay?"⁶ "C it be to me a sport of my love?"

Face. As you please.
 Sub. Hands. [*They shake hands.*]
 Face. Remember now, that upon any change
 You never claim her.
 Sub. Much good joy and health to you, sir, 90
 Marry a whore! Fate, let me wed a witch first.
 Sur. *Por estas honradas barbas*⁷ —
 Sub. He swears by his beard.
 Dispatch, and call the brother too. [*Exit FACE.*]
 Sur. *Tengo duda, senores, que no me hagan alguna traycion.*⁸ 95
 Sub. How, issue on? Yes, praesto, senor.
 Please you
 Enthral the chambratha, worthy don:
 Where if you please the fates, in your bathada,
 You shall be soak'd, and strok'd, and tubb'd,
 and rubb'd,
 And scrubb'd, and fubb'd,⁹ dear don, before
 you go. 100
 You shall in faith, my scurvy baboon don,
 Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd,¹⁰ and taw'd,¹¹
 indeed.
 I will the heartlier go about it now,
 And make the widow a punk so much the
 sooner,
 To be reveng'd on this impetuous Face: 105
 The quickly doing of it is the grace.
 [*Exeunt SUB. and SURLY.*]

SCENE IV.¹²[*Enter*] FACE, KASTRIL, and Dame PLIANT.

[*Face.*] Come, lady: I knew the doctor would not leave
 Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.
 Kas. To be a countess, say you?
 [*Face.*]¹³ A Spanish countess, sir.
 Dame P. Why, is that better than an Eng-
 lish countess?
 Face. Better! 'Slight, make you that a ques-
 tion, lady? 5
 Kas. Nay, she is a fool, captain, you must
 pardon her.
 Face. Ask from your courtier to your
 of-court-man,
 To your mere milliner; they will tell you all,
 Your Spanish jennet is the best horse; your
 Spanish
 Stoop is the best garb;¹⁴ your Spanish beard 10
 Is the best cut; your Spanish ruffs are the best
 Wear; your Spanish pavin the best dance;
 Your Spanish titillation in a glove
 The best perfume: and for your Spanish pike,
 And Spanish blade, let your poor captain
 speak. —
 Here comes the doctor.

[*Enter SUBTLE with a paper.*]

Sub. My most honour'd lady,
 For so I am now to style you, having found

⁷ "By this honored beard —"⁸ "I fear, sir, that you are playing me some trick."⁹ Cheated. ¹⁰ Cracked.¹¹ Soaked, like a hide being tanned.¹² Another room in the same.¹³ Folio gives this line also to Kastril.¹⁴ Bodily ge.

By this my scheme,¹ you are to undergo
An honourable fortune very shortly, 19
What will you say now, if some —

Face. I ha' told her all, sir,
And her right worshipful brother here, that she
shall be

A countess; do not delay 'em, sir; a Spanish
countess.

Sub. Still, my scarce-worshipful captain, you
can keep

No secret! Well, since he has told you, madam,
Do you forgive him, and I do.

Kas. She shall do that, sir; 25
I'll look to it; 't is my charge.

Sub. Well then: nought rests
ut that she fit her love now to her fortune.

Dame P. Truly I shall never brook a Span-
iard.

Sub. No?
Dame P. Never sin' eighty-eight² could I
abide 'em,

And that was some three years afore I was born,
in truth. 30

Sub. Come, you must love him, or be miser-
able;

Choose which you will.

Face. By this good rush, persuade her,
She will cry³ strawberries else within this
twelve month.

Sub. Nay, shads and mackerel, which is
worse.

Face. Indeed, sir!
Kas. God's hd, you shall love him, or I'll kick
you.

Dame P. Why, 35
I'll do as you will ha' me, brother.

Kas. Do,
Or by this hand I'll maul you.

Face. Nay, good sir,
Be not so fierce.

Sub. No, my enraged child;
She will be rul'd. What, when she comes to
taste

The pleasures of a countess! to be courted — 40
Face. And kiss'd and ruffled!

Sub. Ay, behind the hangings.
Face. And then come forth in pomp!

Sub. And know her state!
Face. Of keeping all th' idolators o' the
chamber

arer to her, than at their prayers! 45
Sub. Is serv'd

Upon the knee!
Face. And has her pages, ushers, 45

Footmen, and coaches —
Sub. Her six mares —

Face. Nay, eight!
Sub. To hurry her through London, to th' Ex-
change,⁴

Bet'lem,⁵ the China-houses⁶ —
Face. Yes, and have

¹ Horoscope.
² I.e., since 1588, the year of the "Invincible Armada."

³ Sell on the street.
⁴ There were shops in the Royal Exchange.

⁵ The madhouse was often visited for enterta' ent.
⁶ ops wh' merchandise from Ch

The citizens gape at her, and praise her tines,⁷
And my lord's goose-turd bands,⁸ that rides
with her!

Kas. Most brave! By this hand, you are not
my suster

If you refuse.
Dame P. I will not refuse, brother.

[Enter SURLY.]

Sur. *Que es esto, senores, que non se venga?*
*Esta turdanza me mata!*⁹

Face. It is the count come:
The doctoe knew he would be here, by his art.

Sub. *En gallanta, madama, Don! gallantis-
sima!* 50

Sur. *Por todos los dioses, la mas acabada*
*Hermosura, que he visto en ma vida!*¹⁰

Face. Is 't not a gallant language that they
speak?

Kas. An admirable language! Is't not
French? 55

Face. No, Spanish, sir.
Kas. It goes like law French,

And that, they say, is the court-hest language.
Face. Last, sir.

Sur. *El sol ha perdido su lumbré, con el*
*Resplandor que trae esta dana! Valga me dios!*¹¹

Face. H' admires your sister.
Kas. Must not she make curt'sy. 65

Sub. 'Ods will, she must go to him, man, and
kiss him!

It is the Spanish fashion, for the women
To make first court.

Face. 'T is true he tells you, sir:
His art knows all.

Sur. *Porque no se acude?*¹²
Kas. He speaks to her, I think.

Face. That he does, sir. 70
Sur. *Por el amor de dios, que es esto que se*
*tarda?*¹³

Kas. Nay, see: she will not understand him!
Gull, Noddy.

Dame P. What say you, brother?
Kas. Ass, my suster,

Go kuss him, as the cunning man would ha' you;
I'll thrust a pin i' your buttocks else.

Face. O no, sir. 75
Sur. *Senora mia, mi persona muy indigna esta*
*Allegar a tanta hermosura.*¹⁴

Face. Does he not use her bravely?
Kas. Bravely, i' faith!

Face. Nay, he will use her better.
Kas. Do you think so?

Sur. *Senora, si sera servida, entremos.*¹⁵ 80
[Exit with Dame PLANT.]

⁷ Head-dresses.
⁸ In greenish-yellow liveries

⁹ "Why does n't she come, sirs? This delay is killing
me"

¹⁰ "By all the gods, the most perfect beauty I have
seen in my life"

¹¹ "The sun has lost his light with the splendor this
lady brings, so help me God."

¹² "Why don't you draw near?"
¹³ "For the love of God, why this delay?"

¹⁴ "Madam, my person is unworthy to approach
such beauty."

¹⁵ "d", at your service, let us go in."

Kas. Where does he carry her?
Face. Into the garden, sir;
 Take you no thought: I must interpret for her.
Sub. Give Dol the word.
 [Aside to *FACE*, who goes out.]
 — Come, my fierce child, advance,
 We'll to our quarreling lesson again.
Kas. Agreed.
 I love a Spanish boy with all my heart.⁸⁵
Sub. Nay, and by this means, sir, you shall be brother
 To a great count.
Kas. Ay, I knew that at first.
 This match will advance the house of the Kas-
 trils.
Sub. 'Pray God your sister prove but pliant!
Kas. Why,
 Her name is so, by her other husband.
Sub. How!⁹⁰
Kas. The Widow Pliant. Knew you not that?
Sub. No, faith, sir;
 Yet, by the erection of her figure,¹ I guess'd
 it.
 Come, let's go practise.
Kas. Yes, but do you think, doctor,
 I e'er shall quarrel well?
Sub. I warrant you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.²

[Enter *DOL* [followed by] *MAMMON*.]

DOL (in her fit of talking). For after Alex-
 ander's death —³
Mam. Good lady —
Dol. That *Perdiccas* and *Antigonus* were slain,
 The two that stood, *Seleuc* and *Ptolomy* —
Mam. Madam —
Dol. Make up the two legs, and the fourth beast,
 That was *Gog-north* and *Egypt-south*: which
 after
 Was called *Gog-iron-leg* and *South-iron-leg* —⁵
Mam. Lady —
Dol. And then *Gog-horned*. So was *Egypt*,
 too:
 Then *Egypt-clay-leg*, and *Gog-clay-leg* —
Mam. Sweet madam —
Dol. And last *Gog-dust*, and *Egypt-dust*, which
 fall
 In the last link of the fourth chain. And these¹⁰
 Be stars in story, which none see, or look at —
Mam. What shall I do?
Dol. For, as he says, except
 We call the rabbins, and the heathen Greeks —
Mam. Dear lady —
Dol. To come from *Salem*, and from *Athens*,
 And teach the people of *Great Britain* —
 [Enter *FACE* hastily, in his servant's dress.]
Face. What's the matter, sir?¹⁵
Dol. To speak the tongue of *Eber* and *Javan* —

Mam. O,
 She's in her fit.
Dol. We shall know nothing —
Face. Death, sir,
 We are undone!
Dol. Where then a learned linguist
 Shall see the ancient us'd communion
 Of vowels and consonants —
Face. My master will hear!²⁰
Dol. A wisdom, which *Pythagoras* held most
 high
Mam. Sweet honourable lady!
Dol. To comprise
 All sounds of voices, in few marks of letters.
Face. Nay, you must never hope to lay her
 now. (They all speak together.)
Dol. And so we may arrive by *Talmud skull*,⁴
 And profane Greek, to raise the building up²⁵
 Of *Helen's* house against the *Ismaelite*,
 King of *Thogarma*, and his *hetherons*
Brimstony, blue, and fiery; 'till
 Of king *Abaddon*, and the beast of *Cittim*:³⁰
 Which rabbi *David Kimchi*, *Onkelos*,
 And *Aben Ezra* do interpret Rome.
Face. How did you put her into 't?
Mam. Alas, I talkt
 Of a fifth monarchy I would erect³⁵
 With the philosopher's stone, by chance, and she
 Falls on the other four straight.
Face. Out of Broughton!
 I told you so. 'Slid, stop her mouth.
Mam. Is 't best?
Face. She 'll never leave else. If the old m
 hear her,
 We are but faeces, ashes.
Sub. [within.] What's to do there?
Face. O, we are lost! Now she he him,⁴⁰
 she is quiet.

[Enter *SUBTLE*;] upon *SUBTLE's* entry they
 disperse.

Mam. Where shall I hide me!
Sub. How! What sight is here?
 Close⁵ deeds of darkness, and that shun the
 light!
 Bring him again. Who is he? What, my son!
 O, I have liv'd too long.
Mam. Nay, good, dear father,
 There was no unchaste purpose.
Sub. Not? and flee me¹⁰
 When I come in?
Mam. That was my error.
Sub. Error?
 Guilt, guilt, my son; give it the right name.
 No marvel
 If I found check in our great work within,
 When such affairs as these were managing!¹⁵
Mam. Why, have you so?
Sub. It has stood still this half hour:
 And all the rest of our less works gone back.
 Where is the instrument of wickedness,
 My lewd false drudge?

¹ By her horoscope, with a pun on her bearing.

² Another room in the same.

³ *Dol's* ravings are taken almost at random from the headings of columns, preface, etc., of the *Concord of Scripture*, by Hugh Broughton.

⁴ In the early editions this speech is printed in parallel columns with the dialogue immediately following, to indicate simultaneous utterance.

⁵ Secret.

Mam. Nay, good sir, blame not him; elieve me, 't was against his will or knowledge: 54
I saw her by chance.
Sub. Will you commit more sin, T' excuse a varlet?
Mam. By my hope, 't is true, sir.
Sub. Nay, then I wonder less, if you, for whom
The blessing was prepar'd, would so tempt heaven,
And lose your fortunes.
Mam. Why, sir?
Sub. This will retard
The work a month at least.
Mam. Why, if it do, 60
What remedy? But think it not, good father. Our purposes were honest.¹
Sub. As they were,
So the reward will prove. (*A great crack and noise within.*) — How now! ay me!
God and all saints be good to us. —

[*Re-enter FACE.*]

What's that? 64
Face. O, sir, we are defeated! All the works
Are flown in fumo,² every glass is burst;
Furnace and all rent down, as if a bolt
Of thunder had been driven through the house.
Retorts, receivers, pelicans,³ bolt heads,⁴ 69
All struck in shivers!

(*SUBTLE falls down as in a swoon.*)

Help, good sir! alas,
Coldness and death invades him. Nay, Sir
Mammon,
Do the fair offices of a man! You stand,
As you were readier to depart than he.

(*One knocks.*)

Who's there? My lord her brother is come.

Mam. Ha, Lungs!

Face. His coach is at the door. Avoid his sight, 75

For he's as furious as his sister's mad.

Mam. Alas!

Face. My brain is quite undone with
the fume, sir,

I ne'er must hope to be mine own man again.

Mam. Is all lost, Lungs? Will nothing be preserv'd
Of all our cost?

Face. Faith, very little, sir; 80
A peck of coals or so, which is cold comfort, sir.

Mam. O, my voluptuous 'nd! I am justly
punish'd.

Face. And so am I, sir.

Mam. Cast from all my hopes —

Face. Nay, certainties, sir.

Mam. By mine own base affections.

Sub. (*seeming to come to himself.*) O, the curst
fruits of vice and lust!

Mam. Good father, 85

It was my sin. Forgive it.

Sub. Hangs my roof

¹ Chaste

² Into smoke.

³ An alembic of a particular shape.

⁴ A globular flask.

Over us still, and will not fall, O justice,
Upon us, for this wicked man!

Face. Nay, look, sir,
You grieve him now with staying in his sight.
Good sir, the nobleman will come too, and take
you, 90

And that may breed a tragedy.

Mam. I'll go.

Face. Ay, and repent at home, sir. It may be,
For some good penance you may ha' it yet;
A hundred pound to the box at Bet'lem⁵ —

Mam. Yes.

Face. For the restoring such as — ha' their
wits.

Mam. I'll do 't. 95

Face. I'll send one to you to receive it.

Mam. Do.

Is no projection left?

Face. All flown, or stinks, sir.

Mam. Will nought be sav'd that's good for
med'cine, think'st thou?

Face. I cannot tell, sir. There will be per-
haps

Something about the scraping of the shards, 100
Will cure the itch, — though not your itch of
mind, sir. [*Aside.*]

It shall be sav'd for you, and sent home. Good
sir,

This way, for fear the lord shall meet you.

[*Exit MAMMON.*]

Sub. [*raising his head.*] *Face!*

Face. Ay.

Sub. Is he gone?

Face. Yes, and as heavily
As all the gold he hop'd for were in 's blood. 105
Let us be light though.

Sub. [*leaping up.*] Ay, as balls, and bound
And hit our heads against the roof for joy:
There's so much of our care now cast away.

Face. Now to our don.

Sub. Yes, your young widow by this time
Is made a countess, *Face*; she's been in tra-
vail 109

Of a young heir for you.

Face. Good, sir.

Sub. Off with your case,⁶

And greet her kindly, as a bridegroom should,
After these common hazards.

Face. Very well, sir.

Will you go fetch Don Diego off the while?

Sub. And fetch him over too, if you'll be
pleas'd, sir. 113

Would Dol were in her place, to pick his pock-
ets now!

Face. Why, you can do 't as well, if you
would set to 't.

I pray you prove your virtue⁷

Sub. For your sake, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.⁸

[*Enter*] SURLY and DAME PLIANT.

Sur. Lady, you see into what hands you are
fall'n;

⁵ The lunatic asylum.

⁶ His costume as Lungs.

⁷ Capacity.

⁸ Another room in the

'Mongst what a nest of villains ! and how near
Your honour was t' have catch'd a certain clap,
Through your credulity, had I but been
So punctually forward, as place, time,
And other circumstance would ha' made a man ;
For you 're a handsome woman : would you were
wise too !

I am a gentleman come here disguis'd,
Only to find the knaveries of this citadel ;
And where I might have wrong'd your honour,
I have not,

I claim some interest in your love. You are,
They say, a widow, rich ; and I 'm a bachelor,
Worth nought : your fortunes may make me a
man,

As mine ha' preserv'd you a woman. Think
upon it,

And whether I have deserv'd you or no.

Dame P. I will, sir.

Sur. And for these household-rogues, let me
alone

To treat with them.

[*Enter SUBTLE.*]

Sub. How doth my noble Diego,
And my dear madam countess ? Hath the count
Been courteous, lady ? liberal and open ?
Donzel, methinks you look melancholic,
I do not like the dullness of your eye ;
It hath a heavy cast, 't is upsee Dutch,
And says you are a lumpish whore-master.
Be lighter, I will make your pockets so.

(*He falls to picking of them.*)

Sur. [*throws open his cloak.*] Will you, don
bawd and pick-purse ? [*Strikes him down.*]
How now ! Reel you ?

Stand up, sir, you shall find, since I am so heavy,
I 'll gi' you equal weight.

Sub. Help ! murder !

Sur. No, sir,
There's no such thing intended. A good cart
And a clean whip shall ease you of that fear.

I am the Spanish don that should be cozened,
Do you see ? Cozened ? Where's your Captain

Face.
That parcel⁴-broker, and whole-bawd, all ras-
cal ?

[*Enter FACE in his uniform.*]

Face. How, Surly !

Sur. O, make your approach, good captain.
I 've found from whence your copper rings and
spoons

Come now, wherewith you cheat abroad in tav-
erns.

'T was here you learn'd t' anoint your boot with
brimstone,

Then rub men's gold on 't for a kind of touch,
And say, 't was naught, when you had chang'd
the colour,

That you had ha't for nothing. And this doc-
tor,

Your sooty, smoky-bearded compeer, he

¹ Diminutive of Don.

² As if you had been drinking heavy Dutch beer.

³ Referring to the punishment inflicted on bawds.

⁴ Part.

Will close you so much gold, in a bolt's-head,
And, on a turn, convey i' the stead another
With sublim'd mercury, that shall burst i' the
heat,

And fly out all *in fumo* ! Then weeps Mammon ;
Then swoons his worship. Or, [*FACE ships out.*]
he is the Faustus,

That casteth figures⁵ and can conjure, cures
Plagues, piles, and pox, by the ephemerides.⁶
And holds intelligence with all the bawds
And midwives of three shires : while you send
in —

Captain ! — what ! is he gone ? — damsels with
child,

Wives that are barren, or the waiting-maid
With the green sickness. [*Seizes SUBTLE as he
is retiring.*] — Nay, sir, you must tarry,
Though he be scap'd ; and answer by the e
sir.

SCENE VII.⁷

[*Re-enter*] *FACE* [*with*] *KASTRIL* [*to*] *SURLY* [*and*]
SUBTLE.

Face. Why, now's the time, if ever you will
quarrel

Well, as they say, and be a true-born child :
The doctor and your sister both are abus'd.⁸

Kas. Where is he ? Which is he ? He is a
slave.

Whate'er he is, and the son of a whore. — Are
you

The man, sir, I would know ?

Sur. I should be loth, sir.

To confess so much.

Kas. Then you lie i' your throat.

Sur. How !

Face. [*To KASTRIL*] A very arrant rogue, sir,
and a cheater,

Employ'd here by another conjurer
That does not love the doctor, d would cross
h'

If he knew how.

Sur. Sir, you are abus'd.

Kas. You lie :

And 't is no matter.

Face. Well said, sir ! He is

The impudent'st rascal —

Sur. You are indeed. Will you hear me, sir ?

Face. By no means : bid him be gone.

Kas. Begone, sir, quickly.

Sur. This is strange ! — Lady, do you info
your brother.

Face. There is not such a foist⁹ in all the
town.

The doctor had him presently ; and finds yet
The Spanish count will come here. — Bear up,
Subtle.

Sub. Yes, sir, he must appear within this
hour.

Face. And yet this rogue would come in a
disguise,

By the temptation of another spirit,
To trouble our art, though he could not h t it !

Kas. Ay,

⁵ Horoscopes. ⁸ Cheated.

⁶ Astrological almanacs.

⁷ e same.

know — Away, [*To his sister.*] you talk like a foolish mauther.¹

Sur. Sir, all is truth she says.

Face. Do not believe him, sir. ²⁴
He is the lying'st swabber! Come your ways, sir.

Sur. You are valiant out of company!

Kas. Yes, how then, sir?

[*Enter DRUGGER with a piece of damask.*]

Face. Nay, here's an honest fellow too that knows him,

And all his tricks. (Make good what I say, Abel.)

This cheater would ha' cozen'd thee o' the widow. — [*Aside to DRUG.*]

He owes this honest Drugger here seven pound, He has had on him in twopenny'orths of tobacco. ³¹

Drug. Yes, sir. And he has damn'd himself three terms to pay me.

Face. And what does he owe for lotium? ²

Drug. Thirty shillings, sir;

And for six syringes.

Sur. Hydra of villainy!

Face. Nay, sir, you must quarrel him out o' the house.

Kas. I will: ³⁵

— Sir, if you get not out o' doors, you lie;

And you are a pimp.

Sur. Why, this is madness, sir, Not valour in you, I must laugh at this

Kas. It is my humour; you are a pimp and a trig.³

And an Amadis de Gaul, or a Don Quixote. ⁴⁰

Drug. Or a knight o' the curious coxcomb, do you see?

[*Enter ANANIAS.*]

Ana. Peace to the household!

Kas. I'll keep peace for no man.

Ana. Casting of dollars is concluded lawful.

Kas. Is he the constable?

Sub. Peace, Ananias.

Face. No, sir.

Kas. Then you are an otter, and a shad, ⁴⁵
whit,

A very tim.⁴

Sur. You'll hear me, sir?

Kas. I will not.

Ana. What is the motive?

Sub. Zeal in the young gentleman,

Against his Spanish slops.

Ana. They are profane,

Lewd, superstitious, and idolatrous breeches.

Sur. New rascals!

Kas. Will you be gone, sir?

Ana. Avoid, Sathan! ⁵⁰

Thou art not o' the light! That ruff of pride

About thy neck, betrays thee; and is the same

With that which the unclean birds, in seventy-seven,⁵

Were seen to prank it with on divers coasts:

Thou look'st like antichrist, in that lewd hat. ⁵⁵

¹ Girl. ² A lotion. ³ Dandy.

⁴ Kasril's ter of abuse are not meant to be appropriate.

⁵ The allusion here has not been explained.

Sur. I must give way.

Kas. Be gone, sir.

Sur. But I'll take

A course with you. —

Ana. Depart, proud Spanish fiend!

Sur. Captain and doctor.

Ana. Child of perdition!

Kas. Hence, sir! — [*Exit SURLY.*]

Did I not quarrel bravely?

Face. Yes, indeed, sir.

Kas. Nay, an I give my mind to't, I shall do't. ⁶⁰

Face. O, you must follow, sir, and threaten him tame

He'll turn again else.

Kas. I'll re-turn him then. [*Exit.*]

Face. Drugger, this rogue prevented us, for thee.

We had determin'd that thou should'st ha' come

In a Spanish suit, and ha' carried her so; and he, ⁶⁵

A brokerly slave, goes, puts it on himself.

Hast brought the damask?

Drug. Yes, sir.

Face. Thou must borrow

A Spanish suit. Hast thou no credit with the players?

Drug. Yes, sir; did you never see me play the Fool?

Face. I know not, Nab; — thou shalt, if I can help it. — [*Aside.*] ⁷⁰

Hieronimo's⁶ old cloak, ruff, and hat will serve, I'll tell thee more when thou bring'st 'em.

[*Exit DRUGGER.*] *SUBTLE* hath whisper'd with ANAN. *this while.*

Ana. Sir, I know.

The Spaniard hates the brethren, and hath spies

Upon their actions: and that this was one I make no scruple. — But the holy synod ⁷⁵

Have been in prayer and meditation for it;

And 'tis reveal'd no less to them than me,

That casting of money is most lawful.

Sub. True.

But here I cannot do it: if the house Should chance to be suspected, all would out, ⁸⁰

And we be lock'd up in the Tower for ever, To make gold there for th' state, never come

out;

And then are you defeated.

Ana. I will tell

This to the elders and the weaker brethren, That the whole company of the separation ⁸⁵

May join in humble prayer again.

Sub. And fasting.

Ana. Yea, for some fitter place. The peace

of mind

Rest with these walls! [*Exit.*]

Sub. Thanks, courteous Ananias.

Face. What did he come for?

Sub. About casting dollars,

Presently out of hand. And so I told him, ⁹⁰

A Spanish minister came here to spy,

Against the faithful —

⁶ In Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*.

Face. I conceive. Come, Subtle, Thou art so down upon the least disaster! How wouldst thou ha' done, if I had not helpt thee out?

Sub. I thank thee, *Face*, for the angry boy, i' faith.

Face. Who would ha' lookt¹ it should ha' been that rascal surly? He had dy'd his beard and all. Well, sir.

Here's damask come to make you a suit.

Sub. Where's Druggier?

Face. He is gone to borrow me a Spanish habit;

I'll be the count now.

Sub. But where's the widow?

Face. Within, with my lord's sister; Madam Dol

Is entertaining her.

Sub. By your favour, *Face*,

Now she is honest, I will stand again.

Face. You will not offer it?

Sub. Why?

Face. Stand to your word, Or—here comes Dol. She knows—

Sub. You're tyrannous still. 105

[*Enter Dol hastily.*]

Face.—Strict for my right.—How now, Dol! Hast told her,

The Spanish count will come?

Dol. Yes; but another is come,

You little lookt for!

Face. Who's that?

Dol. Your master;

The master of the house.

Sub. How, Dol!

Face. She lies,

This is some trick. Come, leave your quibbles,²

Dorothy. 110

Dol. Look out and see.

[*FACE goes to the window.*]

Sub. Art thou in earnest?

Dol. 'Slight,

Forty o' the neighbours are about him, talking.

Face. 'Tis he, by this good day.

Dol. 'T will prove ill day

For some on us.

Face. We are undone, and taken.

Dol. Lost, I'm afraid.

Sub. You said he would not come, 115

While there died one a week within the liberties.³

Face. No: 't was within the walls.

Sub. Was 't so? Cry you mercy.

I thought the liberties. What shall we do now, *Face*?

Face. Be silent: not a word, if he call or knock. 119

I'll into mine old shape again and meet him, Of Jeremy, the butler. I' the meantime,

Do you two pack up all the goods and purchase⁴

¹ Expected.

² Quibbles.

³ The district outside the walls subject to the city authorities.

⁴ Stolen goods, booty.

That we can carry i' the two tr ks. I'll keep him

Off for to-day, if I cannot longer: and then 124 At night, I'll ship you both away to Ratchiff, Where we will meet to-morrow, and there we'll share.

Let Mammon's brass and pewter keep the cellar;

We'll have another time for that. But, Dol, Prithee go heat a little water quickly; 129 Subtle must shave me. All my captain's beard Must off, to make me appear smooth Jeremy.

You'll do it?

Sub. Yes, I'll shave you as well as I c.

Face. And not cut my throat, but trim me?

Sub. You shall see, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I.⁵

[*Enter*] LOVEWIT, [*with several of the*] Neighbours.

Love. Has there been such resort, say you?

1 *Nei.* Daily, Sir.

2 *Nei.* And nightly, too.

3 *Nei.* Ay, some as brave as lords.

4 *Nei.* Ladies and gentlewomen.

5 *Nei.* Citizens' wives.

1 *Nei.* And knights.

6 *Nei.* In coaches.

2 *Nei.* Yes, and oyster-women.

1 *Nei.* Beside other gallants.

3 *Nei.* Sailors' wives.

4 *Nei.* Tobacco men. 5

5 *Nei.* Another Pimlico.⁶

Love. What should my knave advance, To draw this company? He hung out no banners

Of a strange calf with five legs to be seen,

Or a huge lobster with six claws?

6 *Nei.* No, .

3 *Nei.* We had gone in then, sir.

Love. He has no gift 10

Of teaching i' the nose⁷ that e'er I knew of.

You saw no bulls set up that promis'd cure

Of agues or the tooth-ache?

2 *Nei.* No such thing, sir!

Love. Nor heard a drum struck for baboo

or puppets?

5 *Nei.* Neither, sir.

Love. What device should he bring forth now? 15

I love a teeming wit as I love my nourishment:

'Pray God he ha' not kept such open house,

That he hath sold my hangings, and my bedding!

I left him nothing else. If he have eat 'em, 20

A plague o' the moth, say I! Sure he has got

Some bawdy pictures to call all this going;⁸

⁵ Before Lovewit's door.

⁶ A summer resort, where the citizens had cakes d ale.

⁷ Like a Puritan preacher.

⁸ Gang

The Friar and the Nun ; or the new motion ¹
Of the knight's courser covering the parson's
mare ;

The boy of six year old, with the great thing . ²⁴
Or 't may be, he has the fleas that run at tilt
Upon a table, or some dog to dance.
When saw you him ?

1 *Nei.* Who, sir, Jeremy ?

2 *Nei.* Jeremy butler ?

We saw him not this month.

Love. How !

4 *Nei.* Not these five weeks, sir.

[6] *Nei.* These six weeks, at the least.

Love. You amaze me, neighbours !

5 *Nei.* Sure, if your worship know not where
he is, ³⁰

He's slipt away.

6 *Nei.* Pray God he be not made away.

He knocks.

Love. Ha ! it's no time to question, then.

6 *Nei.* About

Some three weeks since I heard a doleful cry,

As I sat up a-mending my wife's stockings

Love. Thus 's strange that none will answer !

Did'st thou hear ³⁵

A cry, sayst thou ?

6 *Nei.* Yes, sir, like unto a man

That had been strangled an hour, and could not
speak.

2 *Nei.* I heard it, too, just this day three
weeks, at two o'clock

Next morning.

Love. These be miracles, or you make 'em so !

A man an hour strangled, and could not speak,

And both you heard him cry ?

3 *Nei.* Yes, downward, sir. ⁴¹

Love. Thou art a wise fellow. Give me thy
hand, I pray thee.

What trade art thou on ?

3 *Nei.* A smith, an 't please your worship.

Love. A smith ! Then lend me thy help to
get this door open.

3 *Nei.* That I will presently, sir, but fetch
my tools — ^[Exit.] ⁴⁵

1 *Nei.* Sir, best to knock again afore you
break it.

SCENE II.²

LOVEWIT, Neighbours.

[*Love.* *Knocks again.*] I will.

[*Enter FACE in his butler's livery.*]

Face. What mean you, sir ?

1, 2, 4 *Nei.* O, here's Jeremy !

Face. Good sir, come from the door.

Love. Why, what 's the matter ?

Face. Yet farther, you are too near yet.

Love. I ' the name of wonder,

What means the fellow !

Face. The house, sir, has been visited.

Love. What, with the plague ? Stand thou
then farther.

Face. No, sir,

I had it not.

Love. Who had it then ? I left

None else but thee 'i the house.

Face. Yes, sir, my fellow,

The cat that kept the buttery, had it on her

A week before I spied it ; but I got her

Convey'd away 'i the night : and so I shut ¹⁰

The house for a month —

Love. How !

Face. Purposing then, sir,

To have burnt rose-vinegar, treacle, and tar,

And ha' made it sweet, that you should ne'er

ha' known it ;

Because I knew the news would but afflict you,

sir.

Love. Breathe less, and farther off ! Why this

is stranger : ¹⁵

The neighbours tell me all here that the doors

Have still been open

Face. How, sir !

Love. Gallants, men and women,

And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here

In threaves, ⁸ these ten weeks, as to a second

Hogsden,

In days of Pimlico and Eye-bright. ⁴

Face. Sir, ²⁰

Their wisdoms will not say so.

Love. To-day they speak

Of coaches and gallants ; one in a French hood

Went in, they tell me ; and another was seen

In a velvet gown at the window : divers more

Pass in and out. ^[then]

Face. They did pass through the doors

Or walls, I assure their eye-sights, and their

spectacles ; ²¹

For here, sir, are the keys, and here have been,

In this my pocket, now above twenty days !

And for before, I kept the fort alone there.

But that 't is yet not deep 'i the afternoon, ²²

I should believe my neighbours had seen double

Through the black pot, ⁵ and made these ap-

paritions !

For, on my faith to your worship, for these

three weeks

And upwards, the door has not been open'd.

Love. Strange !

1 *Nei.* Good faith, I think I saw a coach.

2 *Nei.* And I too, ²³

I 'd ha' been sworn.

Love. Do you but think it now ?

And but one coach ?

4 *Nei.* We cannot tell, sir : Jeremy

Is a very honest fellow.

Face. Did you see me at all ?

1 *Nei.* No ; that we are sure on.

2 *Nei.* I 'll be sworn o' that.

Love. Fine rogues to have your testimonies

built on ! ²⁴

[*Re-enter third Neighbour, with his tools.*]

3 *Nei.* Is Jeremy come !

1 *Nei.* O yes ; you may leave your tools ;

We were deceiv'd, he says.

2 *Nei.* He 's had the keys ;

And the door has been shut these three weeks.

³ Lit , two dozen sheaves ; doves.

⁴ A suburban tavern, eclipsed as a resort by Pimlico.

⁵ With drinking.

3 *Nei.* Like enough.
Love. Peace, and get hence, you changelings.

[Enter *SURLY* and *MAMMON*.]

Face. [*Aside.*] Surly come,
 And Mammon made acquainted! They'll tell
 all.

How shall I beat them off? What shall I do?
 Nothing's more wretched than a guilty conscience.

SCENE III.¹

SURLY, *MAMMON*, *LOVEWIT*, *FACE*, Neighbours.

Sur. No, sir, he was a great physician. This,
 It was no bawdy-house, but a mere chancel!
 You knew the lord and his sister.

Mam. Nay, good Surly. —

Sur. The happy word, *BE RICH* —

Mam. Play not the tyrant. —

Sur. Should be to-day pronounc'd to all your
 friends.

And where be your andirons now? And your
 brass pots,
 That should ha' been golden flagons, and great
 wedges?

Mam. Let me but breathe. What, they ha'
 shut their doors,

Methinks! *He and SURLY knock.*

Sur. Ay, now 'tis holiday with them.

Mam. Rogues,

Cozeners, impostors, bawds!

Face. What mean you, sir? ¹⁰

Mam. To enter if we can.

Face. Another man's house!

Here is the owner, sir; turn you to him,

And speak your business.

Mam. Are you, sir, the owner?

Love. Yes, sir. [*cheaters!*]

Mam. And are those knaves within, your

Love. What knaves, what cheaters?

Mam. Subtle and his Lungs. ¹⁵

Face. The gentleman is distracted, sir! No

lungs

Nor lights ha' been seen here these three weeks,

sir,

Within these doors upon my word.

Sur. Your word,

Groom arrogant!

Face. Yes, sir, I am the housekeeper,

And know the keys ha' not been out o' my

hands. ²⁰

Sur. This's a new Face.

Face. You do stake the house, sir:

What sign w 't at?

Sur. You rascal! This is one

Of the confederacy. Come, let's get officers,

And force the door.

Love. Pray you stay, gentlemen.

Sur. No, sir, we'll come with warrant.

Mam. Ay, and then ²⁵

We shall ha' your doors open.

[*Exeunt MAM. and SUR.*]

Love. What mea this?

Face. I cannot tell, sir.

1 *Nei.* These are two o' the gallants

That we do think we saw.

Face. Two o' the fools!

You talk as idly as they. Good faith, sir,

I think the moon has craz'd 'em all. — [*Aside.*]

O me, ³⁰

[Enter *KASTRIL*.]

The angry boy come too! He'll make a noise,

And ne'er away till he have betray'd us all.

Kas. (*knocking.*) What, rogues, bawds, slaves,

you'll open the door anon!

Punk, cockatrice, my suster! By this light ³⁴

I'll fetch the marshal to you. You are a whore

To keep your castle —

Face. Who would you speak with, sir?

Kas. The bawdy doctor, and the cozening

captain,

And puss my suster.

Love. This is something, sure.

Face. Upon my trust, the doors were never

open, sir.

Kas. I have heard all their tricks told me

twice over, ⁴⁰

By the fat knight and the lean gentleman.

Love. Here comes another.

[Enter *ANANIAS* and *TRIBULATION*.]

Face. Ana too!

And his pastor!

Tri. The doors are shut ag 'st us.

Ana. Come forth, you seed of sulphur, sons

of fire!

Your stench it is broke forth; abom' tion ⁴⁵

Is in the house.

Kas. Ay, my suster's there.

Ana. The pl e,

It is become a cage of unclean birds.

Kas. Yes, I will fetch the scavenger, and the

constable.

Tri. You shall do well.

Ana. We'll join to weed them out.

Kas. You will not come then, punk devise, ⁵⁰

my suster!

Ana. Call her not sister; she's a harlot verily.

Kas. I'll raise the street.

Love. Good gentleman, a word.

Ana. Sat avoid, and hinder not our zeal!

[*Exeunt ANA., TRIB., and KAST.*]

Love. The world's turn'd Bet'lem.

Face. These are all broke loose,

Out of St. Katherine's, where they use to keep

The better sort of mad-folks.

1 *Nei.* All these perso ⁵⁵

We saw go in and out here.

2 *Nei.* Yes, indeed, sir.

3 *Nei.* These were the parties.

Face. Peace, you drunkards! Sir,

I wonder at it. Please you to give me leave

To touch the door; I'll try an the lock be

chang'd. ⁶⁰

Love. It mazes me!

Face. [*goes to the door.*] Good faith, 'I

believe

² Perfect harlot.

Dol. Give me the bird. —
Here is your fly in a purse, about your neck,
cousin;
Wear it, and feed it about this day sev'n-night,
On your right wrist —

Sub. Open a vein with a pin
And let it suck but once a week; till then,
You must not look on 't.

Dol. No: and, kinsman,
Bear yourself worthy of the blood you came on.
Sub. Her grace would ha' you eat no more
Woolsack¹ pies,

Nor Dagger¹ frumety.²

Dol. Nor break his fast
In Heaven¹ and Hell.¹

Sub. She's with you everywhere!
Nor play with costermongers, at mumchance,³
traytrip.³

God-make-you-rich³ (when as your aunt has
done it); but keep
The gallant'st company, and the best
games —

Dap. Yes, sir.
Sub. Gleeke³ and primero,³ and what you
get, be true to us.

Dap. By this hand, I will.
Sub. You may bring 's a thousand pound
Before to-morrow night, if but three thousand
Be stirring, an you will.

Dap. I swear I will then.⁵⁰
Sub. Your fly will learn you all games.
Face. [within.] Ha' you done there?
Sub. Your grace will command him no more
duties?

Dol. No:
But come and see me often. I may chance
To leave him three or four hundred chests of
treasure,
And some twelve thousand acres of fairy land,
If he game well and comely with good game-
sters.

Sub. There's a kind aunt: kiss her departing
part. —
But you must sell your forty mark a year
now.

Dap. Ay, sir, I mean.
Sub. Or, give 't away; pox on 't!
Dap. I'll gi' 't 'ne aunt. I'll go and fetch
the writings. [Exit.]⁵⁰
Sub. 'T is well; away.

[Re-enter FACE.]

Face. Where's Subtle?
Sub. Here: what news?
Face. Druggier is at the door; go take his
suit,
And bid him fetch a parson presently.
Say he shall marry the widow. Thou shalt
spend
A hundred pound by the service!

[Exit SUBTLE.]

Now, Queen Dol,
Have you pack'd up all?
Dol. Yes.

¹ Names of taverns. ² Wheat boiled in milk.
³ Games of chance.

Face. And how do you like
The Lady Plit?
Dol. A good dull innocent.

[Re-enter SUBTLE.]

Sub. Here 's your Hieronimo's cloak and hat.

Face. Give me 'em.

Sub. And the ruff too?

Face. Yes; I'll come to you presently.

Sub. Now he is gone about his project, Dol,
I told you of, for the widow. [Exit.]
Dol. 'T is direct

Against our articles.
Sub. Well, we will fit him, wench.
Hast thou gull'd her of her jewels or her brace-
lets?

Dol. No; but I will do 't.

Sub. Soon at night, my Dolly,
When we are shipt, and all our goods aboard,
Eastward for Ratcliff, we will turn our course
To Brainford, westward, if thou sayst the
word,
And take our leaves of this o'erweening rascal.

This peremptory *Face.*

Dol. Content; I'm weary of him.

Sub. Thou 'st cause, when the slave will run
at wiving, Dol,
Against the instrument that was drawn be-
tween us.

Dol. I'll pluck his bird as bare as I can.

Sub. Yes, tell her
She must by any means address some present
To th' cunning man, make him amends for
wronging

His art with her suspicion; send a ring,
Or chain of pearl; she will be tortur'd else
Extremely in her sleep, say, and ha' strange
things

Come to her. Wilt thou?

Dol. Yes.

Sub. My fine flitter-mouse,⁴
My bird o' the night! We'll tickle it at the
Pigeons,⁵
When we have all, and may unlock the trunks,
And say, this 's mine, and thine; and thine,
and mine. *They kiss.*

Re-enter FACE.

Face. What now! a billing?

Sub. Yes, a little exalted
In the good passage of our stock-affairs.

Face. Druggier has brought his parson; take
him in, Subtle,

And send Nab back again to wash his face.

Sub. I will: and shave himself? [Exit.]

Face. If you can get him.

Dol. You are hot upon it, *Face*, whate'er it
is!

Face. A trick that Dol shall spend ten po
d
a month by.

[Re-enter SUBTLE.]

Is he gone?

Sub. The chaplain waits you i' the hall.

⁴ Bat.

⁵ An at Brentford.

Face. I'll go bestow him. [*Exit.*]
Dol. He'll now marry her instantly.
Sub. He cannot yet, he is not ready. Dear
Dol. 101
 Cozen her of all thou canst. To deceive him
 Is no deceit, but justice, that would break
 Such an inextricable tie as ours was.
Dol. Let me alone to fit him.

[*Re-enter FACE.*]

Face. Come, my venturers,
 You ha' pack'd up all? Where be the trunks?
 Bring forth. 106
Sub. Here.
Face. Let us see 'em. Where's the money?
Sub. Here,
 In this.

Face. Mammon's ten pound; eight score
 before:
 The brethren's money this. Druggers and
 Dapper's.
 What paper's that?
Dol. The jewel of the waiting maid's, 110
 That stole it from her lady, to know cer-
 tain—

Face. If she should have precedence of her
 mistress?

Dol. Yes.

Face. What box is that?

Sub. The fish-wives' rings, I think,
 And th' ale-wives' single money.¹ Is't not, Dol?

Dol. Yes; and the whistle that the sailor's
 wife 115
 Brought you to know an her husband were with
 Ward.²

Face. We'll wet it to-morrow; and our silver
 beakers
 And tavern cups. Where be the French petti-
 coats
 And girdles and hangers?

Sub. Here, i' the trunk,
 And the bolts of lawn.

Face. Is Druggers' damask there,
 And the tobacco?

Sub. Yes.

Face. Give me the keys. 121

Dol. Why you the keys?

Sub. No matter, Dol; because
 We shall not open 'em before he comes.

Face. 'Tis true, you shall not open them, in-
 deed;
 Nor have 'em forth, do you see? Not forth,
 Dol.

Dol. No! 125

Face. No, my smock-rampant. The right is,
 my master
 Knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will keep
 'em.

Doctor, 'tis true—you look—for all your fig-
 ures:

I sent for him, indeed. Wherefore, good part-
 ners,

Both he and she, be satisfied: for here 130

Determines³ the indenture tripartite
 'Twixt Subtle, Dol, and Face. All I can do

Is to help you over the wall, o' the back-side,
 Or lend you a sheet to save your velvet gown,
 Dol.

Here will be officers presently, bethink you 135
 Of some course suddenly to scape the dock;
 For thither you'll come else. (*Some knock.*)
 Hark you, thunder.

Sub. You are a precious fiend!

Offi. [*without.*] Open the door.
Face. Dol, I am sorry for thee i' faith; but
 hear'st thou?

It shall go hard but I will place thee some-
 where: 140

Thou shalt ha' my letter to Mistress Amo—

Dol. Hang you.

Face. Or Madam Caesarian.

Dol. Fox upon you, rogue,
 Would I had but time to beat thee!

Face. Subtle,
 Let's know where you'll set up next; I will
 send you 144

A customer now and then, for old acquaintance.
 What new course have you?

Sub. Rogue, I'll hang myself;
 That I may walk a greater devil than thou,
 And haunt thee i' the flock-bed and the but-
 tery. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.⁴

[*Enter*] LOVEWIT [*in the Spanish dress, with the*
Parson. Loud knocking at the door.]

Love. What do you mean, my masters?

Mam. [*without.*] Open your door,
 Cheaters, bawds, conjurers.

Offi. [*without.*] Or we'll break it open.

Love. What warrant have you?

Offi. [*without.*] Warrant enough, sir,
 doubt not,

If you'll not open it.

Love. Is there an officer there? ⁵

Offi. [*without.*] Yes, two or three for failing.⁵

Love. Have but patience, ⁶

And I will open it straight.

[*Enter FACE, as butler.*]

Face. Sir, ha' you done?

Is it a marriage? Perfect?

Love. Yes, my brain.

Face. Off with your ruff and cloak then; be
 yourself, sir.

Sur. [*without.*] Down with the door.

Kas. [*without.*] 'Slight, ding⁶ it open.

Love. [*opening the door.*] Hold,

Hold, gentlemen, what means this violence? ⁷

[*MAMMON, SURLY, KASTREL, ANANIAS, TRIB-
 ULATION and Officers rush in.*]

Mam. Where is this collier?

Sur. And my Captain Face?

Mam. These day-owls.

Sur. That are birding⁷ in men's purses.

Mam. Madam Suppository.

Kas. Doxy, my suster.

⁴ An outer room in the same.

⁶ Break

⁵ For fear of failing.

⁷ Stealing.

¹ Small change. ² A famous pirate. ³ Ends.

Ana. Locusts.
Of the foul pit.
Tri. Profane as Bel and the Dragon.
Ana. Worse than the grasshoppers, or the lice
of Egypt.
Love. Good gentlemen, hear me. Are you
officers,
And cannot stay this violence?
1 Off. Keep the peace.
Love. Gentlemen, what is the matter? Whom
do you seek?
Mam. The chemical cozeners.
Sur. And the captain pander.
Kas. The nun my suster.
Mam. Madam Rabbi.
Ana. Scorpions, 20
And caterpillars.
Love. Fewer at once, I pray you.
1 Off. One after another, gentlemen, I
charge you,
By virtue of my staff.
Ana. They are the vessels
Of pride, lust, and the cart.
Love. Good zeal, lie still
A little while.
Tri. Peace, Deacon Ananias, 25
Love. The house is mine here, and the doors
are open;
If there be any such persons as you seek for,
Use your authority, search on o' God's name,
I am but newly come to town, and finding
This tumult 'bout my door, to tell you true, 30
It somewhat maz'd me; till my man here, fear-
ing
My more displeasure, told me he had done
Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house
(Belike presuming on my known aversion
From any air o' the town while there was sick-
ness), 35
To a doctor and a captain: who, what they are
Or where they be, he knows not.
Mam. Are they gone?
Love. You may go in and search, sir. (MAM-
MON, ANA., and TRIB. go in.) Here, I find
The empty walls worse than I left 'em, smok'd,
A few crack'd pots, and glasses, and a furnace:
The ceiling fill'd with poesies of the candle, 41
And "Madam with a dildo" 't writ o' the walls.
Only one gentlewoman I met here
That is within, that said she was a widow —
Kas. Ay, that's my suster; I'll go thump
her. Where is she? [Goes in.] 45
Love. And should ha' married a Spanish count,
but he,
When he came to't, neglected her so grossly,
That I, a widower, am gone through with her.
Sur. How! have I lost her then?
Love. Were you the don, sir?
Good faith, now she does blame you extremely,
and says 50
You swore, and told her you had ta'en the pains
To dye your beard, and umber o'er your face,
Borrow'd a suit, and ruff, all for her love:
And then did nothing. What an oversight
And w t of putting forward, sir, was this! 55

1 obably a fragment of a so .

Well fare an old harquebusier² yet,
Could prime his powder, and give fire, and hit,
All in a twinkling! MAMMON comes forth.
Mam. The whole nest are fled!
Love. What sort of birds were they?
Mam. A kind of choughs,³
Or thievish daws, sir, that have pickt my
purse,
Of eight score and ten pounds within these five
weeks,
Beside my first materials; and my goods,
That lie i' the cellar, which I am glad they ha'
left,
I may have home yet.
Love. Think you so, sir?
Mam. Ay.
Love. By order of law, sir, but not otherwise.
Mam. Not mine own stuff!
Love. Sir, I can take no knowledge 65
That they are yours, but by public means.
If you can bring certificate that you were gull'd
of 'em,
Or any formal writ out of a court,
That you did cozen yourself, I will not hold
them 70
Mam. I'll rather lose 'em.
Love. That you shall not, sir,
By me, in troth; upon these ter , they're
yours.
What, should they ha' been, sir, turn'd into
gold, all?
Mam. No.
I cannot tell. — It may be they should. — What
then?
Love. What a great loss in hope have you
sustain'd! 75
Mam. Not I; the commonwealth has.
Face. Ay, he would ha' built
The city new; and made a ditch about it
Of silver, should have run with cream from
Hogsden;
That every Sunday in Moorsfields the younk-
ers,
And tits⁴ and tom-boys should have fed on,
gratis. 80
Mam. I will go mount a turnip-cart, and
preach
The end o' the world within these two months.
Surly,
What! in a dream?
Sur. Must I needs cheat myself
With that same foolsh vice of honesty!
Come, let us go and hearken out the rogues: 85
That Face I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.
Face. If I can hear of him, sir, I'll bring you
word
Unto your lodging; for in troth, they were
strangers
To me; I thought 'em honest as myself, sir.
They come forth.

[Re-enter ANANIAS and TRIBULATION.]

Tri. 'Tis well, the saints shall not lose all
yet. Go 90
And get some carts —

2 Musketeer.

3 Crow.

4 Wenches.

Love. For what, my zealous friends?

Ana. To bear away the portion of the righteous

Out of this den of thieves

Love. What is that portion?

Ana. The goods sometimes the orphans', that the brethren

Bought with their silver pence.

Love. What, those i' the cellar, ⁹⁵
The knight Sir Mammon claims?

Ana. I do defy
The wicked Mammon, so do all the brethren,
Thou profane man! I ask thee with what conscience

Thou canst advance that idol against us,
That have the seal? ¹ Were not the shillings
numb'red ¹⁰⁰

That made the pounds; were not the pounds
told out

Upon the second day of the fourth week,
In the eighth month, upon the table dormant,
The year of the last patience of the saints,
Six hundred and ten?

Love. Mine earnest vehement botcher, ¹⁰⁵
And deacon also, I cannot dispute with you:
But if you get you not away the sooner,
I shall confute you with a cudgel.

Ana. Sir!

Tri. Be patient, Ananias.

Ana. I am strong,
And will stand up, well girt, against an host ¹¹⁰
That threaten Gad in exile.

Love. I shall send you
To Amsterdam, to your cellar.

Ana. I will pray there,
Against thy house. May dogs defile thy walls,
And wasps and hornets breed beneath thy roof,
This seat of falsehood, and this cave of coz-
nage! [*Exeunt ANA. and TRIB.*]

Enter DRUGGER.

Love. Another too?

Drug. Not I, sir, I am no brother. ¹¹⁵

Love. (*beats him.*) Away, you Harry Nicho-
las! ² do you talk? [*Exit DRUG.*]

Face. No, this was Abel Drugger. Good sir,
go, (*To the Parson.*)

And satisfy him; tell him all is done:

He staid too long a washing of his face. ¹²⁰
The doctor, he shall hear of him at Westches-
ter;

And of the captain, tell him, at Ya outh, or
Some good port-town else, lying for a wind.

[*Exit Parson.*]

you can get o' the angry child now, sir —

[*Enter KASTRIL, dragging in his sister.*]

Kas. Come on, you ewe, you have match'd
most sweetly, ha' you not? ¹²⁵

Did not I say, I would never ha' you tupt
But by a dubb'd boy, ³ to make you a lady-
tom?

¹ That are sealed as God's people

² The founder of the fa tical sect called "The
F ily of Love."

³ Knight.

'Slight, you are a mammet! ⁴ O, I could touse
you now.

Death, mun' ⁵ you marry with a pox!

Love. You lie, boy;
As sound as you; and I'm aforehand with you.

Kas. Anon! ¹³⁰
Love. Come, will you quarrel? I will feize ⁶
you, sirrah;

Why do you not buckle to your tools?

Kas. God's light,
This is a fine old boy as e'er I saw!

Love. What, do you change your copy now?
Proceed;

Here stands my dove: stoop' ⁷ at her if you
dare. ¹³⁵

Kas. 'Slight, I must love him! I cannot
choose, i' faith,

Am I should be hang'd for 't! Sister, I protest,
I honour thee for this match.

Love. O, do you so, sir?

Kas. Yes, an thou canst take tobacco and
drink, old boy,

I'll give her five hundred pound more to her
marriage, ¹⁴⁰

Than her own state.

Love. Fill a pipe full, Jeremy.

Face. Yes; but go in and take it, sir.

Love. We will.

I will be rul'd by thee in anything, Jeremy.

Kas. 'Slight, thou art not hide-bound, thou
art a jovy' ⁸ boy! ¹⁴⁴

Come, let us in, I pray thee, and take our whiffs.

Love. Whiff in with your sister, brother boy.
[*Exeunt KAS. and Dame P.*]

That master
That had receiv'd such happiness by a ser-
vant,

In such a widow, and with so much wealth,
Were very ungrateful, if he would not be

A little indulgent to that servant's wit, ¹⁵⁰
And help his fortune, though were some small
strain

Of his own candour. ⁹ [*Advancing.*] Therefore,
gentlemen,

And kind spectators, if I have outstript
An old man's gravity, or strict canon, think ¹⁵⁴

What a young wife and a good brain may do;
Stretch age's truth somet' es, and crack it
too.

Speak for thyself, knave.

Face. So I will, sir. [*Advancing to the front of
the stage.*] Gentlemen,

My part a little fell in this last scene,
Yet 't was decorum. ¹⁰ And though I am clean

Got off from Subtle, Surly, Mammon, Dol, ¹⁵⁸
Hot Ananias, Dapper, Drugger, all

With whom I traded; yet I put myself
On you, that are my country: ¹¹ and this pe

Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests,
To feast you often, and invite new guests. ¹⁶⁵

[*Exeunt.*]

⁴ Puppet

⁵ Must.

⁶ Beat.

⁷ A term of falconry: used in punning allusion to the
name of Kastril, which means hawk.

⁸ Jovial.

¹⁰ Dramatic propriety.

⁹ Fair reputation.

¹¹ Jury.

THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY

BY

THOMAS DEKKER

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE KING	ROGER, commonly	} E 's Jo eymen.
THE EARL OF CORNWALL.	called HODGE,	
SIR HUGH LACY, Earl of Lincoln.	FIRE,	
ROWLAND LACY,	RALPH,	
otherwise HANS,	LOVELL, a Courtier.	
ASKREW	DODGER, a Servant to the EARL OF LINCOLN	
SIR ROGER OATELY, Lord Mayor of London.	A Dutch Skipper.	
Master HAMMON,	A Boy.	
Master WARNER,	ROSE, Daughter of SIR ROGER.	
Master SCOTT,	SYBELL, her Maid.	
SIMON EYRE, the Shoemaker.	MARGERY, Wife of SIMON E	
	JANE, Wife of RALPH.	

Courtiers, Attendants, Officers, Soldiers, Hunters, Shoemakers, Apprentices, rrvants.

SCENE. — *London and Old Ford.*]

THE PROLOGUE

As it was pronounced before the Queen's Majesty

As wretches in a storm, expecting day,
 With trembling hands and eyes cast up to heaven,
 Make prayers the anchor of their conquer'd hopes,
 So we, dear goddess, wonder of all eyes,
 Your meanest vassals, through mistrust and fe
 To sink into the bottom of disgrace
 By our imperfect pastimes, prostrate thus
 On bended knees, our sails of hope do strike,
 Dreading the bitter storms of your dislike.
 Since then, unhappy men, our hap is such
 That to ourselves ourselves no help can b g,
 But needs must perish, if your saint-like e
 Locking the temple where all mercy sits,
 Refuse the tribute of all begging tongues;
 Oh, grant, bright mirror of true chastity,
 From those life-breathing stars, your sun-like eyes,
 One gracious smile; for your celestial breath
 Must send us life, or sentence us to death.

ACT I

SCENE I.¹

Enter the LO MAYOR and the EARL OF LINCOLN.

Linc. My lord mayor, you have sundry times
 Feasted myself and many courtiers more;
 Seldom or never can we be so kind
 To make requital of your courtesy.
 But leaving this, I hear my cousin Lacy
 Is much affected to² your daughter Rose.

L. Mayor. True, my good lord, and she lov
 h' so well
 That I mislike her boldness in the chase.
Linc. Why, my lord mayor, think you it then
 a sh e,
 To join a Lacy with an Oateley's name?
L. Mayor. Too mean is my poor girl for his
 high birth;
 Poor citizens must not with courtiers wed,
 Who will in silks and gay apparel spend
 More in one year than I worth, by far;
 Therefore your honour need not doubt³
 girl.

¹ A street in London.

² In love with.

³ Fear.

Linc. Take heed, my lord, advise you what you do!

A verier unthrift lives not in the world,
Than is my cousin, for I'll tell you what:
'Tis now almost a year since he requested
To travel countries for experience.

I furnisht him with coin, bills of exchange, 20
Letters of credit, men to wait on him,
Solicited my friends in Italy

Well to respect him. But, to see the end,
Scant had he journey'd through half Germany,
But all his coin was spent, his men cast off, 25

His bills embezzl'd,¹ and my jolly coz,²
Asham'd to show his bankrupt presence here,
Became a shoemaker in Wittenberg,

A goodly science for a gentleman 30
Of such descent! Now judge the rest by this:
Suppose your daughter have a thousand pound,
He did consume me more in one half year.

And make him heir to all the wealth you have
One twelvemonth's rioting will waste it all. 35
Then seek, my lord, some honest citizen
To wed your daughter to.

L. Mayor. I thank your lordship.
[*Aside.*] Well, fox, I understand your subtil-
ty. —

As for your nephew, let your lordship's eye
But watch his actions, and you need not fear,
For I have seen my daughter far enough. 41

And yet your cousin Rowland might do well,
Now he hath learn'd an occupation:
And yet I scorn to call him son-in-law.

Linc. Ay, but I have a better trade for him.
I thank his grace, he hath appointed him 45
Chief colonel of all those companies
Must' red in London and the shires about,
To serve his highness in those wars of France.

See where he comes! —

Enter LOVELL, LACY, and ASKEW.

Lovell. Lovell, what news with you?
y Lord of Lincoln, 'tis his highness' 51
will,
That presently³ your cousin ship for France
With all his powers; he would not for a mil-
lion,
ut they should land at Dieppe within four
days.

Linc. Go certify his grace, it shall be done.
Exit LOVELL.

Now, cousin Lacy, in what forwardness 55
Are all your companies?

Lacy. All well prepar'd.
The men of Hertfordshire lie at Mile-end,
Suffolk and Essex train in Tothill-fields,
The Londoners and those of Middlesex, 60
All gallantly prepar'd in Finsbury,
With frolic spirits long for their parting hour.

L. Mayor. They have their imprest,⁴ coats,
and furniture;⁵

And, if it please your cousin Lacy come
To the Guildhall, he shall receive his pay; 65
And twenty pounds besides my brethren

¹ Wasted.
² Cousin; used of any relative not of one's immedi-
³ family.
⁴ At once. ⁵ Ad ce-pay. ⁶ Equipment.

Will freely give him, to approve our loves

We bear unto my lord, your uncle here.

Lacy. I thank your honour.

Linc. Thanks, my good lord mayor. 66

L. Mayor. At the Guildhall we will expect
your coming. *Exit.*

Linc. To approve your loves to me? No sub-
tilty

Nephew, that twenty pound he doth bestow

For joy to rid you from his daughter Rose.

But, cousins both, now here are none but

friends,

I would not have you cast an amorous eye 75

Upon so mean a project as the love

Of a gay, wanton, painted citizen.

I know, this churl even in the height of scorn

Doth hate the mixture of his blood with thine.

I pray thee, do thou so! Remember, coz, 80

What honourable fortunes wait on thee.

Increase the king's love, which so brightly

shines,

And gilds thy hopes. I have no heir but thee, —

And yet not thee, if with a wayward spirit

Thou start from the true bias⁶ of my love. 85

Lacy. My lord, I will for honour, not desire

Of land or livings, or to be your heir,

So guide my actions in pursuit of France,

As shall add glory to the Lacies' name.

Linc. Coz, for those words here's thirty Por-
tuguese,⁷ 90

And, nephew Askew, there's a few for you.

Fair Honour, in her loftiest eminence,

Stays in France for you, till you fetch her

thence.

Then, nephews, clap swift wings on your de-
signs. 94

Begone, begone, make haste to the Guildhall;

There presently I'll meet you. Do not stay;

Where honour [beckons]⁸ shame attends delay.

Exit.

Askew. How gladly would your uncle have

you gone!

Lacy. True, coz, but I'll o'erreach his policies.

I have some serious business for three days, 100

Which nothing but my presence can dispatch.

You, therefore, cousin, with the companies,

Shall haste to Dover; there I'll meet with

you:

Or, if I stay past my prefixed time, 104

Away for France; we'll meet in Normandy.

The twenty pounds my lord mayor gives to me

You shall receive, and these ten Portuguese,

Part of mine uncle's thirty. Gentle coz,

Have care to our great charge; I know, your

wisdom

Hath tried itself in higher consequence. 110

Askew. Coz, all myself am yours: yet have

this care,

To lodge in London with all secrecy;

Our uncle Lincoln hath, besides his own,

Many a jealous eye, that in your face

Stares only to watch means for your disgrace.

Lacy. Stay, cousin, who be these? 115

⁶ Inclination.

⁷ A gold coin, worth about three pounds twelv

shillings.

⁸ Qq. become. Malone emend.

Enter SIMON EYRE, [MARGERY] his wife, HODGE, FIRK, JANE, and RALPH with a piece.¹

Eyre. Leave whining, leave whining! Away with this whim'ring, this puling, these blub'ring tears, and these wet eyes! I'll get thy husband discharg'd, I warrant thee, sweet Jane; go to!

Hodge. Master, here be the captains.

Eyre. Peace, Hodge; husht, ye knave, husht!

Firk. Here be the cavaliers and the colonels, master.

Eyre. Peace, Firk; peace, my fine Firk! Stand by with your pishery-pashery,² away! I am a man of the best presence; I'll speak to them, an³ they were Popes. — Gentlemen, captains, colonels, commanders! Brave men, [130 brave leaders, may it please you to give me audience I am Simon Eyre, the mad shoemaker of Tower Street, this vench with the mealy mouth that will never tire, is my wife, I can tell you; here's Hodge, my man and my foreman, [135 here's Firk, my fine firking⁴ journeyman, and this is blubbered Jane. All we come to be suitors for this honest Ralph. Keep him at home, and as I am a true shoemaker and a gentleman of the gentle craft, buy spurs yourself, and I'll [140 find ye boots these seven years.

Marg. Seven years, husband?

Eyre. Peace, midriff,⁵ peace! I know what I do. Peace!

Firk. Truly, master cormorant,⁶ you shall do God good service to let Ralph and his wife stay together. She's a young new-married woman; if you take her husband away from her a-night, you undo her; she may beg in the day-time; for he's as good a workman at a prick and an awl as any is in our trade.

Jane. O let him stay, else I shall be undone.

Firk. Ay, truly, she shall be laid at one side like a pair of old shoes else, and be occupied for no use.

Lacy. Truly, my friends it lies not in my power:

The Londoners are press'd,⁷ paid, and set forth

By the lord mayor; I cannot change a man.

Hodge. Why, then you were as good be a corporal as a colonel, if you cannot discharge [160 one good fellow; and I tell you true, I think you do more than you can answer, to press a man within a year and a day of his marriage.

Eyre. Well said, melancholy Hodge; grammarcy, my fine foreman.

Marg. Truly, gentlemen, it were ill done for such as you, to stand so stiffly against a poor young wife, considering her case, she is new-married; but let that pass. I pray, deal not roughly with her; her husband is a young man, and but newly ent'red; but let that pass.

Eyre. Away with your pishery-pashery, your pols and your edipols!⁸ Peace, midriff; si-

lence, Cicely Bumtrinket! Let your head speak.

Firk. Yea, and the horns too, master.

Eyre. Too soon, my fine Firk, too soon! Peace, scoundrels! See you this man? Captains, you will not release him? Well, let him go; he's a proper shot; let him vanish! [160 Peace, Jane, dry up thy tears, they'll make his powder dankish.⁹ Take him, brave men; Hector of Troy was an hackney to him, Hercules and Termagant¹⁰ scoundrels, Prince Arthur's Round-table — by the Lord of Ludgate — [165 ne'er fed such a tall,¹¹ such a dapper swordman; by the life of Pharaoh, a brave resolute swordman! Peace, Jane! I say no more, mad knaves.

Firk. See, see, Hodge, how my master raves in commendation of Ralph!

Hodge. Ralph, th' art a gull,¹² by this hand, an thou goest not.

Askew. I am glad, good Master Eyre, it is my hap

To meet so resolute a soldier.

Trust me, for your report and love to him, [165 A common slight regard shall not respect h'

Lacy. Is thy name Ralph?

Ralph.

Yes, sir.

Lacy. Give me thine hand;

Thou shalt not want, as I am a gentleman.

Woman, be patient; God, no doubt, will send

Thy husband safe again; but he must go, [170 His country's quarrel says it shall be so.

Hodge. Th' art a gull, by my stirrup, if thou dost not go. I will not have these strike thy gimlet into these weak vessels; prick thine enemies, Ralph.

Enter DODGER.

Dodger. My lord, your uncle on the Tower-hill

Stays with the lord-mayor and the aldermen, And doth request you, with all speed you may, To hasten thither.

Askew. Cousin, let's go.

Lacy. Dodger, run you before, tell them we come, —

This Dodger is mine uncle's parasite,

Exit DODGER.

The arrant'st varlet that e'er breath'd on earth; He sets more discord in a noble house By one day's broaching of his pickthank tales,¹³ Than can be salv'd¹⁴ again in twenty years, [175 And he, I fear, shall go with us to France, To pry into our actions.

Askew. Therefore, coz,

It shall behove you to be circumspect.

Lacy. Fear not, good cousin. — Ralph, hie to your colours. [Exit LACY and ASKEW.]

Ralph. I must, because there's no remedy; But, gentle master and my loving dame, [180 As you have always been a friend to me, So in mine absence think upon my wife.

Jane. Alas, my Ralph.

Marg. She cannot speak for weeping.

¹ Piece of leather.

² Tiddle-twaddle.

³ If.

⁴ Frisky, tricky.

⁵ Used as a term of contempt.

⁶ Quibbling on *colonel*.

⁷ Impressed into service.

⁸ Sole declaratio .

⁹ Damp.

¹⁰ An imaginary Saracen god.

¹¹ Tales told to curry favor.

¹² Healed.

¹³ Brave.

¹⁴ Fool.

Eyre. Peace, you crack'd groats,¹ you mustard tokens,² disquiet not the brave soldier. Go thy ways, Ralph!

Jane. Ay, ay, you bid him go; what shall I do

When he is gone?

Firk. Why, be doing with me or my fellow Hodge; be not idle.

Eyre. Let me see thy hand, Jane. This fine hand, this white hand, these pretty fingers must spin, must card, must work; work, you bombast cotton-candle-quean; work for your living, [235 with a pox to you. — Hold thee, Ralph, here's five sixpences for thee; fight for the honour of the gentle craft, for the gentlemen shoemakers, the courageous cordwainers, the flower of St. Martin's, the mad knaves of Bedlam, Fleet [240 Street, Tower Street and Whitechapel; crack me the crowns of the French knaves; a pox on them, crack them; fight, by the Lord of Ludgate; fight, my fine boy!

Firk. Here, Ralph, here's three two- [245 pences; two carry into France, the third shall wash our souls at parting, for sorrow is dry. For my sake, firk the *Basa non cues*.

Hodge. Ralph, I am heavy at parting; but here's a shilling for thee. God send³ thee to [250 cram thy slops⁴ with French crowns, and thy enemies' bellies with bullets.

Ralph. I thank you, master, and I thank you all.

Now, gentle wife, my loving lovely Jane, Rich men, at parting, give their wives rich gifts,

Jewels and rings, to grace their lily hands.

Thou know'st our trade makes rings for women's heels:

Here take this pair of shoes, cut out by Hodge, Stitch'd by my fellow Firk, seam'd by myself, Made up and pink'd⁵ with letters for thy name.

Wear them, my dear Jane, for thy husband's sake,

And every morning when thou pull'st them on, Remember me, and pray for my return.

Make much of them; for I have made them so That I can know them from a thousand mo.

Drum sounds. Enter the LORD MAYOR, the EARL OF LINCOLN, LACY, ASKEW, DODGER, and Soldiers. They pass over the stage; RALPH falls in amongst them; FIRK and the rest cry "F ewell," etc., and so exeunt.

ACT II

SCENE I.⁶

Enter ROSE, alone, making a garland.

Rose. Here sit thou do upon this flow'ry bank

¹ Four-penny piece.

² Yellow spots on the body denoting the infection of a plague.

³ Grant.

⁴ eeches (-pockets).

⁵ Perforated

⁶ A rden at Old Ford.

And make a garland for thy Lacy's head. These pinks, these roses, and these violets, These blushing gilliflowers, these mangolds, The fair embroidery of his coronet, Carry not half such beauty in their cheeks, As the sweet count'nance of my Lacy doth. O my most unkind father! O my stars, Why lower'd you so at my nativity, To make me love, yet live robb'd of my love? Here as a thief am I imprisoned For my dear Lacy's sake within those walls, Which by my father's cost were builded up For better purposes. Here must I languish For him that doth as much lament, I know, Mine absence, as for him I pine in woe.

Enter SYBIL.

Sybil. Good morrow, young mistress. I sure you make that garland for me, against⁷ I shall be Lady of the Harvest.

Rose. Sybil, what news at London?

Sybil. None but good; my lord mayor, your father, and master Philpot, your uncle, and Master Scot, your cousin, and Mistress Frig-bottom by Doctors' Commons, do all, by my troth, send you most hearty commendations.

Rose. Did Lacy send kind greetings to his love?

Sybil. O yes, out of cry, by my troth. I scant knew him; here 'a wore a scarf; and here a scarf, here a bunch of feathers, and here precious stones and jewels, and a pair [30 of garters, — O, monstrous! like one of our yellow silk curtains at home here in Old Ford House here, in Master Belly-mount's chamber. I stood at our door in Cornhill, look'd at him, he at me indeed, spake to him, but he not [35 to me, not a word; marry go-up, thought I, with a wanion!⁸ He pass'd by me as proud — Marry foh! I are you grown humorous,⁹ thought I; and so shut the door, and in I came.

Rose. O Sybil, how dost thou my Lacy wrong!

My Rowland is as gentle as a lamb, No dove was ever half so mild as he.

Sybil. Mild? yea, as a bushel of st p crabs.¹⁰ He lookt upon me as sour as greenjice,¹¹ Go thy ways, thought I, thou may'st be much [45 in my gaskins,¹² but nothing in my nether-stocks.¹³ This is your fault, mistress, to love him that loves not you; he thinks scorn to do he's done to; but if I were as you, I'd cry, "Go by, Jeronimo, go by!"¹⁴

I'd set mine old debts against my new driblets, And the hare's foot against the goose giblets, For if ever I sigh, when sleep I should take, Pray God I may lose my maidenhead when I ke.

Rose. Will my love leave me then, and go to France?

Sybil. I know not that, but I am sure I see

⁷ In preparation.

⁸ With a vengeance.

⁹ Capricious.

¹⁰ Crushed crab-apples.

¹¹ Juice of green fruits.

¹² Wide trousers.

¹³ Stockings. The meaning seems to be that though we may be acquainted, we are not intimate friends.

¹⁴ A phrase from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*.

him stalk before the soldiers. By my troth, he is a proper¹ man; but he is proper that proper doth. Let him go snick-up,² young mistress.

Rose. Get thee to London, and learn perfectly

Whether my Lacy go to France, or no. Do this, and I will give thee for thy pains My cambric apron and my Romish gloves, My purple stockings and a stomacher.

Sybil. Will I, quoth 'a? At whose suit? By my troth, yes, I'll go. A cambric apron, gloves,

a pair of purple stockings, and a stomacher! I'll sweat in purple, mistress, for you; [70] I'll take anything that comes a' God's name. O rich! a cambric apron! Faith, then have at 'up tails all.' I'll go jiggy-joggy to London, and be here in a trice, young mistress. *Exit.*

Rose. Do so, good Sybil. Meantime wretched I Will sit and sigh for his lost company. *Exit.* [75]

SCENE II.³

Enter LACY, like a Dutch Shoemaker.

Lacy. How many shapes have gods and kings devis'd,

Thereby to compass their desired loves! It is no shame for Rowland Lacy, then, To clothe his cunning with the gentle craft, That, thus disguis'd, I may unknown possess

The only happy presence of my Rose.

For her have I forsook my charge in France, Incurr'd the king's displeasure, and stirr'd up Rough hatred in mine uncle Lincoln's breast.

O love, how powerful art thou, that canst change High birth to baseness, and a noble mind

To the mean semblance of a shoemaker!

But thus it must be; for her cruel father,

Hating the single union of our souls,

Has secretly convey'd my Rose from London,

To bar me of her presence; but I trust,

Fortune and this disguise will further me

Once more to view her beauty, gain her sight.

Here in Tower Street with Eyre the shoemaker

Mean I a while to work; I know the trade,

I learnt it when I was in Wittenberg.

Then cheer thy hoping spirits, be not dismay'd,

Thou canst not want: do Fortune what she can,

The gentle craft is living for a man. *Exit.*

SCENE III.⁴

Enter EYRE, making himself ready.⁵

Eyre. Where be these boys, these girls, these drabs, these scoundrels? They wallow in the fat brewiss⁶ of my bounty, and lick up the crumbs of my table, yet will not rise to see my walks cleansed. Come out, you powder-beef⁷ queans! What, Nan! what, Madge Mumble-crust. [6] Come out, you fat midriff-srag-belly-whores, and sweep me these kennels⁸ that the noisome stench offend not the noses of my neighbours.

¹ Handsome.

² Go and be hanged!

³ A street in London.

⁴ fore Eyre's ho

⁵ Dressing himself.

⁶ Beef broth.

⁷ Salted beef.

⁸ Gutters.

What, Firk, I say; what, Hodge! Open my [10] shop windows! What, Firk, I say!

Enter FIRK.

Firk. O master, is't you that speak bandog⁹ and Bedlam¹⁰ this morning? I was in a dream, and mused what madman was got into the street so early. Have you drunk this morning that [15] your throat is so clear?

Eyre. Ah, well said, Firk; well said, Firk. To work, my fine knave, to work! Wash thy face, and thou't be more blest.

Firk. Let them wash my face that will eat [20] it. Good master, send for a souse-wife,¹¹ if you'll have my face cleaner.

Enter HODGE.

Eyre. Away, sloven! avant, scoundrel! — Good-morrow, Hodge; good-morrow, my fine foreman.

Hodge. O master, good-morrow; y'are an early stirrer. Here's a fair morning. — Good-morrow, Firk, I could have slept this hour. Here's a brave day towards.

Eyre. Oh, haste to work, my fine foreman, [30] haste to work.

Firk. Master, I am dry as dust to hear my fellow Roger talk of fair weather; let us pray for good leather, and let clowns and plough-boys and those that work in the fields pray [35] for brave days. We work in a dry shop; what care I if it rain?

Enter EYRE's wife [MARGERY].

Eyre. How now, Dame Margery, can you see to rise? Trip and go, call up the drabs, your maids.

Marg. See to rise? I hope 't is time enough, 't is early enough for any woman to be seen abroad. I marvel how many wives in Tower Street are up so soon. Gods me, 't is not noon, — here's a yawling

Eyre. Peace, Margery, peace! Where's Cicely Bumtrinket, your maid? She has a privy fault, she farts in her sleep. Call the quean up; if my men want shoe-thread, I'll swinge her in a stirrup.

Firk. Yet, that's but a dry beating; here's still a sign of drought.

Enter LACY [disguised], singing.

Lacy. Der was een bore van Gelderland

Frotlick sie byen;

He was als dronck he cold nyet stand,

Upsolce sie byen.

Tap eens de canneken,

Drincke, schone mannekin.¹⁴

⁹ Watch dog.

¹⁰ Madman

¹¹ A woman who washed and pickled pigs' faces.

¹² Coming.

¹³ Bawling.

¹⁴ The language is, of course, meant for Dutch.

There was a boor from Gelderland,

Jolly they be;

He was so drunk he could not stand,

Drunken (?) they be:

Clink then the canneken,

Drink, pretty mannekin!

Firk. Master, for my life, yonder's a bro-^[50]ther of the gentle craft; if he bear not Saint Hugh's bones,¹ I'll forfeit my bones; he's some uplandish workman: hire him, good master, that I may learn some gibble-gabble; 't will make us work the faster.⁶⁴

Eyre. Peace, Firk! A hard world! Let him pass, let him vanish, we have journeymen enow. Peace, my fine Firk!

Marg. Nay, nay, y' are best follow your man's counsel, you shall see what will come on 't. We have not men enow, but we must entertain^[70] every butter-box;² but let that pass.

Hodge. Dame, 'fore God, if my master follow your counsel, he'll consume little beef. Heshall be glad of men an he can catch them.

Firk. Ay, that he shall.⁷⁵

Hodge. 'Fore God, a proper man, and I warrant, a fine workman. Master, farewell; dame, adieu; if such a man as he cannot find work, Hodge is not for you. *Offers to go.*

Eyre. Stay, my fine Hodge.⁸⁰

Firk. Faith, an your foreman go, dame, you must take a journey to seek a new journeyman, if Roger remove, Firk follows. If Saint Hugh's bones shall not be set a-work, I may prick mine all in the walls, and go play. Fare ye well, master; good-bye, dame.⁸⁶

Eyre. Tarry, my fine Hodge, my brisk foreman! Stay, Firk! Peace, pudding-broth! By the Lord of Ludgate, I love my men as my life. Peace, you gallimaufry!³ Hodge, if he^[90] want work, I'll hire him. One of you to him; stay, — he comes to us.

Lacy. *Goeden dach, meester, ende u vro oak.*⁴

Firk. Nails,⁵ if I should speak after him without drinking, I should choke. And you,^[95] friend Oake, are you of the gentle craft?

Lacy. *Yaw, yaw, ik bin den skomawker.*⁶

Firk. Den skomaker, quoth 'a! And hark you, skomaker, have you all your tools, a good rubbing-pin, a good stopper, a good dresser, your^[100] four sorts of awls, and your two balls of wax, your paring knife, your hand-and-thumb-leathers, and good St. Hugh's bones to smooth up your work?¹⁰⁴

Lacy. *Yaw, yaw; be niet vorveerd. Ik heb all de dingen voor mack skoes groot and cleane.*⁷

Firk. Ha, ha! Good master, hire him; he'll make me laugh so that I shall work more in mirth than I can in earnest.

Eyre. Hear ye, friend, have ye any skill in^[110] the mystery⁸ of cordwainers?

Lacy. *Ik weet niet wat you seg; ich verstaw you niet.*⁹

¹ The bones of St. Hugh were supposed to have been made into shoemaker's tools.

² Dutchman.

³ A dish of different hashed meats. The word is sometimes used contemptuously of a versatile person, but is applied to Margery without much appropriateness.

⁴ Good-day, master, and your wife too.

⁵ An oath.

⁶ Yes, yes, I am a shoemaker.

⁷ Yes, yes; be not afraid. I have everything to make boots big and little.

⁸ Trade.

⁹ I don't know what you say; I don't understand you.

Firk. Why, thus, man, [*Imitating by gesture a shoemaker at work.*] *Ich verste u niet, quoth 'a.*

Lacy. *Yaw, yaw, yaw; ick can dat wel doen.*¹⁰
Firk. *Yaw, yaw!* He speaks yawing like a jackdaw that gapes to be fed with cheese-curd. Oh, he'll give a villainous pull at a^[120] can of double-beer; but Hodge and I have the advantage, we must drink first, because we are the eldest journeymen.

Eyre. What is thy name?

Lacy. Hans — Hans Meulter.¹²⁵

Eyre. Give me thy hand; th'art welcome. — Hodge, entertain him; Firk, bid him welcome; come, Hans. Run, wife, bid your maids, your trullibubs,¹¹ make ready my fine men's breakfasts. To him, Hodge!¹²⁸

Hodge. Hans, th'art welcome; use thyself friendly, for we are good fellows; if not, thou shalt be fought with, wert thou bigger than a giant.

Firk. Yea, and drunk with, wert thou Gar-^[135]gantua. My master keeps no cowards, I tell thee. — Ho, boy, bring him an heel-block, here's a new journeyman.

[Enter Boy.]

Lacy. *O, ich wersto you; ich moet een halve dossen cans betaelen; here, boy, nempt dis skill-ing, tap eens freeclicke.*¹² [Exit Boy.]¹³¹

Eyre. Quick, snipper-snapper, away! Firk, scour thy throat; thou shalt wash it with Castilian liquor.

[Enter Boy.]

Come, my last of the fives, give me a can. Have to thee, Hans; here, Hodge; here, Firk;^[140] drink, you mad Greeks, and work like true Trojans, and pray for Simon Eyre, the shoemaker. — Here, Hans, and th'art welcome.

Firk. Lo, dame, you would have lost a good fellow that will teach us to laugh. This^[145] beer came hopping in well.

Marg. Simon, it is almost seven.

Eyre. Is't so, Dame Clapper-dudgeon?¹³ Is't seven a clock, and my men's breakfast not ready? Trip and go, you sould conger,¹⁴ ^[150] away! Come, you mad hyperboreans; follow me, Hodge; follow me, Hans; come after, my fine Firk; to work, to work a while, and then to breakfast. *Exit.*

Firk. Soft! *Yaw, yaw,* good Hans, though^[155] my master have no more wit but to call you afore me, I am not so foolish to go behind you, I being the elder journeyman. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.¹⁵

[*Hallooing within.*] *Enter* WARNER and HAMMON, *like Hunters.*

Ham. Cousin, beat every brake, the game's not far,

¹⁰ Yes, yes; I can do that well

¹¹ Slatterns.

¹² O, I understand you; I must pay for half-a-dozen cans; here, boy, take this shilling, tap once freely.

¹³ Slang for beggar.

¹⁴ Conger-eel.

¹⁵ A field near Old Ford.

This way with winged feet he fled from death,
 Whilst the pursuing hounds, scenting his steps,
 Find out his highway to destruction.
 Besides, the miller's boy told me even now, ⁸
 He saw him take soil,¹ and he halloed him,
 Affirming him to have been so embost²
 That long he could not hold.

Warn. If it be so,
 'T is best we trace these meadows by Old Ford.

[A noise of Hunters within. Enter a Boy.]

Ham. How now, boy? Where's the deer?
 speak, saw'st thou him? ¹¹

Boy. O yea; I saw him leap through a hedge,
 and then over a ditch, then at my lord mayor's
 pale, over he skipt me, and in he went me, and
 "holla" the hunters cried, and "there, [us
 boy; there, boy!]" But there he is, a' mine
 honesty.

Ham. Boy, Godamercey. Cousin, let's away;
 I hope we shall find better sport to-day. ¹²

Exeunt.

SCENE V.³

[Hunting within.] Enter ROSE and SYBIL.

Rose. Why, Sybil, wilt thou prove a forester?

Sybil. Upon some, no. Forester? Go by; no,
 faith, mistress. The deer came running into
 the barn through the orchard and over the
 pale; I wot well, I lookt as pale as a new cheese
 to see him. But whip, says Goodman Pin-¹⁴
 close, up with his flail, and our Nick with a
 prong, and down he fell, and they upon him,
 and I upon them. By my troth, we had such
 sport; and in the end we ended him; his throat
 we cut, flay'd him, unhorn'd him, and my [us
 lord mayor shall eat of him anon, when he
 comes. ¹⁵ *Horns sound within.*

Rose. Hark, hark, the hunters come; y' are
 best take heed,
 They'll have a saying to you for this deed. ¹⁶

Enter HAMMON, WARNER, Huntsmen, and
 Boy.

Ham. God save you, fair ladies.

Sybil. Ladies! O gross! ¹⁷

Warn. Came not a buck this way?

Rose. No, but two does.

Ham. And which way went they? Faith,
 we'll hunt at those.

Sybil. At those? Upon some, no. When, can
 you tell?

Warn. Upon some, ay.

Sybil. Good Lord!

Warn. Wounds! ¹⁸ Then farewell!

Ham. Boy, which way went he?

Boy. This way, sir, he ran.

Ham. This way he ran indeed, fair Mistress
 Rose;

Our game was lately in your orchard seen.

Warn. Can you advise, which way he took
 his flight?

Sybil. Follow your nose; his horns will guide
 you right. ¹⁹

¹ Cover

² Exhausted.

³ The garden at Old Ford.

⁴ Stupid.

⁵ An oath.

Warn. Th' art a mad wench.

Sybil. O, rich!

Rose. Trust me, not I.

It is not like that the wild forest-deer
 Would come so near to places of resort;
 You are deceiv'd, he fled some other way.

Warn. Which way, my sugar-candy, can
 you shew? ²⁰

Sybil. Come up, good honeysops, upon some,
 no.

Rose. Why do you stay, and not pursue your
 game?

Sybil. I'll hold my life, their hunting-nags
 be lame.

Ham. A deer more dear is found within this
 place.

Rose. But not the deer, sir, which you had
 in chase. ²¹

Ham. I chas'd the deer, but this dear chaseth
 me.

Rose. The strangest hunting that ever I see.
 But where's your park? *She offers to go away.*

Ham. 'T is here. O stay!

Rose. Impale me, and then I will not stray.

Warn. They wrangle, wench; we are more
 kind than they. ²²

Sybil. What kind of hart is that dear heart
 you seek?

Warn. A hart, dear heart.

Sybil. Who ever saw the like?

Rose. To lose your heart, is't possible you
 can?

Ham. My heart is lost.

Rose. Alack, good gentleman!

Ham. This poor lost heart would I wish you
 might find. ²³

Rose. You, by such luck, might prove your
 hart a hind.

Ham. Why Luck had horns, so have I heard
 some say.

Rose. Now, God, an't be his will, send Luck
 into your way.

Enter the LORD MAYOR and Servants.

L. Mayor. What, Master H mon? Welcome
 to Old Ford!

Sybil. Gods pittikins, ²⁴ hands off, sir! Here's
 my lord.

L. Mayor. I hear you had ill luck, and lost
 your game.

Ham. 'T is true, my lord.

L. Mayor. I am sorry for the same.

What gentleman is this?

Ham. My brother-in-law.

L. Mayor. Y' are welcome both; sith For-
 tune offers you

Into my hands, you shall not part from hence,
 Until you have refresh't your wearied limbs. ²⁵

Go, Sybil, cover the board! You shall be guest
 To no good cheer, but even a hunter's feast.

Ham. I thank your lordship.—Cousin, on
 my life,

For our lost venison I shall find a wife. ²⁶

Exeunt [all but MAYOR].

L. Mayor. In, gentlemen; I'll not be absent
 long.—

²⁷ By God's pity.

This Hammon is a proper gentleman,
A citizen by birth, fairly allied,
How fit an husband were he for my girl!
Well, I will in, and do the best I can, 65
To match my daughter to this gentleman.

Exit.

ACT III

SCENE I.¹

Enter LACY [as HANS], Skipper, HODGE, and FIRK.

Skip. *Ick sal you wat seggen, Hans; dis skip dat comen from Candy, is all vol, by Got's sacrament, van sugar, civet, almonds, cambrick, end alle dingen, tousand tousand ding. Nempt it, Hans, nempt it vor v meester. Daer be de bis is van laden. Your meester Simon Eyre sal hae good copen. Wat seggen you, Hans?*²

Firk. *Wat seggen de reggen de copen, slopen — laugh, Hodge, laugh!*³

Hans. *Mine liever broder Firk, bringt Meester Eyre tot det signe vn Swannekin; daer sal you finde dis skipper end me. Wat seggen you, broder Firk? Doot it, Hodge.*³ Come, skipper.

Exeunt.

Firk. Bring him, quoth you? Here's no [14 knavery, to bring my master to buy a ship worth the lading of two or three hundred thousand pounds. Alas, that's nothing; a trifle, a bauble, Hodge.

Hodge. The truth is, Firk, that the merchant owner of the ship dares not shew his head, [20 and therefore this skipper that deals for him, for the love he bears to Hans, offers my master Eyre a bargain in the commodities. He shall have a reasonable day of payment; he may sell [24 the wares by that time, and be an huge gainer himself.

Firk. Yea, but can my fellow Hans lend my master twenty porpentines as an earnest penny?

Hodge. Portuguese, thou wouldst say, here [28 they be, Firk; hark, they jingle in my pocket like St. Mary Overy's bells.

Enter EYRE and his Wife [MARGERY].

Firk. Mum, here comes my dame and my master. She'll scold, on my life, for loitering this Monday; but all's one, let them all say what they can, Monday's our holiday. 35

Marg. You sing, Sir Sauce, but I beshrew your heart. I fear, for this your singing we shall smart

Firk. Smart for me, dame; why, dame, why?

Hodge. Master, I hope you'll not suffer my dame to take down your journeymen. 40

¹ A room in Eyre's house.

² I'll tell you what, Hans; this ship that is come from Candy is full of, by God's sacrament, of sugar, civet, almonds, cambrick, and all things; a thousand, thousand things. Here it is, Hans, for your master. There are the bills of lading. Your master, Simon Eyre, shall have a good bargain. What say you, Hans?

³ My dear brother Firk, bring Master Eyre to the sign of the Swan, there shall you find the skipper and me. What say you, brother Firk. Do it, Hodge.

Firk. If she take me down, I'll take her up? yea, and take her down too, a button-hole lower.

Eyre. Peace, Firk; not I, Hodge; by the life of Pharaoh, by the Lord of Ludgate, by this beard, every hair whereof I value at a [4 king's ransom, she shall not meddle with you. — Peace, you bombast-cotton-candle-quean; away, queen of clubs; quarrel not with me and my men, with me and my fine Firk; I'll firk you, if you do. 50

Marg. Yea, yea, man, you may use me as you please; but let that pass.

Eyre. Let it pass, let it vanish away; peace! Am I not Simon Eyre? Are not these my [54 brave men, brave shoemakers, all gentlemen of the gentle craft? Prince am I none, yet am I nobly born, as being the sole son of a shoemaker. Away, rubbish! vanship, melt; melt; like kitchen-stuff. 58

Marg. Yea, yea, 'tis well; I must be call'd rubbish, kitchen-stuff, for a sort⁴ of knaves.

Firk. Nay, dame, you shall not weep and wail in woe for me. Master, I'll stay no longer; here's an inventory of my shop-tools. Adieu, master; Hodge, farewell. 62

Hodge. Nay, stay, Firk; thou shalt not go alone.

Marg. I pray, let them go; there be more maids than Mawkin, more men than Hodge, and more fools than Firk. 70

Firk. Fools? Nails! if I tarry now, I would my guts might be turn'd to shoe-thread.

Hodge. And if I stay, I pray God I may be turn'd to a Turk, and set in Finsbury⁵ for boys to shoot at. — Come, Firk. 74

Eyre. Stay, my fine knaves, you arms of my trade, you pillars of my profession. What, shall a tittle-tattle's words make you forsake Simon Eyre? — Avaunt, kitchen-stuff! Rip, you brown-bread Tannikin; out of my sight! Move me not! Have not I ta'en you from sell- [81 ing tripes in Eastcheap, and set you in my shop, and made you hail-fellow with Simon Eyre, the shoemaker? And now do you deal thus [84 with my journeymen? Look, you powder-beef-quean, on the face of Hodge, here's a face for a lord.

Firk. And here's a face for any lady in Christendom. 88

Eyre. Rip, you chitterling, avaunt! oy, bid the tapster of the Boar's Head fill me a dozen cans of beer for my journeymen.

Firk. A dozen cans? O, brave! Hodge, now I'll stay.

Eyre. [in a low voice to the Boy.] An the [92 knave fills any more than two, he pays for them. [Exit Boy. Aloud.] — A dozen cans of beer for my journeymen. [Re-enter Boy.] Here, you mad Mesopotamians, wash your livers [96 with this liquor. Where be the odd ten? — No more, Madge, no more. — Well said.⁶ Drink and to work! — What work dost thou, Hodge? What work?

⁴ Set.

⁵ Finsbury was a famous practising ground for archery.

⁶ Well done.

Hodge. I am a making a pair of shoes for my lord mayor's daughter, Mistress Rose. ¹⁰⁵

Firk. And I a pair of shoes for Sybil, my lord's maid. I deal with her.

Eyre. Sybil? Fie, defile not thy fine workmanly fingers with the feet of kitchenstuff ¹⁰⁹ and basting-ladles. Ladies of the court, fine ladies, my lads, commit their feet to our apparelling; put gross work to Hans. Yark¹ and se², yark and seam!

Firk. For yarking and seaming let me alone, I come to 't. ¹¹⁵

Hodge. Well, master, all this is from the bias.³ Do you remember the ship my fellow Hans told you of? The skipper and he are both drinking at the Swan. Here be the Portu- ¹¹⁹ guese to give earnest. If you go through with it, you cannot choose but be a lord at least.

Firk. Nay, dame, if my master prove not a lord, and you a lady, hang me.

Marg. Yea, like enough, if you may loiter and tittle thus. ¹²⁵

Firk. Tittle, dame? No, we have been bargaining with Skellum Skanderbag:⁴ can you Dutch spreaken for a ship of silk Cyprus, laden with sugar-candy. ¹²⁹

Enter Boy with a velvet coat and an Alderman's gown. EYRE puts them on.

Eyre. Peace, Firk; silence, Tittle-tattle! Hodge, I'll go through with it. Here's a sealing, and I have sent for a guarded gown⁴ and a damask cassock. See where it comes; look here, Maggy; help me, Firk; apparel me, Hodge; silk and satin, you mad Philistines, ¹³⁵ silk and satin.

Firk. Ha, ha, my master will be as proud as a dog in a doublet, all in beaten⁵ damask and velvet. ¹³⁹

Eyre. Softly, Firk, for rearing⁶ of the nap, and wearing threadbare my garments. How dost thou like me, Firk? How do I look, my fine Hodge?

Hodge. Why, now you look like yourself, master. I warrant you, there's few in the ¹⁴⁵ city but will give you the wall,⁷ and come upon you with⁸ the right worshipful.

Firk. Nails, my master looks like a threadbare cloak new turn'd and drest. Lord, Lord, ¹⁴⁹ to see what good raiment doth! Dame, dame, are you not enamoured?

Eyre. How say'st thou, Maggy, am I not brisk? Am I not fine?

Marg. Fine? By my troth, sweetheart, very fine! By my troth, I never likt thee so well ¹⁵⁵ in my life, sweetheart; but let that pass. I warrant, there be many women in the city have not such handsome husbands, but only for their apparel; but let that pass too. ¹⁵⁹

¹ Prepare. ² Beside the point.

³ German: Schelm, a scoundrel. Skanderbag, or Scander Beg (i. e. Lord Alexander), a Turkish name for John Kastriot, the Albanian hero, who freed his country from the yoke of the Turks (1433-1467). (Warnke and Froescholdt.)

⁴ A robe ornamented with guards or facings.

⁵ Stamped. ⁷ Yield precedence.

⁶ Ruffling. ⁸ Address you as.

Re-enter HANS and SKIPPER.

Hans. Godden day, mester. Dis be de skipper dat heb de skip van marchandise; de commodity ben good; nempt it, master, nempt it.⁹

Eyre. Godamercy, Hans; welcome, skipper. Where lies this ship of merchandise? ¹⁶⁴

Skip. De skip ben in revere; dor be van sugar, civet, almonds, cambrick, and a townsund, townsund tings, gotz sacrament; nempt it, mester: ye sal heb good copen. ¹⁷⁰

Firk. To him, master! O sweet master! ¹⁷⁵ O sweet wares! Prunes, almonds, sugar-candy, carrot-roots, turnips, O brave fattening meat! Let not a man buy a nutmeg but yourself.

Eyre. Peace, Firk! Come, skipper, I'll go aboard with you. — Hans, have you made him drink? ¹⁷⁸

Skip. Yaw, yaw, ic heb veale gedrunck.¹¹

Eyre. Come, Hans, follow me. Skipper, thou shalt have my countenance in the city.

Exeunt.

Firk. Yaw heb veale gedrunck, quoth 'a. They may well be called butter-boxes, when ¹⁸⁰ they drink fat veal and thick beer too. But come, dame, I hope you'll chide us no more.

Marg. No, faith, Firk; no, perdy.¹² Hodge. I do feel honour creep upon me, and which is more, a cert¹³ rising in my flesh; but let that pass. ¹⁸⁵

Firk. Rising in your flesh do you feel, say you? Ay, you may be with child, but why should not my master feel a rising in his flesh, having a gown and a gold ring on? But you are such a shrew, you'll soon pull him down. ¹⁹¹

Marg. Ha, ha! prithee, peace! Thou mak'st my worship laugh; but let that pass. Come, I'll go in; Hodge, prithee, go before me; Firk, follow me. ¹⁹⁵

Firk. Firk doth follow: odge, pass out in state. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.¹⁴

Enter the EARL OF LINCOLN and DODGER.

Linc. How now, good Dodger, what's the news in France?

Dodger. My lord, upon the eighteenth day of May

The French and English were prepar'd to fight; Each side with eager fury gave the sign

Of a most hot encounter. Five long hours Both armies fought together; at the length

The lot of victory fell on our side. Twelve thousand of the Frenchmen that day

died, Four thousand English, and no man of n^e

But Captain Hyam and young Ardington, ¹⁹ Two gallant gentlemen, I knew them well.

⁹ Good day, master. This is the skipper that has the ship of merchandise; the commodity is good, take it, master, take it.

¹⁰ The ship lies in the river; there are sugar, civet, almonds, cambric, and a thousand thousand things. By God's sacrament, take it, master; you shall have a good bargain.

¹¹ Yes, yes, I have drunk well.

¹² Fr. Par Dieu.

¹³ London: a room in Lincoln's ho

Linc. But Dodger, prithee, tell me, in this fight
How did my cousin Lacy bear himself?

Dodger. My lord, your cousin Lacy was not there.

Linc. Not there?

Dodger. No, my good lord.

Linc. Sure, thou mistakest.¹⁵
I saw him shipp'd, and a thousand eyes beside
Were witnesses of the farewells which he gave,
When I, with weeping eyes, bid him adieu.
Dodger. takes heed.

Dodger. My lord, I am advis'd¹
That what I spake is true: to prove it so,²⁰
His cousin Askew, that suppl'd his place,
Sent me for him from France, that secretly
He might convey himself thither.

Linc. Is't even so?
Dares he so carelessly venture his life
Upon the indignation of a king?²⁵
Has he despis'd my love, and spurn'd those
favourers

Which I with prodigal hand pour'd on his head?
He shall repent his rashness with his soul;
Since of my love he makes no estimate,
I'll make him wish he had not known my
hate.³⁰

Thou hast no other news?

Dodger. None else, my lord.

Linc. None worse I know thou hast. — Pro-
cure the king

To crown his giddy brows with ample honours,
Send him chief colonel, and all my hope³⁴
Thus to be dash'd! But 't is in vain to grieve,
One evil cannot a worse relieve.

Upon my life, I have found out his plot;
That old dog, Love, that fawn'd upon him so,
Love to that puling girl, his fair-cheek'd Rose,
The lord mayor's daughter, hath distracted
him,⁴⁰

And in the fire of that love's lunacy
Hath he burnt up himself, consum'd his credit,
Lost the king's love, yea, and I fear, his life,
Only to get a wanton to his wife,
Dodger. it is so.

Dodger. I fear so, my good lord.⁴⁵

Linc. It is so — nay, sure it cannot be!

I at my wits' end, *Dodger*!

Dodger. Yea, my lord.

Linc. Thou art acquainted with my neph-
ew's haunts,

Spend this gold for thy pains; go seek him out.
Watch at my lord mayor's — there if he live,⁵⁰
Dodger. thou shalt be sure to meet with him.

Prithee, be diligent. — Lacy, thy name
Liv'd once in honour, now 't is dead in shame. —
Be circumspect.

Dodger. I warrant you, my lord.

Exit.

SCENE III.²

Enter the L. MAYOR and MASTER SCOTT.

L. Mayor. Good Master Scott, I have been
bold with you,

To be a witness to a wedding-knot
Betwixt young Master Hammon and my daugh-
ter.

O, stand aside; see where the lovers come.

Enter MASTER HAMMON and ROSE.

Rose. Can it be possible you love me so? ⁵
No, no, within those eyeballs I espy
Apparent likelihoods of flattery.
Fray now, let go my hand.

Ham. Sweet Mistress Rose,
Misconstrue not my words, nor misconceive
Of my affection, whose devoted soul ¹⁰
Swears that I love thee dearer than my heart.

Rose. As dear as your own heart? I judge it
right,
Men love their hearts best when th' are out of
sight.

Ham. I love you, by this hand.

Rose. Yet hands off now!
If flesh be frail, how weak and frail's your vow!

Ham. Then by my life I swear.

Rose. Then do not brawl; ¹⁵
One quarrel loseth wife and life and all.
Is not your meaning thus?

Ham. In faith, you jest.

Rose. Love loves to sport; therefore leave
love, y' are best.

L. Mayor. What? square³ they, Master
Scott?

Scott. Sir, never doubt, ²⁰
Lovers are quickly in, and quickly out.

Ham. Sweet Rose, be not so strange in fancy-
ing me.

Nay, never turn aside, shun not my sight:

I am not grown so fond, to fond⁴ my love
On any that shall quit it with disdain; ²
If you will love me, so; — if not, farewell.

L. Mayor. Why, how now, lovers, are you
both agreed?

Ham. Yes, faith, my lord.

L. Mayor. 'T is well, give me your hand,
Give me yours, daughter. — How now, both pull
back!

What means this, girl?

Rose. I mean to live a maid. ²⁵

Ham. (*Aside.*) But not to die one; pause, ere
that be said.

L. Mayor. Will you still cross me, still be
obstinate?

Ham. Nay, chide her not, my lord, for doing
well;

If she can live an happy virgin's life,

'T is far more blessed than to be a wife. ³⁵

Rose. Say, sir, I cannot: I have made a vow,
Whoever be my husband, 't is not you.

L. Mayor. Your tongue is quick; but Master
Hammon, know,

I bade you welcome to another end.

Ham. What, would you have me pule and
pine and pray, ⁴⁰

With "lovely lady," "mistress of my heart,"
"Pardon your servant," and the rhymer play,
Railing on Cupid and his tyrant's-dart;
Or shall I dertake some martial spoil,

¹ Certainly informed.

² London: a room in the Lord mayor's house.

³ Q

1.

⁴ Found, set; 2 pun upon fond.

Wearing your glove at tourney and at tilt, ⁴⁵
And tell how many gallants I unhors'd —
Sweet, will this pleasure you?

Rose. Yea, when wilt begin?
What, love rhymes, man? Fie on that deadly
sin!

L. Mayor. If you will have her, I'll make
her agree.

Ham. Enforced love is worse than hate to me.
[*Aside.*] There is a wench keeps shop in the
Old Change, ⁵¹

To her will I — it is not wealth I seek.
I have enough — and will prefer her love
Before the world. — [*Aloud.*] My good lord
mayor, adieu,
Old love for me, I have no luck with new. *Exit.*

L. Mayor. Now, mammet,¹ you have well
behav'd yourself, ⁵⁵
But you shall curse your coyness if I live. —
Who's within there? See you convey your mis-
tress

Straight to th' Old Ford! I'll keep you
straight enough,

Fore God, I would have sworn the puling girl
Would willingly accepted Hammon's love; ⁶¹
But banish him, my thoughts! — Go, minion,
in! *Exit ROSE.*

Now tell me, Master Scott, would you have
thought

That Master Simon Eyre, the shoemaker,
Had been of wealth to buy such merchandise?

Scott. 'T was well, my lord, your honour and
myself ⁶⁵

Grew partners with him; for your bills of lading
Shew that Eyre's gains in one commodity
Rise at the least to full three thousand pound
Besides like gain in other merchandise. ⁷⁰

L. Mayor. Well, he shall spend some of his
thousands now,
For I have sent for him to the Guildhall.

Enter EYRE.

See, where he comes. — Good morrow, Master
Eyre.

Eyre. Poor Simon Eyre, my lord, your shoe-
maker.

L. Mayor. Well, well, it likes² yourself to
term you so. ⁷⁵

Enter DODGER.

Now Master Dodger, what's the news with
you?

Dodger. I'd gladly speak in private to your
honour.

L. Mayor. You shall, you shall. — Master
Eyre and Master Scott,

I have some business with this gentleman;
I pray, let me entreat you to walk before ⁸⁰

To the Guildhall; I'll follow presently.
Master Eyre, I hope ere noon to call you sheriff.

Eyre. I would not care, my lord, if you might
call me

King of Spain. — Come, Master Scott.
[*Exeunt EYRE and SCOTT.*]

L. Mayor. Now, Master Dodger, what's the
news you bring? ⁸⁵

Dodger. The Earl of Lincoln by me greets
your lordship,

And earnestly requests you, if you can,
Inform him where his nephew Lacy keeps.

L. Mayor. Is not his nephew Lacy now in
France?

Dodger. No, I assure your Lordship, but dis-
guis'd ⁹⁰

Lurks here in London.

L. Mayor. London? Is't even so?

It may be; but upon my faith and soul,
I know not where he lives, or whether he lives;

So tell my Lord of Lincoln. — Lurk in London?
Well, Master Dodger, you perhaps may start
him; ⁹⁵

Be but the means to rid him into France,
I'll give you a dozen angels³ for your pains:

So much I love his honour, hate his nephew.
And, prithee, so inform thy lord from me.

Dodger. I take my leave. *Exit DODGER.*

L. Mayor. Farewell, good Master Dodger.
Lacy in London? I dare pawn my life, ¹⁰¹

My daughter knows thereof, and for that cause
Deni'd young Master Hammon in his love.

Well, I am glad I sent her to Old Ford.
Gods Lord, 't is late! to Guildhall I must hie;

I know my brethren stay⁴ my company. *Exit.* ¹⁰⁵

SCENE IV.⁵

*Enter FIRK, Eyre's wife (MARGERY, LACY as)
HANS, and ROGER.*

Marg. Thou goest too fast for me, Roger. O,
Firk.

Firk. Ay, forsooth.

Marg. I pray thee, run — do you hear? — run
to Guildhall, and learn if my husband, Mas- ¹⁰⁷

ter Eyre, will take that worshipful vocation of
Master Sheriff upon him. Hie thee, good Firk.

Firk. Take it? Well, I go; an he should not
take it, Firk swears to forswear him. Yes, for-
sooth, I go to Guildhall. ¹¹⁰

Marg. Nay, when? Thou art too compendi-
ous and tedious.

Firk. O rare, your excellence is full of elo-
quence; how like a new cart-wheel my dame

speaks, and she looks like an old musty ale- ¹¹⁵

bottle⁶ going to scalding.

Marg. Nay, when? Thou wilt make me mel-
ancholy.

Firk. God forbid your worship should fall
into that humour; — I run. *Exit.* ¹²⁰

Marg. Let me see now, Roger and Hans.

Hodge. Ay, forsooth, dame — mistress, I
should say, but the old term so sticks to the
roof of my mouth, I can hardly lick it off.

Marg. Even what thou wilt, good Roger; ¹²⁵

dame is a fair name for any honest Christian;
but let that pass. How dost thou, Hans?

Hans. Mee tanck you, vrr.

Marg. Well, Hans and Roger, you see, God
hath blest your master, and, perdy, if ever ¹³⁰

³ Coins worth about 10s. each.

⁴ London: a room in Eyre's house.

⁵ Ale-kegs made of wood. ⁶ I thank you, mistress.

¹ Puppet, doll.

² Pleases.

he comes to be Master Sheriff of London — as we are all mortal — you shall see, I will have some odd thing or other in a corner for your: I will not be your back-friend; ¹ but let that pass. Hans, pray thee, tie my shoe. ²⁵

Hans. *Yaw, ic sal, vro.*²

Marg. Roger, thou know'st the length of my foot; as it is none of the biggest, so I thank God, it is handsome enough; prithee, let me have a pair of shoes made, cork, good Roger, ⁴⁰ wooden heel too.

Hodge. You shall.

Marg. Art thou acquainted with never a farthingale-maker, nor a French hood-maker? I must enlarge my bum, ha, ha! How shall ⁴⁵ I look in a hood, I wonder! Perdy, oddly I think.

Hodge. [*Aside.*] As a cat out of a pillory. — Very well, I warrant you, mistress.

Marg. Indeed, all flesh is grass; and, ⁵⁰ Roger, canst thou tell where I may buy a good hair?

Hodge. Yes, forsooth, at the poulterer's in Gracious Street.

Marg. Thou art an ungracious wag. perdy, ⁵⁵ I mean a false hair for my perwig.

Hodge. Why, mistress, the next time I cut my beard, you shall have the shavings of it; but they are all true hairs.

Marg. It is very hot, I must get me a fan ⁶⁰ or else a mask.

Hodge. [*Aside.*] So you had need, to hide your wicked face.

Marg. Fie, upon it, how costly this world's calling is; perdy, but that it is one of the won-⁶⁵ derful works of God, I would not deal with it. — Is not Firk come yet? Hans, be not so sad, let it pass and vanish, as my husband's worship says.

Hans. *Ick bin vrolicke, lot see you soo.*³ ⁷⁰

Hodge. Mistress, will you drink ⁴ a pipe of tobacco?

Marg. Oh, fie upon it, Roger, perdy! These filthy tobacco-pipes are the most idle slaving baubles that ever I felt. Out upon it! God ⁷⁵ bless, men look not like men that use them.

Enter RALPH, being lame.

Hodge. What, fellow Ralph? Mistress, look here, Jane's husband! Why, how now, lame? Hans, make much of him, he's a brother of our trade, a good workman, and a tall ⁸⁰ soldier.

Hans. You be welcome, broder.

Marg. Perdy, I knew him not. How dost thou, good Ralph? I am glad to see thee well.

Ralph. I would to God you saw me, dame, as well

As when I went from London into France. ⁸⁵

Marg. Trust me, I am sorry, Ralph, to see thee impotent. Lord, how the wars have made him sunburnt! The left leg is not well; 't was a fair gift of God the infirmity took not hold a little higher, considering thou camest from ⁹⁰ France; but let that pass.

¹ Faithless friend.

² Yes, I shall, mistress!

³ I rry; let's see you so!

⁴ Smoke,

⁵ ave,

Ralph. I am glad to see you well, and I rejoice To hear that God hath blest my master so Since my departure.

Marg. Yea, truly, Ralph, I thank my ⁹⁵ Maker, but let that pass.

Hodge. And, sirrah Ralph, what news, what news in France?

Ralph. Tell me, good Roger, first, what news in England?

How does my Jane? When didst thou see my wife?

Where lves my poor heart? She 'll be poor in-¹⁰⁰ deed,

Now I want limbs to get whereon to feed.

Hodge. Limbs? Hast thou not hands, man? Thou shalt never see a shoemaker want bread, though he have but three fingers on a hand. ¹⁰⁵

Ralph. Yet all this while I hear not of my Jane.

Marg. O Ralph, your wife, — perdy, we know not what's become of her. She was here a while, and because she was married, grew more stately than became her; I checked her, and ¹¹⁰ so forth; away she flung, never returned, nor said bye nor bah; and, Ralph, you know, "ka me, ka thee" ¹¹⁵ And, so as I tell ye — Roger, is not Firk come yet?

Hodge. No, forsooth. ¹¹⁵

Marg. And so, indeed, we heard not of her, but I hear she lives in London; but let that pass. If she had wanted, she might have opened her case to me or my husband, or to any of my men; I am sure, there's not any of them, ¹²⁰ perdy, but would have done her good to his power. Hans, look if Firk be come.

Hans. *Yaw, ic sal, vro.*⁷ *Exit HANS.*

Marg. And so, as I said — but, Ralph, why dost thou weep? Thou knowest that naked ¹²⁵ we came out of our mother's womb, and naked we must return; and, therefore, thank God for all things.

Hodge. No, faith, Jane is a stranger here; but, Ralph, pull up a good heart, I know thou ¹³⁰ hast one. Thy wife, man, is in London; one told me, he saw her a while ago very brave⁸ and neat; we 'll ferret her out, London hold her.

Marg. Alas, poor soul, he's overcome ¹³⁵ with sorrow; he does but as I do, weep for the loss of any good thing. But, Ralph, get thee in, call for some meat and drink, thou shalt find me worshipful towards thee.

Ralph. I thank you, dame; since I want limbs and lands, ¹⁴⁰

I 'll trust to God, my good friends, and my hands. *Exit.*

Enter HANS and FIRK running.

Firk. Run, good Hans! O Hodge, O mistress! Hodge, leave up thine ears; mistress, smug up ⁹ your looks; on with your best apparel; my master is chosen, my master is called, nay, ¹⁴⁵ condemn'd by the cry of the country to be sheriff of the city for this famous year now to

⁶ Scratch me, and I 'll scratch thee.

⁷ Yes, I shall, dame.

⁸ Fine.

⁹ Brighten up

come. And, time now being, a great many men in black gowns were askt for their voices and their hands, and my master had all their [150] fists about his ears presently, and they cried 'Ay, ay, ay, ay,'—and so I came away—

Wherefore without all other grieve
I do salute you, Mistress Shrieve.¹

Hans. *Yaw, my mester is de groot man, de* [155] *shrieve.*

Hodge. Did not I tell you, mistress? Now I may boldly say: Good-morrow to your worship.

Marg. Good-morrow, good Roger. I thank [160] you, my good people all.—Firk, hold up thy hand: here's a three-penny piece for thy tidings.

Firk. 'Tis but three-half-pence, I think. Yes, 'tis three-pence, I smell the rose.² [165]

Hodge. But, mistress, be rul'd by me, and do not speak so pulgningly.

Firk. 'Tis her worship speaks so, and not she. No, faith, mistress, speak me in the old key. "To it, Firk," "there, good Firk;" [170] "ply your business, Hodge," "Hodge, with a full mouth;" "I'll fill your bellies with good cheer, till they cry twang."

Enter EYRE wearing a gold chain.

Hans. *See, myn liever broder, heer compt my meester*³ [175]

Marg. Welcome home, Master Shrieve; I pray God continue you in health and wealth.

Eyre. See here, my Maggy, a chain, a gold chain for Simon Eyre. I shall make thee a lady, here's a French hood for thee; on with [180] it, on with it! dress thy brows with this flap of a shoulder of mutton,⁴ to make thee look lovely. Where be my fine men? Roger, I'll make over my shop and tools to thee; Firk, thou shalt be the foreman; Hans, thou shalt have [185] an hundred for twenty.⁵ Be as mad knaves as your master Sim Eyre hath been, and you shall live to be sheriffs of London.—How dost thou like me, Margery? Prince am I none, yet [190] am I princely born. Firk, Hodge, and Hans!

All Three. Ay, forsooth, what says your worship, Master Sheriff?

Eyre. Worship and honour, you Babylonian knaves, for the gentle craft. But I forgot myself, I am bidden by my lord mayor to dinner to Old Ford; he's gone before, I must after. Come, Madge, on with your trinkets! Now, my true Trojans, my fine Firk, my dapper Hodge, my honest Hans, some device, some odd cratchets, some morris, or such like, for the [200] honour of the gentlemen shoemakers. Meet me at Old Ford, you know my mind. Come, Madge, away. Shut up the shop, knaves, and make holiday. *Exeunt.*

¹ Sheriff

² "The three-farthing silver pieces of Queen Elizabeth had the profile of the sovereign with a rose at the back of her head" (Dyce)

³ See, my dear brothers, here comes my master.

⁴ The flap of a hood trimmed with fur or sheep's wool. (Rhye)

⁵ I. e. for the twenty Portuguese previously lent.

Firk. O rare! O brave! Come, Hodge; follow me, Hans; [205]
We'll be with them for a morris-dance. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.⁶

Enter the LORD MAYOR, [ROSE,] EYRE, his wife [MARGERY] in a French hood, SYBIL, and other Servants.

L. Mayor. Trust me, you are as welcome to Old Ford

As I myself.

Marg. Truly, I thank your lordship.

L. Mayor. Would our bad cheer were worth the thanks you give.

Eyre. Good cheer, my lord mayor, fine cheer! A fine house, fine walls, all fine and neat. [210]

L. Mayor. Now, by my troth, I'll tell thee, Master Eyre,

It does me good, and all my brethren,
That such a madcap fellow as thyself
Is ent'red into our society.

Marg. Ay, but, my lord, he must learn now to put on gravity. [215]

Eyre. Peace, Maggy, a fig for gravity! When I go to Guildhall in my scarlet gown, I'll look as demurely as a saint, and speak as gravely as a justice of peace; but now I am here at Old Ford, at my good lord mayor's house, let it [220] go by, vanish, Maggy, I'll be merry; away with flip-flap, these fooleries, these gulleries. What, honey? Prince am I none, yet am I princely born. What says my lord mayor?

L. Mayor. Ha, ha, ha! I had rather than [225] a thousand pound, I had an heart but half so light as yours.

Eyre. Why, what should I do, my lord? A pound of care pays not a dram of debt. Hum, let's be merry, whiles we are young; old age, [230] sack and sugar will steal upon us, ere we be aware.

THE FIRST T E MEN'S SONG⁷

O the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolick, so gay, and so green, so green!
O, and then did I unto my true love say [235]
"Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my summer's queen!"

"Now the nightingale, the pretty nightingale,
The sweetest singer in all the forest's choir,
Entreats thee, sweet Peggy, to hear thy true love's tale;
Lo, yonder she sitteth, her breast against a brier [240]

"But O, I spy the cuckoo, the cuckoo, the cuckoo,
See where she sitteth: come away, my joy;
Come away, I prithee: I do not like the cuckoo
Should sing where my Peggy and I kiss and toy."

O the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolick, so gay, and so green, so green, so green!
And then did I unto my true love say [245]
"Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my summer's queen!"

L. Mayor. It's well done. Mistress Eyre, pray, give good counsel
To my daughter. [250]

⁶ A room at Old Ford.

⁷ A catch for three voices. It is by no means certain at what point in the play the songs were introduced.

Marg. I hope, Mistress Rose will have the grace to take nothing that's bad.

L. Mayor. Pray God she do; for i' faith, Mistress Eyre,

I would bestow upon that peevish girl
A thousand marks more than I mean to give her
Upon condition she'd be rul'd by me. ⁵¹
The ape still crosseth me. There came of late
A proper gentleman of fair revenues,
Whom gladly I would call son-in-law:
But my fine cockney would have none of him.
You 'll prove a coxcomb for it, ere you die. ⁵⁶

A courtier, or no man, must please your eye.
Eyre. Be rul'd, sweet Rose: th'art ripe
for a man. Marry not with a boy that has no
more hair on his face than thou hast on thy ⁶⁰
cheeks. A courtier, wash, go by, stand not upon
pishery-pashery: those silken fellows are but
painted images, outsides, outsides, Rose; their
inner linings are torn. No, my fine mouse, marry
me with a gentleman grocer like my lord ⁶⁵
mayor, your father; a grocer is a sweet trade:
plums, plums. Had I a son or daughter should
marry out of the generation and blood of the
shoemakers, he should pack. What, the gentle
trade is a living for a man through Europe,
through the world. ⁷¹

A noise within of a tabor and a pipe.

L. Mayor. What noise is this?

Eyre. O my lord mayor, a crew of good fellows that for love to your honour are come hither with a morris-dance. Come in, my Mesopotamians, cheerily. ⁷⁶

Enter HODGE, HANS, RALPH, FIRK, and other Shoemakers, in a morris; after a little dancing, the LORD MAYOR speaks.

L. Mayor. Master Eyre, are all these shoemakers?

Eyre. All cordwainers, my good lord mayor.

Rose. [*Aside.*] How like my Lacy looks yond shoemaker!

Hans. [*Aside.*] O that I durst but speak unto my love! ⁸⁰

L. Mayor. Sybil, go fetch some wine to make these drink. You are all welcome.

All. We thank your lordship.

ROSE takes a cup of wine and goes to HANS.

Rose. For his sake whose fair shape thou represent'st,
Good friend I drink to thee. ⁸⁵

Hans. *Ik bedancke, good frister.*¹

Marg. I see, Mistress Rose, you do not want judgment; you have drunk to the properest man I keep.

Firk. Here be some have done their parts to be as proper as he. ⁹¹

L. Mayor. Well, urgent business calls me back to London.

Good fellows, first go in and taste our cheer;
And to make merry as you homeward go,
Spend these two angels in beer at Stratford-Bow. ⁹⁵

Eyre. To these two, my mad lads, Sim Eyre

¹ I thank you, good maid!

adds another; then cheerily, Firk; tickle it, Hans, and all for the honour of shoemakers.

All go dancing out.

L. Mayor. Come, Master Eyre, let's have your company. ¹⁰⁰

Rose. Sybil, what shall I do?

Sybil. Why, what's the matter?

Rose. That Hans the shoemaker is my love Lacy,

Disguis'd in that attire to find me out.

How should I find the means to speak with him? ¹⁰⁴

Sybil. What, mistress, never fear; I dare venture my maidenhead to nothing, and that's great odds, that Hans the Dutchman, when we come to London, shall not only see and speak with you, but in spite of all your father's policies steal you away and marry you. Will not this please you? ¹¹¹

Rose. Do this, and ever be assured of my love.

Sybil. Away, then, and follow your father to London, lest your absence cause him to suspect something: ¹¹⁵

To-morrow, if my counsel be obey'd,
I'll bind you prentice to the gentle trade.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I.²

JANE in a Seamster's shop, working; enter Master HAMMON, muffled: he stands aloof.

Ham. Yonder's the shop, and there my fair love sits.

She's fair and lovely, but she is not mine.

O, would she were! Thrice have I courted her,
Thrice hath my hand been moist'ned with her hand,

Whilst my poor famisht eyes do feed on that ⁵
Which made them famish. I am unfortunate:

I still love one, yet nobody loves me.

I muse in other men what women see

That I so want! Fine Mistress Rose was coy,
And this too curious! ⁸ Oh, no, she is chaste, ¹⁰

And for she thinks me wanton, she denies

To cheer my cold heart with her sunny eyes.

How prettily she works! Oh pretty hand!

Oh happy work! It doth me good to stand
Unseen to see her. Thus I oft have stood ¹⁵

In frosty evenings, a light burning by her,

Enduring biting cold, only to eye her.

One only look hath seem'd as rich to me

As a king's crown; such is love's lunacy.

Muffled I'll pass along, and by that try ²⁰
Whether she know me.

Jane.

Sir, what is't you buy?

What is't you lack, sir, calico, or lawn,
Fine cambric shirts, or bands, what will you buy?

Ham. [*Aside.*] That which thou wilt not sell.

Faith, yet I'll try:—

How do you sell this handkerchief?

Jane.

Good cheap. ²⁵

² A street in London.

³ Fastidious.

Ham. And how these ruffs?
Jane. Cheap too.
Ham. And how this band?
Jane. Cheap too. [hand?
Ham. All cheap; how sell you then this
Jane. My hands are not to be sold.
Ham. To be given then!
Nay, faith, I come to buy.
Jane. But none knows when.
Ham. Good sweet, leave work a little while;
 let's play.
Jane. I cannot live by keeping holiday.
Ham. I'll pay you for the time which shall
 be lost.
Jane. With me you shall not be at so much
 cost.
Ham. Look, how you wound this cloth, so you
 wound me.
Jane. It may be so.
Ham. 'Tis so.
Jane. What remedy?
Ham. Nay, faith, you are too coy.
Jane. Let go my hand.
Ham. I will do any task at your command,
 I would let go this beauty, were I not
 in mind to disobey you by a power
 That controls kings: I love you!
Jane. So, now part.
Ham. With hands I may, but never with my
 heart.
In faith, I love you.
Jane. I believe you do.
Ham. Shall a true love in me breed hate in
 you?
Jane. I hate you not.
Ham. Then you must love?
Jane. I do.
 What are you better now? I love not you.
Ham. All this, I hope, is but a woman's fray,
 That means, "Come to me," when she cries,
 "Away!"
 In earnest, mistress, I do not jest,
 A true chaste love hath ent'red in my breast.
 I love you dearly, as I love my life,
 I love you as a husband loves a wife;
 That, and no other love, my love requires.
 Thy wealth, I know, is little; my desires
 Thirst not for gold. Sweet, beauteous Jane,
 what's mine
 Shall, if thou make myself thine, all be thine.
 Say, judge, what is thy sentence, life or death?
 Mercy or cruelty lies in thy breath.
Jane. Good sir, I do believe you love me
 well;
 For 't is a silly conquest, silly pride
 For one like you — I mean a gentleman —
 To boast that by his love-tricks he hath brought
 Such and such women to his amorous lure;
 I think you do not so, yet many do,
 And make it even a very trade to woo.
 I could be coy, as many women be,
 Feed you with sunshine smiles and wanton
 looks,
 But I detest witchcraft; say that I
 Do constantly believe, you constant have —
Ham. Why dost thou not believe me?
Jane. I believe you;

But yet, good sir, because I will not grieve you
 With hopes to taste fruit which will never fall,
 In simple truth this is the sum of all:
 My husband lives, at least, I hope he lives.
 Prest was he to these bitter wars in France;
 Bitter they are to me by wanting him.
 I have but one heart, and that heart's his due.
 How can I then bestow the same on you?
 Whilst he lives, his I live, be it ne'er so poor,
 And rather be his wife than a king's whore.
Ham. Chaste and dear woman, I will not
 abuse thee,
 Although it cost my life, if thou refuse me.
 Thy husband, prest for France, what was his
 name?
Jane. Ralph Dampport.
Ham. Dampport? — Here's a letter sent
 From France to me, from a dear friend of
 mine,
 A gentleman of place; here he doth write
 Their names that have been slain in every
 fight.
Jane. I hope death's scroll contains not my
 love's name.
Ham. Cannot you read?
Jane. I can.
Ham. Peruse the same.
 To my remembrance such a name I read
 Amongst the rest. See here.
Jane. Ay me, he's dead!
 He's dead! If this be true, my dear heart's
 slain!
Ham. Have patience, dear love.
Jane. Hence, hence!
Ham. Nay, sweet Jane,
 Make not poor sorrow proud with these rich
 tears.
 I mourn thy husband's death, because thou
 mourn'st.
Jane. That bill is forg'd; 't is sign'd by for-
 gery.
Ham. I'll bring thee letters sent besides to
 many,
 Carrying the like report: Jane, 't is too true.
 Come, weep not: mourning, though it rise from
 love,
 Helps not the mourned, yet hurts them that
 mourn.
Jane. For God's sake, leave me.
Ham. Whither dost thou turn?
 Forget the dead, love them that are alive;
 His love is faded, try how mine will thrive.
Jane. 'Tis now no time for me to think on
 love.
Ham. 'Tis now best time for you to think on
 love,
 Because your love lives not.
Jane. Though he be dead,
 My love to him shall not be buried;
 For God's sake, leave me to myself alone.
Ham. 'T would kill my soul, to leave thee
 drown'd in moan.
 Answer me to my suit, and I am gone;
 Say to me yea or no.
Jane. No.
Ham. Then farewell!
 One farewell will not serve, I come again;

Come, dry these wet cheeks; tell me, faith,
sweet Jane,
Yea or no, once more.

Jane. Once more I say no;
Once more be gone, I pray; else will I go.

Ham. Nay, then I will grow rude, by this
white hand,
Until you change that cold "no"; here I'll
stand
Till by your hard heart —

Jane. Nay, for God's love, peace!
My sorrows by your presence more increase.
Not that you thus are present, but all grief
Desires to be alone; therefore in brief
Thus much I say, and saying bid adieu:
If ever I wed man, it shall be you.

Ham. O blessed voice! Dear Jane, I'll urge
no more,
Thy breath hath made me rich.

Jane. Death makes me poor.
Exeunt.

SCENE II.¹

HODGE, at his shop-board, RALPH, FIRK, HANS,
and a Boy at work.

All. Hey, down a down, down derry.
Hodge. Well said, my hearts; ply your work
to-day, we loit'ed yesterday, to it pell-mell,
that we may live to be lord mayors, or aldermen
at least.

Firk. Hey, down a down, derry.
Hodge. Well said, i' faith! How say'st thou,
Hans, doth not Firk tickle it?

Hans. Yaw, mester.
Firk. Not so neither, my organ-pipe [10
squeaks this morning for want of liquoring.
Hey, down a down, derry!

Hans. Forward, Firk, tow best un jolly young-
ster. Hort, I, mester, ic bid yo, cut me un pair
vampres vor Mester Jeffrey's boots.²

Hodge. Thou shalt, Hans.
Firk. Master!

Hodge. How now, boy?
Firk. Pray, now you are in the cutting vein,
cut me out a pair of counterfeits,³ or else [20
my work will not pass current; hey, down a
down!

Hodge. Tell me, sirs, are my cousin Mrs.
Priscilla's shoes done?

Firk. Your cousin? No, master; one of your
sunts, hang her; let them alone.

Ralph. I am in hand with them; she gave
charge that none but I should do them for her.

Firk. Thou do for her? Then 't will be a [20
lame doing, and that she loves not. Ralph, thou
might'st have sent her to me, in faith, I would
have yarked and firked your Priscilla. Hey,
down a down, derry. This gear will not hold.

Hodge. How say'st thou, Firk, were we not
merry at Old Ford?

Firk. How, merry! Why, our buttocks went

¹ London: a street before Hodge's shop.

² Forward, Firk, thou art a jolly youngster. Hark,
ay, master, I pray you cut me a pair of vampres for Mas-
ter Jeffrey's boots. Vampres are the upper leathers of a
shoe.

³ Counterfeits sometimes m ps.

jiggy-joggy like a quagmire. Well, Sir Roger
Oatmeal, if I thought all neal of that nature,
I would eat nothing but bagpuddings.

Ralph. Of all good fortunes my fellow Hans
had the best.

Firk. 'Tis true, because Mistress Rose drank
to him.

Hodge. Well, well, work apace. They say,
seven of the aldermen be dead, or very sick.

Firk. I care not, I'll be none.

Ralph. No, nor I; but then my Master Eyre
will come quickly to be lord mayor.

Enter SYBIL.

Firk. Whoop, yonder comes Sybil.
Hodge. Sybil, welcome, i' faith; and how
dost thou, mad wench?

Firk. Sib-whore, welcome to London.

Sybil. Godamercy, sweet Firk; good lord,
Hodge, what a delicious shop you have got!
You tickle it, i' faith.

Ralph. Godamercy, Sybil, for our good cheer
at Old Ford.

Sybil. That you shall have, Ralph.

Firk. Nay, by the mass, we had tickling
cheer, Sybil, and how the plague dost thou [20
and Mistress Rose and my lord mayor? I put
the women in first.

Sybil. Well, Godamercy; but God's me, I for-
get myself, where's Hans the Fleming?

Firk. Hark, butter-box, now you must [2
yelp out some sprekens.

Hans. Wat beque you? Vat vod you, Frister?

Sybil. Marry, you must come to my young
mistress, to pull on her shoes you made last.

Hans. Vare ben your egle fro, vare ben your
mistris?

Sybil. Marry, here at our London house in
Cornhill.

Firk. Will nobody serve her turn but Hans?

Sybil. No, sir. Come, Hans, I stand upon
needles.

Hodge. Why then, Sybil, take heed of prick-
ing.

Sybil. For that let me alone. I have a trick in
my budget. Come, Hans.

Hans. Yaw, yaw, ic sall meete yo gane.

Hodge. Go, Hans, make haste again. Come,
who lacks work?

Firk. I, master, for I lack my breakfast; 'tis
munching-time, and past.

Hodge. Is't so? Why, then leave work,
Ralph. To breakfast! Boy, look to the tools.
Come, Ralph; come, Firk.

SCENE III.⁷

Enter a Serving-man.

Serv. Let me see now, the sign of the Last in
Tower Street. Mass, yonder 's the house. What,
haw! Who 's within?

⁴ What do you want, what would you, girl?

⁵ Where 's my mistress? Here is your mistress?

⁶ Yes, u s, I shal: go u in you.

⁷ The same.

Enter RALPH.

Ralph. Who calls there? What want you, sir?

Serv. Marry, I would have a pair of shoes made for a gentlewoman against to-morrow morning. What, can you do them?

Ralph. Yes, sir, you shall have them. But what length's her foot?

Serv. Why you must make them in all parts like this shoe; but, at any hand, fail not to do them, for the gentlewoman is to be married very early in the morning.

Ralph. How? by this shoe must it be made? By this? Are you sure, sir, by this?

Serv. How, by this? Am I sure, by this? Art thou in thy wits? I tell thee, I must have a pair of shoes dost thou mark me? A pair of shoes, two shoes, made by this very shoe, this same shoe, against to-morrow morning by four a clock. Dost understand me? Canst thou do't?

Ralph. Yes, sir, yes—I—I—I can do't. By this shoe, you say? I should know this shoe. Yes, sir, yes, by this shoe, I can do't. Four a clock, well. Whither shall I bring them?

Serv. To the sign of the Golden Ball in Watling Street, enquire for one Master Hammon, a gentleman, my master.

Ralph. Yea, sir; by this shoe, you say?

Serv. I say, Master Hammon at the Golden Ball; he's the bridegroom, and those shoes are for his bride.

Ralph. They shall be done by this shoe. Well, well, Master Hammon at the Golden Shoe—I would say, the Golden Ball; very well, very well. But I pray you, sir, where must Master Hammon be married?

Serv. At Saint Faith's Church, under Paul's. But what's that to thee? Prithce, dispatch those shoes, and so farewell. *Exit.*

Ralph. By this shoe, said he. How am I amaz'd

At this strange accident! Upon my life, This was the very shoe I gave my wife, When I was prest for France; since when, alas!

I never could hear of her. It is the same, And Hammon's bride no other but my Jane.

Enter FIRK.

Firk. 'Snails,¹ Ralph, thou hast lost thy part of three pots, a countryman of mine gave me to breakfast.

Ralph. I care not; I have found a better thing.

Firk. A thing? Away! Is it a man's thing, or a woman's thing?

Ralph. Firk, dost thou know this shoe?

Firk. No, by my troth; neither doth that I know me! I have no acquaintance with it, 'tis a mere stranger to me.

Ralph. Why, then I do; this shoe, I durst be sworn,

Once covered the instep of my Jane. This is her size, her breadth, thus trod my love;

¹ A corruption of "God's nails."

These true-love knots I priekt. I hold my life By this old shoe I shall find out my wife.

Firk. Ha, ha! Old shoe, that wert new! How a murrain came thus ague-fit of foolishness upon thee?

Ralph. Thus, Firk: even now here came a serving-man;

By this shoe would he have a new pair made Against to-morrow morning for his mistress, That's to be married to a gentleman.

And why may not this be my sweet Jane?

Firk. And why may'st not thou be my sweet ass?

Ha, ha!

Ralph. Well, laugh and spare not! But the truth is this.

Against to-morrow morning I'll provide A lusty crew of honest shoemakers,

To watch the going of the bride to church.

If she prove Jane, I'll take her in despite From Hammon and the devil, were he by.

If it be not my Jane, what remedy?

Hereof I am sure, I shall live till I die,

Although I never with a woman be. *Exit.*

Firk. Thou he with a woman to build nothing but Cripplegates! Well, God sends fools fortune, and it may be, he may light upon his matrimony by such a device; for wedding and hanging goes by destiny. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.²

Enter [LACY as] HANS and ROSE, arm in arm.

Hans. How happy am I by embracing thee!

Oh, I did fear such cross mishaps did reign

That I should never see my Rose again.

Rose. Sweet Lacy, since fair opportunity

Offers herself to further our escape,

Let not too over-fond esteem of me

Hinder that happy hour. Invent the means,

And Rose will follow thee through all the world.

Hans. Oh, how I surfeit with excess of joy,

Made happy by thy rich perfection!

But since thou pay'st sweet interest to my

hopes,

Redoubling love on love, let me once more

Like to a bold-fac'd debtor crave of thee

This night to steal abroad, and at Eyre's house,

Who now by death of certain aldermen

Is mayor of London, and my master once,

Meet thou thy Lacy, where in spite of change,

Your father's anger, and mine uncle's hate,

Our happy nuptials will we consummate.

Enter SYBIL.

Sybil. Oh God, what will you do, mistress?

Shift for yourself, your father is at hand! He's

coming, he's coming! Master Lacy, hide your-

self in my mistress! For God's sake, shift for

yourselves!

Hans. Your father come! Sweet Rose, what

shall I do?

Where shall I hide me? How shall I escape?

Rose. A man, and want writ in extremity?

² London a room in the Lord Mayor's ho

Come, come, be Hans still, play the shoemaker,
Pull on my shoe.

Enter the LORD MAYOR.

Hans. Mass, and that's well rememb'ed.

Sybil. Here comes your father. ³⁰

Hans. *Forware, metresse, 't is un good skow, it
sal vel dute, or ye sal neit betallen.*¹

Rose. Oh God, it pincheth me; what will you
do?

Hans. [*Aside.*] Your father's presence pinch-
eth, not the shoe. ³⁴

Lord Mayor. Well done; fit my daughter
well, and she shall please thee well.

Hans. *Yaw, yaw, ick weit dat well; forware,
't is un good skoo, 't is gmat van neitz leuther:
se euer, mine here.*²

Enter a Prentice.

L. Mayor. I do believe it. — What's the news
with you? ⁴⁰

Prentice. Please you, the Earl of Lincoln at
the gate
Is newly lighted, and would speak with you.

L. Mayor. The Earl of Lincoln come to speak
with me?

Well, well, I know his errand. Daughter Rose,
Send hence your shoemaker, dispatch, have
done! ⁴⁵

Syb. make things handsome! Sir boy, follow
me. *Exit.*

Hans. Mine uncle come! Oh, what may this
portend?

Sweet Rose, this of our love threatens an end.

Rose. Be not dismay'd at this; whate'er be-
fall,

Rose is thine own. To witness I speak truth, ⁵⁰
Where thou appoint'st the place, I'll meet
with thee.

I will not fix a day to follow thee,
But presently³ steal hence. Do not reply:
Love which gave strength to bear my father's
hate,

Shall now add wings to further our escape. ⁵⁵

Exeunt.

SCENE V.⁴

*Enter the LORD MAYOR and the EARL OF LIN-
COLN.*

L. Mayor. Believe me, on my credit, I speak
truth:

Since first your nephew Lacy went to France,
I have not seen him. It seem'd strange to me,
When Dodger told me that he stay'd behind,
Neglecting the high charge the king imposed. ⁵

Lincoln. Trust me, Sir Roger Oateley, I did
think

Your counsel had given head to this attempt,
Drawn to it by the love he bears your child.
Here I did hope to find him in your house;
But now I see mine error, and confess, ¹⁰
My judgment wrong'd you by conceiving so.

¹ *Indeed, mistress, 't is a good shoe, it shall fit well, or
you shall not pay*

² *Yes, yes, I know that well; indeed, 't is a good shoe,
't is made of neat's leather; see here, good sir!*

³ *At once.*

⁴ *Another room in the same house.*

L. Mayor. Lodge in my house, say you?

Trust me, my lord,

I love your nephew Lacy too too dearly,
So much to wrong his honour; and he hath
done so, ¹⁴

That first gave him advice to stay from France.

To witness I speak truth, I let you know

How careful I have been to keep my daughter

Free from all conference or speech of him;

Not that I scorn your nephew, but in love

I bear your honour, lest your noble blood ²⁰

Should by my mean worth be dishonoured.

Lincoln. [*Aside.*] How far the churl's tongue

wanders from his heart! —

Well, well, Sir Roger Oateley, I believe you,

With more than many thanks for the kind love

So much you seem to bear me. But, my lord, ²⁵

Let me request your help to seek my nephew,

Whom if I find, I'll straight embark for France.

So shall your Rose be free, my thoughts at rest,

And much care die which now lies in my breast.

Enter SYBIL.

Sybil. Oh Lord! Help, for God's sake! ³⁰
My mistress; oh, my young mistress!

L. Mayor. Where is thy mistress? What's
become of her?

Sybil. She's gone, she's fled!

L. Mayor. Gone! Whither is she fled? ³⁵

Sybil. I know not, forsooth; she's fled out of
doors with Hans the shoemaker; I saw them

scud, scud, scud, apace, apace!

L. Mayor. Which way? What, John! Where

be my men? Which way? ⁴⁰

Sybil. I know not, an it please your worship.

L. Mayor. Fled with a shoemaker? Can this
be true?

Sybil. Oh Lord, sir, as true as God's in
Heaven.

Lincoln. Her love turn'd shoemaker? I am
glad of this.

L. Mayor. A Fleming butter-box, a shoe-
maker! ⁴⁵

Will she forget her birth, requite my care
With such ingratitude? Scorn'd she young

Hammon

To love a honniken,⁵ a needy knave?

Well, let her fly, I'll not fly after her, ⁵⁰

Let her starve, if she will; she's none of mine.

Lincoln. Be not so cruel, sir.

Enter FIRK with shoes.

Sybil. I am glad, she's scapt.

L. Mayor. I'll not account of her as of my
child.

Was there no better object for her eyes,
But a foul drunken lubber, swill-belly,

A shoemaker? That's brave! ⁵⁵

Firk. Yea, forsooth; 't is a very brave shoe,
and as fit as a pudding.

L. Mayor. How now, what knave is this?
From whence comest thou?

Firk. No knave, sir. I am Firk the shoe-
maker, lusty Roger's chief lusty journeyman,
and I have come hither to take up the pretty

⁶ Simpleton (?).

leg of sweet Mistress Rose, and thus hoping your worship is in as good health, as I was at the making hereof, I bid you farewell, yours, [as FirK.]

L. Mayor. Stay, stay, Sir Knave!

Lincoln. Come hither, shoemaker!

Firk. 'Tis happy the knave is put before the shoemaker, or else I would not have vouch-¹⁷⁰ safed to come back to you. I am moved, for I stir.

L. Mayor. My lord, this villain calls us knaves by craft.

Firk. Then 'tis by the gentle craft, and [175] to call one knave gently, is no harm. Sit your worship merry! Syb, your young mistress—I'll so bob¹ them, now my Master Eyre is lord mayor of London.

L. Mayor. Tell me, sirrah, whose man are [180] you?

Firk. I am glad to see your worship so merry. I have no maw to this gear, no stomach as yet to a red petticoat. *Pointing to SYBIL.*

Lincoln. He means not, sir, to woo you to his maid, ⁸⁵

But only doth demand whose man you are.

Firk. I sing now to the tune of Rogero. Roger, my fellow, is now my master.

Lincoln. Sirrah, know'st thou one Hans, a shoemaker? ⁹⁰

Firk. Hans, shoemaker? Oh yes, stay, yes, I have him. I tell you what, I speak it in secret: Mistress Rose and he are by this time—no, not so, but shortly are to come over one another with "Can you dance the shaking of the [95] sheets?" It is that Hans—[*Aside.*] I'll so gull¹ these diggers!²

L. Mayor. Know'st thou, then, where he is?

Firk. Yes, forsooth; yea, marry!

Lincoln. Canst thou, in sadness³— ¹⁰⁰

Firk. No, forsooth, no, marry!

L. Mayor. Tell me, good honest fellow, where he is,

And thou shalt see what I'll bestow on thee.

Firk. Honest fellow? No, sir; not so, sir; my profession is the gentle craft; I care not [105] for seeing, I love feeling; let me feel it here; *aurum tenus*, ten pieces of gold; *genuum tenus*, ten pieces of silver; and then Firk is your man—[*Aside.*] in a new pair of stretchers.⁴

L. Mayor. Here is an angel, part of thy reward, ¹¹⁰

Which I will give thee; tell me where he is.

Firk. No point. Shall I betray my brother? No! Shall I prove Judas to Hans? No! Shall I cry treason to my corporation? No, I shall be firkt and yerkt then. But give me your [115] angel; your angel shall tell you.

Lincoln. Do so, good fellow; 'tis no hurt to thee.

Firk. Send simpering Syb away.

L. Mayor. Huswife, get you in. ¹¹⁹

Exit SYBIL.

Firk. Pitchers have ears, and maids have wide mouths; but for Hans Frauns, upon my

word, to-morrow morning he and young Mistress Rose go to this gear, they shall be married together, by this rush, or else turn Firk to a firkin of butter, to tan leather withal. ¹²⁵

L. Mayor. But art thou sure of this?

Firk. Am I sure that Paul's steeple is a handful higher than London Stone,⁵ or that the Pissing-Conduit⁶ leaks nothing but pure [129] Mother Bunch?⁷ Am I sure I am lusty Firk? God's nails, do you think I am so base to gull you?

Lincoln. Where are they married? Dost thou know the church? ¹³⁴

Firk. I never go to church, but I know the name of it; it is a swearing church—stay a while, 'tis—ay, by the mass, no, no,—'tis—ay, by my troth, no, nor that; 'tis—ay, by my faith, that, that, 'tis, ay, by my Faith's Church under Paul's Cross. There they shall [140] be knut like a pair of stockings in matrimony; there they'll be income.⁸

Lincoln. Upon my life, my nephew Lacy walks

In the disguise of this Dutch shoemaker.

Firk. Yes, forsooth. ¹⁴⁵

Lincoln. Doth he not, honest fellow?

Firk. No, forsooth; I think Hans is nobody but Hans, no spirit.

L. Mayor. My mind misgives me now, 'tis so, indeed.

Lincoln. My cousin speaks the language, knows the trade. ¹⁵⁰

L. Mayor. Let me request your company, my lord;

Your honourable presence may, no doubt, Refrain their headstrong rashness, when myself Going alone perchance may be o'erborne. Shall I request this favour?

Lincoln. This, or what else. ¹⁵⁵

Firk. Then you must rise betimes, for they mean to fall to their hey-pass and repass,⁹ pindy-pandy, which hand will you have, very early.

L. Mayor. My care shall every way equal their haste. ¹⁶⁰

This night accept your lodging in my house, The earlier shall we stir, and at Saint Faith's Prevent this giddy hare-brain'd nuptial.

This traffic of hot love shall yield cold gains¹⁰.

They ban¹⁰ our loves, and we'll forbid their banns *Exit.* ¹⁶⁵

Lincoln. At Saint Faith's Church thou say'st?

Firk. Yes, by their troth.

Lincoln. Be secret, on thy life. *Exit.*

Firk. Yes, when I kiss your wife! Ha, ha, here's no craft in the gentle craft. I came [170] hither of purpose with shoes to Sir Roger's worship, whilst Rose, his daughter, be cony-catcht by Hans. Soft now; these two gulls will be at Saint Faith's Church to-morrow [174] morning, to take Master Bridegroom and Mis-

⁵ A stone which marked the centre from which the old Roman roads radiated.

⁶ A small conduit near the Royal Exchange

⁷ Mother Bunch was a well-known ale-wife.

⁸ A pretty sight.

¹⁰ Curse

⁹ Conjurings ter

¹ Fool.

² Seri ly.

³ I. e. diggers for information.

⁴ Stretchers of the truth, lies.

tress Bride napping, and they, in the mean time, shall chop up the matter at the Savoy. But the best sport is, Sir Roger Oateley will find my fellow lame Ralph's wife going to [170] marry a gentleman, and then he'll stop her instead of his daughter. Oh brave! there will be fine tickling sport. Soft now, what have I to do? Oh, I know, now a mess of shoemakers meet at the Woolsack in Ivy Lane, to cozen¹ my gentleman of lame Ralph's wife, that's [185] true.

Alack, alack!
Girls, hold out tack!
For now smocks for this jumbling
Shall go to wrack.

Exit. 190

ACT V

SCENE I.²

Enter EYRE, his wife [MARGERY], HANS, and ROSE.

Eyre. This is the morning, then, stay, my bully, my honest Hans, is it not?

Hans. This is the morning that must make us two happy or miserable; therefore, if you —

Eyre. Away with these ifs and ans, Hans, and these et caeteras! By mine honour, Rowland Lacy, none but the king shall wrong thee. Come, fear nothing, am not I Sim Eyre? Is not Sim Eyre lord mayor of London? Fear no- [10] thing, Rose: let them all say what they can; dainty, come thou to me—laughest thou?

Marg. Good my lord, stand her friend in what thing you may.

Eyre. Why, my sweet Lady Madgy, think [15] you Simon Eyre can forget his fine Dutch journeyman? No, vah! Fie, I scorn it, it shall never be cast in my teeth, that I was unthankful. Lady Madgy, thou had'st never cover'd thy Saracen's head with this French flap, nor [20] loaden thy bum with this farthingale, ('t is trash, trumpery, vanity); Simon Eyre had never walk'd in a red petticoat, nor wore a chain of gold, but for my fine journeyman's Portuguese. —And shall I leave him? No! Prince am I [25] none, yet bear a princely mind.

Hans. My lord, 't is time for us to part from hence.

Eyre. Lady Madgy, Lady Madgy, take two or three of my pie-crust-eaters, my buff-jerkin varlets, that do walk in black gowns at [30] Simon Eyre's heels; take them, good Lady Madgy; trip and go, my brown queen of periwigs, with my delicate Rose and my jolly Rowland to the Savoy; see them linkt, countenance the marriage; and when it is done, cling, [35] cling together, you Hamborow turtle-doves. I'll bear you out, come to Simon Eyre; come, dwell with me, Hans, thou shalt eat mine d'pies and marchpane.³ Rose, away, cricket; trip and go, my Lady Madgy, to the Savoy; Hans, wed, and to bed; kiss, and away! Go, vanish!

¹ Cheat.

² A room in Eyre's house.

³ A sweetmeat made of sugar and almon .

Marg. Farewell, my lord.

Rose. Make haste, sweet love.

Marg. She'd fain the deed were done.

Hans. Come, my sweet Rose; faster than deer we'll run.

Exeunt HANS, ROSE, and MARGERY.

Eyre. Go, vanish, vanish! Avaunt, I say! By the Lord of Ludgate, it's a mad life to be a lord mayor; it's a stirring life, a fine life, a velvet life, a careful life. Well, Simon Eyre, yet set a good face on it, in the honour of Saint [20] Hugh. Soft, the king this day comes to dine with me, to see my new buildings; his majesty is welcome, he shall have good cheer, delicate cheer, princely cheer. This day, my fellow prentices of London come to dine with me too, [25] they shall have fine cheer, gentlemanlike cheer. I promised the mad Cappadocians, when we all served at the Conduit together, that if ever I came to be mayor of London, I would feast them all, and I'll do 't, I'll do 't, by the life [30] of Pharaoh; by this beard, Sim Eyre will be no fluncher. Besides, I have procur'd that upon every Shrove-Tuesday, at the sound of the pancake bell, my fine dapper Assyrian lads shall clap up their shop windows, and away. [35] This is the day, and this day they shall do 't, they shall do 't.

Boys, that day are you free, let masters care,
And prentices shall pray for Simon Eyre.

Exit.

SCENE II.⁴

Enter HODGE, FIRK, RALPH, and five or six Shoemakers, all with cudgels or such weapons.

Hodge. Come, Ralph; stand to it, Firk. My masters, as we are the brave bloods of the shoemakers, heirs apparent to Saint Hugh, and perpetual benefactors to all good fellows, thou shalt have no wrong: were Hammon a king [5] of spades, he should not delve in thy close without thy sufferance. But tell me, Ralph, art thou sure 't is thy wife?

Ralph. Am I sure this is Firk? This morning, when I strokt on her shoes,⁵ I lookt upon [10] her, and she upon me, and sighed, askt me if ever I knew one Ralph. Yes, said I. For his sake, said she — tears standing in her eyes — and for thou art somewhat like him, spend this piece of gold. I took it; my lame leg and [15] my travel beyond sea made me unknown. All is one for that: I know she's mine.

Firk. Did she give thee this gold? O glorious glittering gold! She's thine own, 't is thy wife, and she loves thee; for I'll stand to 't, [20] there's no woman will give gold to any man, but she thinks better of him than she thinks of them she gives silver to. And for Hammon, neither Hammon nor hangman shall wrong thee in London! Is not our old master Eyre, [25] lord mayor? Speak, my hearts.

All. Yes, and Hammon shall know it to his cost.

⁴ A street near St. Faith's Church.

⁵ tted.

Enter HAMMON, his man, JANE, and Others.

Hodge. Peace, my bullies; yonder they come.

Ralph. Stand to 't, my hearts. Firk, let me speak first.

Hodge. No, Ralph, let me. — Hammon, whither away so early?

Ham. Unmannerly, rude slave, what's that to thee?

Firk. To him, sir? Yes, sir, and to me, and others. Good-morrow, Jane, how dost thou? Good Lord, how the world is changed with you! God be thanked!

Ham. Villains, hands off! How dare you touch my love?

All. Villains? Down with them! Cry clubs for prentices!

Hodge. Hold, my hearts! Touch her, Hammon? Yea, and more than that. we'll carry her away with us. My masters and gentlemen, never draw your bird-spits; shoemakers are steel to the back, men every inch of them, [all all spirit.]

All of Hammon's side. Well, and what of all this?

Hodge. I'll show you. — Jane, dost thou know this man? 'Tis Ralph, I can tell thee; nay, 'tis he in faith, though he be lam'd by the wars. Yet look not strange, but run to him, fold him about the neck and kiss him.

Jane. Lives then my husband? Oh God, let me go,

Let me embrace my Ralph.

Ham. What means my Jane?

Jane. Nay, what meant you, to tell me, he was slain?

Ham. Pardon me, dear love, for being misled. [To RALPH.] 'T was rumour'd here in London, thou wert dead.

Firk. Thou seest he lives. Lass, go, pack home with him.

Now, Master Hammon, where's your mistress, your wife?

Serv. 'Swounds, master, fight for her! Will you thus lose her?

All. Down with that creature! Clubs! Down with him!

Hodge. Hold, hold!

Ham. Hold, fool! Sirs, he shall do no wrong. Will my Jane leave me thus, and break her faith?

Firk. Yea, sir! She must, sir! She shall, sir! What then? Mend it!

Hodge. Hark, fellow Ralph, follow my counsel. set the wench in the midst, and let her choose her man, and let her be his woman.

Jane. Whom shall I choose? Whom should my thoughts affect

But him whom Heaven hath made to be my love?

Thou art my husband, and these humble weeds Make thee more beautiful than all his wealth. Therefore, I will but put off his attire,

Returning it into the owner's hand, And after ever be thy constant wife.

Hodge. Not a rag, Jane! The law's on our side: he that sows in another man's ground, forfeits his harvest. Get thee home, Ralph; follow him, Jane; he shall not have so much as a busk-point² from thee.

Firk. Stand to that, Ralph, the appurtenances are thine own. Hammon, look not at her!

Serv. O, swounds, no!

Firk. Blue coat, be quiet, we'll give you a new livery else; we'll make Shrove Tuesday Saint George's Day for you. Look not, Hammon, leern not! I'll firk you! For thy head now, one glance, one sheep's eye, anything, at her! Touch not a rag, lest I and my brethren beat you to clouts.

Serv. Come, Master Hammon, there's no striving here.

Ham. Good fellows, hear me speak; and, honest Ralph,

Whom I have injured most by loving Jane, Mark what I offer thee: here in fair gold

Is twenty pound, I'll give it for thy Jane; If this content thee not, thou shalt have more.

Hodge. Sell not thy wife, Ralph; make her not a whore.

Ham. Say, wilt thou freely cease thy claim in her,

And let her be my wife?

All. No, do not, Ralph.

Ralph. Sirrah Hammon, Hammon, dost thou think a shoemaker is so base to be a bawd to his own wife for commodity? Take thy gold, choke with it! Were I not lame, I would make thee eat thy words.

Firk. A shoemaker sell his flesh and blood? Oh indignity!

Hodge. Sirrah, take up your pelf, and be packing.

Ham. I will not touch one penny, but in lieu Of that great wrong I offered thy Jane,

To Jane and thee I give that twenty pound. Since I have fail'd of her, during my life,

I vow, no woman else shall be my wife. Farewell, good fellows of the gentle trade:

Your morning mirth my mour'g day hath made.

Firk. [to the Serving-man.] Touch the gold creature, if you dare! Y' are best be trudging. Here, Jane, take thou it. Now let's home, my hearts.

Hodge. Stay! Who comes here? Jane, on again with thy mask!

Enter the EARL OF LINCOLN, the LORD MAYOR, and Servants.

Lincoln. Yonder's the lying varlet mock us so.

L. Mayor. Come hither, sirrah!

Firk. I, sir? I am sirrah? You mean me, do you not?

Lincoln. Where is my nephew married?

² A lace with a tag, which fastened the busk, or piece of wood or whalebone used to keep the stays in position.

¹ "Clubs" is the rallying cry of the London apprentices.

Firk. Is he married? God give him joy, I am glad of it. They have a fair day, and the sign is in a good planet, Mars in Venus.

L. Mayor. Villain, thou toldst me that my daughter Rose¹³⁵ This morning should be married at Saint Faith's;

We have watch'd there these three hours at the least,

Yet see we no such thing.

Firk. Truly, I am sorry for 't; a bride's a pretty thing.¹⁴⁰

Hodge. Come to the purpose Yonder's the bride and bridegroom you look for, I hope. Though you be lords, you are not to bar by your authority men from women, are you?

L. Mayor. See, see, my daughter's maskt.

Lincoln. True, and my nephew,¹⁴⁵ To hide his guilt, counterfeits him lame.

Firk. Yea, truly; God help the poor couple, they are lame and blind.

L. Mayor. I'll ease her blindness.

Lincoln. I'll his lameness cure.¹⁴⁸ *Firk.* Lie down, sirs, and laugh! My fellow Ralph is taken for Rowland Lacy, and Jane for Mistress Damask Rose. This is all my knavery.

L. Mayor. What, have I found you, minion? *Lincoln.* O base wretch!

Nay, hide thy face, the horror of thy guilt Can hardly be washt off. Where are thy powers?¹⁵⁵

What battles have you made? O yes, I see, Thou fought'st with Shame, and Shame hath conquer'd thee.

This lameness will not serve.

L. Mayor. Unmask yourself.

Lincoln. Lead home your daughter.

L. Mayor. Take your nephew hence.¹⁶⁰

Ralph. Hence! Swounds, what mean you? Are you mad? I hope you cannot enforce my wife from me. Where's Hammon?

L. Mayor. Your wife?

Lincoln. What, Hammon?

Ralph. Yea, my wife; and, therefore, the proudest of you that lay hands on her first, I'll lay my crutch 'cross his pate.

Firk. To 'h', lame Ralph! Here's brave sport!¹⁶⁹

Ralph. Rose call you her? Why, her name is Jane. Look here else; do you know her now?

[*Unmasking JANE.*]

Lincoln. Is this your daughter?

L. Mayor. No, nor this your nephew. My Lord of Lincoln, we are both abus'd

By this base, crafty varlet.¹⁷⁴

Firk. Yea, forsooth, no varlet; forsooth, no base; forsooth, I am but mean; no crafty neither, but of the gentle craft.

L. Mayor. Where is my daughter Rose?

Where is my child?

Lincoln. Where is my nephew Lacy married? *Firk.* Why, here is good lac'd mutton,¹ as I promist you.¹⁸¹

Lincoln. Villain, I'll have thee p isht for this wrong.

Firk. Punish the journeyman villain, but not the journeyman shoemaker.

Enter DODGER.

Dodger. My lord, I come to bring unwelcome news.¹⁸⁵

Your nephew Lacy and your daughter Rose Early this morning wedded at the Savoy, None being present but the lady mayoress.

Besides, I learnt among the officers,¹⁸⁹ The lord mayor vows to stand in their defence 'Gainst any that shall seek to cross the match.

Lincoln. Dares Eyre the shoemaker uphold the deed?

Firk. Yes, sir, shoemakers dare stand in a woman's quarrel, I warrant you, as deep as another, and deeper too.¹⁹⁵

Dodger. Besides, his grace to-day dines with the mayor;

Who on his knees humbly intends to fall And beg a pardon for your nephew's fault.

Lincoln. But I'll prevent him! Come, Sir Roger Oateley;

The king will do us justice in this cause.²⁰⁰ However their hands have made them man and wife,

I will disjoin the match, or lose my life.^{Exeunt.}

Firk. Adieu, Monsieur Dodger! Farewell, fools! Ha, ha! Oh, if they had stay'd, I²⁰⁴ would have so lamb'd² them with flouts! O heart, my codpiece-point is ready to fly in pieces every time I think upon Mistress Rose. But let that pass, as my lady mayoress says.

Hodge. This matter is answer'd. Come, Ralph, home with thy wife. Come, my fine²¹⁰ shoemakers, let's to our master's the new lord mayor, and there swagger this Shrove Tuesday. I'll promise you wine enough, for Madge keeps the cellar.

All. O rare! Madge is a good wench.²¹⁵

Firk. And I'll promise you meat enough, for simp'ring Susan keeps the larder. I'll lead you to victuals, my brave soldiers; follow your captain O brave! Hark, hark! *Bell rings.*²¹⁹

All. The pancake-bell³ rings, the pancake-bell! Trillill, my hearts!

Firk. Oh brave! Oh sweet bell! O delicate pancakes! Open the doors, my hearts, and shut up the windows! Keep in the house, let out²²⁴ the pancakes! Oh rare, my hearts! Let's march together for the honour of Saint Hugh to the great new hall⁴ in Gracious Street corner, which our master, the new lord mayor, hath built.

Ralph. O the crew of good fellows that will dine at my lord mayor's cost to-day!²³⁰

Hodge. By the Lord, my lord mayor is a most brave man. How shall prentices be bound to pray for him and the honour of the gentlemen shoemakers! Let's feed and be fat with my lord's bounty.²³⁵

Firk. O musical bell, still! O Hodge, O my brethren! There's cheer for the heavens: venison-pasties walk up d down piping hot, like

² Whipped.

³ A bell rung on the morning of Shrove Tuesday.

⁴ Leadenh .

¹ A slang te for a wom .

sergeants; beef and brewess¹ comes march- [239
ing in dry-vats,² fritters and pancakes comes
trowing in in wheel-barrows; hens and oranges
hopping in porters'-basket, collops and eggs in
scuttles,³ and tarts and custards comes quaver-
ing in in malt-shovels.

Enter more Prentices.

All. Whoop, look here, look here! 245

Hodge. How new, mad lads, whither away so fast?

1 Prentice. Whither? Why, to the great new hall, know you not why? The lord [249
mayor hath bidden all the prentices in London to breakfast this morning.

All. Oh brave shoemakers, oh brave lord of incomprehensible good-fellowship! Whoo! Hark you! The pancake-bell rings. 254

Cast up caps.

Firk. Nay, more, my hearts! Every Shrove-Tuesday is our year of jubilee, and when the pancake-bell rings, we are as free as my lord mayor; we may shut up our shops, and make holiday; I'll have it call'd Saint Hugh's Holiday 260

All. Agreed, agreed! Saint Hugh's Holiday.

Hodge. And this shall continue for ever.

All. Oh brave! Come, come, my hearts!

Away, away!

Firk. O eternal credit to us of the gentle craft! March fair, my hearts! Oh rare! 265

Exeunt.

SCENE III.⁴

Enter the KING and his Train over the stage.

King. Is our lord mayor of London such a gallant?

Nobleman. One of the merriest madcaps in your land.

Your grace will think, when you behold the man, He's rather a wild ruffian than a mayor.

Yet thus much I'll ensure your majesty, 5

In all his actions that concern his state

He is as serious, provident, and wise,

As full of gravity amongst the grave,

As any mayor hath been these many years.

King. I am with child⁵ till I behold this huff-cap. 10

But all my doubt is, when we come in presence, His madness will be dasht clean out of countenance.

Nobleman. It may be so, my liege.

King. Which to prevent,

Let some one give him notice, 't is our pleasure That he put on his wonted merriment. 15

Set forward!

All. On afore!

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.⁷

Enter EYRE, HODGE, FIRK, RALPH, and other Shoemakers, all with napkins on their shoulders.

Eyre. Come, my fine Hodge, my jolly gentlemen shoemakers; soft, where be these canni-

¹ Beef broth ³ Hods. ⁶ Swaggerer.

² Barrels. ⁴ A street in London. ⁷ A great hall.

⁵ In suspense.

bals, these varlets, my officers? Let them all walk and wait upon my brethren; for my meaning is, that none but shoemakers, none but the [s
livery of my company shall in their satin hoods wait upon the trencher of my sovereign.

Firk. O my lord, it will be rare!

Eyre. No more, Firk; come, lively! Let your fellow-prentices want no cheer; let wine be [10
plentiful as beer, and beer as water. Hang these penny-pinching fathers, that cram wealth in innocent lamb-skins. Rip, knaves, avant! Look to my guests!

Hodge. My lord, we are at our wits' end [15
for room, those hundred tables will not feast the fourth part of them.

Eyre. Then cover me those hundred tables again, and again, till all my jolly prentices be feasted. Avoid, Hodge! Run, Ralph! Frisk [20
about, my nimble Firk! Carouse me fathom-healths to the honour of the shoemakers. Do they drink lively, Hodge? Do they tickle it, Firk?

Firk. Tickle it? Some of them have taken [25
their liquor standing so long that they can stand no longer; but for meat, they would eat it an they had it.

Eyre. Want they meat? Where's this swag-belly, this greasy kitchen stuff cook? Call [30
the varlet to me! Want meat? Firk, Hodge, lame Ralph, run, my tall men, beleaguer the shambles, beggar all Eastcheap, serve me whole oxen in chargers, and let sheep whine upon the tables like pigs for want of good fellows to [35
eat them. Want meat? Vanish, Firk! Avant, Hodge!

Hodge. Your lordship mistakes my man Firk; he means, their bellies want meat, not the boards; for they have drunk so much, they [40
can eat nothing.

THE SECOND THREE MEN'S SONG

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need. 45

Trowl's the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily.

Down a down heydown a down, 50
(Close with the tenor boy)
Hey derry derry, down a down!
Ho, well done, to me let come!
Ring, compass, gentle joy.

Trowl the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee etc. 55
Repeat as often as there be men to drink;
and at last when all have drunk, thus verse:

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

Enter HANS, ROSE, and Wife [MARGERY].

Marg. Where is my lord? 60

Eyre. How now, Lady Madgy?

Marg. The king's most excellent majesty is new come; he sends me for thy honour; one of his most worshipful peers bade me tell thou must be merry, and so forth, but let that pass. ⁶⁵

Eyre. Is my sovereign come? Vanish, my tall shoemakers, my nimble brethren, look to my guests, the prentices. Yet stay a little! How now, Hans? How looks my little Rose? ⁶⁹

Hans. Let me request you to remember me. I know, your honour easily may obtain Free pardon of the king for me and Rose, And reconcile me to my uncle's grace.

Eyre. Have done, my good Hans, my honest journeyman; look cheerily! I'll fall upon ⁷⁵ both my knees, till they be as hard as horn, but I'll get thy pardon.

Marg. Good my lord, have a care what you speak to his grace. ⁷⁹

Eyre. Away, you Islington whitepot! ¹ hence, you hopper-arse! hence, you barley-pudding, full of maggots! you broiled carbonado! ² avaunt, avaunt, avoid, Mephistophiles! Shall Sim Eyre learn to speak of you, Lady Madgy? Vanish, Mother Mimver-cap; vanish, go, trip and go, ³ meddle with your partlets ⁴ and your pishery-pashery, your flewes ⁵ and your whirligigs; go, rub, ⁶ out of mine alley! Sim Eyre knows how to speak to a Pope, to Sultan Soliman, to Tam-burlaine, an he were here, and shall I melt, ⁷ shall I droop before my sovereign? No, come, my Lady Madgy! Follow me, Hans! About your business, my frolic free-booters! Frisk about, and about, and about, for the honour of mad Simon Eyre, lord mayor of London. ⁸⁵

Firk. Hey, for the honour of the shoemakers!

Exeunt.

SCENE V.⁶

4 long flourish, or two. Enter the KING, Nobles, EYRE, his Wife [MARGER], LACY, ROSE, LACY and ROSE kneel.

King. Well, Lacy, though the fact was very foul

Of your revolting from our kingly love

And your own duty, yet we pardon you.

Rise both, and, Mistress Lacy, thank my lord mayor

For your young bridegroom here. ⁵

Eyre. So, my dear liege, Sim Eyre and my brethren, the gentlemen shoemakers, shall set your sweet majesty's image cheek by jowl by Saint Hugh for this honour you have done poor Simon Eyre. I beseech your grace, pardon ¹⁰ my rude behaviour; I am a handicraftsman, yet my heart is without craft; I would be sorry at my soul, that my boldness should offend my king.

King. Nay, I pray thee, good lord mayor, be even as merry ¹⁵

As if thou wert among thy shoemakers;

It does me good to see thee in this humour.

¹ "A dish, made of milk, eggs, and sugar, baked in a pot." (Webster.)

² A steak cut crossways.

³ Ruffs for the neck.

⁴ Flaps; as resembling the hanging chaps of a hound.

⁵ Obstruction, a term in bowling.

⁶ An open yard before the hall.

Eyre. Say'st thou me so, my sweet Dioclesian? Then, hump! Prince am I none, yet am I princely born. By the Lord of Ludgate, my liege, I'll be as merry as a pie. ²¹

King. Tell me, in faith, mad Eyre, how old thou art.

Eyre. My liege, a very boy, a stripling, a younker; you see not a white hair on my head, not a gray in this beard. Every hair, I as- ²⁵ sure thy majesty, that sticks in this beard, Sim Eyre values at the King of Babylon's ransom, Tamar Cham's beard was a rubbing brush to 't. yet I'll shave it off, and stuff tennis-balls with it, to please my bully king. ³⁰

King. But all this while I do not know your age.

Eyre. My liege, I am six and fifty year old, yet I can cry hump! with a sound heart for the honour of Saint Hugh. Mark this old wench, my king: I danc'd the shaking of the sheets ³⁵ with her six and thirty years ago, and yet I hope to get two or three young lord mayors, ere I die. I am lusty still, Sim Eyre still. Care and cold lodging brings white hairs. My sweet Majesty, let care vanish, cast it upon thy nobles, ⁴⁰ it will make thee look always young like Apollo, and cry hump! Prince am I none, yet am I princely born.

King. Ha, ha!

Say, Cornwall, didst thou ever see his like? ⁴⁵

Nobleman. Not I, my lord.

Enter the EARL OF LINCOLN and the LO MAYOR.

King. Lincoln, what news with you? *Lincoln.* My gracious lord, have care unto yourself,

For there are traitors here.

All. Traitors? Where? Who?

Eyre. Traitors in my house? God forbid! ⁵⁰ Where be my officers? I'll spend my soul, ere my king feel harm.

King. Where is the traitor, Lincoln?

Lincoln. Here he stands.

King. Cornwall, lay hold on Lacy! — Lincoln, speak,

What canst thou lay unto thy nephew's charge?

Lincoln. This, my dear liege. your Grace, to do me honour, ⁵⁵

Heapt on the head of this degenerate boy

Desertless favours; you made choice of him

To be commander over powers in France.

But he —

King. Good Lincoln, prithee, pause a while!

Even in thine eyes I read what thou wouldst speak. ⁶⁰

I know how Lacy did neglect our love,

Ran himself deeply, in the highest degree,

Into vile treason —

Lincoln. Is he not a traitor?

King. Lincoln, he was; now have we pard-
ned him.

'Twas not a base want of true valour's fire, ⁶⁵
That held him out of France, but love's desire.

Lincoln. I will not bear his shame upon my back.

⁷ Magpie.

King. Nor shalt thou, Lincoln ; I forgive you both.

Lincoln. Then, good my liege, forbid the boy to wed
One whose mean birth will much disgrace his bed. ⁷⁰

King. Are they not married ?

Lincoln. No, my liege.

Both. We are.

King. Shall I divorce them then ? O be it far
That any hand on earth should dare untie
The sacred knot, knit by God's majesty ; ⁷⁴
I would not for my crown disjoin their hands
That are conjoin'd in holy nuptial bands.
How say'st thou, Lacy, wouldst thou lose thy
Rose ?

Lacy. Not for all India's wealth, my sovereign.

King. But Rose, I am sure, her Lacy would forego ?

Rose. If Rose were askt that question, she'd say no. ⁸⁰

King. You hear them, Lincoln ?

Lincoln. Yea, my liege, I do.

King. Yet canst thou find i' th' heart to part these two ?

Who seeks, besides you, to divorce these lovers ?
L. Mayor. I do, my gracious lord, I am her father.

King. Sir Roger Oateley, our last mayor, I think ? ⁸⁵

Nobleman. The same, my liege.

King. Would you offend Love's laws ?
Well, you shall have your wills, you sue to me,
To prohibit the match. Soft, let me see —
You both are married, Lacy, art thou not ?

Lacy. I am, dread sovereign.

King. Then, upon thy life, ⁹⁰
I charge thee, not to call this woman wife.

L. Mayor. I thank your grace.

Rose. O my most gracious lord !

Knels.

King. Nay, Rose, never woo me ; I tell you true,
Although as yet I am a bachelor,
Yet I believe I shall not marry you. ⁹⁵

Rose. Can you divide the body from the soul,
Yet make the body live ?

King. Yea, so profound ?

I cannot, Rose, but you I must divide.

This fair maid, bridegroom, cannot be your bride.

Are you pleas'd, Lincoln ? Oateley, are you pleas'd ? ¹⁰⁰

Both. Yes, my lord.

King. Then must my heart be eas'd ;
For, credit me, my conscience lives in pain,
Till these whom I divorce'd, be join'd again.
Lacy, give me thy hand ; Rose, lend me thine !
Be what you would be ; Kiss now ! So, that's fine. ¹⁰⁵

At night, lovers, to bed ! — Now, let me see,

Which of you all dislikes this harmony.

L. Mayor. Will you then take from me my child perforce ?

King. Why tell me, Oateley : shines not Lacy's name ¹⁰⁹

As bright in the world's eye as the gay beams
Of any citizen ?

Lincoln. Yea, but, my gracious lord,
I do dislike the match far more than he ;
Her blood is too too base.

King. Lincoln, no more.
Dost thou not know that love respects no blood,
Cares not for difference of birth or state ? ¹¹⁵
The maid is young, well born, fair, virtuous,
A worthy bride for any gentleman.
Besides, your nephew for her sake did stoop
To bear necessity, and, as I hear,
Forgetting honours and all courtly pleasures, ¹²⁰
To gain her love, became a shoemaker.
As for the honour which he lost in France,
Thus I redeem it — Lacy, kneel thee down ! —
Arise, Sir Rowland Lacy ! Tell me now, ¹²⁴
Tell me in earnest, Oateley, canst thou chide,
Seeing thy Rose a lady and a bride ?

L. Mayor. I am content with what your grace hath done.

Lincoln. And I, my liege, since there's no remedy.

King. Come on, then, all shake hands : I'll have you friends ;

Where there is much love, all discord ends. ¹³⁰
What says my mad lord mayor to all this love ?

Eyre. O my liege, this honour you have done
to my fine journeyman here, Rowland Lacy, and
all these favours which you have shown to ¹³⁴
me this day in my poor house, will make Simon
Eyre live longer by one dozen of warm summers
more than he should.

King. Nay, my mad lord mayor, that shall be thy name ;

If any grace of mine can length thy life,
One honour more I'll do thee : that new build-
ing, ¹⁴⁰

Which at thy cost in Cornhill is erected,
Shall take a name from us ; we'll have it call'd
The Leadenhall, because in digging it

You found the lead that covereth the same. ¹⁴⁴

Eyre. I thank your majesty.

Marg. God bless your grace !

King. Lincoln, a word with you !

Enter HODGE, FIRK, RALPH, and more Shoemakers.

Eyre. How now, my mad knaves ? Peace,
speak softly, yonder is the king.

King. With the old troop which there we
keep in pay,

We will incorporate a new supply. ¹⁵⁰

Before one summer more pass o'er my head,

France shall repent, England was injured.

What are all those ?

Lacy. All shoemakers, my liege,
Sometime my fellows ; in their companies

I liv'd as merry as an emperor. ¹⁵⁵

King. My mad lord mayor, are all these shoe-
makers ?

¹ " A. D. 1419. This year Sir Symon Eyre built Leadenhall, at his proper expense, as it now appears, and gave the name to the City to be employed as a public granary for laying up corn against a time of scarcity." — *Maitland's History and Survey of London*, II. 187.
According to Stow, Eyre was a draper, became ^{for} in 1445, and died in 1450.

Eyre. All shoemakers, my liege ; all gentlemen of the gentle craft, true Trojans, courageous cordwainers ; they all kneel to the shrine of holy Saint Hugh. 100

All the Shoemakers. God save your majesty !

King. Mad Simon, would they anything with us ?

Eyre. Mum, mad knaves ! Not a word ! I'll do 't, I warrant you. They are all beggars, my liege ; all for themselves, and I for them 105 all on both my knees do entreat, that for the honour of poor Simon Eyre and the good of his brethren, these mad knaves, your grace would vouchsafesome privilege to my new Leadenhall, that it may be lawful for us to buy and sell leather there two days a week. 171

King. Mad Sim, I grant your suit, you shall have patent

To hold two market-days in Leadenhall, Mondays and Fridays, those shall be the times. Will this content you ?

All. Jesus bless your grace ! 175

Eyre. In the name of these my poor brethren shoemakers, I most humbly thank your grace. But before I rise, seeing you are in the giving vein and we in the begging, grant Sim Eyre one boon more. 180

King. What is it, my lord mayor ?

Eyre. Vouchsafe to taste of a poor banquet that stands sweetly waiting for your sweet presence . 184

King. I shall undo thee, Eyre, only with feasts ; Already have I been too troublesome ; Say, have I not ?

Eyre. O my dear king, Sim Eyre was taken unawares upon a day of shroving,¹ which I 188 promist long ago to the prentices of London.

For, an't please your highness, in time past, I bare the water-tankard,² and my coat Sits not a whit the worse upon my back ; And then, upon a morning, some mad boys, It was Shrove Tuesday, even as 'tis now, 195 gave me my breakfast, and I swore then by the stopple of my tankard, if ever I came to be lord mayor of London, I would feast all the prentices. This day, my liege, I did it, and the slaves had an hundred tables five times covered ; they are gone home and vanisht, 201

Yet add more honour to the gentle trade, Taste of Eyre's banquet, Simon's happy made.

King. Eyre, I will taste of thy banquet, and will say,

I have not met more pleasure on a day. 205 Friends of the gentle craft, thanks to you all, Thanks, my kind lady mayoress, for our cheer. —

Come, lords, a while let's revel it at home ! When all our sports and banquetings are done, Wars must right wrongs which Frenchmen have begun. 210

Exeunt.

¹ Merry-making.

² As an apprentice.

THE HONEST¹ WHORE

PART I

BY

THOMAS DEKKER

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

GASPARO TREBAZZI, Duke of Milan.
HIPPOLITO, a Count.
CASTRUCHIO.
SINEZI
PIORATTO.
FLUELLO.
MATHEO.
BENEDICT, a Doctor.
ANSELMO, a Friar.
FUSTIGO, Brother of Viola.
CANDIDO, a Linen-draper.
GEORGE, his Servant.
First Prentice.

Second Prentice.
CRAMBO,
POLL.
ROGER, Servant of Bellafront.
Porter,
Sweeper.
Madmen, Servants, etc.
INFELICE, Daughter of the Duke.
BELLAFRONT, a Harlot.
VIOLA, Wife of Candido.
Mistress FINGERLOCK, a Bawd.

SCENE. — *Milan and the Neighbourhood.*]

ACT I.

SCENE I. ²

Enter at one door a Funeral (a coronet lying on the hearse, scutcheons and garlands hanging on the sides), attended by GASPARO TREBAZZI, Duke of Milan, CASTRUCHIO, SINEZI, PIORATTO, FLUELLO, and others. At another door enter HIPPOLITO, in discontented appearance; and MATHEO, a Gentleman, his friend, labouring to hold him back.

Duke. Behold, yon comet shows his head again!

Twice hath he thus at cross-turns thrown on us
Prodigious³ looks; twice hath he troubled
The waters of our eyes. See, he's turn'd wild —
Go on, in God's name.

Cas., Sin. On afore there, ho! ⁵

Duke. Kinsmen and friends, take from your
manly sides
Your weapons to keep back the desperate boy
From doing violence to the innocent dead.

Hip. I prithee, dear Matheo —

Mat. Come, you're mad!

Hip. I do arrest thee, murderer! Set down,
Villains, set down that sorrow, 't is all mine. ¹¹

Duke. I do beseech you all, for my blood's
sake

Send hence your milder spirits, and let wrath
Join in confederacy with your weapons' points;

If he proceed to vex us, let your swords ¹⁵
Seek out his bowels: funeral grief loathes words.

All. Set on.

Hip. Set down the body!

Mat. O my lord!
You're wrong! I 'th' open street? You see she's
dead.

Hip. I know she is not dead.

Duke. Frantic young man,
Wilt thou believe these gentlemen? — Pray
speak. — ²⁰

Thou dost abuse my child, and mock'st the tears
That here are shed for her. If to behold
Those roses withered, that set out her cheeks;
That pair of stars that gave her body light,
Dark'ned and dim for ever; all those rivers ²⁵
That fed her veins with warm and cri on
streams

Frozen and dried up: if these be signs of death,
Then is she dead. Thou unreligious youth,
Art not ashamed to empty all these eyes
Of funeral tears, a debt due to the dead, ³⁰
As mirth is to the living? Sham'st thou not
To have them stare on thee? Hark, thou art
curs't

Even to thy face, by those that scarce can speak.

Hip. My lord — [dead?

Duke. What would'st thou have? Is she not

Hip. Oh, you ha' kill'd her by your cruelty!

Duke. Admit I had, thou kill'st her now again;
And art more savage than a barbarous Moor. ³⁷

Hip. Let me but kiss her pale and bloodless lip.

Duke. O fie, fie, fie.

¹ Chaste. ² A street in Milan. ³ Portentous.

Hip. Or if not touch her, let me look on her.

Mat. As you regard your honour —

Hip. Honour? Smoke! ⁴¹

Mat. Or if you lov'd her living, spare her now.

Duke. Ay, well done, sir, you play the gentleman.

Steal hence; — 't is nobly done; — away; — I'll join

My force to yours, to stop this violent torment ⁴⁵ —

Pass on.

Ereunt with funeral, [all except the DUKE, HIPPOLITO and MATHEO].

Hip. Matheo, thou dost wound me more.

Mat. I give you physic, noble friend, not wounds.

Duke. O, well said, well done, a true gentleman!

Alack, I know the sea of lovers' rage
Comes rushing with so strong a tide, it beats ⁵⁰
And bears down all respects of life, of honour,
Of friends, of foes! Forget her, gallant youth.

Hip. Forget her?

Duke. Nay, nay, be but patient;
For-why? death's hand hath su'd a strict divorce
'Twixt her and thee. What's beauty but a
corse? ⁵⁵

What but fair sand-dust are earth's purest
forms?

Queen's bodies are but trunks to put in worms.

Mat. Speak no more sentences, my good lord,
but slip hence; you see they are but fits; I'll
rule him, I warrant ye. Ay, so, tread gingerly,
your grace is here somewhat too long already.

[Exit DUKE.] 'Sblood, the jest were now, if, ⁶⁰
having ta'en some knocks o' th' pate already,
he should get loose again, and like a mad ox,
toss my new black cloaks into the kennel.⁸ I
must humour his lordship. — My Lord Hip- ⁶⁵
polito, is it in your stomach to go to dinner?

Hip. Where is the body?

Mat. The body, as the duke spake very
wisely, is gone to be worm'd. ⁷⁰

Hip. I cannot rest; I'll meet it at next turn:
I'll see how my love looks.

MATHEO holds him in 's arms.

Mat. How your love looks? Worse than a
scare-crow. Wrestle not with me: the great fel-
low gives the fall for a ducat. ⁷⁵

Hip. I shall forget myself.

Mat. Pray, do so, leave yourself behind your-
self, and go whither you will. 'Sfoot, do you
long to have base rogues that maintain a Saint
Anthony's fire in their noses by nothing but ⁸⁰
two penny ale, make ballads of you? If the
duke had but so much mettle in him, as is in a
cobler's awl, he would ha' been a vext thing:
he and his train had blown you up, but that
their powder has taken the wet of cowards.
You'll bleed three pottles of Alicant,⁴ by ⁸⁵
this light, if you follow 'em, and then we shall
have a hole made in a wrong place, to have sur-
geons roll thee up like a baby in swaddling
clouds. ⁹⁰

¹ Dyce conj. *torrent*.

² Because.

³ Gutter.

⁴ A red Spanish wine made at Alicant.

Hip. What day is to-day, Matheo?

Mat. Yea marry, this is an easy question:
why to-day is — let me see — Thursday.

Hip. Oh! Thursday. ⁹⁴

Mat. Here's a coil⁵ for a dead commodity.
'Sfoot, women when they are alive are but dead
commodities, for you shall have one woman he
upon many men's hands.

Hip. She died on Monday then. ⁹⁹

Mat. And that's the most villanous day of all
the week to die in and she was well, and eat a
mess of water-gruel on Monday morning.

Hip. Ay? It cannot be

Such a bright taper should burn out so soon.

Mat. O yes, my lord. So soon? Why, I ha'
known them that at dinner have been as ¹⁰⁵
well, and had so much health, that they were
glad to pledge it, yet before three a'clock have
been found dead — drunk.

Hip. On Thursday buried! and on Monday
died! ¹¹⁰

Quick haste, by'r lady.⁶ Sure her winding sheet
Was laid out 'fore⁷ her body; and the worms
That now must feast with her, were even be-
spoke,

And solemnly invited like strange guests. ¹¹⁴

Mat. Strange feeders they are indeed, my lord,
and, like your jester, or young courtier, will
enter upon any man's trencher without bidding.

Hip. Curst be that day for ever that robb'd
her

Of breath, and me of bliss! Henceforth let it
stand

Within the wizard's book (the calendar) ¹²⁰

Markt with a marginal finger, to be chosen
By thieves, by villains, and black murderers,
As the best day for them to labour in.

If henceforth this adulterous bawdy world
Be got with child with treason, sacrilege, ¹²⁵
Atheism, rapes, treacherous friendship, per-
jury,

Slander (the beggar's sin), lies (sin of fools),

Or any other damn'd impieties,

On Monday let 'em be delivered.

I swear to thee, Matheo, by my soul, ¹³⁰

Hereafter weekly on that day I'll glue

Mine eye-lids down, because they shall not gaze

On any female cheek. And being lockt up

In my close⁸ chamber, there I'll meditate

On nothing but my Infelice's end, ¹³⁵

Or on a dead man's skull draw out mine own.

Mat. You'll do all these good works now
every Monday, because it is so bad; but I hope
upon Tuesday morning I shall take you with a
wench. ¹⁴⁰

Hip. If ever, whilst frail blood through my
veins run,

On woman's beams I throw affection,

Save her that's dead; or that I loosely fly

To th' shore of any other waffling eye,

Let me not prosper, Heaven! I will be true,

Even to her dust and ashes: could her tomb ¹⁴⁵

Stand whilst I liv'd, so long that it might rot,

That should fall down, but she be ne'er forgot.

Mat. If you have this strange monster, hon-

⁵ Turmoil. ⁶ By our lady. ⁷ Q. for. ⁸ Private.

esty,¹ in your belly, why so jig-makers² and chroniclers shall pick something out of you; [⁵⁵ but an I smell not you and a bawdy house out within these ten days, let my nose be as big as an English bag-pudding. I'll follow your lordship, though it be to the place aforementioned. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.]³

Enter FUSTIGO in some fantastic Sea-suit at one door, a Porter meets him at another.

Fus. How now, porter, will she come?

Por. If I may trust a woman, sir, she will come.

Fus. There 's for thy pains [*gives money*]. God-amercy, if I ever stand in need of a wench that will come with a wet finger,⁴ porter, thou [⁵ shalt earn my money before any clarissimo⁵ in Milan; yet, so God sa'⁶ me, she's mine own sister, body and soul, as I am a Christian gentleman. Farewell; I'll ponder till she come. Thou hast been no bawd in fetching this woman, I [¹⁰ assure thee.

Por. No matter if I had, sir; better men than porters are bawds.

Fus. O God, sir, many that have borne offices. But, porter, art sure thou went'st into [¹⁵ a true⁷ house?

Por. I think so, for I met with no thieves.

Fus. Nay, but art sure it was my sister Viola?

Por. I am sure, by all superscriptions, it was the party you ciphered.²⁰

Fus. Not very tall?

Por. Nor very low; a middling woman.

Fus. 'Twas she, 'faith 't was she. A pretty plump cheek, like mine?²⁴

Por. At a blush,⁸ a little very much like you.

Fus. Godso, I would not for a ducat she had kickt up her heels, for I ha' spent an abomination this voyage; marry, I did it amongst sailors and gentlemen. There 's a little modicum more, porter, for making these stay [*gives* [³⁰ money]; farewell, honest porter.

Por. I am in your debt, sir; God preserve you. *Exit.*

Enter VIOLA.

Fus. Not so, neither, good porter. God's lid, yonder she comes. Sister Viola, I am glad to [³⁵ see you stirring: it's news to have me here, is 't not, sister?

Vio. Yes, trust me. I wond'ered who should be so bold to send for me. You're welcome to Milan, brother.

Fus. Troth, sister, I heard you were married to a very rich chuff,⁹ and I was very sorry for it, that I had no better clothes, and that made me send; for you know we Milaners love to strut upon Spanish leather. And how do all our friends?⁴⁵

Vio. Very well. You ha' travelled enough now, I trow, to sow your wild oats.

Fus. A pox on 'em! wild oats? I ha' not an oat to throw at a horse. Troth, sister, I ha'

sowed my oats, and reapt two hundred ducats [⁵⁵ if I had 'em here. Marry, I must entreat you to lend me some thirty or forty till the ship come. By this hand, I'll discharge at my day, by this hand.

Vio. These are your old oaths.

Fus. Why, sister, do you think I'll forswear my hand?

Vio. Well, well, you shall have them. Put yourself into better fashion, because I must employ you in a serious matter.⁶¹

Fus. I'll sweat like a horse if I like the matter.

Vio. You ha' cast off all your old swaggering humours?

Fus. I had not sail'd a league in that great [⁶⁵ fishpond, the sea, but I cast up my very gall.

Vio. I am the more sorry, for I must employ a true swaggerer.

Fus. Nay by this iron, sister, they shall find I am powder and touch-box, if they put fire [⁷¹ once into me.

Vio. Then lend me your ears.

Fus. Mine ears are yours, dear sister.

Vio. I am married to a man that has wealth enough, and wit enough.⁷⁶

Fus. A linen-drafter, I was told, sister.

Vio. Very true, a grave citizen, I want nothing that a wife can wish from a husband; but here's the spite, he has not all things belonging to a man.⁸¹

Fus. God's my life, he's a very mandrake,¹⁰ or else (God bless us) onea' these whibblins,¹¹ and that's worse, and then all the children that he gets lawfully of your body, sister, are bastards by a statute.⁸⁶

Vio. O, you run over me too fast, brother; I have heard it often said, that he who cannot be angry is no man. I am sure my husband is a man in print,¹² for all things else save only in this, no tempest can move him.⁹¹

Fus. 'Slid, would he had been at sea with us! he should ha' been mov'd, and mov'd again, for I'll be sworn, la, our drunken ship reel'd like a Dutchman.

Vio. No loss of goods can increase in him [⁹⁵ a wrinkle, no crabbed language make his countenance sour, the stubbornness of no servant shake him; he has no more gall in him than a dove, no more sting than an ant; musician [¹⁰⁰ will he never be, yet I find much music in him, but he loves no frets,¹³ and is so free from anger, that many times I am ready to bite off my tongue, because it wants that virtue which all women's tongues have, to anger their husbands. Brother, mine can by thunder turn him [¹⁰⁵ into a sharpness.

Fus. Belike his blood, sister, is well brew'd then.¹⁰⁹

Vio. I protest to thee, Fustigo, I love him most affectionately; but I know not—I ha'

¹⁰ The allusion is to the fancied resemblance of the roots of the mandrake to the human figure.

¹¹ "Query Whimlings—idiots." (Rhys.)

¹² A perfect man.

¹³ A common pun on *fret*, the ridge on which strings of a musical instrument are stopped.

¹ Chastity. ⁴ Readily. ⁷ Honest.
² Song-makers. ⁵ Grandee. ⁸ Glance.
³ Another street. ⁶ Save. ⁹ Churl.

such a tickling within me — such a strange longing; nay verily I do long.

Fus. Then you're with child, sister, by all signs and tokens; nay, I am partly a physician, and partly something else. I ha' read Al-¹¹⁶ bertus Magnus, and Aristotle's Emblems.

Vio. You're wide a' th' bow hand¹ still, brother — my longings are not wanton, but wayward. I long to have my patient husband eat up a whole porcupine, to the intent, the bristling¹²¹ quills may stick about his lips like a Flemish mustachio, and be shot at me. I shall be leaner than the new moon, unless I can make him horn-mad.²

Fus. 'Sfoot, half a quarter of an hour does that; make him a cuckold.

Vio. Pooh, he would count such a cut no unkindness.

Fus. The honestest citizen he; then make him drunk and cut off his beard.

Vio. Fie, fie, idle, idle! He's no Frenchman, to fret at the loss of a little scald³ hair. No, brother, thus it shall be — you must be secret.

Fus. As your mid-wife, I protest, sister, or a barber-surgeon.

Vio. Repair to the Tortoise here in St. Christopher's Street; I will send you money; turn yourself into a brave⁴ man: instead of the arms of your mistress, let your sword and your¹⁴⁰ military scarf hang about your neck.

Fus. I must have a great horseman's French feather too, sister.

Vio. O, by any means, to show your light head, else your hat will sit like a coxcomb.¹⁴⁵ To be brief, you must be in all points a most terribly wide-mouth'd swaggerer.

Fus. Nay, for swaggering points let me alone.

Vio. Resort then to our shop, and, in my husband's presence, kiss me, snatch rings,¹⁵⁰ jewels, or any thing, so you give it back again, brother, in secret.

Fus. By this hand, sister.

Vio. Swear as if you came but new from knighting.

Fus. Nay, I'll swear after four hundred a year.

Vio. Swagger worse than a lieutenant among freshwater soldiers,⁵ call me your love, your inge,⁶ your cousin, or so; but sister at no¹⁶⁰ hand.

Fus. No, no, it shall be cousin, or rather coz; that's the gulling word between the citizens' wives and their mad-caps that man⁷ 'em to the garden; to call you one a' mine aunts,⁸ sis-¹⁶⁵ ter, were as good as call you arrant whore; no, no, let me alone to cousin you rarely.

Vio. H'as heard I have a brother, but never saw him, therefore put on a good face.

Fus. The best in Milan, I warrant.

Vio. Take up wares, but pay nothing, rifle my bosom, my pocket, my purse, the boxes for

money to dice withal; but, brother, you must give all back again in secret.

Fus. By this welkin that here roars I will, or else let me never know what a secret is: why, sister, do you think I'll cony-catch⁹ you, when you are my cousin? God's my life, then I were a stark ass. If I fret not his guts, beg me for a fool.¹⁰

Vio. Be circumspect, and do so then. Farewell.

Fus. The Tortoise, sister! I'll stay there; forty ducats.

Vio. Thither I'll send. — This law can none deny,

Women must have their longings, or they die.

[SCENE III.]¹¹

[Enter] GASPARO the Duke, Doctor BENEDICT, and two Servants.

Duke. Give charge that none do enter; lock the doors — [Speaking as he enters.] And fellows, what your eyes and ears receive, Upon your lives trust not the gadding air To carry the least part of it. The glass, the hour-glass!

Doct. Here, my lord.

Duke. Ah, 't is near¹² spent! But, Doctor Benedict, does your art speak truth?

Art sure the soporiferous stream will ebb, And leave the crystal banks of her white body Pure as they were at first, just at the hour?

Doct. Just at the hour, my lord.

Duke. Uncertain her: [A curtain is drawn back and INFELICE discovered lying on a couch.]

Softly! — See,¹³ doctor, what a coldish heat Spreads over all her body!

Doct. Now it works.

The vital spirits that by a sleepy charm Were bound up fast, and threw an icy rust¹⁴ On her exterior parts, now 'gin to break; Trouble her not, my lord.

Duke. Some stools! You call'd For music, did you not? Oh ho, it speaks,

It speaks! Watch, sirs, her waking, note those sands.

Doctor, sit down. A dukedom that should weigh

Mine own down twice, being put into one scale, And that fond¹⁵ desperate boy, Hippolito, Making the weight up, should not at my hands Buy her i' th' other, were her state more light Than hers, who makes a dowry up with alms.

Doctor, I'll starve her on the Appennine Ere he shall marry her. I must confess

Hippolito is nobly born; a man — Did not mine enemies' blood boil in his veins — Whom I would court to be my son-in-law;

¹ Wide of the mark.

² Stark mad.

³ Soldiers who had never left England.

⁴ Handsomely dressed.

⁵ Bosom friend

⁶ Escort

⁷ "Aunt" was a cant te both for a prostitute and a bawd. (Dyce.)

⁸ Scurfy.

⁹ Handsomely dressed.

¹⁰ Soldiers who had never left England.

¹¹ Handsomely dressed.

¹² Escort

¹³ Cheat.

¹⁴ Ask the king to have the wardship of me as an idiot.

¹⁵ A chamber in the Duke's Palace.

¹⁶ Dyce conj. Qq. *meere*, which may be right, meaning "entirely."

¹⁷ Qq. *Sweet*.

¹⁸ Dyce suggest *crust*.

¹⁹ Foolish.

But princes, whose high spleens for empery
swell, 30

Are not with easy art made parallel.

Servants. She wakes, my lord.

Duke. Look, Doctor Benedict —
I charge you on your lives, maintain for truth
What e'er the doctor or myself aver,

For you shall bear her hence to Bergamo. 35
Inf. O God, what fearful dreams!

[*Wakening.*]

Doct. Lady. Ha!

Inf. Ha!

Duke. Girl.

Why, Infelice, how is't now, ha? Speak.

Inf. I'm well — what makes this doctor here?
— I'm well.

Duke. Thou wert not so even now, sickness'
pale hand

Laid hold on thee even in the midst¹ of feast-
ing; 40

And when a cup crown'd with thy lover's
health

Had touch'd thy lips, a sensible cold dew
Stood on thy cheeks, as if that death had wept
To see such beauty alter.

Inf. I remember

I sate at banquet, but felt no such change. 45

Duke. Thou hast forgot, then, how a mes-
senger

Came wildly in, with this unsavoury news,
That he was dead?

Inf. What messenger? Who's dead?

Duke. Hippolito. Alack! wring not thy
hands. 49

Inf. I saw no messenger, heard no such news.

Doct. Trust me you did, sweet lady.

Duke. La, you now!

1 *Ser.* Yes, indeed, madam.

Duke. La, you now. — 'T is well, good
knaves! 2

Inf. You ha' slain him, and now you'll mur-
der me.

Duke. Good Infelice, vex not thus thyself.

Of this the bad report before did strike 55

So coldly to thy heart, that the swift currents

Of life were all frozen up —

Inf. It is untrue,

'T is most untrue, O most unnatural father!

Duke. And we had much to do by art's best
cunning,

To fetch life back again.

Doct. Most certain, lady. 60

Duke. Why, la, you now, you'll not believe
me. Friends,

Sweat we not all? Had we not much to do?

Servants. Yes, indeed, my lord, much.

Duke. Death drew such fearful pictures in
thy face,

That were Hippolito alive again, 65

I'd kneel and woo the noble gentleman

To be thy husband: now I sore repent

My sharpness to him, and his family.

Nay, do not weep for him; we all must die. —

Doctor, this place where she so oft hath seen 70

His lively presence, hurts³ her, does it not?

Doct. Doubtless, my lord, it does.

Duke. It does, it does:

Therefore, sweet girl, thou shalt to Bergamo.

Inf. Even where you will; in any place there's
woe.

Duke. A coach is ready; Bergamo doth
stand 75

In a most wholesome air, sweet walks; there's
deer,

Ay, thou shalt hunt and send us venison,
Which like some goddess in the Cyprian groves,

Thine own fair hand shall strike. — Sirs, you
shall teach her

To stand, and how to shoot; ay, she shall hunt:

Cast off this sorrow. In, girl, and prepare 81

This night to ride away to Bergamo.

Inf. O most unhappy maid! *Exit.*

Duke. Follow her close.
No words that she was buried, on your lives!

Or that her ghost walks now after she's dead;
I'll hang you if you name a funeral. 85

1 *Ser.* I'll speak Greek, my lord, ere I speak
that deadly word.

2 *Ser.* And I'll speak Welsh, which is harder
than Greek. *Exeunt* [Servants]. 90

Duke. Away, look to her. — Doctor Benedict,
Did you observe how her complexion altered

Upon his name and death? Oh, would'twere true.

Doct. It may, my lord.

Duke. May! How? I wish his death.

Doct. And you may have your wish; say but
the word, 95

And 't is a strong spell to rip up his grave.

I have good knowledge with Hippolito;

He calls me friend, I'll creep into his bosom,

And sting him there to death; poison can do 't.

Duke. Perform it; I'll create thee half mine
heir. 100

Doct. It shall be done, although the fact⁴ be
foul.

Duke. Greatness hides sin, the guilt upon my
soul! *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV.]⁵

Enter CASTRUCHIO, PIORATTO, and FLUELLO.

Cas. Signor Pioratto, Signor Fluello, shall's
be merry? Shall's play the wags now?

Flu. Ay, any thing that may beget the child
of laughter.

Cas. Truth, I have a pretty sportive conceit
new crept into my brain, will move excellent [5

mirth.

Pio. Let's ha't, let's ha't, and where shall
the scene of mirth lie?

Cas. At Signor Candido's house, the patient
man, nay, the monstrous patient man. They [10

say his blood is immoveable, that he has taken
all patience from a man, and all constancy from

a woman.

Flu. That makes so many whores now-a-days.

Cas. Ay, and so many knaves too. 15

Pio. Well, sir.

Cas. To conclude, the report goes, he's so
mild, so affable, so suffering, that nothing in-
deed can move him: now do but think what

¹ Q₂ deadst.

² Q₂ God knows.

³ Q₂ haunts.

⁴ Deed.

⁵ A street.

sport it will be to make this fellow, the mirror of patience, as angry, as vext, and as mad as an English cuckold.

Flu. O, 't were admirable mirth, that; but how will 't be done, signor?

Cas. Let me alone, I have a trick, a conceit, a thing, a device will sting him, i' faith, if he have but a thimbleful of blood in 's belly, or a spleen not so big as a tavern token¹

Pio. Thou stir him? Thou move him? Thou anger him? Alas, I know his approved temper. Thou vex him? Why he has a patience above man's injuries: thou may'st sooner raise a spleen in an angel, than rough humour in him. Why, I'll give you instance for it. This wonderfully temper'd Signor Candido upon a time² invited home to his house certain Neapolitan lords, of curious taste, and no mean palates, conjuring his wife, of all loves,³ to prepare cheer fitting for such honourable trencher-men. She—just of a woman's nature, covetous to try⁴ the uttermost of vexation, and thinking at last to get the start of his humour—willingly neglected the preparation, and became unfurnisht, not only of dainty, but of ordinary dishes. He, according to the mildness of his breast, entertained the lords, and with courtly discourse beguiled the time, as much as a citizen might do. To conclude, they were hungry lords, for there came no meat in; their stomachs were plainly gull'd,⁵ and their teeth deluded, and, if anger could have seiz'd a man, there was matter enough i' faith to vex any citizen in the world, if he were not too much made a fool by his wife.

Flu. Ay, I'll swear for 't. 'Sfoot, had it been my case, I should ha' play'd mad tricks with my wife and family. First, I would ha' spitted the men, stew'd the maids, and bak'd the mistress, and so served them in.

Pio. Why 't would ha' tempted any blood but his,

And thou to vex him? thou to anger him
With some poor shallow jest?

Cas. 'Sblood, Signor Fioratto, you that disparage my conceit, I'll wage a hundred ducats upon the head on 't, that it moves him, frets⁶ him, and galls him.

Pio. Done, 't is a lay,⁴ join golls⁵ on 't: witness Signor Fluello.

Cas. Witness: 't is done.
Come, follow me: the house is not far o',⁷
I'll thrust him from his humour, vex his breast,
And win a hundred ducats by one jest. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE V.]⁶

Enter [VIOLA] CANDIDO's wife, GEORGE, two
Prentices in the shop.

Vio. Come, you put up your wares in good order here, do you not, think you? One piece cast this way, another that way! You had need have a patient master indeed.

¹ A piece of brass or copper money, coined by tavern-keepers and other tradesmen for small change.

² For love's sake.

³ Bet.

⁴ Cheated.

⁵ Han.

⁶ Candido's shop.

Geo. [*Aside.*] Ay, I'll be sworn, for we have a curst mistress.

Vio. You mumble, do you? mumble? I would your master or I could be a note more angry, for two patient folks in a house spoil all the servants that ever shall come under them.

1 Pren. [*Aside.*] You patient! Ay, so is the devil when he is horn-mad.

Enter CASTRUCHIO, FLUELLO, and PIORATTO.

*Geo.*⁷ Gentlemen, what do you lack?⁸

*1 Pren.*⁷ What is 't you buy?

*2 Pren.*⁷ See fine holland, fine cambrics, fine lawns.

Geo. What is 't you lack?

2 Pren. What is 't you buy?

Cas. Where's Signor Candido, thy master?

Geo. Faith, signor, he's a little negotiated,⁹ he'll appear presently.

Cas. Fellow, let's see a lawn, a choice one, sirrah.

Geo. The best in all Milan, gentlemen, and this is the piece. I can fit you gentlemen¹⁰ with fine calicoes too for doublets, the only sweet fashion now, most delicate and courtly, a meek gentle calico, cut upon two double affable taffetas,—ah, most neat, feat, and unmatched!

Flu. A notable voluble-tongu'd villain.

Pio. I warrant this fellow was never begot without much prating.

Cas. What, and is this she, sayest thou?

Geo. Ay, and the purest she that ever you¹¹ finger'd since you were a gentleman. Look how even she is, look how clean she is, ha! as even as the brow of Cynthia, and as clean as your sons and heirs when they ha' spent all.

Cas. Pooh, thou talk'st—pox on 't, 't is [40] rough.

Geo. How? Is she rough? But if you bid¹² pox on 't, sir, 't will take away the roughness presently.

Flu. Ha, signor; has he fitted your French [45] curse?

Geo. Look you, gentlemen, here's another. Compare them I pray, *compara Virgilium cum Homero*, compare virgins with harlots.

Cas. Pooh, I ha' seen better, and as you¹³ term them, evener and cleaner.

Geo. You may see further for your mind, but trust me, you shall not find better for your body.

Enter CANDIDO.

Cas. O here he comes, let's make as though we pass,

Come, come, we'll try in some other shop.

Cand. How now? What's the matter?

Geo. The gentlemen find fault with this lawn, fall out with it, and without a cause too.

Cand. Without a cause?

And that makes you to let 'em pass away.

Ah, may I crave a word with you, gentlemen?

Flu. He calls us.

⁷ Qq. give first three speeches to *All Three*.

⁸ The shopkeeper's common cry at this period.

⁹ Engaged.

¹⁰ Pray, invoke.

Cas. Makes the better for the jest.
Cand. I pray come near, you're very welcome, gallants. ⁶⁴

Pray pardon my man's rudeness, for I fear me
 He's talkt above a prentice with you. Lawns! ⁶⁴
[Showing lawns.]

Look you, kind gentlemen, this — no — ay —
 this:

Take this upon my honest-dealing faith,
 To be a true weave, not too hard nor slack,
 But e'en as far from falsehood as from black. ⁷⁰

Cas. Well, how do you rate it?
Cand. Very conscionably, eighteen shillings
 a yard.

Cas. That's too dear: how many yards does
 the whole piece contain, think you? ⁷⁵

Cand. Why, some seventeen yards, I think,
 or thereabouts.

How much would serve your turn, I pray?
Cas. Why, let me see — would it were better
 too!

Cand. Truth 'tis the best in Milan, at few
 words.

Cas. Well, let me have then — a whole penny-
 worth. ⁸⁰

Cand. Ha, ha! you're a merry gentleman.

Cas. A penn'orth I say.

Cand. Of lawn!

Cas. Of lawn? Ay, of lawn, a penn'orth.
 'Sblood, dost not hear? A whole penn'orth,
 are you deaf? ⁸⁶

Cand. Deaf? No, sir; but I must tell you,
 Our wares do seldom meet such customers.

Cas. Nay, an you and your lawns be so
 squeamish, fare you well. ⁹⁰

Cand. Pray stay: a word, pray, signor: for
 what purpose is it, I beseech you?

Cas. 'Sblood, what's that to you: I'll have
 a penny-worth. ⁹⁴

Cand. A penny-worth! Why you shall. I'll
 serve you presently. ¹

2 *Pren.* 'Sfoot, a penny-worth, mistress!

Vio. A penny-worth! Call you these gentle-
 men? ¹⁰⁰

Cas. No, no: not there.

Cand. What then, kind gentlemen, what, at
 this corner here?

Cas. No, nor there neither;

I'll have it just in the middle, or else not. ¹⁰⁴

Cand. Just in the middle — ha — you shall
 too: what, —

Have you a single penny?

Cas. Yes, here's one.

Cand. Lend it me, I pray.

Flu. An excellent followed jest!

Vio. What, will he spoil the lawn now? ¹¹⁰

Cand. Patience, good wife.

Vio. Ay, that patience makes a fool of you.
 — Gentlemen, you might ha' found some other
 citizen to have made a kind gull² on, besides
 my husband. ¹¹⁶

Cand. Pray, gentlemen, take her to be a
 woman;

Do not regard her language. — O kind soul,
 Such words will drive away my customers.

Vio. Customers with a murrain! ¹³ Call you
 these customers? ¹²⁰

Cand. Patience, good wife.

Vio. Fox a' your patience.

Geo. 'Sfoot, mistress, I warrant these are
 some cheating companions. ¹²⁴

Cand. Look you, gentlemen, there's your
 ware; I thank you, I have your money here;
 pray know my shop, pray let me have your
 custom.

Vio. Custom, quoth'a!

Cand. Let me take more of your money. ¹³⁰

Vio. You had need so.

Pio. Hark in thine ear, thou'st lost an hun-
 dred ducats.

Cas. Well, well, I know 't. is't possible that
 homo ¹³⁴

Should be nor man, nor woman not once mov'd;
 No not at such an injury, not at all!

Sure he's a pigeon, for he has no gall.

Flu. Come, come, you're angry though you
 smother it

You're vext i' faith; confess.

Cand. Why, gentlemen,

Should you conceit me to be vext or mov'd? ¹⁴⁰

He has my ware, I have his money for 't,

And that's no argument I'm angry, no:

The best logician cannot prove me so.

Flu. Oh, but the hateful name of a penn'orth

of lawn,

And then cut i' th' middle of the piece. ¹⁴⁶

Fah, I guess it by myself, 't would move a l b

Were he a linen-draper, 't would, i' faith.

Cand. Well, give me leave to answer you for
 that:

We are set here to please all customers. ¹⁴⁹

Their humours and their fancies; — offend none,

We get by many, if we leese³ by one.

May be his mind stood to no more than that,

A penn'orth serves him, and 'mongst trades

'tis found,

Deny a penn'orth, it may cross a pound. ¹⁵⁴

Oh, he that means to thrive, with patient eye

Must please the devil if he come to buy!

Flu. O wondrous man, patient 'bove wrong

or woe,

How blest were men, if women could be so!

Cand. And to express how well my breast is

pleas'd,

And satisfied in all: — George fill a beaker. ¹⁶⁰

Exit GEORGE.

I'll drink unto that gentleman, who lately

Bestow'd his money with me.

Vio. God's my life,

We shall have all our gains drunk out in beak-
 ers,

To make amends for pennyworths of lawn! ¹⁶⁴

[Re-enter GEORGE [with beaker].]

Cand. Here wife, begin you to the gentleman.

Vio. I begin to him! *[Spills the wine.]*

Cand. George, fill 't up again:

'T was my fault, my hand shook. *Exit GEORGE.*

Pio. How strangely this doth show!

A patient man linkt with a waspish shrew.

¹ At once.² Du .³ Plague.⁴ Fellows.⁵ Lose.

Flu. [*Aside.*] A silver and gilt beaker. I've
a trick ¹⁶⁹
To work upon that beaker, sure 't will fret him;
It cannot choose but vex him. — Signor Castru-

chio,
In pity to thee I have a conceit,
Will save thy hundred ducats yet; 't will do 't,
And work him to impatience.

Cas. Sweet Fluello,
I should be bountiful to that conceit. ¹⁷⁵

Flu. Well, 't is enough.

[*Re-enter* GEORGE [*with beaker*]

Cand. Here, gentlemen, to you,
I wish your custom, you're exceeding welcome.

[*Drinks.*]

Cas. I pledge you, Signor Candido —

[*Drinks*]

Here you that must receive a hundred ducats.

Pio. I'll pledge them deep, i' faith, Castru-
chio. ¹⁸⁰

Signor Fluello. [*Drinks.*]

Flu. Come: play 't off to me;

I am your last man.

Cand. George, supply the cup.

[*Exit* GEORGE *who returns with
beaker filled*]

Flu. So, so, good honest George, —
Here Signor Candido, all this to you. ¹⁸⁴

Cand. O, you must pardon me, I use it not.¹

Flu. Will you not pledge me then?

Cand. Yes, but not that:
Great love is shown in little.

Flu. Blurt² on your sentences!
'Shoot, you shall pledge me all.

Cand. Indeed I shall not.

Flu. Not pledge me? 'Sblood, I'll carry
away the beaker then.

Cand. The beaker? Oh! that at your pleas-
sure, sir. ¹⁹⁰

Flu. Now by this drink I will. [*Drinks.*]

Cas. Pledge him, he'll do 't else.

Flu. So: I ha' done you right on my th b-
nail³

What, will you pledge me now?

Cand. You know me, sir,
I am not of that sin.

Flu. Why, then, farewell:

I'll bear away the beaker by this light. ¹⁹⁵

Cand. That's as you please; 't is very good.

Flu. Nay, it doth please me, and as you say,
'T is a very good one. Farewell, Signor Candido.

Pio. Farewell, Candido.

Cand. You're welcome, gentlemen.

Cas. Art not mov'd yet? ²⁰⁰

I think his patience is above our wit.

[*Exit* GEORGE, FLUELLO,
carrying off the beaker, and PIO-
RATTO.]

Geo. I told you before, mistress, they were
all cheaters. ²⁰³

Vio. Why fool! why husband! why madman!

¹ I am not accustomed to drink whole beakers full.

² An exclamation of contempt, equivalent to "a fig
for." (*Dyce.*)

³ Emptied the cup so completely that the remaining
drop will stand on the th b-nail.

I hope you will not let 'em sneak away so with
a silver and gilt beaker, the best in the house
too — Go, fellows, make hue and cry after
them.

Cand. Pray let your tongue lie still, all will
be well. —

Come hither, George, hie to the constable, ²¹⁰

And in calm order wish him to attach them.

Make no great stir, because they're gentlemen,

And a thing partly done in merriment.

'T is but a size above a jest thou know'st,

Therefore pursue it mildly. Go, begone. ²¹⁵

The constable's hard by, bring him along, —

Make haste again. [*Exit* GEORGE.]

Vio. O you're a goodly patient woodcock,⁴

are you not now? See what your patience comes

to. every one saddles you, and rides you; ²²⁰

you'll be shortly the common stone-horse⁵ of

Milan a woman's well holpt up with such a

meacock.⁶ I had rather have a husband that

would swaddle⁷ me thrice a day, than such a

one, that will be gull'd twice in half-an-hour. ²²⁵

Oh, I could burn all the wares in my shop for

anger.

Cand. Pray wear a peaceful temper; be my

wife,

That is, be patient; for a wife and husband

Share but one soul between them: this being

known, ²³⁰

Why should not one soul then agree in one?

Exit.

Vio. Hang your agreements! but if my

beaker be gone. —

Re-enter CASTRUCHIO, FLUELLO, PIORATTO,

and GEORGE.

Cand. Oh, here they come. ²³⁴

Geo. The constable, sir, let 'em come along

with me, because⁸ there should be no wond'ring:

he stays at door.

Cas. Constable, Goodman Abram.⁹

Flu. Now Signor Candido, 'sblood, why do

you attach us? ²⁴⁰

Cas. 'Sheart! attach us!

Cand. Nay swear not, gallants,

Your oaths may move your souls, but not move

me;

You have a silver beaker of my wife's.

Flu. You say not true. 't is gilt.

Cand. Then you say true;

And being gilt, the guilt lies more on you. ²⁴⁵

Cas. I hope y' are not angry, sir.

Cand. Then you hope right; for I'm not angry.

Flu. No, but a little mov'd.

Cand. I mov'd! 'T was you were mov'd, you

were brought hither.

Cas. But you, out of your anger and impa-

tience, ²⁵⁰

Cans'd us to be attacht.

Cand. Nay, you misplace it:

Out of my quiet sufferance I did that,

And not of any wrath. Had I shown anger,

I should have then pursu'd you with the law,

⁴ Simpleton.

⁵ Milksp.

⁶ Stallion.

⁷ Beat.

⁸ In order that

⁹ A beggar who pretended madness was called an

Abraham man.

And hunted you to shame, as many worldlings
Do build their anger upon feebler grounds; ²⁵⁶
The more's the pity; many lose their lives
For scarce so much coin as will hide their palm:
Which is most cruel; those have vexed spirits
That pursue lives. In this opinion rest, ²⁶⁰
The loss of millions could not move my breast.

Flu. Thou art a blest man, and with peace
dost deal;

Such a meek spirit can bless a commonweal.

Cand. Gentlemen, now 't is upon eating-time,
Pray part not hence, but dine with me to-day.

Cas. I never heard a carter yet say nay ²⁶⁶
To such a motion. I'll not be the first.

Pio. Nor I.

Flu. Nor I.

Cand. The constable shall bear you company. ²⁶⁹
George, call him in. let the world say what it
can,

othing can drive me from a patient man.

Exeunt.

[ACT II]

[SCENE I.]¹

*Enter ROGER with a stool, cushion, looking-glass
and chafing-dish; those being set down, he pulls
out of his pocket a phial with white colour in it,
and two boxes, one with white another red
painting; he places all things in order, and a
candle by them, singing with the ends of old
ballads as he does it. At last BELLAFRONT, as
he rubs his cheek with the colours, whistles
within.*

Rog. Anon, forsooth.

Bell. [within.] What are you playing the
rogue about?

Rog. About you, forsooth; I'm drawing up
a hole in your white silk stocking. ⁵

Bell. Is my glass there? and my boxes of
complexion?

Rog. Yes, forsooth. your boxes of complexion
are here, I think: yes, 't is here. Here's your
two complexions, — [Aside.] and if I had all ¹⁰
the four complexions, I should ne'er set a good
face upon 't. Some men I see, are born under
hard-favoured planets as well as women.
Zounds, I look worse now than I did before!
and it makes her face glister most damna- ¹⁵
bly. There's knavery in daubing, I hold my
life; or else this is only female pomatum.

*Enter BELLAFRONT not full ready,² without a
gown; she sits down; with her bodkin³ curls
her hair; and colours her lips.*

Bell. Where's my ruff and poker,⁴ you block-
head?

Rog. Your ruff, your poker, are engend'ring
together upon the cupboard of the court, or ²¹
the court cupboard.⁵

Bell. Fetch 'em. Is the pox in your hams,
you can go no faster? ^[Strikes him.]

¹ A room in Bellafront's house.

² Dressed.

³ A stick used for plaiting ruffs.

⁴ Frizzling iron.

⁵ Sideb d.

Rog. Would the pox were in your fingers, ²⁵
unless you could leave fingling! Catch. *Exit.*

Bell. I'll catch you, you dog, by and by do
you grumble? *She sings*

Cupid is a God, as naked as my nail,
I'll whip him with a rod, if he my true love fail.

[Re-enter ROGER with ruff and poker.]

Rog. There's your ruff, shall I poke it? ³¹

Bell. Yes, honest Roger — no, stay; prithee,
good boy, hold here.

[Sings. ROGER holds the glass and candle.]

Down, down, down, down, I fall down and arise, —
down —

I never shall arise. ³⁵

Rog. Troth, mistress, then leave the trade if
you shall never rise.

Bell. What trade, Goodman Abram?

Rog. Why that of down and arise, or the
falling trade. ⁴⁰

Bell. I'll fall with you by and by.

Rog. If you do I know who shall smart for 't.
Troth, mistress, what do I look like now?

Bell. Like as you are; a panderly sixpenny
rascal. ⁴⁵

Rog. I may thank you for that: in faith, I
look like an old proverb, "Hold the candle be-
fore the devil."

Bell. Ud's life, I'll stick my knife in your guts
an you prate to me so! — What? *She sings.*

Well met, pug, the pearl of beauty umh, umh. ⁵¹
How now, Sir Knave? you forget your duty, umh, umh,
Marry muff⁶ sir, are you grown so dainty, fa, la, la, etc.

Is it you, sir? the worst of twenty, fa, la, la, leers, la. ⁵⁵

Pox on you, how dost thou hold my glass? ⁵⁸

Rog. Why, as I hold your door: with my
fingers

Bell. Nay, pray thee, sweet honey Roger,
hold up handsomely. ^[Sings.]

Sing pretty wantons warble, etc ⁶⁰

We shall ha' guests to-day, I lay my little
maidenhead; my nose itches so.

Rog. I said so too last night, when our fleas
twinged me. ⁶⁴

Bell. So, poke my ruff now; my gown, my
gown! Have I my fall? ⁷ Where's my fall,
Roger?

Rog. Your fall, forsooth, is behind.

Bell. God's my pittikins! ⁸ some fool or other
knocks. ⁷⁰

Rog. Shall I open to the fool, tress? ⁷³

Bell. And all these baubles lying thus?
Away with it quickly. — Ay, ay, knock, and
be damn'd, whosoever you be! — So give the
fresh salmon line now: let him come ashore. ⁷⁵
[Exit ROGER.] He shall serve for my breakfast,
though he go against my stomach.

ROGER fetch in FLUELLO, CASTRUCHIO, and
PIORATTO.

Flu. Morrow, coz.

Cas. How does my sweet acquaintance?

⁶ An expression of contempt.

⁷ A kind of collar, falling flat round the neck.

⁸ A corruption of "God's my pity."

Pio. Save thee, little marmoset: how dost thou, good, pretty rogue? ⁸¹

Bell. Well, God-a-mercy, good, pretty rascal.

Flu. Roger, some light, I prithee.

Rog. You shall, signor, for we that live here in this vale of misery are as dark as hell. ⁸⁵

Exit for a candle.

Cas. Good tobacco, Fluello?

Flu. Smell.

Pio. It may be tickling gear: for it plays with my nose already.

Re-enter ROGER [with candle].

Rog. Here 's another light angel, ¹ signor. ⁹⁰

Bell. What, you pied curtal, ² what 's that you are neighing?

Rog. I say God send us the light of Heaven, or some more angels.

Bell. Go fetch some wine, and drink half of it.

Rog. I must fetch some wine, gentlemen, and drink half of it. ⁹⁵

Flu. Here Roger.

Cas. No, let me send, prithee.

Flu. Hold, you cankerworm.

Rog. You shall send both, if you please, signors. ¹⁰⁰

Pio. Stay, what 's best to drink a' mornings?

Rog. Hippocras, ³ sir, for my mistress, if I fetch it, is most dear to her.

Flu. Hippocras? There then, here 's a teston ⁴ for you, you snake. ¹⁰⁵

Rog. Right sir, here 's three shillings and sixpence for a pottle ⁵ and a manchet. ⁶ *Exit.*

Cas. Here's most Herculanean ⁷ tobacco; ha' some, acquaintance? ¹⁰⁹

Bell. Faugh, not I, makes your breath stink like the piss of a fox. Acquaintance, where supt you last night?

Cas. At a place, sweet acquaintance, where your health danc'd the canaries, ⁸ i' faith: you should ha' been there. ¹¹⁵

Bell. I there among your punks! ⁹ Marry, faugh, hang' em; I scorn 't. Will you never leave sucking of eggs in other folk's hens' nests? ¹¹⁹

Cas. Why, in good troth, if you 'll trust me, acquaintance, there was not one hen at the board; ask Fluello.

Flu. No, faith, coz, none but cocks. Signor Malavella drunk to thee. ¹²⁴

Bell. O, a pure beagle; that horse-leech there?

Flu. And the knight, Sir Oliver Lollo, swore he would bestow a taffeta petticoat on thee, but to break his fast with thee. ¹²⁹

Bell. With me? I 'll choke him then, hang him, molecatcher! It 's the dreaming 'st snotty-nose.

Pio. Well, many took that Lollo for a fool, but he 's a subtle fool. ¹³⁴

Bell. Ay, and he has fellows: of all filthy,

¹ A gold coin worth about ten shillings.

² A docked horse.

³ Spiced and sweetened wine.

⁴ Sixpence.

⁵ Half a gallon.

⁶ A roll of fine bread.

⁷ *Q₂ Herculan.*

⁸ A sprightly d. ce.

⁹ Prostitutes.

dry-fisted knights, I cannot abide that he should touch me

Cas. Why, wench? Is he scabbed?

Bell. Hang him, he 'll not live to be so honest, nor to the credit to have scabs about him; ¹⁴⁰ his betters have 'em: but I hate to wear out any of his coarse knight-hood, because he 's made like an alderman's night-gown, fac'd all with cony ¹⁰ before, and with ¹¹ nothing but fox. This sweet Oliver will ¹² till he ¹⁴⁵ be ready to burst, but the lean-jaw'd slave will not pay for the scraping of his trencher.

Pio. Plague him; set him beneath the salt, and let him not touch a bit, till every one has had his full cut. ¹⁵⁰

Flu. Lord Ello, the gentleman-usher, came in to us too; marry 't was in our cheese, for he had been to borrow money for his lord, of a citizen. ¹⁵⁴

Cas. What an ass is that lord, to borrow money of a citizen!

Bell. Nay, God 's my pity, what an ass is that citizen to lend money to a lord!

Enter MATHEO and HIPPOLITO saluting, ' ' ' ' ' as a stranger, walks off. ¹⁵⁷ ROGER comes in sadly behind them, with a pottle pot, and stands aloof off.

Mat. Save you, gallants. Signor Fluello, exceedingly well met, as I may say. ¹⁶⁰

Flu. Signor Matheo, exceedingly well met too, as I may say.

Mat. And how fares my little pretty 's-tress? ¹⁶⁴

Bell. Ee'n as my little pretty servant; sees three court dishes before her, and not one good bit in them:—How now? Why the devil stand'st thou so? Art in a trance?

Rog. Yes, forsooth. ¹⁶⁹

Bell. Why dost not fill out their wine?

Rog. Forsooth, 't is fill'd out already: all the wine that the signors have bestow'd upon you is cast away; a porter ran a little ¹³ at me, and so fac'd me down that I had not a drop. ¹⁷⁴

Bell. I 'm accus't to let such a withered artichoke-faced rascal grow under my nose. Now you look like an old he-cat, going to the gal-lows. I 'll be hang'd if he ha' not put up the money to cony-catch ¹⁴ us all. ¹⁷⁹

Rog. No, truly, forsooth, 't is not put up yet.

Bell. How many gentlemen hast thou served thus?

Rog. None but five hundred, besides prentices and serving-men. ¹⁸⁴

Bell. Dost think I 'll pocket it up at thy hands?

Rog. Yes, forsooth, I fear you will pocket it up.

Bell. Fie, fie, cut my lace, good servant; I shall ha' the mother ¹⁵ presently, I 'm so vex't at this horse-plum. ¹⁸⁹

Flu. Plague, not for a scald ¹⁷ pottle of wine!

¹⁰ Rabbit-skin.

¹¹ "Mutton" was slang for a light woman.

¹² Retires to the background.

¹³ Dyce suggests *till*.

¹⁴ Cheat.

¹⁵ Hysterics.

¹⁶ Plucky.

Mat. Nay, sweet Bellafront, for a little pig's wash!

Cas. Here Roger, fetch more. [*Gives money.*]

A mischance, i' faith, acquaintance. ¹⁰⁵

Bell. Out of my sight, thou ungodly puritanical creature.

Rog. For the t' other pottle? Yes, forsooth.

Bell. Spill that too. [*Exit ROGER.*] What gentleman is that, servant? Your friend? ²⁰¹

Mat. Gods so; a stool, a stool! If you love me mistress, entertain this gentleman respectfully,¹ and bid him welcome.

Bell. He's very welcome, — pray, sir, sit. ²⁰⁵

Hip. Thanks, lady.

Flu. Count Hippolito, is't not? Cry you mercy, signor; you walk here all this while, and we not heard you! Let me bestow a stool upon you, beseech you; you are a stranger here we know the fashions a' th' house. ²¹¹

Cas. Please you be here, my lord? [*Offers*] tobacco.

Hip. No, good Castruchio.

Flu. You have abandoned the Court, I see, my lord, since the death of your mistress. Well, ²¹⁵ she was a delicate piece. — Beseech you, sweet, come let us serve under the colours of your acquaintance still for all that. — Please you to meet here at [the] lodging of my coz, I shall bestow a banquet upon you. ²²⁰

Hip. I never can deserve this kindness, sir. What may this lady be, whom you call coz?

Flu. Faith, sir, a poor gentlewoman, of passing good carriage; one that has some suits in law, and lies here in an attorney's house. ²²⁵

Hip. Is she married?

Flu. Ha, as all your punks are, a captain's wife, or so. Never saw her before, my lord?

Hip. Never, trust me: a goodly creature! ²²⁹

Flu. By gad, when you know her as we do, you'll swear she is the prettiest, kindest, sweetest, most bewitching honest ape under the pole. A skin, your satin is not more soft, nor lawn whiter. ²³⁴

Hip. Belike, then, she's some sale² courtesan.

Flu. Troth, as all your best faces are, a good wench.

Hip. Great pity that she's a good wench. ²³⁹

Mat. Thou shalt ha', i' faith, mistress. — How now, signors? What, whispering? Did not I lay a wager I should take you, within seven days, in a house of vanity?

Hip. You did; and, I beshrew your heart, you've won. ²⁴⁵

Mat. How do you like my mistress?

Hip. Well, for such a mistress; better, if your mistress be not your master. — I must break manners, gentlemen; fare you well.

Mat. 'Sfoot, you shall not leave us. ²⁵⁰

Bell. The gentleman likes not the taste of our company,

All. Beseech you stay.

Hip. T me, my affairs beckon for me; pardon me. ²⁵⁵

Mat. Will you call for me half an hour hence here?

¹ Respectfully.

² For e.

Hip. Perhaps I shall.

Mat. Perhaps? faugh! I know you can swear to me you will. ²⁶⁰

Hip. Since you will press me, on my word, I will. ²⁶⁰

Bell. What sullen picture is this, servant? ²⁶⁰

Mat. It's Count Hippolito, the brave count.

Pio. As gallant a spirit as any in Milan, ²⁶⁵ you sweet Jew.

Flu. Oh! he's a most essential gentleman, coz.

Cas. Did you never hear of Count Hippolito, acquaintance? ²⁷⁰

Bell. Marry, muff a' your counts, an be no more life in 'em.

Mat. He's so malecontent! Sirrah³ Bellafront, and you be honest gallants, let's sup together, and have the count with us — thou shalt ²⁷⁵ sit at the upper end, punk.⁴

Bell. Punk, you sons'd⁵ gurnet?

Mat. King's trustee! Come, I'll bestow the supper to have him but laugh.

Cas. He betrays his youth too grossly to ²⁸⁰ that tyrant melancholy.

Mat. All this is for a woman.

Bell. A woman? Some whore! What sweet jewel is 't? ²⁸⁵

Pio. Would she heard you!

Flu. Troth, so would I.

Cas. And I, by Heaven.

Bell. Nay, good servant, what woman?

Mat. Fah!

Bell. Prithee, tell me; a buss,⁶ and tell ²⁹⁰ me. I warrant he's an honest fellow, if he take on thus for a wench. Good rogue, who?

Mat. By th' Lord I will not, must not, faith, mistress. Is't a match, sirs? This night, at th' Antelope: ay, for there's best wine, and good boys. ²⁹⁵

All. It's done; at th' Antelope.

Bell. I cannot be there to-night.

Mat. Cannot? By th' Lord you shall.

Bell. By the Lady I will not. Shall! ³⁰⁰

Flu. Why, then, put it off till Friday; wu't come then, coz?

Bell. Well.

Re-enter ROGER.

Mat. You're the waspishest ape. Roger, put your mistress in mind to sup with us on ³⁰⁵ Friday next. You're best come like a mad-woman, without a band, in your waistcoat,⁷ and the linings of your kirtle outward, like every common hackney⁸ that steals out at the back gate of her sweet knight's lodging. ³¹⁰

Bell. Go, go, hang yourself!

Cas. It's dinner-time, Matheo; shall's hence?

All. Yes, yes. — Farewell, wench. *Exeunt.*

Bell. Farewell, boys. — Roger, what wine sent they for? ³¹⁴

Rog. Bastard wine,⁹ for if it had been truly begotten, it would not ha' been ash 'd to

³ The term sirrah was applied often to women as well as to men.

⁴ Prostitute. ⁵ Pickled. ⁶ Kiss.

⁷ I.e. without your upper dress.

⁸ Harlot. ⁹ A sweet Spanish

come in. Here 's six shillings to pay for nursing the bastard.

Bell. A company of rooks !¹ O good sweet Roger, run to the poulter's, and buy me some fine larks !³²¹

Rog. No woodcocks ?¹

Bell. Yes, faith, a couple, if they be not dear
Rog. I'll buy but one, there's one already here. *Exit.*

Enter HIPPOLITO.

Hip. Is the gentleman, my friend, departed mistress ?³²⁵

Bell. His back is but new turn'd, sir.

Hip. Fare you well.

Bell. I can direct you to him.

Hip. Can you, pray ?

Bell. If you please, stay, he 'll not be absent long.

Hip. I care not much.

Bell. Pray sit, friends.

Hip. I'm hot,³³⁰

If I may use your room, I'll rather walk.

Bell. At your best pleasure. — Whew ! some rubbers² there !

Hip. Indeed, I'll none : — indeed I will not. thanks.

Pretty fine lodging. I perceive my friend is old in your acquaintance.

Bell. Troth, sir, he comes³³⁵

As other gentlemen, to spend spare hours.

If yourself like our roof, such as it is,

Your own acquaintance may be as old as his.

Hip. Say I did like ; what welcome should I find ?

Bell. Such as my present fortunes can afford.

Hip. But would you let me play Matheo's part ?³⁴¹

Bell. What part ? [you, kiss.

Hip. Why, embrace you : dally with Faith, tell me, will you leave him and love me ?

Bell. I am in bonds to no man, sir.

Hip. Why then, You're free for any man ; if any, me.³⁴⁵

But I must tell you, lady, were you mine,

You should be all mine ; I could brook no sharers,

I should be covetous, and sweep up all.

I should be pleasure's usurer ; faith, I should.

Bell. O fate !

Hip. Why sigh you, lady ? May I know ?

Bell. 'T has never been my fortune yet to single³⁵¹

Out that one man, whose love could fellow mine,

As I have ever wisht it. O my stars !

Had I but met with one kind gentleman,

That would have purchas'd sin alone to himself,³⁵⁵

For his own private use, although scarce proper,³

Indifferent handsome ; meetly legg'd and thigh'd ;

And my allowance reasonable, i' faith,

According to my body, by my troth,

¹ Simpletons.

² Towels.

³ Fine-looking.

I would have been as true unto his pleasures, Yea, and as royal to his afternoons,³⁶¹
As ever a poor gentlewoman could be.

Hip. This were well now to one but newly fledg'd,

And scarce a day old in this subtle world ;

'T were pretty art, good bird-lame, cunning net ;³⁶⁵

But come, come, faith, confess : how many men

Have drunk this self-same protestation,

From that red 'ticing lip ?

Bell. Indeed, not any.

Hip. "Indeed," and blush not !

Bell. No, in truth, not any.

Hip. "Indeed !" "In truth !" — how warily you swear !³⁷⁰

'T is well, if ill it be not ; yet had I

The ruffian in me, and were drawn before you

But in light colours, I do know indeed,

You could not swear *indeed*, but thunder oaths

That should shake Heaven, drown the harmonious spheres,³⁷⁵

And pierce a soul that lov'd her maker's honour

With horror and amazement.

Bell. Shall I swear ? —

Will you believe me then ?

Hip. Worst then of all ;

Our sins by custom, seem at last but small.

Were I but o'er your threshold, a next man,³⁸⁰

And after him a next, and then a fourth,

Should have this golden hook, and lascivious bait,

Thrown out to the full length. Why let me tell you :

I ha' seen letters sent from that white hand,

Tuning such music to Matheo's ear.³⁸⁵

Bell. Matheo ! that's true, but believe it, I

No sooner had laid hold upon your presence,

But straight mine eye convey'd you to my heart.

Hip. Oh, you cannot feign with me ! Why, I know, lady,

This is the common passion of you all,³⁹⁰

To hook in a kind gentleman, and then

Abuse his coin, conveying it to your lover,

And in the end you show him a French trick,

And so you leave him, that a coach may run

Between his legs for breath.

Bell. Oh, by my soul,³⁹⁵

Not I ! therein I'll prove an honest whore,

In being true to one, and to no more.

Hip. If any be dispos'd to trust your oath,

Let him . I'll not be he. I know you feign

All that you speak ; ay, for a mingled harlot⁴⁰⁰

Is true in nothing but in being false.

What ! shall I teach you how to loath yourself ?

And mildly too, not without sense or reason.

Bell. I am content ; I would feign loath myself

If you not love me.

Hip. Then if your gracious blood⁴⁰⁵

Be not all wasted, I shall assay to do't.

Lend me your silence, and attention.

You have no soul, that makes you weigh so light ;

Heaven's treasure bought it: ⁴⁰⁹
 And half-a-crown hath sold it: — for your body
 Is like the common-shore, that still receives
 All the town's filth. The sin of many men
 Is within you; and thus much I suppose,
 That if all your committers stood in rank,
 They'd make a lane, in which your shame
 might dwell, ⁴¹⁵
 And with their spaces reach from hence to hell.
 Nay, shall I urge it more? there has been
 known
 As many by one harlot, maim'd and dismem-
 b'ed,
 As would ha' stuff an hospital: this I might
 Apply to you, and perhaps do you right. ⁴²⁰
 O you're as base as any beast that bears, —
 Your body is e'en hir'd, and so are theirs
 For gold and sparkling jewels, if he can,
 You'll let a Jew get you with Christian:
 Be he a Moor, a Tartar, though his face ⁴²⁵
 Look uglier than a dead man's skull.
 Could the devil put on a human shape,
 If his purse shake out crowns, up then he
 gets;
 Whores will be rid to hell with golden bits.
 So that you're crueller than Turks, for they ⁴³⁰
 Sell Christians only, you sell yourselves away.
 Why, those that love you, hate you: and will
 term you
 Liquorish ¹ damnation; with themselves half-
 sunk
 After the sin is laid out, and e'en curse
 Their fruitless riot; for what one begets ⁴³⁵
 Another poisons; lust and murder hit:
 A tree being often shook, what fruit can knit?
Bell. O me unhappy!
Hip. I can vex you more.
 A harlot is like Dunkirk, true to none,
 Swallows both English, Spanish, fulsome
 Dutch. ⁴⁴⁰
 Back-door'd Italian, last of all, the French,
 And he sticks to you, faith, gives you your
 diet,
 Brings you acquainted, first with Monsieur
 Doctor,
 And then you know what follows.
Bell. Misery.
 Rank, stinking, and most loathsome misery. ⁴⁴⁵
Hip. Methinks a toad is happier than a
 whore;
 That with one poison swells, with thousands
 more
 The other stocks her veins. Harlot? fie, fie!
 You are the miserablest creatures breathing,
 The very slaves of nature; mark me else: ⁴⁵⁰
 You put on rich attires, others' eyes wear them,
 You eat, but to supply your blood with sin:
 And this strange curse e'en haunts you to your
 graves.
 From fools you get, and spend it upon slaves.
 Like bears and apes, you're baited and show
 tricks ⁴⁵⁵
 For money; but your pawd the sweetness licks.
 Indeed, you are their journey-women, and do
 All base and damn'd works they list set you
 to;

¹ Lascivious.

So that you ne'er are rich; for do but show me,
 In present memory, or in ages past, ⁴⁶⁰
 The fairest and most famous courtesan,
 Whose flesh was dear'st; that rais'd the price
 of sin,
 And held it up; to whose intemperate bosom,
 Princes, earls, lords, the worst has been a
 knight.
 The mean'st a gentleman, have off'ed up ⁴⁶⁵
 Whole hecatombs of sighs, and rain'd in
 showers
 Handfuls of gold; yet, for all this, at last
 Diseases suckt her marrow, then grew so poor,
 That she has begg'd e'en at a beggar's door.
 And (wherein Heav'n has a finger) when this
 idol, ⁴⁷⁰
 From coast to coast, has leapt on foreign
 shores,
 And had more worship than th' outlandish
 whores;
 When several nations have gone over her,
 When for each several city she has seen,
 Her maidenhead has been new, and been sold
 dear; ⁴⁷⁵
 Did live well there, and might have died un-
 known,
 And undefam'd, back comes she to her own,
 And there both miserably lives and dies,
 Scorn'd even of those that once ador'd her
 eyes,
 As if her fatal circled life thus ran, ⁴⁸⁰
 Her pride should end there where it first be-
 gan.
 What ² do you weep to hear your story read?
 Nay, if you spoil your cheeks, I'll read no
 more.
Bell. O yes, I pray, proceed:
 Indeed, 't will do me good to weep, indeed. ⁴⁸⁵
Hip. To give those tears a relish, this I add,
 You're like the Jews, scatter'd, in no place
 certain;
 Your days are tedious, your hours burden-
 some:
 And were 't not for full suppers, midnight re-
 vels,
 Dancing, wine, riotous meetings, which do
 drown ⁴⁹⁰
 And bury quite in you all virtuous thoughts,
 And on your eyelids hang so heavily,
 They have no power to look so high as Hea-
 ven, —
 You'd sit and muse on nothing but despair,
 Curse that devil Lust, that so burns up your
 blood, ⁴⁹⁵
 And in ten thousand shivers break your glass
 For his temptation. Say you taste delight,
 To have a golden gull from rise to set,
 To mete ³ you in his hot luxurious arms, ⁴⁹⁹
 Yet your nights pay for all. I know you dream
 Of warrants, whips, and beadles, and then
 start
 At a door's windy creak: think every weasel
 To be a constable, and every rat
 A long-tail'd officer. Are you now not slaves?
 Oh, you've damnation without pleasure for it!

² Why.³ Measure.

Such is the state of harlots. To conclude: 506
When you are old and can well paint no more,
You turn bawd, and are then worse than before.
Make use of this: farewell.

Bell. Oh, I pray, stay.

Hip. I see Matheo comes not. time hath
barr'd me; 510

Would all the harlots in the town had heard
me. *Exit.*

Bell. Stay yet a little longer! No? quite
gone!

Curst be that minute — for it was no more,
So soon a maid is chang'd into a whore —
Wherein I first fell! Be it for ever black! 515
Yet why should sweet Hippolito shun mine eyes,
For whose true love I would become pure-hon-
est,

Hate the world's mixtures, and the smiles of
gold?

Am I not fair? Why should he fly me then? 520
Fair creatures are desir'd, not scorn'd of men.
How many gallants have drunk healths to me,
Out of their dagger'd arms, and thought them
blest,

Enjoying but mine eyes at prodigal feasts!
And does Hippolito detest my love? 524
Oh, sure their heedless lusts but flatt' red me,
I am not pleasing, beautiful, nor young.
Hippolito hath spied some ugly blemish,
Eclipsing all my beauties. I am foul.

Harlot! Ay, that's the spot that taints my
soul. 529

What! has he left his weapon here behind him
And gone forgetful? O fit instrument
To let forth all the poison of my flesh!

Thy master hates me, 'cause my blood hath
rang'd.

But when 'tis forth, then he'll believe I'm
chang'd.

[As she is about to stab herself] re-enter HIPPO-
LITO.

Hip. Mad woman, what art doing?

Bell. Either love me, 535
Or split my heart upon thy rapier's point:
Yet do not neither; for thou then destroy'st
That which I love thee for — thy virtues.
Here, here;

[Gives sword to HIPPOLITO.]

Th' art crueller, and kill'st me with disdain: 539
To die so, sheds no blood, yet 'tis worse pain.

Exit HIPPOLITO.

Not speak to me! Not bid farewell? A scorn?
Hated! this must not be; some means I'll
try.

Would all whores were as honest now as I!
Exit.

[ACT III]

SCENE [I.]

Enter CANDIDO, his wife [VIOLA], GEORGE, and
two Prentices in the shop: FUSTIGO enters,
walking by.

Geo. See, gentlemen, what you lack; a fine
holland, a fine c brie: see what you buy.

1 *Pren.* Holland for shirts, cambric for bands;
what is 't you lack?

Fus. [*Aside.*] 'Sfoot, I lack 'em all; nay, [5
more, I lack money to buy 'em. Let me see,
let me look again. mass, this is the shop. —
What coz! sweet coz! how dost, i' faith, since
last night after candlelight? We had good sport,
i' faith, had we not? And when shall 's laugh [10
again?

Vio. When you will, cousin.

Fus. Spoke like a kind Lacedemonian. I see
yonder 's thy husband.

Vio. Ay, there 's the sweet youth, God bless
him! 15

Fus. And how is 't, cousin? and how, how
is 't, thou squall? 1

Vio. Well, cousin, how fare you?

Fus. How fare I? For sixpence a-meal, [20
wench, as well as heart can wish, with calves'
chaldrons,² and chitterlings;³ besides, I have
a punk after supper, as good as a roasted apple.

Cand. Are you my wife's cousin?

Fus. I am, sir; what hast thou to do with
that? 25

Cand. O, nothing, but y' are welcome.

Fus. The devil's dung in thy teeth! I'll be
welcome whether thou wilt or no, I. — What
ring 's this, coz? Very pretty and fantastical,
i' faith! let 's see it. 30

Vio. Pooh! nay, you wrench my finger.

Fus. I ha' sworn I'll ha' it, and I hope you
will not let my oaths be crackt in⁴ the ring, will
you? [*Seizes the ring.*] I hope, sir, you are not
maliciously⁵ at this, for all your great looks. [35
Are you angry?

Cand. Angry? Not I, sir, nay if she can part
So easily with her ring, 't is with my heart.

Geo. Suffer this, sir, and suffer all. A whore-
son gull, to — 40

Cand. Peace, George, when she has reapt
what I have sown,

She'll say, one grain tastes better of her own,
Than whole sheaves gather'd from another's
land.

Wit's never good, till bought at a dear hand.

Geo. But in the mean-time she makes an ass
of some body. 45

2 *Pren.* See, see, see, sir, as you turn your
back they do nothing but kiss.

Cand. No matter, let 'em; when I touch her
lip,

I shall not feel his kisses, no, nor miss 50
Any of her lip: no harm in kissing is.

Look to your business, pray, make up your
wares.

Fus. Troth, coz, and well rememb' red. I
would thou wouldst give me five yards of lawn,
to make my punk some falling bands⁶ a' [55
the fashion; three falling one upon another, for
that 's the new edition now. She 's out of linen
horribly, too; troth, sh'as never a good smock
to her back neither, but one that has a great
many patches in 't, and that I 'm fain to [60

1 Wench 2 Calves' fry 3 Tripe.

4 I. e. false, like an uncurrent coin.

5 A corruption of the word "melancholy."

6 Collars lying flat on the neck.

wear myself for want of shift, too. Prithee, put me into wholesome napery, and bestow some clean commodities upon us.

Vio. Reach me those cambrics, and the lawns hither.

Cand. What to do, wife? To lavish out my goods upon a fool?

Fus. Fool? Snails, eat! the fool, or I'll so batter your crown, that it shall scarce go for five shillings.

2 Pren. Do you hear, sir? You're best be quiet, and say a fool tells you so.

Fus. Nails, I think so, for thou tell'st me.

Cand. Are you angry, sir, because I nam'd thee fool?

Trust me, you are not wise in my own house And to my face to play the antic thus.

If you'll needs play the madman, choose a stage Of lesser compass, where few eyes may note Your action's error: but if still you miss, As here you do, for one clap, ten will hiss.

Fus. Zounds, cousin, he talks to me, as if I were a scurvy tragedian.

2 Pren. Sirrah George, I ha' thought upon a device, how to break his pate, beat him soundly, and ship him away.

Geo. Do't.

2 Pren. I'll go in, pass through the house, give some of our fellow-prentices the watch-word when they shall enter; then come and fetch my master in by a wile, and place one [so] in the hall to hold him in conference, whilst we cudgel the gull out of his coxcomb.

[Exit 2 Prentice.]

Geo. Do't; away, do't.

Vio. Must I call twice for these cambrics and lawns?

Cand. Never see, you anger her, George; prithee despatch.

1 Pren. Two of the choicest pieces are in the warehouse, sir.

Cand. Go fetch them presently.

[Exit 1 Prentice.]

Fus. Ay, do, make haste, sirrah.

Cand. Why were you such a stranger all this while, being my wife's cousin?

Fus. Stranger? No sir, I'm a natural Milaner born.

Cand. I perceive still it is your natural guise to mistake² me, but you are welcome, sir; I much wish your acquaintance.

Fus. My acquaintance? I scorn that, i' faith; I hope my acquaintance goes in chains of [110] gold three and fifty times double:—you know who I mean, coz; the posts of his gate are a-painting too.³

Re-enter the 2 Prentice.

2 Pren. Signor Pandulfo the merchant desires conference with you.

Cand. Signor Pandulfo? I'll be with him straight,

Attend your mistress and the gentleman. Exit.

¹ Retract.

² Misunderstand.

³ In allusion to the painting of a citizen's gateposts on his promotion to be sheriff, so as to display official notices the better. (Rhys.)

Vio. When do you show those pieces?

Fus. Ay, when do you show those pieces?

Prentices. [within.] Presently, sir, presently: we are but charging them

Fus. Come, sirrah: you flat-cap,⁴ where be these whites?

[Re-enter 1 Prentice with pieces.]

Geo. Flat-cap? Hark in your ear, sir, you're a flat fool, an ass, a gull, and I'll thrum⁵ you. — Do you see this cambric, sir?

Fus. 'Sfoot coz, a good jest, did you hear him? He told me in my ears, I was a "flat fool, an ass, a gull, and I'll thrum you:—da you see this cambric, sir?"

Vio. What, not my men, I hope?

Fus. No, not your men, but one of your men, i' faith.

1 Pren. I pray, sir, come hither, what say you to this? Here's an excellent good one.

Fus. Ay, marry, this likes⁶ me well; cut me off some half-score yards.

2 Pren. Let your whores cut; you're an impudent coxcomb; you get none, and yet I'll thrum you. — A very good cambric, sir.

Fus. Again, again, as God judge me! 'Sfoot, coz, they stand thrumming here with me all day, and yet I get nothing.

1 Pren. A word, I pray, sir, you must not be angry. Prentices have hot bloods, young fellows. — What say you to this piece? Look you, 't is so delicate, so soft, so even, so fine a thread, that a lady may wear it.

Fus. 'Sfoot, I think so; if a knight marry my punk, a lady shall wear it. Cut me off twenty yards; thou'rt an honest lad.

1 Pren. Not without money, gull, and I'll thrum you too.

All. Gull, we'll thrum you.

Fus. O Lord, sister, did you not hear something cry thrum? Zounds, your men here make a plain ass of me.

Vio. What, to my face so impudent?

Geo. Ay, in a cause so honest, we'll not suffer Our master's goods to vanish moneyless.

Vio. You will not suffer them?

2 Pren. No, and you may blush, In going about to vex so mild a breast, As is our master's.

Vio. Take away those pieces, Cousin, I give them freely.

Fus. Mass, and I'll take 'em as freely.

All. We'll make you lay 'em down again more freely.

[They all attack FUSTIGO with their clubs.]

Vio. Help, help! my brother will be murdered.

Re-enter CANDIDO.

Cand. How now, what coil⁷ is here? Forbear I say.

[Exit all the Prentices except the 1 and 2.]

Geo. He calls us flat-caps, and abuses us.

⁴ Citizen.

⁵ Beat.

⁶ Pleases.

⁷ Turmoil.

Cand. Why, sirs, do such examples flow from me?

Vio. They're of your keeping, sir. Alas, poor brother. ¹⁷⁰

Fus. I 'faith they ha' pepper'd me, sister; look, dost not spin? Call you these prentices? I'll ne'er play at cards more when clubs is trump. I have a goodly coxcomb, sister, have I not? ¹⁷³

Cand. Sister and brother? Brother to my wife?

Fus. If you have any skill in heraldry, you may soon know that; break but her pate, and you shall see her blood and mine is all one.

Cand. A surgeon! run, a surgeon! [*Exit* 1 Prentice.] Why then wore you that forged name of cousin? ¹⁸²

Fus. Because it 's a common thing to call coz and ningle¹ now-a-days all the world over.

Cand. Cousin! A name of much deceit, folly, and sin, ¹⁸⁵

For under that common abused word, Many an honest-temp' red citizen Is made a monster, and his wife train'd out To foul adulterous action, full of fraud. I may well call that word, a city's bawd. ¹⁹⁰

Fus. Troth, brother, my sister would needs ha' me take upon me to gull your patience a little: but it has made double gules² on my coxcomb.

Vio. What, playing the woman? Blabbing now, you fool? ¹⁹⁵

Cand. Oh, my wife did but exercise a jest upon your wit.

Fus. 'Sfoot, my wit bleeds for 't, methinks.

Cand. Then let this warning more of sense afford;

The name of cousin is a bloody word. ²⁰⁰

Fus. I'll ne'er call coz again whilst I live, to have such a coil about it. This should be a coronation day; for my head runs claret lustily. *Exit.*

Enter an Officer.

Cand. Go, wish³ the surgeon to have great respect — *Exit* 2 Prentice. ²⁰⁴

How now, my friend? What, do they sit to-day? *Off.* Yes, sir, they expect you at the senate-house.

Cand. I thank your pains; I'll not be last man there. — *Exit* Officer.

My gown, George, go, my gown. [*Exit* GEORGE.] A happy land,

Where grave men meet each cause to understand;

Whose consciences are not cut out in bribes ²¹⁰ To gull the poor man's right; but in even scales,

Peize⁴ rich and poor, without corruption's vails.⁵

Re-enter GEORGE.

Come, where's the gown?

Geo. I cannot find the key, sir.

Cand. Request it of your mistress.

Vio. Come not to me for any key; ²¹⁵

¹ Mine ningle, *i. e.* my intimate.

² The heraldic term for red.

³ Desare.

⁴ Weigh.

⁵ Perquisites.

I'll not be troubled to deliver it.

Cand. Good wite, kind wite, it is a needful trouble, but for my gown!

Vio. Moths swallow down your gown!

You set my teeth on edge with talking on 't. ²²⁰ *Cand.* Nay, prithee, sweet, — I cannot meet without it,

I should have a great fine set on my head.

Vio. Set on your coxcomb; tush, fine me no fines.

Cand. Believe me, sweet, none greets the senate-house, Without his robe of reverence, — that's his gown. ²²⁵

Vio. Well, then, you're like to cross that custom once;

You get nor key, nor gown; and so depart. — [*Aside.*] This trick will vex him sure, and fret his heart. *Exit.*

Cand. Stay, let me see, I must have some device, — ²²⁹

My cloak's too short: fie, fie, no cloak will do't;

It must be something fashioned like a gown, With my arms out. Oh George, come hither, George;

I prithee, lend me thine advice.

Geo. Troth, sir, were't any but you, they would break open chest. ²³⁵

Cand. O no! break open chest! that's a thief's office.

Therein you counsel me against my blood; 'Twould show impatience that: any meek means

I would be glad to embrace. Mass, I have got it. Go, step up, fetch me down one of the carpets.⁶ The saddest⁷ colour'd carpet, honest George, ²⁴¹ Cut thou a hole i' th' middle for my neck, Two for mine arms. Nay, prithee, look not strange.

Geo. I hope you do not think, sir, as you mean

Cand. Prithee, about it quickly, the hour chides me; ²⁴⁵

Warily, George, softly, take heed of eyes. *Exit* GEORGE.

Out of two evils he's accounted wise, That can pick out the least; the fine impos'd For an un-gowned senator, is about Forty crusadoes,⁸ the carpet not 'bove four. ²⁵⁰ Thus have I chosen the lesser evil yet, Preserv'd my patience, foil'd her desperate wit.

Re-enter GEORGE [*with carpet*].

Geo. Here, sir, here 's the carpet.

Cand. O well done, George, we'll cut it just i' th' midst. [*They cut the carpet.*]

'T is very well; I thank thee: help it on. ²⁵⁵ *Geo.* It must come over your head, sir, like a venoh's petticoat.

Cand. Thou'rt in the right, good George; it must indeed.

Fetch me a night-cap; for I'll gird it close,

⁶ Table covers.

⁷ Quietest.

⁸ Portuguese coins, worth about 2s. 10d. each, but varying in value

As if my health were queasy: 't will show well
For a rude, careless night-gown, will 't not,
think'st? ²⁶⁰

Geo. Indifferent well, sir, for a night-gown,
being girt and pleated.

Cand. Ay, and a night-cap on my head
Geo. That's true sir, I'll run and fetch one,
and a staff. *Exit.*

Cand. For thus they cannot choose but con-
ster¹ it, ²⁶⁵

One that is out of health, takes no delight,
Wears his apparel without appetite,
And puts on heedless raiment without form. —

Re-enter GEORGE [with night-cap and staff].

So, so, kind George, [*puts on night-cap*]—be
secret now; and, prithee, do not laugh at me
till I'm out of sight. ²⁷¹

Geo. I laugh? Not I, sir.
Cand. Now to the senate-house.
Methinks, I'd rather wear, without a frown,
A patient carpet, than an angry gown. *Exit.*
Geo. Now, looks my master just like one ²⁷⁵
of our carpet knights, only he's somewhat the
honestest of the two.

Re-enter VIOLA.

Vio. What, is your master gone?

Geo. Yes, forsooth, his back is but new
turn'd.

Vio. And in his cloak? Did he not vex and
swear? ²⁸⁰

Geo. [*Aside.*] No, but he'll make you swear
anon. —

No indeed, he went away like a lamb.

Vio. Key, sink to hell! Still patient, patient
still?

I am with child² to vex him. Prithee, George,
If e'er thou look'st for favour at my hands, ²⁸⁵
Uphold one jest for me.

Geo. Against my master?
Vio. 'Tis a mere jest, in faith. Say, wilt
thou do 't?

Geo. Well, what is 't?

Vio. Here, take this key; thou know'st
where all things lie.

Put on thy master's best apparel, gown, ²⁹⁰
Chain, cap, ruff, every thing, be like himself;
And 'gainst his coming home, walk in the shop;
Feign the same carriage, and his patient look,
'T will breed but a jest, thou know'st; speak,
wilt thou?

Geo. 'T will wrong my master's patience.

Vio. Prithee, George. ²⁹⁵

Geo. Well, if you'll save me harmless, and
put me under covert barn,³ I am content to
please you, provided it may breed no wrong
against him.

Vio. No wrong at all. Here take the key, be
gone. ³⁰⁰

If any vex him, this; if not this, none. *Exeunt.*

¹ Construe.

² I. e. I long

³ When he may rob under protection. *Barn* is a cor-
ruption of *baron*, and in law a wife is said to be under
covert baron, being sheltered by her husband's hand. (*Dyce.*)

SCENE [II].⁴

*Enter a Bawd [Mistress FINGERLOCK] and
ROGER.*

Miss F. O Roger, Roger, where's your mis-
tress, where's your mistress? There's the
finest, neatest gentleman at my house, but
newly come over. Oh, where is she, where is
she, where is she? ⁵

Rog. My mistress is abroad, but not amongst
'em. My mistress is not the whore now that
you take her for.

Mis. F. How? Is she not a whore? Do you
go about to take away her good name, [¹⁰
Roger? You are a fine pander indeed.

Rog. I tell you, Madonna Fingerlock, I am
not sad for nothing; I ha' not eaten one good
meal this three and thirty days. I had wont
to get sixteen pence by fetching a pottle [¹⁵
of hippocras; but now those days are past.
We had as good things, Madonna Fingerlock,
she within doors, and I without, as any poor
young couple in Milan.

Mis. F. God's my life, and is she chang'd ²⁰
now?

Rog. I ha' lost by her squeamishness more
than would have builded twelve bawdy-houses.

Mis. F. And had she no time to turn honest
but now? What a vile woman is this! ²⁵
Twenty pound a night, I'll be sworn, Roger, in
good gold and no silver. Why here was a time!
If she should ha' pickt out a time, it could not
be better. gold enough stirring; choice of men,
choice of hair, choice of beards, choice of ³⁰
legs, and choice of every, every, everything. It
cannot sink into my head, that she should be
such an ass. Roger, I never believe it.

Rog. Here she comes now.

Enter BELLAFRONT.

Mis. F. O sweet madonna, on with your ³⁵
loose gown, your felt⁵ and your feather; there's
the sweetest, prop'rest,⁶ gallantest gentleman
at my house; he smells all of musk and amber-
gris, his pocket full of crowns, flame-coloured
doublet, red satin hose, carnation silk stock-
ings, and a leg, and a body, — oh! ⁴⁰

Bell. Hence thou, our sex's monster, poison-
ous bawd,

Lust's factor, and damnation's orator!
Gossip of hell! were all the harlots' sins
Which the whole world contains, numb'red to-
gether, ⁴⁵

Thine far exceeds them all: of all the creatures
That ever were created, thou art basest.

What serpent would beguile thee of thy office?
It is detestable. for thou livest

Upon the dregs of harlots, guard'st the door, ⁵⁰
Whilst couples go to dancing. O coarse devil!

Thou art the bastard's curse, thou brand'st his
birth;

The lecher's French disease, for thou dry-
suck'st at him;

The harlot's poison, and thine own confusion.

⁴ An outer apartment in Bellafront's house.

⁵ Hat.

⁶ Handsom

Mis. F. Marry come up, with a pox! Have [55
you nobody to rail against but your bawd now?

Bell. And you, knave pander, kinsman to a bawd.

Rog. You and I, madonna, are cousins.

Bell. Of the same blood and making, near allied;
Thou, that slave to sixpence, base metall'd villain!

Rog. Sixpence? Nay, that's not so: I never took under two shillings four-pence; I hope I know my fee.

Bell. I know not against which most to inveigh;

For both of you are damn'd so equally. [55
Thou never spar'st for oaths, swear'st any thing,
As if thy soul were made of shoe-leather:

"God damn me, gentlemen, if she be within!"
When in the next room she's found dallying.

Rog. If it be my vocation to swear, every [70
man in his vocation. I hope my betters swear
and damn themselves, and why should not I?

Bell. Roger, you cheat kind gentlemen.

Rog. The more gulls they.

Bell. Slave, I cashier thee. [75

Mis. F. An you do cashier him, he shall be entertain'd.

Rog. Shall I? Then blurt a' your service.

Bell. Ashell would have it, entertain'd by you!
I dare the devil himself to match those two. [80

Exit.

Mis. F. Marry gup,¹ are you grown so holy,
so pure, so honest with a pox?

Rog. Scurvy honest punk! But stay, madonna,
how must our agreement be now? for, you know, I am to have all the comings-in at
the hall-door, and you at the chamber-door. [85

Mis. F. True, Roger, except my vails.²

Rog. Vails? What vails?

Mis. F. Why as thus: if a couple come in a coach,
and light to lie down a little, then, [90
Roger, that's my fee, and you may walk abroad;
for the coachman himself is their pander.

Rog. Is 'a so? In truth I have almost forgot,
for want of exercise. But how if I fetch this [95
citizen's wife to that gull, and that madonna to that gallant, how then?

Mis. F. Why then, Roger, you are to have sixpence a lane;³ so many lanes, so many sixpences. [100

Rog. Is 't so? Then I see we two shall agree,
d live together.

Mis. F. Ay, Roger, so long as there be any taverns
and bawdy-houses in Milan. *Exeunt.*

SCENE [III].⁴

Enter BELLAFRONT with lute, pen, ink, and paper being placed before her.

SONG.

[*Bell.*]

The courtier's flattering jewels,
Temptation's only fuels;

¹ Go up, get out.

² Perquisites

³ Assignment (?) Customer (?) Pair (?)

⁴ A chamber in Bellafront's ho .

The lawyer's ill-got moneys,
That suck up poor bees' honeys;
The gallant's costly diet:
The gallant's costly diet:
Silks and velvets, pearls and ambers,
Shall not draw me to their chambers.
Silks and velvets, &c.

8

She writes.

Oh, 't is in vain to write! it will not please; [10
Ink on this paper would ha' but presented
The foul black spots that stuck upon my soul,
And rather made me loathsomer, than wrought
My love's impression in Hippolito's thought. [15
No, I must turn the chaste leaves of my breast,
And pick out some sweet means to breed my rest.

Hippolito, believe me, I will be
As true unto thy heart, as thy heart to thee,
And hate all men, their gifts and company! [20

Enter MATHEO, CASTRUCHIO, FLUELLO, and PIORATTO.

Mat. You, goody punk, *subaudi*⁵ cockatrice,
oh y' are a sweet whore of your promise, are you not, think you? How well you came to
supper to us last night! Mew, a whore, and
break her word! Nay, you may blush, and hold
down your head at it well enough. 'Sfoot, [25
ask these gallants if we stay'd not till we were
as hungry as sergeants.

Flu. Ay, and their yeomen too.

Cas. Nay, faith, acquaintance, let me tell
you, you forgot yourself too much. We had [30
excellent cheer, rare vintage, and were drunk
after supper.

Pio. And when we were in, our woodcocks,⁶
sweet rogue, a brace of gulls, dwelling here in
the city, came in, and paid all the shot. [35

Mat. Pox on her! let her alone.

Bell. Oh, I pray do, if you be gentlemen;
I pray, depart the house. Beshrew the door
For being so easily entreated! Faith,
I lent but little ear unto your talk; [40
My mind was busied otherwise, in troth,
And so your words did unregarded pass.

Let this suffice, — I am not as I was.

Flu. I am not what I was? No, I'll be sworn
thou art not; for thou wert honest at five, [45
and now th' art a punk at fifteen. Thou wert
yesterday a simple whore, and now th' art a
cunning, cony-catching⁷ baggage to-day.

Bell. I'll say I'm worse; I pray, forsake me
then:

I do desire you leave me, gentlemen, [50
And leave yourselves. O be not what you are,
Spendthrifts of soul and body!

Let me persuade you to forsake all harlots,
Worse than the deadliest poisons, they are
worse:

For o'er their souls hangs an eternal curse. [55
In being slaves to slaves, their labours perish;
They're seldom blest with fruit; for ere it
blossoms,

Many a worm confounds it.

They have no issue but foul ugly ones, [60
That run along with them, e'en to their graves;

⁵ Understand.

⁶ Simpletons.

⁷ Cheating.

For, 'stead of children, they breed rank diseases,
And all you gallants can bestow on them
Is that French infant, which ne'er acts, but
speaks.

What shallow son and heir, then, foolish gal-
lants,

Would waste all his inheritance, to purchase
A filthy, loath'd disease? and pawn his body
To a dry evil: that usury's worst of all,
When th' interest will eat out the principal.

Mat. [Aside.] 'Sfoot, she gulls 'em the best!
This is always her fashion, when she would be
rid of any company that she cares not for, to
enjoy mine alone.

Flu. What's here? Instructions, admoni-
tions, and caveats? Come out, you scabbard
of vengeance.

Mat. Fluello, spurn your hounds when they
foist,¹ you shall not spurn my punk, I can tell
you: my blood is vext.

Flu. Pox a' your blood! make it a quarrel.⁷⁰

Mat. You're a slave! Will that serve turn?

All. 'Sblood, hold, hold!

Cas. Matheo, Fluello, for shame, put up!

Bell. O how many thus

Mov'd with a little folly, have let out

Their souls in brothel houses! fell down and
died.

Just at their harlot's foot, as 't were in pride.

Flu. Matheo, we shall meet.

Mat. Ay, ay; any where, saving at church;

Pray take heed we meet not there.

Flu. Adieu, damnation!

Cas. Cockatrice, farewell!⁹⁰

Pio. There's more deceit in women, than in
hell.

Exeunt [CASTRUCHIO, FLUELLO,

and FIORATTO].

Mat. Ha, ha, thou dost gull 'em so rarely, so
naturally! If I did not think thou hadst been
in earnest!

Thou art a sweet rogue for 't i' faith.

Bell. Why are not you gone too, Signor

Matheo?

I pray depart my house: you may believe me,

In troth, I have no part of harlot in me.

Mat. How's this?

Bell. Indeed, I love you not: but hate you
worse

Than any man, because you were the first

Gave money for my soul: you brake the ice,

Which after turn'd a puddle; I was led

By your temptation to be miserable.

I pray, seek out some other that will fall,

Or rather, I pray seek out none at all.

Mat. Is 't possible to be impossible! An honest

whore! I have heard many honest wenches

turn strumpets with a wet finger,² but for a har-

lot to turn honest is one of Hercules' labours.

[¹¹⁰ It was more easy for him in one night to make

fifty queans, than to make one of them honest

again in fifty years. Come, I hope thou dost

but jest.

Bell. 'T is time to leave off jesting; I had al-

most

Jested away salvation. I shall love you,
If you will soon forsake me.

Mat. God be with thee!

Bell. O tempt no more women! Shun their
weighty curse!

Women, at best, are bad, make them not worse.

You gladly seek our sex's overthrow;

But not to raise our states. For all your wrongs,

Will you vouchsafe me but due recompense,

To marry with me?

Mat. How! marry with a punk, a cockatrice,
a harlot? Marry, laugh, I'll be lurn'd through
the nose first.

Bell. Why, la, these are your oaths! you love

to undo us,

To put Heaven from us, whilst our best hours

waste;

You love to make us lewd, but never chaste.

Mat. I'll hear no more of this, this ground

upon;

Thou'rt damn'd for alt'ring thv religion. *Erit.*

Bell. Thy lust and sin speak so much. Go

thou, my ruin,

The first fall my soul took! By my example

I hope few maidens now will put their heads

Under men's girdles, who least trusts is most

wise.

Men's oaths do cast a mist before our eyes.

My best of wit, be ready! Now I go,

By some device to greet Hippolito.

[ACT IV]

SCENE [I].³

*Enter a Servant, setting out a table, on which he
places a skull, a picture [of INFELICE], a book,
and a taper.*

Ser. So, this is Monday morning, and now
must I to my huswifery. Would I had been
created a shoemaker, for all the gentle craft
are gentlemen every Monday by their copy,⁴
and scorn then to work one true stitch. My
master means sure to turn me into a student,
for here's my book, here my desk, here my
light, this my close chamber, and here my punk:
so that this dull drowsy first day of the week
makes me half a priest, half a chandler, half
a painter, half a sexton, ay, and half a bawd;
for all this day my office is to do nothing but
keep the door. To prove it, look you, this good
face and yonder gentleman, so soon as ever my
back is turn'd, will be naught together.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

Hip. Are all the windows shut?

Ser. Close, sir, as the fist of a courtier that
hath stood in three reigns.

Hip. Thou art a faithful servant, and ob-
servant

The calendar both of my solemn vows,

And ceremonious sorrow. Get thee gone;

³ A chamber in Hippolito's house.

⁴ Certificate of membership in the cr .

¹ Ink.

² Readily.

I ch ge thee on thy life, let not the sound
Of any woman's voice pierce through that door.

Ser. If they do, my lord, I'll pierce some of
them,

What will your lordship have to breakfast? ²⁵

Hip. Sighs.

Ser. What to dinner?

Hip. Tears.

Ser. The one of them, my lord, will fill you
too full of wind, the other wet you too much. ³⁰
What to supper?

Hip. That which now thou canst not get me,
the constancy of a woman.

Ser. Indeed that's harder to come by than
ever was Ostend. ³⁵

Hip. Prithee, away.

Ser. I'll make away myself presently, which
few servants will do for their lords; but rather
help to make them away. Now to my door-
keeping; I hope to pick something out of it. ⁴⁰

Exit.

Hip. [*taking up INFELICE's picture.*] My In-
felice's face, her brow, her eye,
The dimple on her cheek! and such sweet skill,
Hath from the cunning workman's pencil flown,
These lips look fresh and lively as her own, ⁴⁴
Seeming to move and speak. 'Las! now I see,
The reason why fond ² women love to buy
Adulterate complexion! Here, 't is read:
False colours last after the true be dead.
Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes, ⁵⁰
Of all the music set upon her tongue,
Of all that was past woman's excellence,
In her white bosom,—look! a painted board
Circumscribes all. Earth can no bliss afford,
Nothing of her but this. This cannot speak, ⁵⁵
It has no lap for me to rest upon,
No lip worth tasting; here the worms will feed,
As in her coffin. Hence, then, idle art!
True love 's best pictur'd in a true-love's heart.
Here art thou drawn, sweet maid, till this be
dead; ⁶⁰

So that thou liv'st twice, twice art buried.
Thou figure of my friend, lie there. What's
here? [*Takes up the skull.*]

Perhaps this shrewd pate was mine enemy's:
'Las! say it were; I need not fear him now!
For all his braves, his contumelious breath, ⁶⁵
His frowns, though dagger-pointed, all his plot,
Though ne'er so mischievous, his Italian pills,
His quarrels, and that common fence, his law,
See, see, they're all eaten out! Here 's not left
one:

How clean they're pickt away to the bare
bone!

How mad are mortals, then, to rear great
names

On tops of swelling houses! or to wear out
Their fingers' ends in dirt, to scrape up gold!
Not caring, so that sumpter-horse, the back,
Be hung with gaudy trappings, with what
coarse— ⁷⁵

¹ Ostend held out for three years and ten weeks, and
was eventually captured by the Marquis of Spinola on
Sept. 8, 1604.

² Foolish.

Yea, rags most beggarly, they clothe the soul;
Yet, after all, their gayness looks thus foul.

What fools are men to build a garish tomb,
Only to save the carcase whilst it rots,
To maintain 't long in stinking, make good car-
rion, ⁸⁰

But leave no good deeds to preserve them
sound!

For good deeds keep men sweet, long above
ground.

And must all come to this? fools, wise, all
hither?

Must all heads thus at last be laid ² together?

Draw me my picture then, thou grave neat
workman, ⁸⁵

After this fashion, not like this; these colours

In time, kissing but air, will be kist off.

But here 's a fellow, that which he lays on

Till doomsday alters not complexion.

Death 's the best painter then: they that draw
shapes, ⁹⁰

And live by wicked faces, are but God's apes.
They come but near the life, and there they
stay;

This fellow draws life too his art is fuller,

The pictures which he makes are without
colour. ⁹⁴

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. Here 's a person would speak with you,
sir.

Hip. Hah!

Ser. A person, sir, would speak with you.

Hip. Vicar?

Ser. Vicar! No, sir; has too good a face to
be a vicar yet; a youth, a very youth.

Hip. What youth? Of man or woman?

Lock the doors.

Ser. If it be a woman, marrow-bones ⁴ and
potato pies ⁴ keep me from meddling with her,
for the thing has got the breeches! 'T is a ¹⁰⁵
male-varlet sure, my lord, for a woman's tailor
ne'er measur'd him.

Hip. Let him give thee his message and be
gone.

Ser. He says he 's Signor Matheo 's man, but
I know he lies. ¹¹⁰

Hip. How dost thou know it?

Ser. 'Cause he has ne'er a beard. 'T is his
boy, I think, sir, whose'er paid for his nursing.

Hip. Send him and keep the door.

[Exit Servant.]

(Reads.) "*Fata si liceat mihi,
Fingere arbitrio meo,
Temperem zephyro levi
Vela.*" ¹¹⁵

I 'd sail were I to choose, not in the ocean;
Cedars are shaken, when shrubs do feel no
bruise. ¹²⁰

Enter BELLAFRONT, like a Page, [with a letter].

How? from Matheo?

Bell.

Yes, my lord.

Hip.

Art sick?

² Q 1635, brought.

³ Used as provocatives.

⁴ neca, *Oedipus*, 2.

Bell. Not all in health, my lord.

Hip. Keep off.

Bell. I do —
[*Aside.*] Hard fate when women are compell'd
to woo.

Hip. This paper does speak nothing.

Bell. Yes, my lord,
Matter of life, it speaks, and therefore writ 125
In hidden character: to me instruction
My master gives, and, 'less you please to stay
Till you both meet, I can the text display.

Hip. Do so; read out.

Bell. I am already out.¹ 129
Look on my face, and read the strangest story!

Hip. What, villain, ho? —

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. Call you, my lord?

Hip. Thou slave, thou hast let in the devil!

Ser. Lord bless us, where? He's not cloven,
my lord, that I can see. besides the devil goes 135
more like a gentleman than a page. Good my
lord, *Buon coraggio*.²

Hip. Thou hast let in a woman in man's shape.
And thou art damn'd for 't. 139

Ser. Not damn'd I hope for putting in a
woman to a lord,

Hip. Fetch me my rapier, — do not; I shall
kill thee.

Purge this infected chamber of that plague,
That runs upon me thus. Slave, thrust her
hence. 144

Ser. Alas, my lord, I shall never be able to
thrust her hence without help! Come, mer-
maid, you must to sea again.

Bell. Hear me but speak, my words shall be
all music;

Hear me but speak. [*Knocking within.*]

Hip. Another beats the door,
T'other she-devil! look.

Ser. Why, then, hell's broke loose. 150

Hip. Hence; guard the chamber: let no
more come on, *Exit* [Servant].

One woman serves for man's damnation —
Beshrew thee, thou dost make me violate
The chastest and most sanctimonious vow,
That e'er was ent'red in the court of Heaven!
I was, on meditation's spotless wings, 155
Upon my journey thither; like a storm
Thou beat'st my ripened cogitations,
Flat to the ground; and like a thief dost stand,
To steal devotion from the holy land. 160

Bell. If woman were thy mother — if thy
heart,

Be not all marble, or if 't marble be,
Let my tears soften it, to pity me —
I do beseech thee, do not thus with scorn
Destroy a woman!

Hip. Woman, I beseech thee, 165
Get thee some other suit, this fits thee not;
I would not grant it to a kneeling queen,
I cannot love thee, nor I must not: see

[*Points to INFELICE's picture.*]

The copy of that obligation,
Where my soul's bound in heavy penalties. 170

Bell. She's dead, you told me; she'll let fall
her suit.

Hip. My vows to her fled after her to
Heaven.

Were thine eyes clear as mine, thou might'st
behold her,

Watching upon yon battlements of stars, —
How I observe them! Should I break my bond,
This board would rive in twain, these wooden
lips 175

Call me most perjur'd villain. Let it suffice,
I ha' set thee in the path, is't not a sign
I love thee, when with one so most most dear,
I'll have thee fellows? All are fellows there. 180

Bell. Be greater than a king; save not a body,
But from eternal shipwreck keep a soul.

If not, and that again sin's path I tread,
The grief be mine, the guilt fall on thy head!

Hip. Stay, and take physic for it, read this
book, 185

Ask counsel of this head, what's to be done:
He'll strike it dead, that 't is damnation

If you turn Turk again. Oh, do it not!
Though Heaven cannot allure you to do well,

From doing ill let hell fright you; and learn
this, 190

The soul whose bosom lust did never touch,
Is God's fair bride, and maidens' souls are
such:

The soul that leaving chastity's white shore,
Swims in hot sensual streams, is the devil's
whore. —

Re-enter Servant [with letter].

How now, who comes? 195

Ser. No more knaves, my lord, that wear
smocks: here's a letter from Doctor Benedict.
I would not enter his man, though he had hairs
at his mouth, for fear he should be a woman,
for some women have beards; marry, they 200
are half-witches. 'Slid! you are a sweet youth
to wear a cod-piece, and have no pins to stick
upon 't.

Hip. I'll meet the doctor, tell him; yet to-
night

I cannot: but at morrow rising sun 205
I will not fail. — Go, woman; fare thee well.

Exeunt [HIPOLITO and Servant].

Bell. The lowest fall can be but into hell;
It does not move him: I must therefore fly

From this undoing city, and with tears
Wash off all anger from my father's brow: 210
He cannot sure but joy, seeing me new born.

A woman honest first, and then turn whore,
Is, as with me, common to thousands more; 215
But from a strumpet to turn chaste, that sound
Has oft been heard, that woman hardly found.

Exit.

SCENE [II].³

Enter FUSTIGO, CRAMBO, and POLI.

Fus. Hold up your hands, gentlemen, here's
one, two, three [*giving money*] — nay, I warrant
they are sound pistoles, and without flaws; I
had th of my sister and I know she es to

¹ ve nothing to y. ² Ital. Good courage.

³ A street.

put [up] nothing that's crackt — four, five, [5 six, seven, eight, and nine; by this hand bring me but a piece of his blood, and you shall have nine more. I'll lurk in a tavern not far off, and provide supper to close up the end of the tragedy. The linen-draper's, remember. Stand [10 to't, I beseech you, and play your parts perfectly.

Cram. Look you, signor, 't is not your gold that we weigh —

Fus. Nay, nay, weigh it and spare not; if [15 it lack one grain of corn, I'll give you a bushel of wheat to make it up.

Cram. But by your favour, signor, which of the servants is it? because we'll punish justly.

Fus. Marry, 't is the head man; you shall [20 taste him by his tongue; a pretty, tall, prating fellow, with a Tuscalonian beard.

Poli. Tuscalonian? Very good.

Fus. God's life, I was ne'er so thrummed since I was a gentleman. My coxcomb was [25 dry beaten, as if my hair had been hem.

Cram. We'll dry-beat some of them.

Fus. Nay, it grew so high, that my sister cried out murder, very manfully. I have her consent, in a manner, to have him pepper'd; [30 else I'll not do 't, to win more than ten cheaters do at a riffing.¹ Break but his pate, or so, only his mazer,² because I'll have his head in a cloth as well as mine; he's a linen-draper, and may take enough. I could enter mine action [35 of battery against him, but we may perhaps be both dead and rotten before the lawyers would end it.

Cram. No more to do, but ensconce yourself i' th' tavern; provide no great cheer, a [40 couple of capons, some pheasants, ployers, an orangeado³ - pie, or so: but how bloody howsoever the day be, sally you not forth.

Fus. No, no; nay, if I stir, somebody shall stink. I'll not budge; I'll lie like a dog in [45 a manger.

Cram. Well, well, to the tavern, let not our supper be raw, for you shall have blood enough, your bellyful.

Fus. That's all, so God sa' me, I thirst [50 after; blood for blood, bump for bump, nose for nose, head for head, plaster for plaster; and so farewell. What shall I call your names? because I'll leave word, if any such come to the bar. [55

Cram. My name is Corporal Crambo.

Poli. And mine, Lieutenant Poli. *Exit.*

Cram. Poli is as tall a man as ever opened oyster; I would not be the devil to meet Poli. Farewell. [60

Fus. Nor I, by this light, if Poli be such a Poli. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE III.]

Enter Candido's wife [VIOLE] in her shop, and the two Prentices.

Vio. What's a'clock now?

2 Pren. 'T is almost twelve.

¹ A game with dice ² Mazzard, the head.
³ Candied o ⁴ ge-peel.

Vio. That's well,
The Senate will leave wording presently:
But is George ready?

2 Pren. Yes, forsooth, he's furbisht.

Vio. Now, as you ever hope to win my favour,
Throw both your duties and respects on him;
With the like awe as if he were your master;
Let not your looks betray it with a smile
Or jeering glance to any customer;
Keep a true settled countenance, and beware
You laugh not, whatsoever you hear or see. [10

2 Pren. I warrant you, mistress, let us alone
for keeping our countenance: for, if I list,
there's ne'er a fool in all Milan shall make me
laugh, let him play the fool never so like an ass,
whether it be the fat court-fool, or the lean [15 city-fool.

Vio. Enough then, call down George.

2 Pren. I hear him coming.

Enter GEORGE [in CANDIDO's apparel].

Vio. Be ready with your legs⁴ then; let me
see

How courtesy would become him. — Gallantly!
Beshrew my blood, a proper seemly man. [20
Of a choice carriage, walks with a good port!

Geo. I thank you, mistress, my back's broad
enough, now my master's gown's on.

Vio. Sure, I should think it were the least of
sin,

To mistake the master, and to let him in. [25

Geo. 'T were a good Comedy of Errors that,
i' faith.

2 Pren. Whist, whist! my master.

*Enter CANDIDO, [dressed as before in the carpet
he stares at GEORGE,] and exit presently.*

Vio. You all know your tasks. — God's my life,
what's that he has got on's back? Who can tell?

Geo. [Aside.] That can I, but I will not. [30

Vio. Girt about him like a madman! What,
has he lost his cloak too? This is the maddest
fashion that e'er I saw. What said he, George,
when he passed by thee? [34

Geo. Troth, mistress, nothing: not so much
as a bee, he did not hum; not so much as a
bawd, he did not hem; not so much as a cuck-
old, he did not ha; neither hum, hem, nor ha;
only stared me in the face, passed along, and
made haste in, as if my looks had worked [40
with him, to give him a stool.

Vio. Sure he's vext now, this trick has mov'd
his spleen,

He's anger'd now, because he utt'red nothing;
And wordless wrath breaks out more violent.
May be he'll strive for place, when he comes
down. [45

But if thou lov'st me, George, afford him none.

Geo. Nay, let me alone to play my master's
prize,⁵ as long as my mistress warrants me. I'm
sure I have his best clothes on, and I scorn to
give place to any that is inferior in apparel [50
to me; that's an axiom, a principle, and is ob-

⁴ Bows.

⁵ A quibble. There were three degrees in fencing, the
master's, the provost's, and the scholar's, for each of
which a "prize was played."

serv'd as much as the fashion. Let that persuade you then, that I'll shoulder with him for the upper hand in the shop, as long as this chain will maintain it. ⁵⁵

Vio. Spoke with the spirit of a master, though with the tongue of a prentice.

Re-enter CANDIDO like a Prentice.

Why how now, madman? What in your tricksy-coats?

Cand. O peace, good mistress.

Enter CRAMBO and POLL.

See, what you lack? What is't you buy? ⁶⁰ Pure calicoes, fine hollandes, choice cambrics, neat lawns? See, what you buy? Pray come near, my master will use you well, he can afford you a penny-worth.

Vio. Ay, that he can, out of a whole piece of lawn, i' faith. ⁶⁵

Cand. Pray see your choice here, gentlemen.

Vio. O fine fool! what, a madman! a patient madman! Who ever heard of the like? Well, sir, I'll fit you and your humour presently. ⁷⁰ What, cross-points? I'll untie 'em all in a trice

I'll vex you i' faith: boy take your cloak, quick, come. *Exit [with 1 Prentice].*

Cand. Be covered, George, this chain and welted¹ gown are to this coat? Then the world's upside down.

Geo. Umh, umh, hum. ⁷⁵

Cram. That's the shop, and there's the fellow.

Poli. Ay, but the master is walking in there.

Cram. No matter, we'll in.

Poli. 'Shlood, dost long to lie in limbo?

Cram. An limbo be in hell, I care not. ⁸⁰

Cand. Look you, gentlemen, your choice: cambrics?

Cram. No, sir, some shirting.

Cand. You shall.

Cram. Have you none of this strip'd canvas for doublets? ⁸⁵

Cand. None strip'd, sir, but plain.

2 Pren. I think there be one piece strip'd within.

Geo. Step, sirrah, and fetch it, hum, hum, hum.

[Exit 2 Pren., and returns with the piece.]

Cand. Look you, gentleman, I'll make but one spreading, here's a piece of cloth, fine, ⁹⁰ yet shall wear like iron. 'Tis without fault; take this upon my word, 'tis without fault.

Cram. Then 'tis better than you, sirrah.

Cand. Ay, and a number more. Oh, that each soul

Were but as spotless as this innocent white, ⁹⁵ And had as few breaks in it!

Cram. 'T would have some then:

There was a fray here last day in this shop.

Cand. There was, indeed, a little flea-biting.

Poli. A gentleman had his pate broke; call you that but a flea-biting? ¹⁰⁰

Cand. He had so.

Cram. Zounds, do you stand to it?

Geo. 'Sfoot, clubs, clubs! Prentices, down with 'em! *He strikes him.*

[Enter several Prentices with clubs, who disarm CRAMBO and POLI.]

Ah, you rogues, strike a citizen in 's shop?

Cand. None of you stir, I pray; forbear, good George. ¹⁰⁵

Cram. I beseech you, sir, we mistook our marks; deliver us our weapons.

Geo. Your head bleeds, sir, cry clubs!

Cand. I say you shall not; pray be patient, Give them their weapons. Sirs, y' are best be gone; ¹¹⁰

I tell you here are boys more tough than bears. Hence, lest more fists do walk about your ears.

Cram., Poli. We thank you, sir. *Exeunt.*

Cand. You shall not follow them;

Let them alone, pray; this did me no harm.

Troth, I was cold, and the blow made me warm, I thank 'em for 't: besides, I had decreed ¹¹⁵

To have a vein prick'd, I did mean to bleed: So that there's money sav'd. They're honest men,

Pray use 'em well when they appear again. ¹²⁰

Geo. Yes, sir, we'll use 'em like honest men.

Cand. Ay, well said, George, like honest men, though they be arrant knaves, for that's the phrase of the city. Help to lay up these wares.

Re-enter his Wife with Officers.

Vio. Yonder he stands.

1 Off. What in a prentice-coat?

Vio. Ay, ay; mad, mad, pray take heed. ¹²⁵

Cand. How now! what news with them?

What make they with my wife?

Officers. Is she attach'd? — Look to your wares.

Vio. He talks to himself: oh, he's much gone indeed.

1 Off. Pray, pluck up a good heart, be not so fearful. ¹³⁰

Sirs, hark, we'll gather to him by degrees.

Vio. Ay, ay, by degrees I pray. Oh me! What makes he with the lawn in his hand?

He'll tear all the ware in my shop. ¹³⁵

1 Off. Fear not, we'll catch him on a sudden.

Vio. Oh! you had need do so; pray take heed of your warrant.

1 Off. I warrant, mistress. Now, Signor Candido.

Cand. Now, sir, what news with you, sir?

Vio. What news with you? he says: oh, he's far gone! ¹⁴⁰

1 Off. I pray, fear nothing; let's alone with him.

Signor, you look not like yourself, methinks, — Steal you a' t' other side; — you're chang'd, you're alt'red.

Cand. Chang'd, sir, why true, sir. Is change strange? 'Tis not

¹ With ornamental border.

² Decided.

The fashion unless it alter ! Monarchs turn 145
To beggars, beggars creep into the nests
Of princes, masters serve their prentices,
Ladies their serving-men, men turn to women.

1 *Off.* And women turn to men.

Cand. Ay, and women turn to men, you say
true. Ha, ha, a mad world, a mad world. 151

[Officers seize CANDIDO.]

1 *Off.* Have we caught you, sir ?

Cand. Caught me ? Well, well, you have
caught me.

Vio. He laughs in your faces.

Geo. A rescue, prentices ! my master's catch-
poll'd. 155

1 *Off.* I charge you, keep the peace, or have
your legs

Gartered with irons ! We have from the duke
A warrant strong enough for what we do.

Cand. I pray, rest quiet, I desire no rescue.

Vio. La, he desires no rescue, 'las poor
heart, 160
He talks against himself.

Cand. Well, what's the matter ?

1 *Off.* Look to that arm. Pray, make sure
work, double the cord. [Officers bind CANDIDO.]

Cand. Why, why ?

Vio. Look how his head goes. Should he get
but loose, 165

Oh 't were as much as all our lives were worth !

1 *Off.* Fear not, we'll make all sure for our
own safety.

Cand. Are you at leisure now ? Well, what's
the matter ?

Why do I enter into bonds thus, ha ?

1 *Off.* Because y'are mad, put fear upon your
wife. 170

Vio. Oh ay, I went in danger of my life every
minute.

Cand. What, am I mad, say you, and I not
know it ?

1 *Off.* That proves you mad, because you
know it not.

Vio. Pray talk to him as little as you can, 175
You see he's too far spent.

Cand. Bound, with strong cord !
A sister's thread, i' faith, had been enough,

To lead me anywhere. — Wife, do you long ?

You are mad too, or else you do me wrong.

Geo. But are you mad indeed, master ?

Cand. My wife says so, 180
And what she says, George, is all truth, you
know. —

And whither now, to Bethlem Monastery ?

Ha ! whither ?

1 *Off.* Faith, e'en to the madmen's pound.

Cand. A' God's name ! still I feel my patience
sound. *Exeunt* [Officers with CANDIDO].

Geo. Come, we'll see whither he goes. If 185
the master be mad, we are his servants, and must
follow his steps ; we'll be mad-caps too. Fare-
well, mistress, you shall have us all in Bedlam.

Exeunt [GEORGE and Prentices].

Vio. I think I ha' fitted you now, you and
your clothes.

If this move not his patience, nothing can ; 190
I'll swe then I've a t, d not a man.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE [IV].¹

Enter DUKE, Doctor [BENEDICT], FLUELLO,
CASTRUCHIO, and FIORATTO.

Duke. Give us a little leave.

[*Exeunt* FLUELLO, CASTRUCHIO,
and FIORATTO.]

Doctor, your news.

Doct. I sent for him, my lord ; at last he
came,

And did receive all speech that went from me,

As gilded pills made to prolong his health. 1

My credit with him wrought it ; for some men

Swallow even empty hooks, like fools that fear

No drowning where 'tis deepest, 'cause 'tis clear.

In th' end we sat and eat : a health I drank

To Infelice's sweet departed soul.

This train ² I knew would take.

Duke. 'T was excellent. 10

Doct. He fell with such devotion on his knees,

To pledge the same —

Duke. Fond, superstitious fool !

Doct. That had he been inflam'd with zeal of
prayer,

He could not pour 't out with more reverence.

About my neck he hung, wept on my cheek. 15

Kist it, and swore he would adore my lips,

Because they brought forth Infelice's name.

Duke. Ha, ha ! alack, alack.

Doct. The cup he lifts up high, and thus he
said ;

" Here, noble maid ! " — drinks, and was poi-
soned. 20

Duke. And died ?

Doct. And died, my lord.

Duke. Thou in that word

Hast piec'd mine aged hours out with more years
Than thou hast taken from Hippolito.

A noble youth he was, but lesser branches 25

Hind'ring the greater's growth, must be lopt off.

And feed the fire. Doctor, we're now all thine,
And use us so : be bold.

Doct. Thanks, gracious lord —

My honoured lord : —

Duke. Hum.

Doct. I do beseech your grace to bury deep.

This bloody act of mine.

Duke. Nay, nay, for that, 30

Doctor, look you to 't, me it shall not move ;

They're eurst that ill do, not that ill do love.

Doct. You throw an angry forehead on my
face :

But be you pleas'd backward thus far to look,
That for your good, this evil I undertook — 35

Duke. Ay, ay, we conster³ so.

Doct. And only for your love.

Duke. Confest : 'tis true.

Doct. Nor let it stand against me as a bar

To thrust me from your presence ; nor believe

As princes have quick thoughts, that now my
finger 40

Being dipt in blood, I will not spare the hand,

But that for gold, — as what can gold not do ? —

I may be hir'd to work the like on you.

¹ Grounds near the Duke's Palace.

² Device.

³ Construe.

Duke. Which to prevent —

Doct. 'T is from my heart as far.

Duke. No matter, doctor ; 'cause I'll fearless sleep,

And that you shall stand clear of that suspicion, I banish thee for ever from my court.

This principle is old, but true as fate,
Kings may love treason, but the traitor hate.

Exit.

Doct. Is 't so? Nay then, duke, your stale principle,

With one as stale, the doctor thus shall quit.
He falls himself that digs another's pit.

Enter the Doctor's Man.

How now! where is he? will he not meet me?
Man. Meet you, sir? He might have met with three fencers in this time, and have received less hurt than by meeting one doctor of physick. Why, sir, he has walkt under the old abbey-wall yonder this hour, till he's more cold than a citizen's country house in Janvere. You may smell him behind, sir : la, you, yonder he comes.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

Doct. Leave me.

Man. I 'th' lurch, if you will.

Doct. O my most noble friend!

Hip. Few but yourself,
Could have entic'd me thus, to trust the air
With my close sighs. You sent for me; what news?

Doct. Come, you must doff this black, dye that pale cheek

Into his own colour, go, attire yourself
Fresh as a bridegroom when he meets his bride.
The duke has done much treason to thy love;
'T is now reveal'd, 't is now to be reveng'd.
Be merry, honour'd friend, thy lady lives.

Hip. What lady?

Doct. Infelice, she's reviv'd.
Reviv'd? Alack! death never had the heart,
To take breath from her.

Hip. Umh : I thank you, sir,
Physick prolongs life, when it cannot save;
This helps not my hopes, mine are in their grave,

You do some wrong to mock me.

Doct. By that love
Which I have ever borne you, what I speak
Is truth : the maiden lives ; that funeral,
Duke's tears, the mourning, was all counterfeit.
A sleepy draught coz'ned the world and you :
I was his minister, and then chamb'red up,
To stop discovery.

Hip. O treacherous duke!

Doct. He cannot hope so certainly for bliss,
As he believes that I have poison'd you.
He woo'd me to 't; I yielded, and confirm'd him

In his most bloody thoughts.

Hip. A very devil!

Doct. Her did he closely coach to Bergamo,
And thither —

Hip. Will I ride. Stood Bergamo

In the low countries of black hell, I'll to her.

Doct. You shall to her, but not to Bergamo.

How passion makes you fly beyond yourself!

Much of that weary journey I ha' cut off;

For she by letters hath intelligence

Of your supposed death, her own interment,

And all those plots which that false duke, her father,

Has wrought against you; and she'll meet you —

Hip. Oh, when?

Doct. Nay, see; how covetous are your desires.
Early to-morrow morn

Hip. Oh where, good father?

Doct. At Bethlem Monastery. are you pleas'd now?

Hip. At Bethlem Monastery! The place well fits;

It is the school where those that lose their wits
Practise again to get them. I am sick

Of that disease; all love is lunatic.

Doct. We'll steal away this night in some disguise.

Father Anselmo, a most reverend friar,
Expects our coming, before whom we'll lay
Reasons so strong, that he shall yield in bands
Of holy wedlock to tie both your hands.

Hip. This is such happiness.

That to believe it, 't is impossible,

Doct. Let all your joys then die in misbelief;
I will reveal no more.

Hip. O yes, good father,

I am so well acquainted with despair,
I know not how to hope : I believe all.

Doct. We'll hence this night. Much must be done, much said;

But if the doctor fail not in his charms,

Your lady shall ere morning fill these arms.

Hip. Heavenly physician! for thy fame shall spread,

That mak'st two lovers speak when they be dead.

Exeunt.

[ACT V]

[SCENE I.]¹

Enter Candido's wife [VIOLA with a petition] and GEORGE. PIORATTO meets them.

Vio. Oh watch, good George, watch which way the duke comes.

Geo. Here comes one of the butterflies; ask him.

Vio. Pray, sir, comes the duke this way?

Pio. He's upon coming, mistress.

Vio. I thank you, sir. [*Exit PIORATTO.*]
George, are there many mad folks where thy master lies?

Geo. Oh yes, of all countries some; but especially mad Greeks, they swarm. Troth, [¹⁰ mistress, the world is altered with you; you had not wont to stand thus with a paper humbly complaining: but you're well enough serv'd; provender prick't² you, as it does many of our city wives besides.

Vio. Dost think, George, we shall get him forth?

¹ A hall in the Duke's Palace.

² High-feeding prompted.

Geo. Truly, mistress, I cannot tell; I think you'll hardly get him forth. Why, 't is strange! 'Sfoot, I have known many women that ¹⁵⁰ have had mad rascals to their husbands, whom they would belabour by all means possible to keep 'em in their right wits; but of a woman to long to turn a tame man into a madman, why the devil himself was never us'd so by his dam. ²⁵

Vio. How does he talk, George? Ha! good George, tell me.

Geo. Why, you're best go see.

Vio. Alas, I am afraid!

Geo. Afraid! you had more need be ³⁰ asham'd He may rather be afraid of you.

Vio. But, George, he's not stark mad, is he? He does not rave, he is not horn-mad, George, is he?

Geo. Nay I know not that, but he talks ³⁵ like a justice of peace, of a thousand matters, d to no purpose.

Vio. I'll to the monastery. I shall be mad till I enjoy him, I shall be sick until I see him; yet when I do see him I shall weep out mine eyes. ⁴⁰

Geo. I'd fain see a woman weep out her eyes! That's as true as to say, a man's cloak burns, when it hangs in the water. I know you'll weep, mistress, but what says the painted cloth? ¹

Trust not a woman when she cries, ⁴⁵
For she'll pump water from her eyes
With a wet finger,² and in faster showers
Than April when he rains down flowers

Vio. Ay, but George, that painted cloth is worthy to be hanged up for lying. All women ⁵⁰ have not tears at will, unless they have good cause.

Geo. Ay, but mistress, how easily will they find a cause, and as one of our cheese-trenchers ⁵⁵ says very learnedly,

As out of wormwood bees suck honey,
As from poor clients lawyers firik money,
As parsley from a roasted cony,
So, though the day be ne'er so sunny,
If wives will have it rain, down then it drives, ⁶⁰
The calmest husbands make the stormiest wives.

Vio. Tame, George. But I ha' done storming now.

Geo. Why that's well done. Good mistress, throw aside this fashion of your humour, be ⁶⁵ not so fantastical in wearing it; storm no more, long no more. This longing has made you come short of many a good thing that you might have had from my master. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE, FLUELLO, PIORATTO, and SINEZI.

Vio. O, I beseech you, pardon my offence, ⁷⁰ In that I durst abuse your grace's warrant; Deliver forth my husband, good my lord.

Duke. Who is her husband?

Flu. Candido, my lord.

Duke. Where is he?

Vio. He's among the lunatics;

¹ A cheap substitute for tapestry, frequently adorned with mottoes and verses.

² Readily.

³ Cheese-trencher used to be inscribed with proverbial phrases.

He was a man made up without a gall; ⁷⁵
Nothing could move him, nothing could convert
His meek blood into fury; yet like a monster,
I often beat at the most constant rock
Of his unshaken patience, and did long
To vex him.

Duke. Did you so?

Vio. And for that purpose ⁸⁰ Had warrant from your grace, to carry him
To Bethlem Monastery, whence they will not
free him

Without your grace's hand that sent him in.

Duke. You have long'd fair; 'tis you are mad, I fear;

It's fit to fetch him thence, and keep you there. ⁸⁵

If he be mad, why would you have him forth?
Geo. An please your grace, he's not stark mad, but only talks like a young gentleman, somewhat fantastically, that's all. There's a thousand about your court, city, and coun- ⁹⁰ try madder than he.

Duke. Provide a warrant, you shall have our hand.

Geo. Here's a warrant ready drawn, my lord.

Duke. Get pen and ink, get pen and ink. ^[Exit GEORGE.]

Enter CASTRUCHIO.

Cas. Where is my lord the duke?

Duke. How now; more madmen? ⁹⁵

Cas. I have strange news, my lord.

Duke. Of what? Of whom?

Cas. Of Infelice, and a marriage.

Duke. Ha! where? with whom?

Cas. Hippolito.

Re-enter GEORGE, with pen and ink.

Geo. Here, my lord.

Duke. Hence, with that woman! Void the room! ¹⁰⁰

Flu. Away! the duke's vext.

Geo. Whoop, come, mistress, the duke's mad too.

Exeunt [VIOLA and GEORGE].

Duke. Who told me that Hippolito was dead?

Cas. He that can make any man dead, the doctor; but, my lord, he's as full of life as wild- ¹⁰⁵ fire, and as quick. Hippolito, the doctor, and one more rid hence this evening; the inn at which they light is Bethlem Monastery; Infelice comes from Bergamo and meets them there. Hippolito is mad, for he means this day to ¹¹⁰ be married; the afternoon is the hour, and Friar Anselmo is the knitter.

Duke. From Bergamo? Is't possible? it can not be.

It cannot be.

Cas. I will not swear, my lord;

But this intelligence I took from one ¹¹⁵ Whose brains work in the plot.

Duke. What's he?

Cas. Mattheo.

Flu. Mattheo knows all.

Pior. He's Hippolito's bosom.

Duke. How far stands Bethlem hence? ¹²⁰

All. Six or seven miles.

Duke. Is 't so ? Not married till the afternoon :
Stay, stay, let 's work out some prevention.

How !

This is most strange ; can none but mad men
serve

To dress their wedding dinner ? All of you
Get presently to horse, disguise yourselves
Like country-gentlemen,
Or riding citizens, or so. and take
Each man a several path, but let us meet
At Bethlem Monastery, some space of time
Being spent between the arrival each of other,
As if we came to see the lunatics.

To horse, away ! Be secret on your lives. 130
Love must be punisht that unjustly thrives.

Exeunt [all but FLUELLO].

Flu. Be secret on your lives ! Castruchio,
You're but a scurvy spaniel. Honest lord,
Good lady ! Zounds, their love is just, 't is
good, 134

And I'll prevent you, though I swim in blood.
Exit.

[SCENE II.]¹

*Enter Friar ANSELMO, HIPPOLITO, MATHEO,
and INFELICE.*

Hip. Nay, nay, resolve,² good father, or
deny.

Ans. You press me to an act both full of
danger

And full of happiness ; for I behold
Your father's frowns, his threats, nay, perhaps
death

To him that dare do this : yet, noble lord, 5
Such comfortable beams break through these
clouds

By this blest marriage, that your honour'd word
Being pawn'd in my defence, I will tie fast
The holy wedding-knot.

Hip. Tush, fear not the duke.

Ans. O son ! wisely to fear, is to be free from
fear. 10

Hip. You have our words, and you shall have
our lives,

To guard you safe from all ensuing danger.

Mat. Ay, ay, chop 'em up, and away.

Ans. Stay, when is 't fit for me, and safest for
you,

To entertain this business ?

Hip. Not till the evening. 15

Ans. Be 't so, there is a chapel stands hard
by,

Upon the west end of the abbey wall ;
Thither convey yourselves, and when the sun
Hath turn'd his back upon this upper world,
I'll marry you ; that done, no thund'ring voice
Can break the sacred bond : yet, lady, here 21
You are most safe.

Inf. Father, your love 's most dear.

Mat. Ay, well said ; lock us into some little
room by ourselves, that we may be mad for an
hour or two. 25

Hip. O, good Matheo, no, let 's make no
noise.

Mat. How ! no noise ! Do you know where
you are ? 'Sfoot, amongst all the madcaps
in Milan ; so that to throw the house out at
window will be the better, and no man will
suspect that we lurk here to steal mutton.³
The more sober we are, the more scurvy 't is. And
though the friar tell us that here we are safest,
I am not of his mind, for if those lay here that
had lost their money, none would ever look
after them ; but here are none but those that
have lost their wits, so that if hue and cry be
made, hither they'll come ; and my reason is,
because none goes to be married till he be stark
mad. 40

Hip. Muffle yourselves, yonder 's Fluello.

Enter FLUELLO.

Mat.

Zounds !

Flu. O my lord, these cloaks are not for this
rain ! The tempest is too great. I come sweat-
ing to tell you of it, that you may get out of it.

Mat. Why, what 's the matter ? 45

Flu. What 's the matter ? You have matter'd
it fair ; the duke 's at hand.

All. The duke ?

Flu.

The very duke.

Hip. Then all our plots
Are turn'd upon our heads and we're blown up
With our own underminings 'Sfoot, how comes
he ? 50

What villain durst betray our being here ?

Flu. Castruchio told the duke, and Matheo
here told Castruchio.

Hip. Would you betray me to Castruchio ?

Mat. 'Sfoot, he damn'd himself to the pit [55
of hell, if he spake on 't again.

Hip. So did you swear to me : so were you
damn'd.

Mat. Pox on 'em, and there be no faith in
men, if a man shall not believe oaths. He took
bread and salt, by this light, that he would [60
never open his lips.

Hip. O God, O God !

Ans. Son, be not desperate,
Have patience, you shall trip your enemy
Down by his own slights.⁵ How far is the duke
hence ?

Flu. He 's but new set out ; Castruchio, [65
Pioratto, and Sinezi come along with him. You
have time enough yet to prevent⁶ them, if you
have but courage.

Ans. Ye shall steal secretly into the chapel,
And presently be married. If the duke
Abide here still, spite of ten thousand eyes,
You shall scape hence like friars.

Hip. O blest disguise ! O happy man !

Ans. Talk not of Happiness till your clos'd
hand

Have her by th' forehead, like the lock of
Time. 75

Be nor too slow, nor hasty, now you climb

Up to the tower of bliss ; only be wary

And patient, that 's all. If you like my plot,
Build and despatch ; if not, farewell, then not.

¹ An apartment in Bethlem Monastery.

² Consent.

³ I. e. to steal a wench.

⁴ Suspicious.

⁵ Artifices.

⁶ Anticipate.

Hip. O yes, we do applaud it! we'll dispute
No longer, but will hence and execute.
*Flu.*ello, you'll stay here: let us be gone.
The ground that frightened lovers tread upon
Is stuck with thorns.

Ans. Come, then, away, 'tis meet,
To escape those thorns, to put on winged feet. [15
Exeunt [ANSELMO, HIPOLITO, and
INFELICE].

Mat. No words, I pray, *Flu.*ello, for 't stands
us upon.

Flu. Oh, sir, let that be your lesson!
[*Exit* MATHEO.]
Alas, poor lovers! On what hopes and fears
Men toss themselves for women! When she's
got,
The best has in her that which pleaseth not.

Enter to *FLUELLO* the *DUKE*, *CASTRUCHIO*, *PIORATTO*, and *SINEZI* from several doors, muffled.

Duke. Who's there?
Cas. My lord.
Duke. Peace; send that "lord" away.
A lordship will spoil all; let's be all fellows.
What's he?

Cas. *Flu.*ello, or else, *Sinezi*, by his little [15
legs.

All. All friends, all friends.
Duke. What? Met upon the very point of
time?

Is this the place?
Pio. This is the place, my lord.
Duke. Dream you on lordships? Come no
more "lords," I pray: 100

You have not seen these lovers yet?
All. Not yet.

Duke. *Castruchio*, art thou sure this wedding
feet

Is not till afternoon?
Cas. So 't is given out, my lord.

Duke. Nay, nay, 'tis like; thieves must ob-
serve their hours;
Lovers watch minutes like astronomers; 105
How shall the interim hours by us be spent?

Flu. Let's all go to see the madmen.
All. Mass, content.

Enter a *Sweeper*.¹

Duke. Oh, here comes one; question him,
question him. 110

Flu. Now, honest fellow? dost thou belong
to the house?

Sweep. Yes, forsooth, I am one of the imple-
ments; I sweep the madmen's rooms, and fetch
straw for 'em, and buy chains to tie 'em, [115
and rods to whip 'em. I was a mad wag myself
here, once, but I thank *Father Anselmo*, he
lasht me into my right mind again.

Duke. *Anselmo* is the friar must marry them;
Question him where he is. 120

Cas. And where is *Father Anselmo* now?
Sweep. Marry, he's gone but e'en now.

Duke. Ah, well done. — Tell me, whither is
he gone?

Sweep. Why to God a'mighty.

Flu. Ha, ha! this fellow's a fool, talks [125
idly.

Pio. Sirrah, are all the mad folks in Milan
brought hither?

Sweep. How, all? There's a question in-
deed! Why if all the mad folks in Milan [130
should come hither, there would not be left ten
men in the city.

Duke. Few gentlemen or courtiers here, ha?
Sweep. O yes, abundance, abundance!
Lands no sooner fall into their hands, [135
but straight they run out a' their wits. Citi-
zens' sons and heirs are free of the house by
their fathers' copy.² Farmers' sons come hither
like geese, in flocks, and when they ha' sold all
their cornfields, here they sit and pick the [140
straws.

Sin. Methinks you should have women here
as well as men.

Sweep. Oh, ay, a plague on 'em, there's no
ho! [145 with 'em; they're madder than March
hares.

Flu. Are there no lawyers amongst you?

Sweep. Oh no, not one; never any lawyer.
We dare not let a lawyer come in, for he'll
make 'em mad faster than we can recover [150
'em.

Duke. And how long is 't ere you recover any
of these?

Sweep. Why, according to the quantity of the
moon that's got into 'em. An alderman's [155
son will be mad a great while, a very great
while, especially if his friends left him well. A
whore will hardly come to her wits again. A
puritan, there's no hope of him, unless he may
pull down the steeple, and hang himself i' [160
th' bell-ropes.

Flu. I perceive all sorts of fish come to your
net.

Sweep. Yes, in truth, we have blocks⁴ for all
heads; we have good store of wild-oats [165
here; for the courtier is mad at the citizen, the
citizen is mad at the countryman; the shoe-
maker is mad at the cobbler, the cobbler at the
carman; the punk is mad that the merchant's
wife is no whore, the merchant's wife is mad [170
that the punk is so common a whore. Gods so,
here's *Father Anselmo*; pray say nothing that
I tell tales out of the school. *Exit*.

Re-enter ANSELMO [and Servants].

All. God bless you, father.

Ans. I thank you, gentlemen.

Cas. Pray, may we see some of those wretched
souls, 175

That here are in your keeping?

Ans. Yes, you shall;
But gentlemen, I must disarm you then.

There are of mad men, as there are of tame,
All humour'd not alike: we have here some,
So apish and fantastic, play with a feather, 180
And, though 't would grieve a soul to see God's
image
So blemish'd and defac'd, yet do they act

¹ Qq. *Enter Towne like a Sweeper.*

² Citizenship. ³ Check. ⁴ Moulds for hats, or hats

Such antic and such pretty lunacies,
That spite of sorrow they will make you smile.
Others again we have like hungry lions, ¹⁸⁵
Fierce as wild-bulls, untameable as flies,
And these have oftentimes from strangers' sides

Snatcht rapiers suddenly, and done much harm,
Whom if you'll see, you must be weaponless.

All. With all our hearts.

[Giving their weapons to ANSELMO.]

Ans. Here, take these weapons in. — ¹⁹⁰

[Exit Servant with weapons.]

Stand off a little, pray; so, so, 't is well.

I'll show you here a man that was sometimes

A very grave and wealthy citizen;

Has serv'd a prenticeship to this misfortune.

Been here seven years, and dwelt in Bergamo. ¹⁹⁵

Duke. How fell he from his wits?

Ans. By loss at sea;

I'll stand aside, question him you alone,

For if he spy me, he'll not speak a word,

Unless he's th'roughly vext.

Discovers an old man, wrapt in a net.

Flu. Alas, poor soul! ²⁰⁰

Cas. A very old man.

Duke. God speed, father!

1 Mad. God speed the plough, thou shalt not speed me.

Pio. We see you, old man, for all you dance in a net. ²⁰⁵

1 Mad. True, but thou wilt dance in a halter, and I shall not see thee.

Ans. Oh do not vex him, pray.

Cas. Are you a fisherman, father?

1 Mad. No, I am neither fish nor flesh. ²¹⁰

Flu. What do you with that net then?

1 Mad. Dost not see, fool? There's a fresh salmon in 't; if you step one foot further, you'll be over shoes, for you see I'm over head and ears in the salt-water: and if you fall into ²¹⁵ this whirl-pool where I am, y' are drown'd: y' are a drown'd rat. I am fishing here for five ships, but I cannot have a good draught, for my net breaks still, and breaks; but I'll break some of your necks an I catch you in my clutches. ²²⁰ Stay, stay, stay, stay, where 's the wind? where 's the wind? where 's the wind? where 's the wind? Out, you gulls, you goose-caps, ¹ you gudgeon-eaters! ² Do you look for the wind in the heavens? Ha, ha, ha, ha! no, no! Look ²²⁵ there, look there, look there! the wind is always at that door: hark how it blows, puff, puff, puff!

All. Ha, ha, ha!

1 Mad. Do you laugh at God's creatures? ²³⁰ Do you mock old age, you rogues? Is this gray beard and head counterfeit that you cry, ha, ha, ha? Sirrah, art not thou my eldest son?

Pio. Yes, indeed, father.

1 Mad. Then th' art a fool, for my eldest ²³⁵ son had a polt-foot, ³ crooked legs, a verjuice ⁴ face, and a pear-colour'd beard. I made him a scholar, and he made himself a fool. — Sirrah, thou there: hold out thy hand.

Duke. My hand? Well, here 't is. ²⁴⁰

1 Mad. Look, look, look, look! Has he not long nails, and short hair?

Flu. Yes, monstrous short hair, and abominable long nails.

1 Mad. Ten-penny nails, are they not? ²⁴⁵

Flu. Yes, ten-penny nails.

1 Mad. Such nails had my second boy. Kneel down, thou varlet, and ask thy father's blessing. Such nails had my muddlemost son, and I made him a promoter: ⁵ and he scrapt, and ²⁵⁰ scrapt, and scrapt, till he got the devil and all: but he scrapt thus, and thus, and thus, and it went under his legs, till at length a company of kites, taking him for carrion, swept up, all, all, all, all, all, all. If you love your ²⁵⁵ lives, look to yourselves: see, see, see, see, the Turks' galleys are fighting with my ships! Bounce goes the guns! Oooh! cry the men! Rumble, rumble, go the waters! Alas, there; 't is sunk, 't is sunk: I am undone, I am un- ²⁶⁰ done! You are the damn'd pirates have undone me: you are, by the Lord, you are, you are! — Stop 'em — you are!

Ans. Why, how now sirrah! Must I fall to tame you? ²⁶⁵

1 Mad. Tame me! No, I'll be madder than a roasted cat. See, see, I am burnt with gunpowder, — these are our close fights!

Ans. I'll whip you, if you grow unruly thus.

1 Mad. Whip me? Out you toad! Whip ²⁷⁰ me? What justice is this, to whip me because I am a beggar? Alas! I am a poor man: a very poor man! I am starv'd, and have had no meat by this light, ever since the great flood; I am a poor man. ²⁷⁵

Ans. Well, well, be quiet, and you shall have meat.

1 Mad. Ay, ay, pray do; for, look you, here be my guts: these are my ribs — you may look through my ribs — see how my guts come out! ²⁸⁰ These are my red guts, my very guts, oh, oh!

Ans. Take him in there.

[Servants remove 1 Madman.]

All. A very piteous sight.

Cas. Father, I see you have a busy charge.

Ans. They must be us'd like children, pleas'd ²⁸⁵ with toys.

And anon whipt for their unruliness.

I'll show you now a pair quite different

From him that's gone. He was all words; and these

Unless you urge 'em, seldom spend their speech, But save their tongues.

[Opens another door, from which enter 2 and 3 Madmen.]

La, you; this hithe ^{ost}

Fell from the happy quietness of mind ²⁹¹

About a maiden that he lov'd, and died.

He followed her to church, being full of tears,

And as her body went into the ground,
He fell stark mad. This is a married man,
Was jealous of a fair, but, as some say,
A very virtuous wife; and that spoil'd him.

¹ Simpletons. ² Dupes. ³ Club foot. ⁴ Sour, bbed.

⁵ Info er.

3 *Mad.*¹ All these are whoremongers, and lay with my wife: whore, whore, whore, whore, where!

Flu. Observe him.

3 *Mad.* Gaffer shoemaker, you pull'd on my wife's pumps, and then crept into her pantofles.² lie there, lie there! — This was her tailor.³⁰⁴ You cut out her loose-bodied gown, and put in a yard more than I allowed her; lie there by the shoemaker. O master doctor! are you here? You gave me a purgation, and then crept into my wife's chamber to feel her pulses, and³⁰⁸ you said, and she said, and her maid said, that they went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat. Doctor, I'll put you anon into my wife's urnal. Heigh, come aloft, Jack! This was her school-master, and taught her to play upon the virginals,³¹⁴ and still his jacks³ leapt up, up You prickt⁴ her out nothing but bawdy lessons, but I'll prick you all, fiddler — doctor — tailor — shoemaker — shoemaker — fiddler — doctor — tailor! So! lie with my wife again, now.

Cas. See how he notes the other, now he feeds.

3 *Mad.* Give me some porridge.

2 *Mad.* I'll give thee none.

3 *Mad.* Give me some porridge.

2 *Mad.* I'll not give thee a bit.

3 *Mad.* Give me that flap-dragon.⁵

2 *Mad.* I'll not give thee a spoonful Thou liest, it's no dragon, 'tis a parrot that I bought for my sweetheart, and I'll keep it.

3 *Mad.* Here 's an almond for parrot.⁶

2 *Mad.* Hang thyself!

3 *Mad.* Here 's a rope for parrot.⁶

2 *Mad.* Eat it, for I'll eat this.

3 *Mad.* I'll shoot at thee, an thou 't give me none.

2 *Mad.* Wu't thou?

3 *Mad.* I'll run a tilt at thee, thou 't give me none.

2 *Mad.* Wu't thou? Do an thou dar'st.

3 *Mad.* Bounce! [*Strikes him.*]

2 *Mad.* O — oh! I am slain! Murder, murder, murder! I slain; my brains are beaten out.

Ans. How now, you villains! Bring me whips: I'll whip you.

2 *Mad.* I am dead! I am slain! ring out the bell, for I am dead.

Duke. How will you do now, sirrah? You ha' kill'd him.

3 *Mad.* I'll answer 't at sessions: he was eating of almond-butter, and I long'd for 't. The child had never been delivered out of my belly, if I had not kill'd him. I'll answer 't at sessions, so my wife may be burnt i' th' hand, too.

Ans. Take 'em in both: bury him, for he's dead.

¹ The Qq. read 2 *Mad.* for 3 *Mad.* and 3 *Mad.* for 2 *Mad.*

² Slippers.

³ Pieces of wood fixed to the key-levers of virginals, spinets, and harpsichords, which rose when the keys were pressed down.

⁴ Wrote in musical notes.

⁵ A raisin floating on burning b dy.

⁶ A proverbial phrase.

2 *Mad.* Indeed, I am dead; put me, I pray, into a good pit-hole.

3 *Mad.* I'll answer 't at sessions.

[*Servants remove 2 and 3 Madmen.*]

Enter BELLAFRONT mad.

Ans. How now, huswife, whither gad you?

Bell. A-nutting forsooth. How do you, gaffer? How do you, gaffer? There 's a French curtsy for you, too.

Flu. 'T is Bellafront!

Pio. 'T is the punk, by th' Lord!

Duke. Father, what's she, I pray?

Ans. As yet I know not,

She came in but this day; talks little idly, And therefore has the freedom of the house.

Bell. Do not you know me? — nor you? — nor you? — nor you?

All. No, indeed.

Bell. Then you are an ass, — and you an ass, — and you are an ass, — for I know you.

Ans. Why, what are they? Come, tell me, what are they?

Bell. They're fish-wives, will you buy any gudgeons?

God's santy! yonder come friars, I know them too.

Enter HIPPOLITO, MATHEO, and INFELICE disguised in the habits of Friars.

How do you, friar?

Ans. Nay, nay, away, you must not trouble friars.

[*Aside to HIPPOLITO, etc.*] The duke is here, speak nothing.

Bell. Nay, indeed, you shall not go: we'll run at barley-break first, and you shall be in hell.

Mat. My punk turn'd mad whore, as all her fellows are!

Hip. Say nothing; but steal hence, when you spy time.

Ans. I'll lock you up, if you're unruly: fie!

Bell. Fie! Marry, so, they shall not go indeed, till I ha' told 'em their fortunes.

Duke. Good father, give her leave.

Bell. Ay, pray, good father, and I'll give you my blessing.

Ans. Well then, be brief, but if you're thus unruly,

I'll have you lockt up fast.

Pio. Come, to their fortunes.

Bell. Let me see, one, two, three, and four.

I'll begin with the little friar⁷ first. Here's a fine hand, indeed! I never saw friar have such a dainty hand: here's a hand for a lady!

Here's your fortune: —

You love a friar better than a nun;

Yet long you 'll love no friar, nor no friar's son.

Bow a little, the line of life is out, yet I'm

afraid,

⁷ A corruption of God's sanctity or God's saints. (*Steevens.*)

⁸ In the game of barley-break the ground was divided into three compartments, the middle one of which was called "hell."

⁹ I. e. Infelice.

For all you 're holy, you 'll not die a maid. 405
God give you joy!

Now to you, Friar Tuck.

Mat. God send me good luck!

Bell. You love one, and one loves you:
You're a false knave, and she's a Jew, 410
Here is a dial that false ever goes —

Mat. O your wit drops!

Bell. Troth, so does your nose —
Nay let's shake hands with you too; pray open,
here 's a fine hand!

Ho friar, ho! God be here! 415

So he had need. You 'll keep good cheer,
Here 's a free table,¹ but a frozen breast,
For you 'll starve those that love you best;
Yet you have good fortune, for if I'm no liar,
Then you are no friar, nor you, nor you no friar,
Haha, haha! *Discovers them.* 421

Duke. Are holy habits cloaks for villany?
Draw all your weapons!

Hip. Do; draw all your weapons.

Duke. Where are your weapons? Draw! 425

All. The friar has gull'd us of 'em.

Mat. O rare trick!
You ha' learnt one mad point of arithmetic.

Hip. Why swells your spleen so high?
Against what bosom

Would you your weapons draw? Her's? 'Tis
your daughter's: 429
Mine? 'Tis your son's.

Duke. Son?

Mat. Son, by yonder sun.

Hip. You cannot shed blood here but 't is
your own;

To spill your own blood were damnation.
Lay smooth that wrinkled brow, and I will
throw

Myself beneath your feet.

Let it be rugged still and flinted ore, 435

What can come forth but sparkles, that will
burn

Yourself and us? She's mine; my claim's most
good;

She's mine by marriage, though she's yours by
blood.

[*Ans. kneeling.*] I have a hand, dear lord,
deep in this act,

For I foresaw this storm, yet willingly 440

Put forth to meet it. Oft have I seen a father

Washing the wounds of his dear son in tears.

A son to curse the sword that struck his father,

Both slain i' th' quarrel of your families. 444

Those scars are now ta'en off; and I beseech you

To seal our pardon! All was to this end,

To turn the ancient hates of your two houses

To fresh green friendship, that your loves might
look

Like the spring's forehead, comfortably sweet;

And your vext souls in peaceful union meet. 450

Their blood will now be yours, yours will be
theirs,

And happiness shall crown your silver hairs.

Flu. You see, my lord, there's now no rem-
edy.

¹ A quibble. "Table" also meant the palm of the
hand. (Dyce.)

All. Beseech your lordship!

Duke. You beseech fair, you have me in place
fit 435

To bridle me. — Rise friar, you may be glad

You can make madmen tame, and tame men mad.

Since Fate hath conquer'd, I must rest content;

To strive now, would but add new punishment.

I yield unto your happiness; be blest, 460

Our families shall henceforth breathe in rest.

All. Oh, happy change!

Duke. Your's now is my content,

I throw upon your joys my full consent.

Bell. Am not I a good girl, for finding [*44:*

"the friar in the well?" ² Gods so, you are a

brave man! Will not you buy me some sugar-

plums, because I am so good a fortune-teller?

Duke. Would thou hadst wit, thou pretty

soul, to ask,

As I have will to give. 469

Bell. Pretty soul? A pretty soul is better

than a pretty body. Do not you know my pretty

soul? I know you. Is not your name Matheo?

Mat. Yes, lamb.

Bell. Baa lamb! there you lie, for I am mut-

ton.³ — Look, fine man! he was mad for me [*47:*

once, and I was mad for him once, and he was

mad for her once, and were you never mad?

Yes, I warrant, I had a fine jewel once, a very

fine jewel, and that naughty man stole it away

from me, — a very fine and a rich jewel. 480

Duke. What jewel, pretty maid?

Bell. Maid? Nay, that's a lie. O, 't was a very

rich jewel, called a maidenhead, and had not

you it, leerer?

Mat. Out, you mad ass! away. 485

Duke. Had he thy maidenhead?

He shall make thee amends, and marry thee.

Bell. Shall he? O brave Arthur of Bradley⁴

then!

Duke. And if he hear the mind of a gentleman,

I know he will. 491

Mat. I think I rifled her of some such paltry

jewel.

Duke. Did you? Then marry her; you see

the wrong

Has led her spirits into a lunacy. 495

Mat. How? Marry her, my lord? 'Sfoot,

marry a madwoman? Let a man get the tam-

est wife he can come by, she'll be mad enough

afterward, do what he can.

Duke. Nay then, Father Anselmo here shall

do his best, 500

To bring her to her wits; and will you then?

Mat. I cannot tell, I may choose.

Duke. Nay, then, law shall compel. I tell you,

sir,

So much her hard fate moves me, you should

not breathe

Under this air, unless you married her. 505

Mat. Well, then, when her wits stand in their

right place,

I'll marry her.

Bell. I thank your grace. — Matheo, thou art

mine.

² The name of a well-known tale.

³ A prostitute.

⁴ An allusion to a ballad of that name.

I am not mad, but put on this disguise,
Only for you, my lord; for you can tell ⁵¹⁰
Much wonder of me; but you are gone: farewell.
Matheo, thou didst first turn my soul black,
Now make it white again. I do protest,
I'm pure as fire now, chaste as Cynthia's breast.

Hip. I durst be sworn, Matheo, she's indeed.

Mat. Cony-catcht, gull'd! Must I sail in your
fly-boat, ⁵¹⁵

Because I helpt to rear your main-mast first?
Plague 'found! you for 't, 'tis well.
The cuckold's stamp goes current in all nations,
Some men ha' horns giv'n them at their crea-
tions; ⁵²⁰

If I be one of those, why so: 't is better
To take a common wench, and make her good,
Than one that simpers, and at first will scarce
Be tempted forth over the threshold door,
Yet in one se'nnight, zounds, turns arrant
whore! ⁵²⁵

Come wench, thou shalt be mine, give me thy
golls, ²

We'll talk of legs hereafter.—See, my lord,
God give us joy!

All. God give you joy! ⁵²⁹

Enter Candido's wife [VIOLA] and GEORGE.

Geo. Come mistress, we are in Bedlam now;
mass and see, we come in pudding-time, for
here's the duke.

Vio. My husband, good my lord!

Duke. Have I thy husband? ⁵³⁴

Cast. It's Candido, my lord, he's here among
the lunatics. Father Anselmo, pray fetch him
forth. [*Exit ANSELMO.*] This mad woman is his
wife, and though she were not with child, yet
did she long most spitefully to have her ⁵³⁹
husband mad, and because she would be sure
he should turn Jew, she placed him here in
Bethlem. Yonder he comes.

Enter CANDIDO with ANSELMO.

Duke. Come hither, signor; are you mad?

Cand. You are not mad.

Duke. Why, I know that. ⁵⁴⁵

Cand. Then may you know I am not mad,
that know

You are not mad, and that you are the duke.
None is mad here but one.—How do you, wife?
What do you long for now?—Pardon, my
lord: ⁵⁴⁹

She had lost her child's nose else. I did cut out
Pennyworths of lawn, the lawn was yet mine
own:

A carpet was my gown, yet 't was mine own:
I wore my man's coat, yet the cloth mine own:

¹ Confound

² Hands.

Had a crackt crown, the crown was yet mine
own. ⁵⁵⁴

She says for this I'm mad: were her words true,
I should be mad indeed. O foolish skill!
Is patience madness? I'll be a madman still.

Vio. Forgive me, and I'll vex your spirit no
more. [*Kneels.*]

Duke. Come, come, we'll have you friends;
join hearts, join hands. ⁵⁶⁰

Cand. See, my lord, we are even,—
Nay, rise, for all deeds kneel unto none but
Heaven.

Duke. Signor, methinks patience has laid on
you

Such heavy weight, that you should loathe it—

Cand. Loathe it!

Duke. For he whose breast is tender, blood
so cool, ⁵⁶⁵

That no wrongs heat it, is a patient fool.

What comfort do you find in being so calm?

Cand. That which green wounds receive from
sovereign balm. ⁵⁶⁸

Patience, my lord! why, 't is the soul of peace;
Of all the virtues, 't is nearest kin to Heaven;
It makes men look like gods. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breath'd.

The stock of patience, then, cannot be poor; ⁵⁷⁵
All it desires, it has; what monarch more?

It is the greatest enemy to law

That can be; for it doth embrace all wrongs,

And so chains up lawyers' and women's tongues.

'T is the perpetual prisoner's liberty, ⁵⁸⁰

His walks and orchards: 't is the bond slave's
freedom,

And makes him seem proud of each iron chain,

As though he wore it more for state than pain:

It is the beggars' music, and thus sings, ⁵⁸⁴

Although their bodies beg, their souls are kings.

O my dread hege! It is the sap of bliss

Rears us aloft, makes men and angels kiss.

And last of all, to end a household strife,

It is the honey 'gainst a waspish wife.

Duke. Thou giv'st it lively colours: who dare
say ⁵⁹⁰

He's mad, whose words march in so good array?

'T were sin all women should such husbands

have,

For every man must then be his wife's slave.

Come, therefore, you shall teach our court to

shine,

So calm a spirit is worth a golden mine. ⁵⁹⁵

Wives with meek husbands that to vex them

long,

In Bedlam must they dwell, else dwell they

wrong.

³ Reason.

Exeunt.

THE HONEST WHORE

PART II

BY

THOMAS DEKKER

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

GASP O TREBAZZI, Duke of Milan.
HIPPOLITO, a Count, Husband of Infelice.
ORLANDO FRISCOBALDO, Father of Bellafront.
MATHEO, Husband of Bellafront.
CANDIDO, a Linen-drapeer.
LODOVICO SFORZA.
BERALDO.
CAROLO.
FONTINELL.
ASTOLFO.
ANTONIO GEORGIO, a poor Scholar.
BRYAN, an Irish Footman.

BOTS, a Pander.
Masters of Bridewell, Prentices, Servants, Constables,
Billmen, etc.

INFELICE, Wife of Hippolito
BELLAFRONT, Wife of Matheo.
CANDIDO'S BRIDE.
MISTRESS HORSELEECH, a Bawd.
DOROTHEA TARGET,
PENROPE WHOREHOUND, } Harlots.
CATHARINA BOUNTINALL, }

SCENE. — Milan.]

ACT I

SCENE I.¹

Enter at one door BERALDO, CAROLO, FONTINELL, and ASTOLFO, with Serving-men, or Pages, attending on them; at another door enter LODOVICO, meeting them.

Lod. Good day, gallants.

All. Good morrow, sweet Lodovico.

Lod. How dost thou, Carolo?

Car. Faith, as the physicians do in a plague, see the world sick, and am well myself. ⁵

Fon. Here's a sweet morning, gentlemen. ⁵

Lod. Oh, a morning to tempt Jove from his ningle,² Ganymede; which is but to give dairymenches green gowns as they are going a-milking. What, is thy lord stirring yet? ¹⁰

Ast. Yes, he will not be horst this hour, sure.

Ber. My lady swears he shall, for she longs to be at court.

Car. Oh, we shall ride switch and spur; would we were there once. ¹⁵

Enter BRYAN, the Footman.

Lod. How now, is thy lord ready?

Bry. No, so creessa³ me; my lady will have some little ting in her pelly first.

Car. Oh, then they'll to breakfast.

Lod. Footman, does my lord ride i'th' coach with my lady, or on horseback? ²¹

Bry. No, foot la; my lady will have me lord sheet wid her, my lord will sheet in de one side, and my lady sheet in de toder side. *Exit.*

Lod. My lady sheet in de toder side! Did [²⁵ you ever hear a rascal talk so like a pagan? Is 't not strange that a fellow of his star, should be seen here so long in Italy, yet speak so from ⁴ a Christian?

Enter ANTONIO GEORGIO, a poor scholar [with a book].

Ast. An Irishman in Italy! that so str ge! Why, the nation have running heads. ³¹

Exchange walk.⁵

Lod. Nay, Carolo, this is more strange, I ha' been in France, there's few of them. Marry, England they count a warm chimney corner, and there they swarm like crickets to the crevice of a brew-house; but sir, in England I [³⁵ have noted one thing.

All. What's that, what's that of England?

Lod. Marry this, sir.—What's he yonder? ⁴⁰

Ber. A poor fellow would speak with my lord.

Lod. In England, sir,—troth, I ever laugh when I think on't: to see a whole nation should be markt i'th' forehead, as a man may say, with one iron: why, sir, there all eostermongers are Irishmen. ⁴⁵

Car. Oh, that's to show their antiquity, as coming from Eve, who was an apple-wife, and they take after the mother.

All. Good, good! ha, ha!

Lod. Why, then, should all your chimney-⁵⁰ sweepers likewise be Irishmen? Answer that now; come, your wit.

Car. Faith, that's soon swered; for St. Patrick, you know, keeps purgatory; he k

¹ A hall in Hippolito's house.

² Darling.

³ Christ save.

⁴ Unlike.

⁵ Promenade, as on the Exchange.

the fire, and his countrymen could do nothing, [55
if they cannot sweep the chumneys.

All. Good again.

Lod. Then, sir, have you many of them, like this fellow, especially those of his hair, footmen to noblemen and others, and the knaves are [50 very faithful where they love. By my faith, very proper men, many of them, and as active as the clouds,—whirr, hah!

All. Are they so?

Lod. And stout! exceeding stout; why, I [55 warrant, this precious wild villain, if he were put to 't, would fight more desperately than sixteen Dunkirks.¹

Ast. The women, they say, are very fair.

Lod. No, no, our country *bona-robas*,² [70 oh! are the sugarest, delicious rogues!

Ast. Oh, look, he has a feeling of them!

Lod. Not I, I protest. There's a saying when they commend nations. It goes, the Irishman for his hand, the Welshmen for a leg, [75 the Englishman for a face, the Dutchman for a beard.

Fon. I' faith, they may make swabbers³ of them.

Lod. The Spaniard,—let me see,—for a little foot, I take it; the Frenchman,—what [81 a pox hath he? And so of the rest. Are they at breakfast yet? Come walk.

Ast. This Lodovico is a notable tongued fellow.

Fon. Discourses well.

Ber. And a very honest gentleman.

Ast. Oh! he's well valued by my lord.

Enter BELLAFRONT, with a petition.

Fon. How now, how now, what's she?

Ber. Let's make towards her.

Bell. Will it be long, sir, ere my lord come [90 forth?

Ast. Would you speak with my lord?

Lod. How now, what's this, a nurse's bill? Hath any here got thee with child and now will not keep it? [95

Bell. No, sir, my business is unto my lord.

Lod. He's about his own wife's now, he'll hardly dispatch two causes in a morning.

Ast. No matter what he says, fair lady; he's a knight, there's no hold to be taken at his words. [101

Fon. My lord will pass this way presently.

Ber. A pretty, plump rogue.

Ast. A good lusty, bouncing baggage.

Ber. Do you know her? [105

Lod. A pox on her, I was sure her name was 'n my table-book once. I know not of what cut her die is now, but she has been more common than tobacco; this is she that had the name of the Honest Whore. [110

All. Is this she?

Lod. This is the blackamoor that by washing was turned white; this is the birding-piece new scoured; this is she that, if any of her religion can be saved, was saved by my lord Hippolito.

Ast. She has been a goodly creature. [115

Lod. She has been! that's the epitaph of all whores. I'm well acquainted with the poor gentleman her husband. Lord! what fortunes that man has overreached! She knows not [120 me, yet I have been in her company; I scarce know her, for the beauty of her cheek hath, like the moon, suff'ered strange eclipses since I beheld it. but women are like medlars,—no sooner ripe but rotten. [125

A woman last was made, but is spent first, Yet man is oft proved in performance worst.

All. My lord is come.

Enter HIPPOLITO, INFELICE, and two Waiting-women.

Hip. We ha' wasted half this morning. Mor-
row, Lodovico. [130

Lod. Morrow, madam.

Hip. Let's away to horse.

All. Ay, ay, to horse, to horse.

Bell. I do beseech your lordship, let your eye read o'er this wretched paper. [135

Hip. I'm in haste; pray thee, good woman, take some apter time.

Inf. Good woman, do.

Bell. Oh, 'las! it does concern a poor man's life. [140

Hip. Life!—Sweetheart, seat yourself, I'll but read this and come.

Lod. What stockings have you put on this morning, madam? If they be not yellow,⁴ change them; that paper is a letter from some wench to your husband. [145

Inf. Oh sir, that cannot make me jealous.

Exeunt [all except HIPPOLITO, BELLAFRONT, and ANTONIO].

Hip. Your business, sir? To me?

Ant. Yes, my good lord. [149

Hip. Presently, sir.—Are you Matheo's wife?

Bell. That most unfortunate woman.

Hip. I'm sorry these storms are fallen on him; I love Matheo,

And any good shall do him; he and I Have seal'd two bonds of friendship, which are strong

In me, however fortune does him wrong. [155

He speaks here he's condemned. Is 't so?

Bell. Too true.

Hip. What was he whom he killed? Oh, his name's here;

Old Giacomo, son to the Florentine;

Giacomo, a dog, that, to meet profit, [160

Would to the very eyelids wade in blood

Of his own children. Tell Matheo,

The duke, my father, hardly shall deny

His signed pardon. 'T was fair fight, yes,

If rumour's tongue go true; so writes he here.— [165

To-morrow morning I return from court, Pray be you here then.—I'll have done, sir, straight.— [170

But in troth say, are you Matheo's wife?

You have forgot me.

Bell. No, my lord.

Hip. Your turner,

¹ Dunkirk pirates.

² Courtisans.

³ Mop for cleaning decks, etc.

⁴ Yellow was typical of jealousy.

That made you smooth to run an even bias, 170
 You know I lov'd you when your very soul
 Was full of discord: art not a good wench still?
Bell. Umph, when I had lost my way to
 Heaven, you show'd it.
 I was new born that day.

Re-enter LODOVICO.

Lod. 'Sfoot, my lord, your lady asks if 175
 you have not left your wench yet? When you
 get in once, you never have done. Come, come,
 come, pay your old score, and send her packing;
 come.

Hip. Ride softly on before, I'll o'ertake 181
 you

Lod. Your lady swears she'll have no riding
 on before, without ye.

Hip. Frithee, good Lodovico.

Lod. My lord, pray hasten. 185

Hip. I come. [*Exit LODOVICO.*]

To-morrow let me see you, fare you well;
 Commend me to Matheo. Pray one word more
 Does not your father live about the court?

Bell. I think he does, but such rude spots of
 shame 190

Stick on my cheek, that he scarce knows my
 name.

Hip. Orlando Friscobaldo, is't not?

Bell. Yes, my lord.

Hip. What does he for you?

Bell. All he should: when children
 From duty start, parents from love may swerve.
 He nothing does; for nothing I deserve. 198

Hip. Shall I join him unto you, and restore
 you to wonted grace?

Bell. It is impossible. [*Exit BELLAFRONT.*]

Hip. It shall be put to trial: fare you well.
 The face I would not look on! Sure then 't was
 rare, 201

When, in despite of grief, 't is still thus fair.

Now, sir, your business with me.

Ant. I am bold
 T' express my love and duty to your lordship
 In these few leaves.

Hip. A book!

Ant. Yes, my good lord. 208

Hip. Are you a scholar?

Ant. Yes, my lord, a poor one

Hip. Sir, you honour me.

Kings may be scholars' patrons, but, faith, tell
 me,

To how many hands besides hath this bird
 flown,

How many partners share with me? 210
Ant. Not one.

In troth, not one: your name I held more dear.
 I'm not, my lord, of that low character.

Hip. Your name I pray?

Ant. Antonio Georgio.

Hip. Of Milan?

Ant. Yes, my lord.

Hip. I'll borrow leave
 To read you o'er, and then we'll talk: till then
 Drink up this gold; good wits should love good
 wine; 216

This of your loves, the earnest that of mine. —
 [*Gives money.*]

Re-enter BRYAN.

How now, sir, where's your lady? Not gone yet?

Bry. I fart di lady is run away from dee, a
 mighty deal of ground; she sent me back 220
 for dine own sweet face. I pray dee come, my
 lord, away, wu't tow go now?

Hip. Is the coach gone? Saddle my horse,
 the sorrel. 224

Bry. A pox a' de horse's nose, he is a lousy
 rascally fellow. When I came to gird his belly,
 his scurvy guts rumbled; di horse farted in my
 face, and dow knowest, an Irishman cannot
 abide a fart. But I have saddled de hobby-horse,
 di fine hobby is ready. I pray dee, my good 230
 sweet lord, wu't tow go now, and I will run to
 de devil before dee?

Hip. Well, sir. — I pray let's see you, master
 scholar. 234

Bry. Come, I pray dee, wu't come, sweet
 face? Go. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.¹

*Enter LODOVICO, CAROLO, ASTOLFO, and BER-
 ALDO.*

Lod. Godso, gentlemen, what do we forget?

All. What?

Lod. Are not we all enjoined as this day, —
 Thursday is't not? Ay, as that day to be at the
 linen-draper's house at dinner? 5

Car. Signor Candido, the patient man.

Ast. Afore Jove, true, upon this day he's
 married.

Ber. I wonder, that being so stung with a
 wasp before, he dares venture again to 10
 come about the eaves amongst bees.

Lod. Oh 't is rare sucking a sweet honey comb!
 Pray Heaven his old wife be buried deep enough,
 that she rise not up to call for her dance! The
 poor fiddlers' instruments would crack for 15
 it; she'd tickle them. At any hand let's try
 what mettle is in his new bride; if there be
 none, we'll put in some. Troth, it's a very no-
 ble citizen, I pity he should marry again; I'll
 walk along, for it is a good old fellow. 20

Car. I warrant the wives of Milan would give
 any fellow twenty thousand ducats, that could
 but have the face to beg of the duke, that all
 the citizens in Milan might be bound to the
 peace of patience, as the linen-draper is. 25

Lod. Oh, fie upon 't! 't would undo all us that
 are courtiers; we should have no whoo with the
 wenchies then.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

All. My lord's come.

Hip. How now, what news? 30

All. None.

Lod. Your lady is with the duke, her father.

Hip. And we'll to them both presently —

Enter ORLANDO FRISCOBALDO.

Who's that!

All. Signor Friscobaldo. 35

¹ An apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Hip. Friscobaldo, oh! pray call him, and leave me; we two have business.

Car. Ho Signor! Signor Friscobaldo! The Lord Hippolito.

Exeunt [all but HIPPOLITO and FRISCOBALDO].

Orl. My noble lord: my Lord Hippolito! [40 the duke's son! his brave daughter's brave husband! how does your honour'd lordship! Does your nobility remember so poor a gentleman as Signor Orlando Friscobaldo! old mad Orlando!

Hip. Oh, sir, our friends! they ought to be [45 unto us as our jewels, as dearly valued, being locked up, and unseen, as when we wear them in our hands. I see, Friscobaldo, age hath not command of your blood; for all Time's sickle has gone over you, you are Orlando still. 50

Orl. Why, my lord, are not the fields mown and cut down, and stript bare, and yet wear they not pied coats again? Though my head be like a leek, white, may not my heart be like the blade, green? 55

Hip. Scarce can I read the stories on your brow,
Which age hath writ there; you look youthful still.

Orl. I eat snakes,¹ my lord, I eat snakes. My heart shall never have a wrinkle in it, so long as I can cry "Hem," with a clear voice. 60

Hip. You are the happier man, sir.

Orl. Happy man? I'll give you, my lord, the true picture of a happy man I was turning leaves over this morning, and found it; an excellent Italian painter drew it, if I have it in [65 the right colours, I'll bestow it on your lordship.

Hip. I stay for it.

Orl. He that makes gold his wife, but not his whore,

He that at noon-day walks by a prison door, 70

He that i' th' sun is neither beam nor mote,

He that's not mad after a petticoat,

He for whom poor men's curses dig no grave,

He that is neither lord's nor lawyer's slave,

He that makes this his sea, and that his shore, 75

He that in 's coffin is richer than before,

He that counts youth his sword, and age his staff,

He whose right hand carves his own epitaph,

He that upon his deathbed is a swan,

And dead, no crow — he is a happy man. 80

Hip. It's very well; I thank you for this picture.

Orl. After this picture, my lord, do I strive to have my face drawn: for I am not covetous, not in debt; sit neither at the duke's [85 side, nor lie at his feet. Wenching and I have done; no man I wrong, no man I fear, no man I fee; I take heed how far I walk, because I know yonder's my home; I would not die like a rich man, to carry nothing away save a [90 winding sheet; but like a good man, to leave Orlando behind me. I sowed leaves in my youth, and I reap now books in my age. I fill

this hand, and empty this; and when the bell shall toll for me, if I prove a swan, and go [95 singing to my nest, why so! If a crow! throw me out like a carrion, and pick out mine eyes. May not old Friscobaldo, my lord, be merry now! ha?

Hip. You may; would I were partner in [100 your mirth.

Orl. I have a little, have all things. I have nothing; I have no wife, I have no child, have no chick; and why should not I be in my jocundare? 105

Hip. Is your wife then departed?

Orl. She's an old dweller in those high countries, yet not from me. Here, she's here: but, before me, when a knave and a quean are married, they commonly walk like serjeants [110 together, but a good couple are seldom parted.

Hip. You had a daughter too, sir, had you not?
Orl. O my lord! this old tree had one branch, and but one branch growing out of it. It was young, it was fair, it was straight; I prun'd [115 it daily, drest it carefully, kept it from the wind, help'd it to the sun, yet for all my skill in planting, it grew crooked, it bore crabs. I hewed it down; what's become of it, I neither know, nor care. 120

Hip. Then I can tell you what's become of it; That branch is wither'd.

Orl. So 't was long ago.

Hip. Her name I think was Bellafront; she's dead.

Orl. Ha? dead?

Hip. Yes, what of her was left, not worth the keeping, 125

Even in my sight was thrown into a grave.

Orl. Dead! my last and best peace go with her! I see Death's a good trencherman; he can eat coarse homely meat, as well as the daintiest. 130

Hip. Why, Friscobaldo, was she homely?

Orl. O my lord! a strumpet is one of the devil's vines; all the sins, like so many poles, are stuck upright out of hell, to be her props, that she may spread upon them. And when [135 she's ripe, every slave has a pull at her, then must she be prest. The young beautiful grape sets the teeth of lust on edge, yet to taste that lickerish² wine, is to drink a man's own damnation. Is she dead? 140

Hip. She's turned to earth.

Orl. Would she were turn'd to Heaven! Umph, is she dead? I am glad the world has lost one of his idols; no whoremonger will at midnight beat at the doors. In her grave [145 sleep all my shame, and her own; and all my sorrows, and all her sins!

Hip. I'm glad you're wax, not marble; you are made

Of man's best temper; there are now good hopes

That all these heaps of ice about your heart, 150
By which a father's love was frozen up,
Are thaw'd in these sweet showers, fetcht from your eyes;

¹ A supposed recipe for restoring youth. (Dyce.)

² erriment.

³ Tempting.

We are ne'er like angels till our passion dies.
 She is not dead, but lives under worse fate, ¹⁵⁴
 I think she's poor; and, more to clip her wings,
 Her husband at this hour lies in the jail,
 For killing of a man. To save his blood,
 Join all your force with mine. mine shall be
 shown.

The getting of his life preserves your own. ¹⁵⁹
Orl. In my daughter, you will say! Does she
 live then? I am sorry I wasted tears upon a
 harlot, but the best is I have a handkercher to
 drink them up, soap can wash them all out
 again. Is she poor?

Hyp. Trust me, I think she is. ¹⁶⁵

Orl. Then she's a right strumpet; I ne'er
 knew any of their trade rich two years together.
 Sieves can hold no water, nor harlots hoard
 up money; they have many vents, too many
 sluices to let it out; taverns, tailors, bawds, ¹⁷⁰
 panders, fiddlers, swaggerers, fools, and knaves
 do all wait upon a common harlot's trencher.
 She is the gallipot to which these drones fly,
 not for love to the pot, but for the sweet sucket
 within it, her money, her money. ¹⁷⁵

Hyp. I almost dare pawn my word, her bosom
 Gives warmth to no such snakes. When did
 you see her?

Orl. Not seventeen summers.

Hyp. Is your hate so old? ¹⁷⁹

Orl. Older; it has a white head, and shall
 never die till she be buried: her wrongs shall be
 my bedfellow.

Hyp. Work yet his life, since in it lives her
 fame.

Orl. No let him hang, and half her infamy de-
 parts out of the world. I hate him for her; ¹⁸⁵
 he taught her first to taste poison; I hate her
 for herself, because she refused my physic.

Hyp. Nay, but Friscobaldo!—

Orl. I detest her, I defy² both; she's not
 mine, she's — ¹⁹⁰

Hyp. Hear her but speak.

Orl. I love no me aids, I'll not be caught
 with a quail-pipe.³

Hyp. You're now beyond all reason. ¹⁹⁴

Orl. I am then a beast. Sir, I had rather be
 a beast, and not dishonour my creation, than be
 a dotting father, and like Time, be the destruc-
 tion of mine own brood.

Hyp. Is't dotage to relieve your child, being
 poor? ¹⁹⁹

Orl. Is't fit for an old man to keep a whore?

Hyp. 'T is charity, too.

Orl. 'T is foolery; relieve her!

Were her cold limbs stretcht out upon a bier,
 I would not sell this dirt under my nails

To buy her an hour's breath, nor give this hair,
 Unless it were to choke her. ²⁰⁶

Hyp. Fare you well, for I'll trouble you no
 more. *Exit.*

Orl. And fare you well, sir. Go thy ways;
 we have few lords of thy making, that love
 wenches for their honesty. 'Las my girl! ²¹⁰
 t thou poor? Poverty dwells next door to

despair, there's but a wall between them. De-
 spair is one of hell's catch-poles; and lest that
 devil arrest her, I'll to her. Yet she shall not
 know me, she shall drink of my wealth, ²¹⁵
 as beggars do of running water, freely, yet
 never know from what fountain's head it flows.
 Shall a silly bird pick her own breast to nourish
 her young ones, and can a father see his child
 starve? That were hard; the pelican does ²²⁰
 it, and shall not I? Yes, I will victual the
 camp for her, but it shall be by some stratagem.
 That knave there, her husband, will be hanged,
 I fear; I'll keep his neck out of the noose if I
 can, he shall not know how. ²²⁵

Enter two Serving-men.

How now, knaves? Whither wander you?

1 *Ser.* To seek your worship.

Orl. Stay, which of you has my purse? What
 money have you about you? ²²⁹

2 *Ser.* Some fifteen or sixteen pounds, sir.

Orl. Give it me. [*Takes purse.*] — I think
 I have some gold about me; yes, it's well. Leave
 my lodging at court, and get you home. Come,
 sir, though I never turned any man out of
 doors, yet I'll be so bold as to pull your coat
 over your ears. ²³⁶

[*ORLANDO puts on the coat of 1*
Serving-man, and gives him in
exchange his cloak.]

1 *Ser.* What do you mean to do, sir?

Orl. Hold thy tongue, knave; take thou my
 cloak. I hope I play not the paltry merchant
 in this bart'ring; bid the steward of my ²⁴⁰
 house sleep with open eyes in my absence, and to
 look to all things. Whatsoever I command by
 letters to be done by you, see it done. So, does
 it sit well? ²⁴⁴

2 *Ser.* As if it were made for your worship.

Orl. You proud varlets, you need not be
 ashamed to wear blue,⁴ when your master is
 one of your fellows. Away, do not see me.

Both. This is excellent. *Exeunt.* ²⁴⁹

Orl. I should put on a worse suit, too; per-
 haps I will. My vizard is on; now to this
 masque. Say I should shave off this honour of
 an old man, or tie it up shorter. Well, I will
 spoil a good face for once.

My beard being off, how should I look? Even
 like ²⁵⁵

A winter cuckoo, or unfeather'd owl;
 Yet better lose this hair, than lose her soul.

Exit.

[*SCENE III.*]⁵

*Enter CANDIDO, LODOVICO, CAROLO, [ASTOR-
 FO], other guests, and Bride with Prentices.*

Cand. O gentlemen, so late! Y' are very
 welcome, pray sit down.

Lod. Carolo, did'st e'er see such a nest of
 caps?⁶

Ast. Methinks it's a most civil and most
 comely sight.

Lod. What does he i'th' middle look like?⁷

¹ Confection.

² Renounce.

³ Used by fowlers to allure quails.

⁴ The color of servants' livery.

⁵ A room in Candido's house.

⁶ Citize

Ast. Troth, like a spire steeple in a country village overpeering so many thatch houses.

Lod. It's rather a long pike-staff against so many bucklers without pikes; ¹ they sit for all the world like a pair of organs, ² and he's the tall great roaring pipe i' th' midst. ¹¹

Ast. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Cand. What's that you laugh at, signors?

Lod. Troth, shall I tell you, and aloud I'll tell it;

We laugh to see, yet laugh we not in scorn, ¹⁵
Amongst so many caps that long hat worn.

[*1 Guest*] Mine is as tall a felt as any is this day in Milan, and therefore I love it, for the block ³ was cleft out for my head, and fits me to a hair. ²⁰

Cand. Indeed you're good observers; it shows strange:

But gentlemen, I pray neither contemn,
Nor yet deride a civil ornament;
I could build so much in the round cap's praise,
That 'bove this high roof, I this flat would raise.

Lod. Prithee, sweet bridegroom, do 't. ²⁵

Cand. So all these guests will pardon me, I'll do 't.

All. With all our hearts.

Cand. Thus, then, in the cap's honour:
To every sex, and state, both nature, time, ³⁰
The country's laws, yea, and the very clime
Do allot distinct habits; the spruce courtier
Jets ⁴ up and down in silk; the warrior
Marches in buff; the clown plods on in gray:
But for these upper garments thus I say, ³⁵
The seaman has his cap, par'd without brim;
The gallant's head is feather'd, that fits him;
The soldier has his morion, ⁵ women ha' tises; ⁶
Beasts have their head-pieces, and men ha' theirs.

Lod. Proceed. ⁴⁰

Cand. Each degree has his fashion, it's fit then,
One should be laid by for the citizen,
And that's the cap which you see swells not high,

For caps are emblems of humility.
It is a citizen's badge, and first was worn ⁴⁵
By th' Romans; for when any bondman's turn
Came to be made a freeman, thus 't was said,
He to the cap was call'd, that is, was made
Of Rome a freeman; but was first close shorn:
And so a citizen's hair is still short worn. ⁵⁰

Lod. That close shaving made barbers a company,

And now every citizen uses it.

Cand. Of geometric figures the most rare,
And perfect'st, are the circle and the square;
The city and the school much build upon ⁵⁵
These figures, for both love proportion.
The city-cap is round, the scholar's square,
To show that government and learning are
The perfect'st limbs i' th' body of a state;
For without them, all's disproportionate. ⁶⁰
If the cap had no honour, this might rear it,

¹ Spikes in the centre of bucklers.

² A pipe organ.

³ The model for the hat.

⁴ Struts.

⁵ Head-piece.

⁶ Head-dresses.

The reverend fathers of the law do wear it.
It's light for summer, and in cold it sits
Close to the skull, a warm house for the wits;
It shows the whole face boldly, 't is not made
As if a man to look on 't were afraid, ⁶⁵
Nor like a draper's shop with broad dark shed,
For he's no citizen that hides his head.

Flat caps as proper are to city gowns,
As to armours helmets, or to kings their crowns,
Let then the city-cap by none be scorn'd, ⁷¹
Since with it princes' heads have been adorn'd.
If more the round cap's honour you would know,
How would this long gown with this steeple ⁷ show?

All. Ha, ha, ha! most vile, most ugly. ⁷⁵

Cand. Pray, signor, pardon me, 't was done in jest.

Bride. A cup of claret wine there.

1 Pren. Wine? yes, forsooth, wine for the bride.

Car. You ha' well set out the cap, sir.

Lod. Nay, that's flat. ⁸⁰

Cand. A health!

Lod. Since his cap's round, that shall go round. Be bare,
For in the cap's praise all of you have share.

[*They bare their heads and drink.*

As 1 Prentice offers the wine to the Bride, she hits him on the lips, [breaking the glass].

The bride's at cuffs.

Cand. Oh, peace, I pray thee; thus far off I stand, ⁸⁵

I spied the error of my servants;
She call'd for claret, and you fill'd out sack.
That cup give me, 't is for an old man's back,
And not for hers. Indeed, 't was but mistaken;
Ask all these else.

Guests. No faith, 't was but mistaken.

1 Pren. Nay, she took it right enough. ⁹¹

Cand. Good Luke, reach her that glass of claret.

Here mistress bride, pledge me there.

Bride. Now I'll none. *Exit.*

Cand. How now?

Lod. Look what your mistress ails.

1 Pren. Nothing, sir, but about filling a wrong glass, — a scurvy trick. ⁹⁵

Cand. I pray you, hold your tongue. — My servant there tells me she is not well.

Guests. Step to her, step to her.

Lod. A word with you. do ye hear? This wench, your new wife, will take you down in ¹⁰¹ your wedding shoes, unless you hang her up in her wedding garters?

Cand. How, hang her in her garters? ¹⁰⁴

Lod. Will you be a tame pigeon still? Shall your back be like a tortoise shell, to let carts go over it, yet not to break? This she-cat will have more lives than your last puss had, and will scratch worse, and mouse you worse: look to 't. ¹¹⁰

Cand. What would you have me do, sir?

Lod. What would I have you do? Swear, swagger, brawl, fling! for fighting it's no mat-

⁷ The steeple-like hat worn by 1 Guest.

ter, we ha' had knocking pusses enow already; you know, that a woman was made of the rib of a man, and that rib was crooked. The [118 moral of which is, that a man must from his beginning be crooked to his wife. Be you like an orange to her; let her cut you never so fair, be you sour as vinegar. Will you be ruled by me?

Cand. In any thing that's civil, honest, and just. 122

Lod. Have you ever a prentice's suit will fit me?

Cand. I have the very same which myself wore. 123

Lod. I'll send my man for 't within this half hour, and within this two hours I'll be your prentice. The hen shall not overerow the cock; I'll sharpen your spurs. 130

Cand. It will be but some jest, sir?

Lod. Only a jest: farewell, come, Carolo.

Exeunt [LODOVICO, CAROLO, and ASTOLFO].

All. We'll take our leaves, sir, too.

Cand. Pray conceit not ill of my wife's sudden rising. This young knight, Sir Lodovico, is deep seen in physic, 133 And he tells me, the disease, called the mother,¹ Hangs on my wife, it is a vehement heaving And beating of the stomach, and that swelling Did with the pain thereof cramp up her arm, That hit his lips, and brake the glass,—no harm, 140

It was no harm!

Guests. No, signor, none at all.

Cand. The straightest arrow may fly wide by chance.

But come, we'll close this brawl up in some dance. *Exeunt.*

[ACT II]

[SCENE I.]²

Enter BELLAFRONT and MATHEO.

Bell. O my sweet husband! wert thou in thy grave and art alive again? Oh welcome, welcome!

Mat. Dost know me? My cloak, prithee, lay 't up. Yes, faith, my winding-sheet was taken [5 out of lavender, to be stuck with rosemary: ³ I lackt but the knot here, or here; yet if I had had it, I should ha' made a wry mouth at the world like a plice. but, sweetest villain, I am here now and I will talk with thee soon. 10

Bell. And glad am I th' art here.

Mat. Did these heels caper in shackles? Ah! my little plump rogue, I'll bear up for all this, and fly high. *Catso catso.*⁴

Bell. Matheo?

Mat. What sayest, what sayest? O brave fresh air! a pox on these grates and glingling of keys, and rattling on iron. I'll bear up, I'll fly high, wench, hang toff.⁵

¹ Hysteria ² A room in Matheo's house.

³ Rosemary was an emblem of remembrance.

⁴ Ital A term of abuse or contempt.

⁵ A vague exclamation. Hang it all! (?)

Bell. Matheo, prithee, make thy prison thy glass, 20

And in it view the wrinkles and the scars
By which thou wert disfigur'd: viewing them,
mend them.

Mat. I'll go visit all the mad rogues now, and the good roaring boys⁶

Bell. Thou dost not hear me? 25

Mat. Yes, faith, do I.

Bell. Thou has been in the hands of misery, and ta'en strong physic, prithee now be sound.

Mat. Yes 'Stoot, I wonder how the inside of a tavern looks now. Oh, when shall I [30 bizzle, bizzle.]⁷

Bell. Nay, see, thou 'rt thirsty still for poison! Come,

I will not have thee swagger.

Mat. Honest ape's face!

Bell. 'Tis that sharp'ned an axe to cut thy throat.

Good love, I would not have thee sell thy substance 35

And time, worth all, in those damn'd shops of hell;

Those dicing houses, that stand never well
But when they stand most ill; that four-squar'd sin⁸

Has almost lodg'd us in the beggar's inn.

Besides, to speak which even my soul does grieve, 40

A sort⁹ of ravens have hung upon thy sleeve,
And fed upon thee: good Mat, if you please,
Scorn to spread wing amongst so base as these;

By them thy fame is speckled, yet it shows
Clear amongst them; so crows are fair with crows. 45

Custom in sin, gives sin a lovely dye;

Blackness in Moors is no deformity.

Mat. Bellafront, Bellafront, I protest to thee, I swear, as I hope for my soul, I will turn over a new leaf. The prison I confess [50 has bit me; the best man that sails in such a ship, may be lousy. [Knocking within.]

Bell. One knocks at door.

Mat. I'll be the porter. They shall see a jail cannot hold a brave spirit, I'll fly high. 55

Ent.
Bell. How wild is his behaviour! Oh, I fear He's spoil'd by prison, he's half damn'd comes there.

But I must sit all storms: when a full sail
His fortunes spread, he lov'd me; being now poor,

I'll beg for him, and no wife can do more. 60

Re-enter MATHEO, with ORLANDO like a Serving-man.

Mat. Come in, pray! would you speak with me, sir?

Orl. Is your name Signor Matheo?

Mat. My name is Signor Matheo.

Orl. Is this gentlewoman your wife, sir? 65

Mat. This gentlewoman is my wife, sir.

⁶ Roystering gallants.

⁷ Drink deep.

⁸ Dicing.

⁹ Band.

Orl. The Destinies spin a strong and even thread of both your loves! — [*Aside.*] The mother's own face, I ha' not forgot that. — I'm an old man, sir, and am troubled with a ⁷⁰ whoreson salt rheum, that I cannot hold my water. — Gentlewoman, the last man I served was your father.

Bell. My father? Any tongue that sounds his name,
Speaks music to me; welcome, good old man!
How does my father? Lives he? Has he health? ⁷⁵

How does my father? — [*Aside.*] I so much do shame him,
So much do wound him, that I scarce dare name him.

Orl. I can speak no more.

Mat. How, old lad, what, dost cry? ⁸⁰

Orl. The rheum still, sir, nothing else; I should be well season'd, for mine eyes lie in brine. Look you, sir, I have a suit to you.

Mat. What is 't, my little white-pate?

Orl. Troth, sir, I have a mind to serve your worship.

Mat. To serve me? Troth, my friend, my fortunes are, as a man may say —

Orl. Nay, look you, sir, I know, when all sins are old in us, and go upon crutches, that covetousness does but then lie in her cradle; 'tis not so with me. Lechery loves to dwell in the fairest lodging, and covetousness in the oldest buildings, that are ready to fall: but my white head, sir, is no inn for such a gossip. If a ⁹⁵ serving-man at my years be not stored with biscuit enough, that has sailed about the world, to serve him the voyage out of his life, and to bring him East home, ill pity but all his days should be fasting days. I care not so much ¹⁰⁰ for wages, for I have scraped a handful of gold together. I have a little money, sir, which I would put into your worship's hands, not so much to make it more — ¹⁰⁴

Mat. No, no, you say well, thou sayest well; but I must tell you, — How much is the money, sayest thou?

Orl. About twenty pound, sir.

Mat. Twenty pound? Let me see: that shall bring thee in, after ten *per centum per annum*. — ¹¹¹

Orl. No, no, no, sir, no: I cannot abide to have money engender: fie upon this silver lechery, fie! If I may have meat to my mouth, and rags to my back, and a flock-bed to ¹¹⁵ snort upon when I die, the longer liver take all.

Mat. A good old boy, 'faith! If thou servest me, thou shalt eat as I eat, drink as I drink, lie as I lie, and ride as I ride.

Orl. [*Aside.*] That's if you have money ¹²⁰ to hire horses.

Mat. Front, what dost thou think on 't? This good old lad here shall serve me.

Bell. Alas, Matheo, wilt thou load a back that is already broke? ¹²⁵

Mat. Peace, pox on you, peace. There's a trick in 't, if thy high; it shall be so, Front, as I tell you. Give me thy hand, thou shalt serve e i 'faith: welcome. As for your money —

Orl. Nay, look you, sir, I have it here. ¹³⁰

Mat. Pish, keep it thyself, man, and then thou 'rt sure 'tis safe.

Orl. Safe! an 't were ten thousand ducats, your worship should be my cash-keeper. I have heard what your worship is, an excellent ¹³⁵ dunhill cock, to scatter all abroad; but I'll venture twenty pounds on 's head.

[*Gives money to MATHEO.*]
Mat. And didst thou serve my worshipful father-in-law, Signor Orlando Friscobaldo, that madman, once? ¹⁴⁰

Orl. I served him so long, till he turned me out of doors.

Mat. It's a notable chuff; ¹ I ha' not seen him many a day.

Orl. No matter an you ne'er see him; ¹⁴⁵ it's an arrant grandee, a churl, and as damn'd a cut-throat.

Bell. Thou villain, curb thy tongue! Thou art a Judas,

To sell thy master's name to slander thus.

Mat. Away, ass! He speaks but truth, thy father is a — ¹⁵¹

Bell. Gentleman.

Mat. And an old knave. There's more deceit in him than in sixteen 'pothecaries: it's a devil; thou may'st beg, starve, hang, damn! does he send thee so much as a cheese? ¹⁵⁵

Orl. Or so much as a gammon of bacon; he 'll give it his dogs first.

Mat. A jail, a jail.

Orl. A Jew, a Jew, sir. ¹⁶⁰

Mat. A dog!

Orl. An English mastiff, sir.

Mat. Fox rot out his old stinking garbage!

Bell. Art not asham'd to strike an absent man thus?

Art not asham'd to let this vild ² dog bark, ¹⁶⁵ And bite my father thus? I'll not endure it.

Out of my doors, base slave!

Mat. Your doors? a vengeance! I shall live to cut that old rogue's throat, for all you take his part thus. ¹⁷⁰

Orl. [*Aside.*] He shall live to see thee hang'd first.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

Mat. Gods so, my lord, your lordship is most welcome.

I'm proud of this, my lord.

Hip. Was bold to s you. Is that your wife?

Mat. Yes, sir.

Hip. I'll borrow her lip. ¹⁷⁵

[*Kisses BELLAFRONT.*]

Mat. With all my heart, my lord.

Orl. Who 's this, I pray, sir.

Mat. My Lord Hippolito: what's thy name?

Orl. Pacheco.

Mat. Pacheco, fine name: thou seest, Pacheco, I keep company with no scoundrels, nor base fellows. ¹⁸⁰

Hip. Came not my footm to you?

Bell. Yes, my lord.

¹ Notorious churl.

² Vile.

Hip. I sent by him a diamond and a letter, Did you receive them?

Bell. Yes, my lord, I did.

Hip. Read you the letter?

Bell. O'er and o'er 't is read.

Hip. And, faith, your answer?

Bell. Now the time's not fit, ¹⁸⁵
You see, my husband's here.

Hip. I'll now then leave you,
And choose mine hour, but ere I part away,
Hark you, remember I must have no nay. —
Matheo, I will leave you.

Mat. A glass of wine.

Hip. Not now, I'll visit you at other times
You're come off well, then? ¹⁹¹

Mat. Excellent well, I thank your lordship. I
owe you my life, my lord; and will pay my
best blood in any service of yours.

Hip. I'll take no such dear payment. ¹⁹⁵
Hark you, Matheo, I know the prison is a gulf.
If money run low with you, my purse is yours:
call for it.

Mat. Faith, my lord, I thank my stars, they
send me down some; I cannot sink, so long as
these bladders hold. ²⁰¹

Hip. I will not see your fortunes ebb; pray, try.
To starve in full barns were fond¹ modesty.

Mat. Open the door, sirrah.

Hip. Drink this, and anon, I pray thee, ²⁰⁵
give thy mistress this.

[*Gives to FRISCOBALDO, who opens
the door, first money, then a purse,
and* exit.]

Orl. O noble spirit, if no worse guests here
dwell,

My blue coat sits on my old shoulders well.

Mat. The only roval fellow, he's bounteous
as the Indies. What's that he said to thee, ²¹⁰
Bellafront?

Bell. Nothing.

Mat. I prithee, good girl.

Bell. Why, I tell you, nothing.

Mat. Nothing? It's well. Tricks! that I ²¹⁵
must be beholden to a scald hot-liver'd goatish
gallant, to stand with my cap in my hand, and
vail² bonnet, when I ha' spread as lofty sails
as himself. Would I had been hanged. No-
thing? Pacheco, brush my cloak. ²²⁰

Orl. Where is't, sir?

Mat. Come, we'll fly high.

Nothing? There's a whore still in thy eye.

Exit.

Orl. [*Aside.*] My twenty pounds fly high. O
wretched woman! ²²⁴

This varlet's able to make Lucrece common. —
How now, mistress?

Has my master dy'd you into this sad colour?

Bell. Fellow, begone I pray thee; if thy
tongue

Itch after talk so much, seek out thy master.

Thou'rt a fit instrument for him. ²³⁰

Orl. Zounds, I hope he will not play upon me!

Bell. Play on thee? No, you two will fly to-
gether,

Because you're roving arrows of one feather.

Would thou wouldst leave my house; thou ne'er
shalt please me!

Weave thy nets ne'er so high, ²³⁵

Thou shalt be but a spider in mine eye.

Thou'rt rank with poison: poison temper'd
well

Is food for health; but thy black tongue doth
swell

With venom, to hurt him that gave thee bread.

To wrong men absent, is to spurn the dead; ²⁴⁰

And so did'st thou thy master, and my father.

Orl. You have small reason to take his part;
for I have heard him say five hundred times,
you were as arrant a whore as ever stiffen'd
tiffany neckcloths in water-starch upon a ²⁴⁵
Saturday i' th' afternoon.

Bell. Let him say worse. When for the
earth's offence

Hot vengeance through the marble clouds is
driven,

Is 't fit earth shoot again those darts at heaven?

Orl. And so if your father call you whore ²⁵⁰

you'll not call him old knave. — [*Aside.*] Fris-

cobaldo, she carries thy mind up and down;

she's thine own flesh, blood, and bone. — Tioth-

mistress, to tell you true, the fireworks that

ran from me upon lines against my good ²⁵⁵

old master, your father, were but to try how

my young master, your husband, loved such

squibs: but it's well known, I love your fa-

ther as myself; I'll ride for him at midnight,

run for you by owl-light; I'll die for him, ²⁶⁰

drudge for you; I'll fly low, and I'll fly high,

as my master says, to do you good, if you'll for-
give me.

Bell. I am not made of marble; I forgive
thee. ²⁶⁴

Orl. Nay, if you were made of marble, a good
stone-cutter might cut you. I hope the twenty

pound I delivered to my master is in a sure
hand

Bell. In a sure hand, I warrant thee, for
spending.

Orl. I see my young master is a mad-cap, ²⁷⁰

and a *bonus socius*.³ I love him well, mistress:

yet as well as I love him, I'll not play the knave

with you. Look you, I could cheat you of this

purse full of money; but I am an old lad, and

I scorn to cony-catch⁴ yet I ha' been dog ²⁷⁵

at a cony in my time. [*Gives purse.*]

Bell. A purse? Where hadst it?

Orl. The gentleman that went away whis-
per'd in mine ear, and charged me to give it

you. ²⁸⁰

Bell. The Lord Hippolito?

Orl. Yes, if he be a lord, he gave it me.

Bell. 'T is all gold.

Orl. 'T is like so. It may be, he thinks you

want money, and therefore bestows his alms ²⁸⁵

bravely, like a lord.

Bell. He thinks a silver net can catch the

poor;

Here's bait to choke a nun, and turn her

whore.

Wilt thou be honest to me?

¹ Foolish.

² Lower, take off.

³ Boon comp' on.

⁴ Cheat.

Orl. As your nails to your fingers, which I think never deceived you.

Bell. Thou to this lord shalt go, oo end me to him,

And tell him this, the town has held out long; Because within 't was rather true than strong; To sell it now were base. Say 't is no hold ²⁰⁵ Built of weak stuff, to be blown up with gold He shall believe thee by this token, or this; If not, by this. [*Giving purse, ring, and letters.*]

Orl. Is this all?

Bell. This is all.

Orl. [*Aside.*] Mine own girl still!

Bell. A star may shoot, not fall. *Exit.*

Orl. A star? nay, thou art more than the ²⁰⁰ moon, for thou hast neither changing quarters, nor a man standing in thy circle with a bush of thorns. Is't possible the Lord Hippolito, whose face is as civil as the outside of a dedicatory book, should be a muttommonger? ²⁰⁵ A poor man has but one ewe, and this grandee sheep-biter leaves whole flocks of fat wethers, whom he may knock down, to devour this. I'll trust neither lord nor butcher with quick flesh for this trick; the cuckoo, I see now, ²¹⁰ sings all the year, though every man cannot hear him; but I'll spoil his notes. Can neither love-letters, nor the devil's common pick-locks, gold, nor precious stones make my girl draw up her peroullis? ²¹⁵ Hold out still, wench. All are not bawds, I see now, that keep doors, Nor all good wenches that are markt for whores. [*Exit.*]

[SCENE II.]³

Enter CANDIDO, and LODOVICO like a Prentice.

Lod. Come, come, come, what do ye lack, sir? What do ye lack, sir? What is 't ye lack, sir? Is not my worship well suited? Did you ever see a gentleman better disguised?

Cand. Never, believe me, signor. ⁵

Lod. Yes, but when he has been drunk. There be prentices would make mad gallants, for they would spend all, and drink, and whore, and so forth; and I see we gallants could make mad prentices. How does thy wife like me? ¹⁰ Nay, I must not be so saucy, then I spoil all. Pray you how does my mistress like me?

Cand. Well; for she takes you for a very simple fellow.

Lod. And they that are taken for such are ¹⁵ commonly the arrantest knaves: but to our comedy, come.

Cand. I shall not act it; chide, you say, and fret,

And grow impatient: I shall never do 't.

Lod. 'Sblood, cannot you do as all the ²⁰ world does, counterfeit?

Cand. Were I a painter, that should live by drawing

Nothing but pictures of an angry man, I should not earn my colours; I cannot do 't.

Lod. Remember you're a linen-draper, and ²⁵ that if you give your wife a yard, she'll take

an ell: give her not therefore a quarter of your yard, not a nail.

Cand. Say I should turn to ice, and nip her love

Now 't is but in the bud.

Lod. Well, say she's nipt. ³⁰

Cand. It will so overcharge her heart with grief,

That like a cannon, when her sighs go off,

She in her duty either will recoil,

Or break in pieces and so die: her death,

By my unkindness might be counted murder. ³⁵

Lod. Die? never, never. I do not bid you beat her, nor give her black eyes, nor pinch her sides; but cross her humours. Are not baker's arms the scales of justice? Yet is not their bread light? And may not you, I pray, ⁴⁰ bridle her with a sharp bit, yet ride her gently?

Cand. Well, I will try your pills.

Do you your faithful service, and be ready

Still at a pinch to help me in this part,

Or else I shall be out clean. ⁴⁵

Lod. Come, come, I'll prompt you.

Cand. I'll call her forth now, shall I?

Lod. Do, do, bravely.

Cand. Luke, I pray, bid your mistress to come hither.

Lod. Luke, I pray, bid your mistress to come hither. ⁵⁰

Cand. Surrah, bid my wife come to me: why, when? ⁵⁵

¹ *Pren.* (*within.*) Presently, sir, she comes.

Lod. La, you, there's the echo! She comes.

Enter BRIDE.

Bride. What is your pleasure with me?

Cand. Marry, wife, I have intent; and you see this stripling here, ⁶⁰ He bears good will and liking to my trade, And means to deal in linen.

Lod. Yes, indeed, sir, I would deal in linen, if my mistress like me so well as I like her.

Cand. I hope to find him honest, pray; good wife, ⁶⁵

Look that his bed and chamber be made ready.

Bride. You're best to let him hire me for his maid.

I look to his bed? Look to 't yourself.

Cand. Even so?

I swear to you a great oath —

Lod. [*Aside.*] Swear, cry "Zounds!" — ⁷⁰

Cand. I will not — go to, wife — I will not —

Lod. [*Aside.*] That your great oath?

Cand. Swallow these gudgeons! ⁷⁵

Lod. [*Aside.*] Well said!

Bride. Then fast, then you may choose.

Cand. You know at table What tricks you play'd, swagger'd, broke glasses, fie! ⁸⁰

Fie, fie, fie! and now before my prentice here,

You make an ass of me, thou — what shall I call thee?

Bride. Even what you will.

¹ Whoremonger.

² Portoullis.

³ Before Candido's shop.

⁴ An expression of impatience.

⁵ Be so imposed upon.

Lod. [*Aside.*] Call her arrant whore.
Cand. [*Aside.*] Oh fie, by no means! then she'll call me cuckold.—
Sirrah, go look to th' shop.—How does this show?

Lod. [*Aside*] Excellent well—I'll go look to the shop, sir.
 Fine cambrics, lawns; what do you lack?

Cand. A curst cow's milk I ha' drunk once before,
 And 't was so rank in taste, I'll drink no more.
Wife, I'll tame you.

Bride. You may, sir, if you can, so
 But at a wrestling I have seen a fellow
 Limb'd like an ox, thrown by a little man

Cand. And so you'll throw me?—Reach me, knaves, a yard!

Lod. A yard for my master.
 [*Lodovico returns from the shop with a yard-wand and followed by Prentices*]

1 *Pren.* My master is grown valiant.

Cand. I'll teach you fencing tricks.

Prentices. Rare, rare! a prize!

Lod. What will you do, sir?

Cand. Marry, my good prentice, nothing but breathe my wife.

Bride. Breathe me with your yard?

Lod. No, he'll but measure you out, forsooth.

Bride. Since you'll needs fence, handle your weapon well,

For if you take a yard, I'll take an ell.

Reach me an ell!

Lod. An ell for my mistress.
 [*Brings an ell-wand from the shop.*]

Keep the laws of the noble science, sir, and measure weapons with her; your yard is a plain heathenish weapon. 'Tis too short, she may give you a handful, and yet you'll not reach her.

Cand. Yet I ha' the longer arm.—Come fall to 't roundly,

And spare not me, wife, for I'll lay 't on soundly:

If o'er husbands their wives will needs be masters,

We men will have a law to win 't at wasters?

Lod. 'Tis for the breeches, is't not?

Cand. For the breeches!

Bride. Husband, I'm for you, I'll not strike in jest.

Cand. Nor I.

Bride. But will you sign to one request?

Cand. What's that?

Bride. Let me give the first blow.

Cand. The first blow, wife? [*Aside to Lod.*]
 Shall I? Prompt?

Lod. Let her ha' 't:

If she strike hard, in to her, and break her pate.

Cand. A bargain—strike!

Bride. Then guard you from this blow,

For I play all at legs, but 't is thus low

She kneels.
 ehould, I'm such a cunning fencer grown,

I keep my ground, yet down I will be thrown
 With the least blow you give me; I disdain
 The wite that is her husband's sovereign.
 She that upon your pillow first did rest,
 They say, the breeches wore, which I detest:
 The tax which she impos'd on you, I abate you;
 If me you make your master, I shall hate you.
 The world shall judge who offers fairest play;
 You win the breeches, but I win the day.

Cand. Thou win'st the day indeed, give me thy hand;

I'll challenge thee no more. My patient breast
 Play'd thus the rebel, only for a jest.
 Here 's the rank rider that breaks colts; 'tis he
 Can tame the mad folks, and curst wives.

Bride. Who? Your man?

Cand. My man? My master, though his head be bare,

But he's so courteous, he'll put off his hair.

Lod. Nay, if your service be so hot a
 man cannot keep his hair on, I'll serve you no longer.
 [*Takes off his false hair.*]

Bride. Is this your schoolmaster?

Lod. Yes, faith, wench, I taught him to take thee down. I hope thou canst take him down
 without teaching;

You ha' got the conquest, and you both are friends.

Cand. Bear witness else.

Lod. My prenticeship then ends.

Cand. For the good service you to me have done,

I give you all your years.

Lod. I thank you, master.

I'll kiss my 'stress now, that she may say
 My man was bound, and free all in one day.

Exeunt.

ACT III

[SCENE I.]¹

Enter INFELICE, and ORLANDO [disguised as a Serving-man].

Inf. From whom say'st thou?

Orl. From a poor gentlewoman, madam, whom I serve.

Inf. And what's your business?

Orl. This madam: my poor mistress has a waste piece of ground, which is her own by inheritance, and left to her by her mother. There's a lord now that goes about not to take it clean from her, but to enclose it to himself, and to join it to a piece of his lordship's.

Inf. What would she have me do in this?

Orl. No more, madam, but what one woman should do for another in such a case. My honourable lord your husband, would do any thing in her behalf, but she had rather put herself into your hands, because you, a woman, may do more with the duke, your father.

Inf. Where lies this land?

Orl. Within a stone's cast of this place. My mistress, I think, would be content to let him enjoy it after her decease, if that would

¹ A fencing contest. Cf. p. 414, note 5. ² Cudgels.

³ An apartment in Hippolito's house

serve his turn, so my master would yield too; but she cannot abide to hear that the lord should meddle with it in her lifetime.

Inf. Is she then married? Why stirs not [25 her husband in it?

Orl. Her husband stirs in it underhand but because the other is a great rich man, my master is loth to be seen in it too much.

Inf. Let her in writing draw the cause at large, [30

And I will move the duke.

Orl. 'Tis set down, madam, here in black and white already. Work it so, madam, that she may keep her own without disturbance, grievance, molestation, or meddling of any [35 other; and she bestows this purse of gold on your ladyship.

Inf. Old man, I'll plead for her, but take no fees.

Give lawyers them, I swim not in that flood; I'll touch no gold, till I have done her good. [40

Orl. I would all proctors' clerks were of your mind, I should law more amongst them than I do then. Here, madam, is the survey, not only of the manor itself, but of the grange-house, with every meadow pasture, plough-land, [45 cony-burrow, fish-pond, hedge, ditch, and bush, that stands in it. [Gives a letter.]

Inf. My husband's name, and hand and seal at arms

To a love letter? Where hadst thou this writing?

Orl. From the foresaid party, madam, that [50 would keep the foresaid land out of the foresaid lord's fingers.

Inf. My lord turn'd ranger now?

Orl. You're a good huntress, lady; you ha' found your game already. Your lord would [55 fain be a ranger, but my mistress requests you to let him run a course in your own park. If you'll not do 't for love, then do 't for money! She has no white money, but there's gold; or else she prays you to ring him by this token, [60 and so you shall be sure his nose will not be rooting other men's pastures.

[Gives purse and ring]

Inf. This very purse was woven with mine own hands;

This diamond on that very night, when he Untied my virgin girdle, gave I him; [55 And must a common harlot share in mine? Old man, to quit thy pains, take thou the gold.

Orl. Not I, madam, old serving-men want no money.

Inf. Cupid himself was sure his secretary; [60 These lines are even the arrows love let flies, The very ink dropt out of Venus' eyes.

Orl. I do not think, madam, but he feteht off some poet or other for those lines, for they are parlous hawks to fly at wenches. [65

Inf. Here's honied poison! To me he ne'er thus writ;

But lust can set a double edge on wit.

Orl. Nay, that's true, madam, a wench will whet any thing, if it be not too dull.

Inf. Oaths, prom^s, preferments, jewels, gold, [70

What snares should break, if all these cannot hold?

What creature is thy mistress?

Orl. One of those creatures that are contrary to man, a woman.

Inf. What manner of woman? [85

Orl. A little tiny woman, lower than your ladyship by head and shoulders, but as mad a wench as ever unlaced a petticoat: these things should I indeed have delivered to my lord, your husband. [90

Inf. They are delivered better: why should she

Send back these things?

Orl. 'Ware, 'ware, there's knavery.

Inf. Strumpets, like cheating gamesters, will not win

At first, these are but baits to draw him in.

How might I learn his hunting hours? [95

Orl. The Irish footman can tell you all his hunting hours, the park he hunts in, the doe he would strike; that Irish shackatory¹ beats the bush for him, and knows all; he brought that letter, and that ring; he is the carrier. [100

Inf. Knowest thou what other gifts have past between them?

Orl. Little Saint Patrick knows all.

Inf. Him I'll examine presently.

Orl. Not whilst I am here, sweet madam. [105

Inf. Be gone then, and what lies in me command. *Exit ORLANDO.*

Enter BRYAN.

Inf. How much cost those satins, And cloth of silver, which my husband sent By you to a low gentlewoman yonder? [110

Bry. Faat satins? faat silvers, faat low gentlefolks? Dow pratest dow knowest not what, i' faat, la.

Inf. She there, to whom you carried letters, *Bry.* By dis hand and bod dow saist true, if I did so, oh how? I know not a letter a' de [115 book i' faat, la.

Inf. Did your lord never send you with a ring, sir,

Set with a diamond?

Bry. Never, sa crees sa' me, never! He may run at a towсанд rings i' faat, and I never [120 hold his stirrup, till he leap into de saddle. By St. Patrick, madam, I never touch my lord's diamond, nor ever had to do, i' faat, la, with any of his precious stones. [124

Enter HIPPOLITO

Inf. Are you so close,² you bawd, you pander³ slave? [Strikes BRYAN.]

Hip. How now? Why, Infelice; what's your quarrel?

Inf. Out of my sight, base varlet! get thee gone.

Hip. Away, you rogue!

Bry. Slawne loot,³ fare de well, fare de well. *Exit.*

*Ah marragh frofat boddah breen!*⁴

¹ Hound. ² Secret

³ Irish *Slán leat*, fare thee well.

⁴ Irish *As a mórach fíomhadh bódach bréan* — On the morrow of a feast, a clown is a beast. (Rhys)

Hip. What, grown a fighter? Prithce, what's the matter? ¹³¹

Inf. If you'll needs know, it was about the clock.

How works the day, my lord, pray, by your watch?

Hip. Lest you cuff me, I'll tell you presently ¹ I am near two.

Inf. How, two? I'm scarce at one. ¹³⁵

Hip. One of us then goes false.

Inf. Then sure 'tis you, Mine goes by heaven's dial, the sun, and it goes true.

Hip. I think, indeed, mine runs somewhat too fast.

Inf. Set it to mine at one then.

Hip. One? 'tis past: 'Tis past one by the sun.

Inf. Faith, then, belike, ¹⁴⁰ Neither your clock nor mine does truly strike, And since it is uncertain which goes true, Better be false at one, than false at two.

Hip. Y' are very pleasant, madam.

Inf. Yet not merry.

Hip. Why, Infelice, what should make you sad? ¹⁴⁵

Inf. Nothing, my lord, but my false watch.

Pray, tell me, —

You see, my clock or yours is out of frame, Must we upon the workmen lay the blame, Or on ourselves that keep them?

Hip. Faith on both. He may by knavery spoil them, we by sloth. ¹⁵⁰

But why talk you all riddle thus? I read Strange comments in those margins of your looks.

Your cheeks of late are like bad printed books, So dimly charact'ed, I scarce can spell One line of love in them. Sure all 's not well. ¹⁵⁵

Inf. All is not well indeed, my dearest lord; Lock up thy gates of hearing, that no sound Of what I speak may enter.

Hip. What means this?

Inf. Or if my own tongue must myself betray, Count it a dream, or turn thine eyes away, ¹⁶⁰

And think me not thy wife. *She kneels.*

Hip. Why do you kneel?

Inf. Earth is sin's cushion: when the sick soul feels

Herself growing poor, then she turns beggar, cries,

And kneels for help. Hippolito, for husband I dare not call thee, I have stolen that jewel ¹⁶⁵

Of my chaste honour, which was only thine, And given it to a slave.

Hip. Ha?

Inf. On thy pillow

Adultery and lust have slept; thy groom Hath climb'd the unlawful tree, and pluckt the sweets;

A villain hath usurp'd a husband's sheets. ¹⁷⁰

Hip. S'death, who? — a cuckold! — who?

Inf. This Irish footman.

Hip. Worse than damnation! a wild kerne, ² a frog,

A dog, whom I'll scarce spurn. Long'd you for shamrock?

Were it my father's father, heart, I'll kill him, Although I take him on his death-bed gasping

'Twixt Heaven and hell! A shag-hair'd cur! Bold strumpet, ¹⁷⁵

Why hang'st thou on me? Think'st I'll be a bawd

To a whore, because she's noble?

Inf. I beg but this

Set not my shame out to the world's broad eye Yet let thy vengeance, like my fault, soar high, So it be in dark'ned clouds.

Hip. Dark'ned! my horns ¹⁸⁰

Cannot be dark'ned, nor shall my revenge.

A harlot to my slave? The act is base,

Common, but foul, so shall not thy disgrace.

Could not I feed your appetite? O women ¹⁸⁵

You were created angels, pure and fair;

But since the first fell, tempting devils you are

You should be men's bliss, but you prove their

rods:

Were there no women, men might live like

gods.

You ha' been too much down already; rise, ¹⁹⁰

Get from my sight, and henceforth shun my

bed;

I'll with no strumpet's breath be poisoned.

As for your Irish lubin, ³ that spirit

Whom by prepost'rous charms thy lust hath

raised

In a wrong circle, him I'll damn more black ¹⁹⁵

Than any tyrant's soul.

Inf. Hippolito!

Hip. Tell me, didst thou bait hooks to draw

him to thee,

Or did he bewitch thee?

Inf. The slave did woo me.

Hip. Tu-whoos in that screech-owl's lan-

guage! Oh, who'd trust

Your cork-heel'd sex? I think to sate your lust

You'd love a horse, a bear, a croaking toad, ²⁰⁰

So your hot itching veins might have their

bound

Then the wild Irish dart was thrown? Come,

how?

The manner of this fight?

Inf. 'Twas thus, he gave me this battery

first. — Oh, I ²⁰⁵

Mistake — believe me, all this in beaten gold;

Yet I held out, but at length thus was charm'd.

[Gives letter, purse and ring.]

What? change your diamond, wench? The act

is base,

Common, but foul, so shall not your disgrace.

Could not I feed your appetite? O men ²¹⁰

You were created angels, pure and fair,

But since the first fell, worse than devils you

are.

You should our shields be, but you prove our

rods.

Were there no men, women might live like

gods.

Guilty, my lord?

Hip. Yes, guilty, my good lady. ²¹⁵

¹ At once.

² An Irish foot-soldier: often used contemptuously.

³ Leprechaun, a pigmy sprite in Irish folk-lore.

Inf. Nay, you may laugh, but henceforth
shun my bed,
With no whore's leavings I'll be poisoned.

Exit.

Hip. O'er-reached so finely? 'Tis the very
diamond
And letter which I sent. This villany
Some spider closely weaves, whose poison'd bulk
I must let forth. Who's there without?

Ser. (within) My lord calls?

Hip. Send me the footman.

Ser. (within.) Call the footman to my lord. —
Bryan, Bryan!

Re-enter BRYAN.

Hip. It can be no man else, that Irish Judas,
Bred in a country where no venom prospers
But in the nation's blood, hath thus betray'd
me.

Slave, get you from your service.

Bry. Faat meanest thou by this now?

Hip. Question me not, nor tempt my fury,
villain!
Couldst thou turn all the mountains in the land
To hills of gold, and give me, here thou stayest
not.

Bry. I' faat, I care not.

Hip. Frate not, but get thee gone, I shall
send else.

Bry. Ay, do predy, I had rather have thee
make a scabbard of my guts, and let out all de
Irish puddings in my poor belly, den to be a
false knave to de, i' faat! I will never see dine
own sweet face more. *A mawhid deer a gra,*
fare dee well, fare dee well; I will go steal
cows again in Ireland.

Exit.

Hip. He's damn'd that raised this whirl-
wind, which hath blown
Into her eyes this jealousy: yet I'll on,
I'll on, stood armed devils staring in my face.
To be pursued in flight, quickens the race,
Shall my blood-streams by a wife's lust be
barr'd?

Fond woman, no: iron grows by strokes more
hard;

Lawless desires are seas scorning all bounds,
Or sulphur, which being r n'd up, more con-
founds;

Struggling with madmen madness nothing
tames;

Winds wrestling with great fires incense the
flames.

Exit.

[SCENE II.]³

*Enter BELLAFRONT, and ORLANDO [disguised
as a Serving-man], MAT O [following].*

Bell. How now, what ails your master?

Orl. Has taken a younger brother's purge,
forsooth, and that works with him.

Bell. Where is his cloak and rapier?

Orl. He has given up his cloak, and his ra-
pier is bound to the peace. If you look a little
higher, you may see that another hath ent'red

into hatband for him too. Six and four⁴ have
put him into this sweat.

Bell. Where's all his money?

Orl. 'Tis put over by exchange, his doublet
was going to be translated, but for me. If any
man would ha' lent but half a ducat on his
beard, the hair of it had stuff a pair of breeches
by this time. I had but one poor penny, and [is
that I was glad to niggle out,⁵ and buy a holly-
wand to grace him through the street. As hap-
was, his boots were on, and them I dustied, to
make people think he had been riding, and I
had run by him.

Bell. Oh me! — How does my sweet Matheo?

[MATHEO comes forward.]

Mat. Oh rogue, of what devilish stuff are
these dice made of, — the parings of the devil's
corns of his toes, that they run thus damnably?

Bell. I prithee, vex not.

Mat. If any handicraft's-man was ever suf-
f'ed to keep shop in hell, it will be a dice-
maker; he's able to undo more souls than the
devil; I play'd with mine own dice, yet lost.
Ha' you any money?

Bell. 'Las, I ha' none.

Mat. Must have money, must have some,
must have a cloak, and rapier, and things. Will
you go set your lme-twigs, and get me some
birds, some money?

Bell. What lime-twigs should I set?

Mat. You will not then? Must have cash and
pictures, do ye hear, frailty? Shall I walk in a
Plymouth cloak,⁶ that's to say, like a rogue, in
my hose and doublet, and a crabtree cudgel
in my hand, and you swim in your satins? Must
have money, come!

[Taking off her gown.]

Orl. Is 't bed-time, master, that you undo my
mistress?

Bell. Undo me? Yes, yes, at these riflings I
Have been too often.

Mat. Help to flay, Pacheco.

Orl. Flaying call you it?

Mat. I'll pawn you, by th' lord, to your very
eyebrows.

Bell. With all my heart, since Heaven will
have me poor;
As good be drown'd at sea, as drown'd at
shore.

Orl. Why, hear you, sir? I 'faith, do not
make away her gown.

Mat. Oh! it's summer, it's summer; your
only fashion for a woman now is to be light, to
be light.

Orl. Why, pray sir, employ some of that [as
money you have of mine

Mat. Thine? I'll starve first, I'll beg first;
when I touch a penny of that, let these fingers
ends rot.

Orl. [Aside.] So they may, for that's past
touching. I saw my twenty pounds fly high.

Mat. Knowest thou never a damn'd broker
about the city?

Orl. Damn'd broker? Yes, five hundred.

Mat. The gowu stood me in' above twenty [as

¹ Irish. *A matghisdir a grádh,* O master, O love.

² Flish.

³ A room in Matheo's house.

⁴ I. e. dicing.

⁵ Draw out unwillingly.

⁶ I. e. with a staff.

⁷ Cost me.

ducats; borrow ten of¹ it. Cannot live without silver.

Orl. I'll make what I can of it, sir, I'll be your broker, —

[*Aside*] But not your damn'd broker. Oh thou sourvy knave! ⁷⁰

What makes a wife turn whore, but such a slave? *Exit* [with BELLAFRONT's gown].

Mat. How now, little chick, what ailest? Weeping for a handful of tailor's shreds? Pox on them, are there not silks enow at mercer's?

Bell. I care not for gay feathers, I. ⁷⁵

Mat. What dost care for then? Why dost grieve?

Bell. Why do I grieve? A thousand sorrows strike

At one poor heart, and yet it lives. Matheo, Thou art a gamester; prithee, throw at all, ⁸⁰

Set all upon one cast. We kneel and pray, And struggle for life, yet must be cast away.

Meet misery quickly then, split all, sell all,

And when thou 'st sold all, spend it; but, I beseech thee,

Build not thy mind on me to coin thee more; ⁸⁵ To get it wouldst thou have me play the whore?

Mat. 'T was your profession before I married you.

Bell. Umh? it was indeed. If all men should be branded

For sins long since laid up, who could be saved? The quarter-day 's at hand, how will you do ⁹¹

To pay the rent, Matheo?

Mat. Why, do as all of our occupation do against² quarter-days: break up house, remove, shift your lodgings. pox a' your quarters! ⁹⁵

Enter LODOVICO.

Lod. Where 's this gallant?

Mat. Signor Lodovico? how does my little Mirror of Knighthood? ³ This is kindly done, i' faith: welcome, by my troth

Lod. And how dost, frolic? — Save you fair lady. — ¹⁰⁰

Thou lookest smug and bravely, noble Mat.

Mat. Drink and feed, laugh and lie warm

Lod. Is this thy wife?

Mat. A poor gentlewoman, sir, whom I make use of a' nights. ¹⁰⁵

Lod. Pay custom to your lips, sweet lady.

[*Kisses her.*]

Mat. Borrow some shells⁴ of him. — Some wine, sweetheart.

Lod. I'll send for 't then, i' faith.

Mat. You send for 't! — Some wine, I prithee.

Bell. I ha' no money. ¹¹⁰

Mat. 'Shlood, nor I. — What wine love you, signor?

Lod. Here! [*offering money*] or I'll not stay, I protest; trouble the gentlewoman too much?

Exit BELLAFRONT.

And what news flies abroad, Matheo? ¹¹⁴

Mat. Troth, none. Oh, signor, we ha' been merry in our days.

Lod. And no doubt shall again.

¹ On. ² In preparation for.

³ An allusion to a well-known romance.

⁴ A cant term for money.

The divine powers never shoot darts at men Mortal, to kill them.

Mat. You say true ¹²⁰

Lod. Why should we grieve at want? Say the world made thee

Her minion, that thy head lay in her lap, And that she danc'd thee on her wanton knee,

She could but give thee a whole world. that 's all, ¹²⁵

And that all's nothing; the world's greatest part Cannot fill up one corner of thy heart.

Say the three corners were all fill'd, alas!

Of what art thou possesst? A thin blown glass, Such as is by boys puft into the air!

Were twenty kingdoms thine, thou 'dst live in care: ¹³⁰

Thou couldst not sleep the better, nor live longer,

Nor merrier be, nor healthfuller, nor stronger.

If, then, thou want'st, thus make that want thy pleasure,

No man wants all things, nor has all in measure.

Mat. I am the most wretched fellow. sure ¹³⁵ some left-handed priest hath christ'ned me, I am so unlucky; I am never out of one puddle or another; still falling.

Re-enter BELLAFRONT [*with wine*] and ORLANDO.

Fill out wine to my little finger. — With my heart, i' faith. [*Drinks.*] ¹⁴⁰

Lod. Thanks, good Matheo. To your own sweet self. [*Drinks.*]

Re-enter ORLANDO.

Orl. All the brokers' hearts, sir, are made of flint. I can with all my knocking strike but six sparks of fire out of them; here 's six ducats, if you 'll take them. ¹⁴⁵

Mat. Give me them! [*Taking money.*] An evil conscience gnaw them all! Moths and plagues hang upon their lousy wardrobes!

Lod. Is this your man, Matheo? ¹⁵⁰

[*Mat.*] An old serving-man.

Orl. You may give me t' other half too, sir; that 's the beggar.

Lod. What hast there, — gold? ¹⁵⁵

Mat. A sort⁵ of rascals are in my debt, God knows what, and they feed me with bits, with crumbs, a pox choke them.

Lod. A word, Matheo; be not angry with me; Believe it that I know the touch of time, ¹⁵⁹

And can part copper, though it be gilded o'er, From the true gold: the sails which thou dost spread,

Would show well if they were not borrowed.

The sound of thy low fortunes drew me hither, I give my self unto thee; prithee, use me,

I will bestow on you a suit of satin, ¹⁶⁵ And all things else to fit a gentleman,

Because I love you.

Mat. Thanks, good, noble knight!

Lod. Call on me when you please; till then farewell. *Exit.*

Mat. Hast angled? Hast out up this fresh salmon? ¹⁷⁰

Bell. Wouldst have me be so base?
Mat. It's base to steal, it's base to be a whore:
 Thou'lt be more base, I'll make thee keep a
 door.¹ *Exit.*

Orl. I hope he will not sneak away with all
 the money, will he? ¹⁷⁵

Bell. Thou seest he does.

Orl. Nay then, it's well. I set my brains
 upon an upright last;² though my wits be old,
 yet they are like a wither'd pippin, wholesome.
 Look you, mistress, I told him I had but six [¹⁸⁰
 ducats of the knave broker, but I had eight,
 and kept these two for you.

Bell. Thou should'st have given him all.

Orl. What, to fly high?

Bell. Like waves, my misery drives on misery. *Exit.*

Orl. Sell his wife's clothes from her back?³ [¹⁸⁵
 Does any poulterer's wife pull chickens alive?
 He riots all abroad, wants all at home: he
 dices, whores, swaggers, swears, cheats, bor-
 rows, pawns. I'll give him hook and line, a
 little more for all this; ¹⁹⁰
 Yet sure 'th' end he'll delude all my hopes,
 And show me a French trick danc'd on the
 ropes.⁴ *Exit.* ¹⁹⁵

[SCENE III.]

Enter at one door LODOVICO and CAROLO; *at*
another BOTS, and Mistress HORSELEECH.
CANDIDO and his Wife appear in the Shop.

Lod. Hist, hist, Lieutenant Bots! How dost,
 man?

Car. Whither are you ambling, Madam
 Horseleech?

Mis. H. About worldly profit, sir: how [⁵
 do you worships?

Bots. We want tools, gentlemen, to furnish
 the trade: they wear out day and night, they
 wear out till no metal be left in their back. We
 hear of two or three new wenches are come [¹⁰
 up with a carrier, and your old goshawk here
 is flying at them.

Lod. And, faith, what flesh have you at
 home?

Mis. H. Ordinary dishes; by my troth, [¹⁵
 sweet men, there's few good 'th' city. I am
 as well furnished as any, and, though I say it, as
 well custom'd.

Bots. We have meats of all sorts of dressing;
 we have stew'd meat for your Frenchman, [²⁰
 pretty light picking meat for your Italian, and
 that which is rotten roasted for Don Spaniarido.

Lod. A pox on't.

Bots. We have poulterer's ware for your
 sweet bloods, as dove, chicken, duck, teal, [²⁵
 woodcock, and so forth: and butcher's meat
 for the citizen: yet muttuns⁴ fall very bad this
 year.

Lod. Stay, is not that my patient linen-draper
 yonder, and my fine young smug mistress, [³⁰
 his wife?

Car. Sirrah,⁵ grannam, I'll give thee for thy

¹ I. e. turn bawd. ² I. e. My expectation is just.

³ Will be hanged. ⁴ Prostitutes.

⁵ For early used to both sexes.

fee twenty crowns, if thou canst but procure
 me the wearing of yon velvet cap.

Mis. H. You'd wear another thing be- [³⁵
 sides the cap. You're a wag.

Bots. Twenty crowns? We'll share, and I'll
 be your pully to draw her on.

Lod. Do't presently, we'll ha' some sport.

Mis. H. Wheel you about, sweet men: [⁴⁰
 do you see? I'll cheapen wares of the man,
 whilst Bots is doing with his wife.

Lod. To't: if we come into the shop to do
 you grace, we'll call you madam.

Bots. Pox a' your old face, give it the [⁴⁵
 badge of all scurvy faces, a mask

[*Mistress HORSELEECH puts on a mask*]

Cand. What is't you lack, gentlewoman? Cam-
 bric or lawns, or fine hollands? Pray draw
 near; I can sell you a pennyworth.

Bots. Some cambric for my old lady. ⁵⁰

Cand. Cambric? You shall, the purest thread
 in Milan.

Lod. Car. Save you, Signor Candido.

Lod. How does my noble master? How my
 fair mistress? ⁵⁵

Cand. My worshipful good servant. — View
 it well, for 't is both fine and even.

[*Shows cambric.*]

Car. Cry you mercy, madam; though mask'd,
 I thought it should be you by your man. —
 Pray, signor, show her the best, for she com-
 monly deals for good ware. ⁶¹

Cand. Then this shall fit her. — This is for
 your ladyship

Bots. [*to Bride.*] A word, I pray. There is
 a waiting gentlewoman of my lady's — her [⁶⁵
 name is Ruyna — says she's your kinswoman,
 and that you should be one of her aunts.

Bride. One of her aunts? Troth, sir, I know
 her not. ⁷⁰

Bots. If it please you to bestow the poor la-
 bour of your legs at any time, I will be your
 convoy thither.

Bride. I am a snail, sir, seldom leave my
 house. If 't please her to visit me, she shall
 be welcome. ⁷⁵

Bots. Do you hear? The naked truth is, my
 lady hath a young knight, her son, who loves
 you; you're made, if you lay hold upon't; this
 jewel he sends you. [*Offers jewel.*] ⁸⁰

Bride. Sir, I return his love and jewel with
 scorn. Let go my hand, or I shall call my hus-
 band. You are an arrant knave. *Exit.*

Lod. What will she do?

Bots. Do? They shall all do if Bots sets upon
 them once. She was as if she had profest [⁸⁵
 the trade, squeamish at first, at last I showed
 her this jewel, said a knight sent it her.

Lod. Is't gold, and right stones?

Bots. Copper, copper; I go a fishing with
 these baits. She nibbled, but would not swal-
 low the hook, because the conger-head, her [⁹¹
 husband, was by; but she bids the gentleman
 name any afternoon, and she'll meet him at her
 garden house,⁶ which I know.

⁶ Gardens with summer-houses were very common in
 the suburbs of London at the time, and were often
 used as places of intrigue. (Dyce.)

Lod. Is this no lie now? 95
Bots. Damme, if —
Lod. Oh, prithee, stay there.
Bots. The twenty crowns, sir.
Lod. Before he has his work done? — But
 in my knightly word he shall pay 't thee. 100
Enter ASTOLFO, BERALDO, FONTINELL, and
 the Irish footman [BRYAN].

Ast. I thought thou hadst been gone into
 thine own country.

Bry. No, faat, la, I cannot go dis four or
 tree days. 104

Ber. Look thee, yonder 's the shop, and that 's
 the man himself.

Fon. Thou shalt but cheapen, and do as we
 told thee, to put a jest upon him, to abuse his
 patience. 109

Bry. I' faat, I doubt my pate shall be
 knocked. but, sa crees sa' me, for your shakes,
 I will run to any linen-draper in hell. Come,
 predee.

All. Save you, gallants.

Lod. Car. Oh, well met! 115

Cand. You 'll give no more, you say? I can-
 not take it.

Mis. H. Truly, I 'll give no more.

Cand. It must not fetch it.

What would you have, sweet gentlemen. 120

Ast. Nay, here 's the customer.

Exeunt BOTS and Mistress HORSE-
 LEECH.

Lod. The garden-house, you say? We 'll bolt ¹
 out your roguery.

Cand. I will but lay these parcels by — my
 men

Are all at custom house unloading wares. 125
 If cambric you would deal in, there 's the best;
 All Milan cannot sample it

Lod. Do you hear it? one, two, three, —
 'Sfoot, there came in four gallants! Sure
 your wife is slipt up, and the fourth man, I
 hold my life, is grafting your warden tree. ² 131

Cand. Ha, ha, ha! you gentlemen are full of
 jest,

If she be up, she 's gone some wares to show;
 I have above as good wares as below.

Lod. Have you so? Nay, then — 135

Cand. Now, gentlemen, is 't cambrics?

Bry. I predee now, let me have de best
 waures.

Cand. What 's that he says, pray, gentlemen?

Lod. Marry, he says we are like to have the
 best wars. 141

Cand. The best wars? All are bad, yet wars
 do good,
 And, like to surgeons, let sick kingdom's
 blood.

Bry. Faat a devil pratest tow so? a pox on
 dee! I predee, let me see some hollen, to make
 linen shirts, for fear my body be lousy. 146

Cand. Indeed, I understand no word he
 speaks.

Car. Marry, he says that at the siege in
 Holland

There was much bawdry us'd among the sol-
 diers,

Though they were lousy. 1

Cand. It may be so, that 's likely. — True,
 indeed.

In every garden, sir, does grow that weed.

Bry. Fox on de gardens, and de weeds,
 and de fool's cap dere, and de clouts! Hear ²
 dust make a hobby-horse of me. 151

[*Tearing the cambric*]
All. Oh, fie! he has torn the cambric.

Cand. 'Tis no matter

Ast. It frets me to the soul.

Cand. So does 't not me.
 My customers do oft for remnants call,
 These are two remnants, now, no loss at all.
 But let me tell you, were my servants here, ¹⁰⁰
 It would ha' cost more. — Thank you, gentle-
 men,

I use you well, pray know my shop again.

All. Ha, ha, ha! come, come, let 's go, let 's go
Exeunt.

[ACT IV]

[SCENE I.] ³

Enter MATHEO brave, ⁴ and BELLAFRONT.

Mat. How am I suited, Front? Am I not gal-
 lant, ha? ⁵

Bell. Yes, sir, you are suited well.

Mat. Exceeding passing well, and to the
 time. ⁶

Bell. The tailor has play'd his part with you.

Mat. And I have play'd a gentleman's part
 with my tailor, for I owe him for the making
 of it.

Bell. And why did you so, sir?

Mat. To keep the fashion; it 's your only ¹⁰
 fashion now, of your best rank of gallants, to
 make their tailors wait for their money; nei-
 ther were it wisdom indeed to pay them upon
 the first edition ⁶ of a new suit; for com-
 monly the suit is owing for, when the linings ¹⁵
 are worn out, and there 's no reason, then, that
 the tailor should be paid before the mercer.

Bell. Is this the suit the knight bestowed
 upon you?

Mat. This is the suit, and I need not shame
 to wear it, for better men than I would be ²¹
 glad to have suits bestowed on them. It 's a gen-
 erous fellow, — but — pox on him — we whose
 pericramions are the very limbecks and stilla-
 tories of good wit and fly high, must drive
 liquor out of stale gaping oysters. Shallow ²⁵
 knight, poor squire Tinacheo! I 'll make a wild
 Cataian ⁷ of forty such: hang him, he 's an ass,
 he 's always sober

Bell. This is your fault to wound your friends
 still. ³¹

Mat. No, faith, Front, Lodovico is a noble

³ A room in Matheo's house ⁵ In the fashion.

⁴ Finely attired. ⁶ Delivery.

⁷ "It would take forty such knights to make a thief"
 Cataia is China, the Chinese were supposed to be great
 thieves.

Slavonian: it's more rare to see him in a woman's company, than for a Spaniard to go into England, and to challenge the English fencers there. — [*Knocking within.*] One knocks, — see. — [*Exit BELLAFRONT*] — La, fa, sol, la, fa, la, [*sings*] rustle in silks and satins! There's music in this, and a taffeta petticoat, it makes both fly high. *Catso.* 40

Re-enter BELLAFRONT; after her ORLANDO, like himself, with four men after him.

Bell. Matheo! 't is my father.

Mat. Ha! father? It's no matter, he finds no tatter'd prodigals here

Orl. Is not the door good enough to hold your blue coats? Away, knaves, wear not your clothes threadbare at knees for me; beg Heaven's blessing, not mine. [*Exeunt Servants.*] — Oh cry your worship mercy, sir; was somewhat bold to talk to this gentlewoman, your wife here. 50

Mat. A poor gentlewoman, sir.

Orl. Stand not, sir, bare to me; I ha' read oft That serpents who creep low, belch ranker poison

Than winged dragons do that fly aloft.

Mat. If it offend you, sir, 't is for my pleasure. 55

Orl. Your pleasure be't, sir. Umh, is this your palace?

Bell. Yes, and our kingdom, for 't is our content.

Orl. It's a very poor kingdom then; what, are all your subjects gone a sheep-shearing? Not a maid? not a man? not so much as a cat? You keep a good house belike, just like one of your profession, every room with bare walls, and a half-headed bed to vault upon, as all your bawdy-houses are. Pray who are your upholsters? Oh, the spiders, I see, they bestow hangings upon you. 60

Mat. Bawdy-house? Zounds, sir —

Bell. Oh sweet Matheo, peace. Upon my knees

I do beseech you, sir, not to arraign me For sins, which Heaven, I hope, long since hath pardoned! 70

Those flames, like lightning flashes, are so spent, The heat no more remains, than where ships went.

Or where birds out the air, the print remains.

Mat. Pox on him, kneel to a dog.

Bell. She that's a whore, 75

Lives gallant, fares well, is not, like me, poor. I ha' now as small acquaintance with that sin, As if I had never known't, that never been.

Orl. No acquaintance with it? What maintains thee then? How dost live then? Has thy husband any lands, any rents coming in, any stock going, any ploughs jogging, any ships sailing? Hast thou any wares to turn,¹ so much as to get a single penny by?

Yes thou hast ware to sell; Knaves are thy chapmen, and thy shop is hell.

Mat. Do you hear, sir?

¹ Turn over, sell.

Orl. So, sir, I do hear, sir, more of you than you dream I do.

Mat. You fly a little too high, sir. 80

Orl. Why, sir, too high?

Mat. I ha' suff' red your tongue, like a barr'd cater-tray,² to run all this while, and ha' not stooped it.

Orl. Well, sir, you talk like a gamester. 85

Mat. If you come to bark at her because she's a poor rogue, look you, here's a fine path, sir, and there, there, the door.

Bell. Matheo!

Mat. Your blue coats stay for you, sir. I love a good honest roaring boy, and so — 90

Orl. That's the devil.

Mat. Sir, sir, I'll ha' no Joves in my house to thunder avaunt. She shall live and be maintained when you, like a keg of musty sturgeon, shall stink. Where? In your coffin. How? Be a musty fellow, and lousy.

Orl. I know she shall be maintained, but how? She like a quean, thou like a knave; she like a whore, thou like a thief 100

Mat. Thief? Zounds! Thief?

Bell. Good, dearest Mat! — Father!

Mat. Pox on you both! I'll not be braved. New satin scorns to be put down with bare bawdy velvet. Thief! 105

Orl. Ay, thief, th' art a murderer, a cheater, a whoremonger, a pot-hunter, a borrower, a beggar —

Bell. Dear father —

Mat. An old ass, a dog, a churl, a chuff, an usurer, a villain, a moth, a mangy mule, with an old velvet foot-cloth on his back, sir. 110

Bell. Oh me!

Orl. Varlet, for this I'll hang thee.

Mat. Ha, ha, alas!

Orl. Thou keepest a man of mine here, under my nose. 115

Mat. Under thy beard.

Orl. As arrant a small-smock, for an old mutton-monger³ as thyself. 120

Mat. No, as yourself.

Orl. As arrant a purse-taker as ever cried, Stand! yet a good fellow I confess, and valiant; but he'll bring thee to th' gallows. You both have robb'd of late two poor country pedlars. 125

Mat. How's this? How's this? Dost thou fly high? Rob pedlars? — Bear witness, Front — rob pedlars? My man and I a thief?

Bell. Oh, sir, no more.

Orl. Ay, knave, two pedlars. Hue and cry is up, warrants are out, and I shall see thee climb a ladder.

Mat. And come down again as well as a bricklayer or a tiler. — [*Aside.*] How the vengeance knows he this? — If I be hanged, I'll tell the people I married old Friscobaldo's daughter; I'll frisco you, and your old carcass.

Orl. Tell what you canst; if I stay here longer, I shall be hang'd too, for being in thy company; therefore, as I found you, I leave you — 130

² A kind of false dice.

³ Whoremonger.

Mat. Kneel, and get money of him.

Orl. A knave and a quean, a thief and a strumpet, a couple of beggars, a brace of baggages.

Mat. Hang upon him — Ay, ay, sir, fare you well; we are so — follow close — we are beggars — in satin — to him.

Bell. Is this your comfort, when so many years

You ha' left me frozen to death?

Orl. Freeze still, starve still!

Bell. Yes, so I shall: I must: I must and will.

If, as you say, I'm poor, relieve me then,

Let me not sell my body to base men

You call me str pet, Heaven knows I am none:

Your cruelty may drive me to be one:

Let not that sin be yours; let not the shame

Of common whore live longer than my name.

That cunning bawd, Necessity, night and day

Plots to undo me; drive that hag away,

Lest being at lowest ebb, as now I am,

I sink for ever.

Orl. Lowest ebb, what ebb?

Bell. So poor, that, though to tell it be my shame,

I am not worth a dish to hold my meat;

I am yet poorer, I want bread to eat.

Orl. It's not seen by your cheeks.

Mat. [*Aside.*] I think she has read an homily to tickle the old rogue.

Orl. Want bread! There's satin: bake that.

Mat. 'Sblood, make pasties of my clothes?

Orl. A fair new cloak, stew that; an excellent gilt rapier.

Mat. Will you eat that, sir?

Orl. I could feast ten good fellows with these hangers.¹

Mat. The pox, you shall!

Orl. I shall not, till thou begg'st, think thou art poor;

And when thou begg'st I'll feed thee at my door,

As I feed dogs, with bones; till then beg, borrow,

Pawn, steal, and hang, turn bawd, when thou art whore, —

[*Aside.*] My heart-strings sure would crack, were they strain'd more.

Exit.

Mat. This is your father, your damn'd — Confusion light upon all the generation of you! He can come bragging hither with four white herrings at 's tail in blue coats, without roes in their bellies; but I may starve ere he give me so much as a cob.²

Bell. What tell you me of this? alas!

Mat. Go, trot after your dad, do you capitulate; I'll pawn not for you; I'll not steal to be hanged for such an hypocritical, close, common harlot: away, you dog!

Brave i' faith! Udsfoot, give me some meat.

Bell. Yes, sir.

Mat. Goodman slave, my man too, is gallop'd

¹ The straps attached to the girdle, from which a dagger or sword hung. They were often richly embroidered.

² He 'g's head.

to the devil a' the t' other side: Pacheco, I'll checo you. Is this your dad's day? Eng-³ land, they say, is the only hell for horses, and only paradise for women: pray get you to that paradise, because you're called an honest whore, there they live none but honest whores with a pox. Mairy, here in our city, all your⁴ sex are but foot-cloth nags: the master no sooner lights but the man leaps into the saddle.

Re-enter BELLAFRONT [*with meat and drink*].

Bell. Will you sit down, I pray, sir?

Mat. [*sitting down.*] I could tear, by th' Lord, his flesh, and eat his midriff in salt, as I eat⁵ this — must I choke? — My father Friscobaldo, I shall make a pitiful hog-louse of you, Orlando, if you fall once into my fingers — Here's the savourest meat! I ha' got a stomach with chafing.⁶ What rogue should tell him of those⁷ two pedlars? A plague choke him, and gnaw him to the bare bones! — Come fill.

Bell. Thou sweatest with very anger, good sweet. Vex not, 'las, 't is no fault of mine.

Mat. Where didst buy this mutton? I never felt better ribs.

Bell. A neighbour sent it me.

Re-enter ORLANDO [*disguised as a Serving-man*].

Mat. Hah, neighbour? Foh, my mouth stinks. You whore, do you beg victuals for me? Is this satin doublet to be bombasted⁸ with broken⁹ meat?

Orl. What will you do, sir?

Mat. Beat out the brains of a beggarly —

Orl. Beat out an ass's head of your own. — Away, Mistress! [*Exit BELLAFRONT.*] Zounds, do but touch one hair of her, and I'll so quilt your cap with old iron, that your coxcomb shall ache the worse these seven years for 't. Does she look like a roasted rabbit, that you must have the head for the brains?

Mat. Ha, ha! go out of my doors, you rogue! Away, four marks; trudge.

Orl. Four marks? No, sir, my twenty pound that you ha' made fly high, and I am gone.

Mat. Must I be fed with chippings? You're best get a clappish,¹⁰ and say y' are proctor to some spittle-house.¹¹ — Where hast thou been, Pacheco? Come hither my little turkey-cock.

Orl. I cannot abide, sir, to see a woman wrong'd, not I.

Mat. Sirrah, here was my father-in-law to-day.

Orl. Fish, then y' are full of crowns.

Mat. Hang him! he would ha' thrust crow upon me, to have fall'n in again, but I scorn cast clothes, or any man's gold.

Orl. [*Aside.*] — But mine. How did he brook that, sir?

Mat. Oh, swore like a dozen of drunken tinkers; at last growing foul in words, he and¹² four of his men drew upon me, sir.

³ Horses with long housings.

⁴ An appetite with anger.

⁵ Stuffed out.

⁶ A dish carried by beggars, with a lid used to rattle to attract notice.

⁷ Ho ital.

Orl. In your house? Would I had been by!

Mat. I made no more ado, but fell to my old
 lock,¹ and so thrashed my blue-coats and old
 crab-tree-face my father-in-law, and then walkt
 like a lion in my grate.² 268

Orl. O noble master!

Mat. Sirrah, he could tell me of the robbing
 the two pedlars, and that warrants are out for
 us both. 270

Orl. Good sir, I like not those crackers³

Mat. Crackhalter,⁴ you't set thy foot to mme?

Orl. How, sir? at drinking.

Mat. We'll pull that old crow my father
 rob thy master I know the house, thou [275
 the servants the purchase⁵ is rich, the plot to
 get it is easy, the dog will not part from a bone

Orl. Pluck't out of his throat, then. I'll
 snarl for one, if this⁶ can bite.

Mat. Say no more, say no more, old coal; [280
 meet me anon at the sign of the Shipwrack.

Orl. Yes, sir.

Mat. And dost hear, man? — the Shipwrack.

Orl. Th' art at the shipwrack now, and like
 a swinner, 285

Bold, but unexpert, with those waves dost
 play,
 Whose dalliance, whorelike, is to cast thee
 away.

Enter HIPPOLITO and BELLAFRONT.

And here's another vessel, better fraught,
 But as ill-mann'd; her sinking will be wrought,
 If rescue come not. like a man of war
 I'll therefore bravely out; somewhat I'll do,
 And either save them both, or perish too 291

Hip. It is my fate to be bewitched by those
 eyes.

Bell. Fate? your folly.

Why should my face thus mad you? 'Las, those
 colours 295

Are wound up long ago, which beauty spread;
 The flowers that once grew here, are withered.
 You turn'd my black soul white, made it look
 new.

And should I sin, it ne'er should be with you.

Hip. Your hand, I'll offer you fair play.
 When first 300

We met i' th' lists together, you remember
 You were a common rebel; with one parley
 I won you to come in.

Bell. You did.

Hip. I'll try

If now I can beat down this chastity
 With the same ordnance. Will you yield this
 fort, 305

If the power of argument now, as then,
 I get of you the conquest: as before
 I turn'd you honest, now to turn you whore,
 By force of strong persuasion?

Bell. If you can,

I yield.

Hip. The alarum's struck up; I'm your man.

Bell. A woman gives defiance.

Hip. Sit. [They seat themselves.]

Bell. Begin: 311

'Tis a brave battle to encounter sin.

Hip. You men that are to fight in the same

war

To which I'm prest, and plead at the same
 bar,

To win a woman, if you'd have me speed, 315
 Send all your wishes!

Bell. No doubt you're heard; proceed.

Hip. To be a harlot, that you stand upon,

The very name's a charm to make you one.

Harlotta⁷ was a dame of so divine 319

And ravishing touch⁸ that she was concubine

To an English king; her sweet bewitching eye

Did the king's heart-strings in such love-knots

tie

That even the coyest was proud when she could
 hear

Men say, "Behold, another Harlot there!"

And after her all women that were fair 325

Were harlots call'd, as to this day some are:

Besides, her dalliance she so well does mix,

That she's in Latin call'd the *Meretrix*.

Thus for the name; for the profession, this:

Who lives in bondage, lives lac'd; the chief

bliss 330

This world below can yield, is liberty:

And who, than whores, with looser wings dare
 fly?

As Juno's proud bird spreads the fairest tail,

So does a strumpet hoist the loftiest sail,

She's no man's slave; men are her slaves; her

eye 335

Moves not on wheels screw'd up with jealousy,

She, hors'd or coach'd, does merry journeys

make,

Free as the sun in his gilt zodiac:

As bravely does she shine, as fast she's driven,

But stays not long in any house of heaven; 340

But shifts from sign to sign, her amorous

prizes

More rich being when she's down, than when

she rises.

In brief, gentlemen haunt them, soldiers fight

for them,

Few men but know them, few or none abhor

them.

Thus for sport's sake speak I, as to a woman

Whom, as the worst ground, I would turn to

common: 345

But you I would enclose for mine own bed.

Bell. So should a husband be dishonoured.

Hip. Dishonour'd? Not a whit: to fall to

one

Besides your husband is to fall to none, 350

For one no number is.

Bell. Faith, should you take

One in your bed, would you that reckoning

make?

'T is time you found retreat.

Hip.

Say, have I won,

Is the day ours?

¹ Trick.

² Cage.

³ Boasters.

⁴ Gallows-bird.

⁵ Booty

⁶ His sword.

⁷ The mistress of the father of William the Conqueror.

⁸ Quality.

Bell. The battle's but half done,
None but yourself have yet sounded alarms, 355
Let us strike too, else you dishonour arms.

Hip. If you can win the day, the glory's yours.

Bell. To prove a woman should not be a
whore
When she was made, she'd one man, and no
more; 360

Yet she was tied to laws then, for even then,¹
'T is said, she was not made for men, but man.
Anon, t' increase earth's brood, the law was
varied,

Men should take many wives: and though they
married

According to that act, yet 't is not known
But that those wives were only tied to one. 365
New parliaments were since for now one
woman

Is shar'd between three hundred, nay she's
common,

Common! as spotted leopards, whom for sport
Men hunt to get the flesh, but care not for 't.
So spread they nets of gold, and tune their
calls, 370

To enchant silly women to take falls;
Swearing they're angels, which that they may
win

They'll hire the devil to come with false dice
in.

Oh Sirens' subtle tunes! yourselves you flatter,
And our weak sex betray, so men love water;
It serves to wash their hands, but being once
foul, 375

The water down is pour'd, cast out of doors;
And even of such base use do men make
whores.

A harlot, like a hen, more sweetness reaps,
To pick men one by one up, than in heaps. 380
Yet all feeds but confounding.² Say you should
taste me,

I serve but for the time, and when the day
Of war is done, am cashier'd out of pay
If like lame soldiers I could beg, that's all,
And there's lust's rendezvous, an hospital. 385
Who then would be a man's slave, a man's
woman?

She's half starv'd the first day that feeds in
common.

Hip. You should not feed so, but with me
alone.

Bell. If I drink poison by stealth, is 't not
all one?

Is 't not rank poison still with you alone? 390
Nay, say you sp'd a courtesan, whose soft side
To touch you'd sell your birth-right, for one kiss
Be rack'd; she's won, you're sated: what fol-
lows this?

Oh, then you curse that bawd that toll'd³ you
in,

The night; you curse your lust, you loathe the
sin, 395

You loathe her very sight, and ere the day
Arise, you rise glad when y' are stol'n away.

Even then when you are drunk with all her
sweets,

There's no true pleasure in a strumpet's sheets.
Women whom lust so prostitutes to sale, 400
Like dancers upon ropes, once seen, are stale.

Hip. If all the threads of harlot's lives are
spun,

So coarse as you would make them, tell me
why

You so long lov'd the trade?

Bell. If all the threads
Of harlot's lives be fine as you would make
them, 405

Why do not you persuade your wife turn
whore,

And all dames else to fall before that sin?

Like an ill husband, though I knew the same
To be my undoing, followed I that game.

Oh, when the work of lust had earn'd my
bread, 410

To taste it how I trembled, lest each bit.

Ere it went down, should choke me chewing it!
My bed seem'd like a cabin hung in hell,

The bawd, hell's porter, and the luckerish⁴
wine

The pander fetch'd, was like an easy fine, 415
For which, methought, I leas'd away my soul;
And oftentimes, even in my quaffing bowl,

Thus said I to myself, I am a whore,
And have drunk down thus much confusion

more. 420

Hip. It is a common rule, and 't is more true,
Two of one trade ne'er love no more do you.

Why are you sharp 'gainst that you once pro-
fess'd?

Bell. Why dote you on that, which you did
once detest?

I cannot, seeing she's woven of such bad stuff,
Set colours on a harlot base enough 425

Nothing did make me, when I lov'd them best,
To loathe them more than this: when in the
street

A fair young modest damsel I did meet,
She seem'd to all a dove, when I pass'd by,

And I to all a raven: every eye 430
That followed her went with a bashful glance,
At me each bold and jeering countenance

Darted forth scorn; to her as if she had been
Some tower unvanquished, would they veil,⁵

'Gainst me swain rumour hoisted every sail;
She, crown'd with reverend praises, pass'd by
them, 435

I, though with face mask'd, could not scape
the "Hem!"

For, as if Heaven had set strange marks on
whores,

Because they should be pointing stocks to
man,

Drest up in civillest shape, a courtesan — 440
Let her walk saint-like, noteless, and unknown,
Yet she's betray'd by some trick of her own.

Were harlots therefore wise, they'd be sold
dear:

For men account them good but for one year,
And then like almanacs whose dates are
gone, 445

They are thrown by, and no more look'd upon.

¹ Then.

² Only confusion.

³ Enticed.

⁴ Tempting.

⁵ Take off their hats.

Who 'll therefore backward fall, who will la ch
forth

In seas so foul, for ventures no more worth?
Lust's voyage hath, if not this course, this
cross,

Buy ne'er so cheap, your ware comes home
with loss.

What, shall I sound retreat? The battle's
done

Let the world judge which of us two have won.

Hyp. I!

Bell. You? nay then as cowards do in fight,
What by blows cannot, shall be sav'd by
fight.

Hip. Fly to earth's fixed centre. to the caves
Of everlasting horror, I 'll pursue thee,
Though laden with sins, even to hell's brazen
doors.

Thus wisest men turn fools, doting on whores.

Exit.

[SCENE II.]¹

*Enter the DUKE, LODOVICO, and ORLANDO
[disguised as a Serving-man]; after them INFELICE,
CAROLO, ASTOLFO, BERALDO, and
FONTINELL.*

Orl. I beseech your grace, though your eye
be so piercing as under a poor blue coat to cull
out an honest father from an old serving-man,
yet, good my lord, discover not the plot to any,
but only this gentle n that is now to be an [s
actor in our ensuing comedy.

Duke. Thou hast thy wish, Orlando, pass un-
known,

Sforza shall only go along with thee,
To see that warrant serv'd upon thy son.

Lod. To attach him upon felony, for two [10
pedlars: is't not so?

Orl. Right, my noble knight: those pedlars
were two knaves of mine; he fleec'd the men
before, and now he purposes to flay the master.
He will rob me; his teeth water to be nib- [15
bling at my gold; but this shall hang him by th'
gills, till I pull him on shore.

Duke. Away: ply you the business.

Orl. Thanks to your grace: but, my good
lord, for my daughter —

Duke. You know what I have said.

Orl. And remember what I have sworn. She's
more honest, on my soul, than one of the Turks'
wenches, watcht by a hundred eunuchs.

Lod. So she had need, for the Turks make [25
them whores.

Orl. He's a Turk that makes any woman a
whore; he's no true Christian, I'm sure. I
commit your grace.

Duke. Infelice.

Inf. Here, sir.

Lod. Signor Friscobaldo.

Orl. Frisking again? Pacheco.

Lod. Uds so, Pacheco! We'll have some
sport with this warrant: 'tis to apprehend [35
all suspected persons in the house. Besides,
there's one Bots, a pander, and one Madam
o eleech, a bawd, that have abus'd my friend;

those two conies will we ferret into the purse-
net.²

Orl. Let me alone for dabbling them o' th'
neck. Come, come.

Lod. Do ye hear, gallants? Meet me anon
at Matheo's.

All. Enough

Exeunt LODOVICO and ORLANDO.

Duke. Th' old fellow sings that note thou
didst before,

Only his tunes are, that she is no whore,

But that she sent his letters and his gifts,

Out of a noble triumph o'er his lust,

To show she trampled his assaults in dust.

Inf. 'Tis a good honest servant, that old man.

Duke. I doubt no less.

Inf. And it may be my husband,

Because when once this woman was unmaskt,

He levell'd all her thoughts, and made them fit,

Now he'd mar all again, to try his wit.

Duke. It may be so too, for to turn a harlot

Honest, it must be by strong antidotes;

'Tis rare, as to see panthers change their spots.

And when she's once a star fix'd and shines

bright,

Though 'twere impiety then to dim her light,

Because we see such tapers seldom burn,

Yet 'tis the pride and glory of some men,

To change her to a blazing star again,

And it may be, Hippolito does no more. —

It cannot be but you're acquainted all

With that same madness of our son-in-law,

That dotes so on a courtesan.

All.

Car. All the city thinks he's a whoremonger.

Ast. Yet I warrant he'll swear no man marks

him.

Ber. 'Tis like so, for when a man goes a
wenching, is as if he had a strong stinking
breath, every one smells him out, yet he feels
it not, though it be ranker than the sweat of
sixteen bear warders.

Duke. I doubt then you have all those stink-
ing breaths;

You might be all smelt out.

Car. Troth, my lord, I think we are all as
you ha' been in your youth when you went a-
maying; we all love to hear the cuckoo sing [35
upon other men's trees.

Duke. It's well; yet you confess. But, girl,
thy bed

Shall not be parted with a courtesan.

'Tis strange,

No frown of mine, no frown of the poor lady,

My abus'd child, his wife, no care of fame,

Of honour, heaven, or hell, no not that name

Of common strumpet, can affright, or woo him

To abandon her; the harlot does undo him;

She has bewitcht h', robb'd him of his shape,

Turn'd him into a be t; his reason's lost;

You see he looks wild, does he not?

Car.

I ha' noted

New moons in 's face, my lord, all full of change.

Duke. He's no more like unto Hippolito

¹ An apartment in the Duke's Palace.

² A net, the mouth of which was drawn together with a string.

Than dead men are to living — never sleeps, ⁹⁵
Or if he do, it's dreams : and in those dreams
His arms work, and then cries, "Sweet" —
what's her name.

What's the drab's name?

Asl. In troth, my lord, I know not,
I know no drabs, not I.

Duke. Oh, Bellafront! — ⁹⁹
And, catching her fast, cries, "My Bellafront!"

Car. A drench that's able to kill a horse
cannot kill this disease of smock-smelling, my
lord, if it have once eaten deep.

Duke. I'll try all physic, and this medicine
first: ¹⁰⁴

I have directed warrants strong and peremptory
To purge our city Milan, and to cure

The outward parts, the suburbs, for the at-
taching

Of all those women, who, like gold, want
weight:

Cities, like ships, should have no idle freight. ¹⁰⁹

Car. No, my lord, and light wenches are no
idle freight; but what's your grace's reach¹ in
this?

Duke. This, Carolo. If she whom my son
dotes on,

Be in that muster-book enroll'd, he'll sh ^e
Ever t' approach one of such noted name. ¹¹⁵

Car. But say she be not?

Duke. Yet on harlots' heads
New laws shall fall so heavy, and such blows

Shall give to those that haunt them, that Hip-
polito

If not for fear of law, for love to her,
If he love truly, shall her bed forbear. ¹²⁰

Car. Attach all the light heels¹ the city and
clap 'em up? Why, my lord, you dive into a

well unsearchable. all the whores within the
walls, and without the walls? I would not be ¹²⁴

he should meddle with them for ten such duke-
doms; the army that you speak on is able to fill

all the prisons within this city, and to leave not
a drinking-room in any tavern besides.

Duke. Those only shall be caught that are of
note;

Harlots in each street flow : ¹³⁰

The fish being thus i' th' net, ourself will sit,

And with eye most severe dispose of it.

Come, girl. [*Exeunt DUKE and INFELICE.*]

Car. Arraign the poor whores!

Asl. I'll not miss that sessions. ¹³⁵

Font. Nor I.

Ber. Nor I, though I hold up my hand there
myself. [*Exeunt.*]

[*SCENE III.*]²

*Enter MATHEO, LODOVICO, and ORLANDO [dis-
guised as a Serving-man].*

Mat. Let who will come, my noble cheva-
lier; I can but play the kind host, and bid 'em
welcome.

Lod. We'll trouble your house, Matheo, but
Dutchmen do in taverns, drink, be merry, [5
d be gone.

¹ Aim.

² A m in atheo's h e.

Orl. Indeed, if you be right Dutchmen; if
you fall to drinking, you must be gone.

Mat. The worst is, my wife is not at home;
but we'll fly high, my generous knight, for all
that. There's no music when a wo n is in [15
the concert.

Orl. No; for she's like a pair of virginals,
Always with jacks at her tail.

*Enter ASTOLFO, CAROLO, BERALDO, and FON-
TINELL.*

Lod. See, the covey is sprung. ¹⁵

All. Save you, gallants.

Mat. Happily encounter'd, sweet bloods.

Lod. Gentlemen, you all know Signor Can-
dido, the linen-draper, he that's more patient
than a brown baker upon the day when he heats
his oven, and has forty scolds about him. ²¹

All. Yes, we know him all, what of him?

Lod. Would it not be a good fit of mirth, to
make a piece of English cloth of him, and to
stretch him on the tenters,³ till the threads of
his own natural humour crack, by making ²⁶
him drink healths, tobacco, dance, sing bawdy
songs, or to run any bias⁴ according as we think
good to cast him? ²⁹

Car. 'T were a morris-dance worth the seeing.

Asl. But the old fox is so crafty, we shall
hardly hunt him out of his den.

Mat. To that train I ha' given fire already;
and the hook to draw him hither, is to see cer-
tain pieces of lawn, which I told him I have ³⁵
to sell, and indeed have such; fetch them do⁵,
Facheo.

Orl. Yes, sir, I'm your water-spaniel, and will
fetch any thing — [*Aside.*] but I'll fetch one
dish of meat anon shall turn your stomach, and
that's a constable. *Exit.* ⁴¹

Enter BOTS ushering Mistress HORSELEE

All. How now? how now?

Car. What galley-foist⁶ is this?

Lod. Peace, two dishes of stewed prunes,⁶ a
bawd and a pander. My worthy lieutenant Bots;
why, now I see thou'rt a man of thy word, ⁴⁶
welcome. — Welcome Mistress Horseleech. —
Fray, gentlemen, salute this reverend matron.

Mis. H. Thanks to all your worships. ⁴⁹

Lod. I bade a drawer send in wine, too: did
none come along with thee, grannam, but the
lieutenant?

Mis. H. None came along with me but Bots,
if it like your worship.

Bots. Who the pox should come along with
you but Bots. ⁵⁵

Enter two Vintners [with wine].

All. Oh brave! march fair.

Lod. Are you come? That's well.

Mat. Here's ordnance able to sack a city.

Lod. Come, repeat, read this inventory. ⁶⁰

1 Vint. Imprimis, a pottle⁷ of Greek wine, a

³ A frame used for stretching cloth.

⁴ In any direction ⁵ A state barge.

⁶ A co on dish in the brothels of the time.

⁷ Two quarts.

pottle of Peter-sameene,¹ a pottle of Char-
neco,² and a pottle of Leauca.³

Lod. You're paid?

2 Vint. Yes, Sir.

Exeunt Vintners.

Mat. So shall some of us be anon, I fear.

Bots. Here's a hot day towards: but
zounds, this is the life out of which a soldier
sucks sweetness! When this artillery goes off
roundly, some must drop to the ground. cannon,
demi-cannon, saker, and basilisk.⁴

Lod. Give fire, lieutenant.

Bots. So, so. must I venture first upon the
breach? To you all, gallants; *Bots* sets upon
you all.

[*Drinks.*]

All. It's hard, *Bots*, if we pepper not you, as
well as you pepper us.

Enter CANDIDO.

Lod. My noble linen-draper! — Some wine! —
Welcome, old lad!

Mat. You're welcome, signor.

Cand. These lawns, sir?

Mat. Presently; my man is gone for them.
We ha' rigged a fleet, you see here, to sail about
the world.

Cand. A dangerous voyage, sailing in such
ships

Bots. There's no casting over board yet.

Lod. Because you are an old lady, I will have
you be acquainted with this grave citizen. Pray
bestow your lips upon him, and bid him wel-
come.

Mis. H. Any citizen shall be most welcome
to me: — I have used to buy ware at your shop.
Cand. It may be so, good madam.

Mis. H. Your prentices know my dealings
well; I trust your good wife be in good case.
If it please you, bear her a token from my
lips, by word of mouth.

Cand. I pray, no more; forsooth, 'tis very
well;

Indeed I love no sweetmeats. — [*Aside.*] Sh'as
a breath
Stinks worse than fifty polecats. — Sir, a word,
Is she a lady?

Lod. A woman of a good house, and an
ancient; she's a hawd.

Cand. A bawd? Sir, I'll steal hence, and see
your lawns
Some other time.

Mat. Steal out of such company? Pacheco,
my man, is but gone for 'em. Lieutenant *Bots*,
drink to this worthy old fellow, and teach him
to fly high.

All. Swagger; and make him do't on his
knees.

Cand. How, *Bots*? Now bless me, what do I
with *Bots*?

No wine in sooth, no wine, good master *Bots*.
Bots. Gray-beard, goat's pizzle, 'tis a health;
have this in your guts, or this, there [*touching
his sword*] I will sing a bawdy song, sir, be-

¹ A corruption of *Pedro Ximenes*; a sweet Spanish
wine

² A Portuguese wine

³ *I. e.* Aleatico, a red Italian muscatel wine.

⁴ Kinds of cannon.

cause your verjuice⁵ face is melancholy, to
make liquor go down glib. Will you fall on your
marrowbones, and pledge this health? 'Tis to
my mistress, a whore.

Cand. Here's ratsbane upon ratsbane, Master
Bots.

I pray, sir, pardon me. you are a soldier,
Press me not to this service, I am old,
And shoot not in such pot-guns.⁶

Bots. Cap, I'll teach you.

Cand. To drink healths, is to drink sickness.

— Gentlemen,

Pray rescue me.

Bots. Zounds, who dare?

All. We shall ha' stabbing then?

Cand. I ha' reckonings to cast up, good Mas-
ter *Bots*.

Bots. This will make you cast 'em up better.

Lod. Why does your hand shake so?

Cand. The palsy, signors, danceth in my blood.
Bots. Pipe with a pox, sir, then, or I'll make
your blood dance —

Cand. Hold, hold, good Master *Bots*, I drink,
[*Kneels.*]

All. To whom?

Cand. To the old countess there. [*Drinks.*]

Mis. H. To me, old boy? This is he that never
drunk wine! Once again to 't.

Cand. With much add the poison is got down,
Though I can scarce get up; never before
Drank I a whore's health, nor will never more.

Re-enter ORLANDO with lawns.

Mat. Hast been at gallows?

Orl. Yes, sir, for I make account to suffer to-
day.

Mat. Look, signor; here's the commodity.

Cand. Your price?

Mat. Thus.

Cand. No, too dear: thus.

Mat. No. O fie, you must fly higher. Yet
take 'em home, trifles shall not make us quar-
rel, we'll agree; you shall have them, and a
pennyworth. I'll fetch money at your shop.

Cand. Be it so, good signor, send me going.

Mat. Going? A deep bowl of wine for Signor
Candido.

Orl. He would be going.

Cand. I'll rather stay than go so: stop your
bowl.

Enter Constable and Billmen.

Lod. How now?

Bots. Is't Shrove-Tuesday, that these ghosts
walk?

Mat. What's your business, sir?

Const. From the duke: you are the man we
look for, signor. I have warrant here from
the duke, to apprehend you upon felony for rob-
bing two pedlars. I charge you i' th' duke's
name, go quickly.

⁵ An acid liquor made from green fruit.

⁶ A play upon "pop-guns"

⁷ The price was here probably indicated by display-
ing the fingers. (*Rhys*)

⁸ On Shrove Tuesday the city authorities made a search
for brothel-keepers.

Mat. Is the wind turn'd? Well, this is that old wolf, my father-in-law.—Seek out your mistress, sirrah.

Orl. Yes, Sir.—[*Aside.*] As shafts by piecing are made strong,
So shall thy life be straight'n'd by this wrong.

All. In troth, we are sorry.

Mat. Brave men must be crost; pish, it's but Fortune's dice roving¹ against me. Come, sir, pray use me like a gentleman; let me not be carried through the streets like a pageant.

Const. If these gentlemen please, you shall go along with them.

All. Be't so. come.

Const. What are you, sir?

Bots. I, sir? Sometimes a figure, sometimes a cipher, as the State has occasion to cast up her accounts. I'm a soldier.

Const. Your name is Bots, is't not?

Bots. Bots is my name; Bots is known to this company.

Const. I know you are, sir. what's she?

Bots. A gentlewoman, my mother.

Const. Take 'em both along.

Bots. Me, sir?

Billmen. [Ay,] sir!

Const. If he swagger, raise the street.

Bots. Gentlemen, gentlemen, whither will you drag us?

Lod. To the garden house. Bots, are we even with you?

Const. To Bridewell with 'em.

Bots. You will answer this.

Const. Better than a challenge. I have warrant for my work, sir.

Lod. We'll go before.

Const. Pray do.—

Exeunt [MATHEO with LODOVICO, ASTOLFO, CAROLO, BERALDO, and FONTINELL; BOTS and Mistress HORSELEECH, with Billmen.]

Who, Signor Candido? a citizen
Of your degree consorted thus, and revelling
In such a house?

Cand. Why, sir? what house, I pray?

Cand. Lewd, and defam'd.

Cand. Is't so? thanks, sir: I'm gone.

Const. What have you there?

Cand. Lawns which I bought, sir, of the gentleman

That keeps the house.

Const. And I have warrant here,
To search for such stol'n ware: these lawns
are stol'n,

Cand. Indeed!

Const. So he's the thief, you the receiver:

I'm sorry for this chance, I must commit you.

Cand. Me, sir, for what?

Const. These goods are found upon you,
And you must answer't.

Cand. Must I so?

Const. Most certain.

Cand. I'll send for bail.

Const. I dare not: yet because

You are a citizen of worth, you shall not
Be made a pointing stock, but without guard,
Pass only with myself.

Cand. To Bridewell too?

Const. No remedy.

Cand. Yes, patience. Being not mad.
They had me once to Bedlam, now I'm drawn
To Bridewell, loving no whores.

Const. You will buy lawn! *Exeunt.*

[ACT V]

[SCENE I.]²

Enter at one door HIPPOLITO, at another, LODOVICO, ASTOLFO, CAROLO, BERALDO, and FONTINELL.

Lod. Yonder's the Lord Hippolito; by any means leave him and me together. Now will I turn him to a madman

All. Save you my lord.

Exeunt [all except HIPPOLITO and LODOVICO].

Lod. I ha' strange news to tell you.

Hip. What are they?

Lod. Your mare's i' th' pound.

Hip. How's this?

Lod. Your nightingale is in a limebush.

Hip. Ha?

Lod. Your puritanical honest whore sits in a blue gown.³

Hip. Blue gown!

Lod. She'll chalk out your way to her now: she beats chalk.⁴

Hip. Where? who dares?—

Lod. Do you know the brick-house of castigation, by the river side that runs by Milan,—the school where they pronounce no letter well but O?

Hip. I know it not.

Lod. Any man that has borne office of constable or any woman that has fallen from a horse-load to a cart-load,⁵ or like an old hen that has had none but rotten eggs in her nest, [can direct you to her: there you shall see your punk amongst her back-friends⁶

There you may have her at your will,
For there she beats chalk, or grinds in the mill,
With a whip deedle, deedle, deedle, deedle; Ah, little monkey!

Hip. What rogue durst serve that warrant, knowing I loved her?

Lod. Some worshipful rascal, I lav my life.

Hip. I'll beat the lodgings down about their ears

That are her keepers.

Lod. So you may bring an old house over her head.

Hip. I'll to her—

I'll to her, stood armed fiends to guard the doors.

Exit.

² A street.

³ Strumpets had to do penance in a blue gown.

⁴ Crushing chalk was one of the occupations assigned to the prisoners.

⁵ An allusion to the carting of prostitutes.

⁶ Former friends.

¹ Thrown at random (?)

Lod. Oh me! what monsters are men made by
whores!⁴⁰
If this false fire do kindle him, there's one fag-
got
More to the bonfire. Now to my Bridewell birds;
What song will they sing? *Exi.*

[SCENE II.]¹

Enter DUKE, INFELICE, CAROLO, ASTOLFO, BERALDO, FONTINELL, and three or four Masters of Bridewell.

Duke. Your Bridewell? that the name? For beauty, strength, Capacity and form of ancient building, Besides the river's neighbourhood, few houses Wherein we keep our court can better it.

1 Mast. Hither from foreign courts have princes come,⁵
And with our duke did acts of State commence.
Here that great cardinal had first audience,
The grave Campayne; that duke dead, his son
That famous prince, gave free possession
Of this, his palace, to the citizens,¹⁰
To be the poor man's ware-house; and endow'd
it

With lands to th' value of seven hundred mark,²
With all the bedding and the furniture, once proper,

As the lands then were, to an hospital
Belonging to a Duke of Savoy. Thus¹⁵
Fortune can toss the world; a prince's court
Is thus a prison now.

Duke. 'Tis Fortune's sport:
These changes co on are: the wheel of fate
Turns kingdoms up, till they fall desolate
But how are these seven hundred marks by th'
year²⁰

Employ'd in this your work-house?
1 Mast. War and peace
Feed both upon those lands: when the iron
doors

Of war burst open, from this house are sent
Men furnish'd in all martial complement.
The moon hath through her bow scarce drawn
to th' head,²⁵

Like to twelve silver arrows, all the months,
Since sixteen hundred soldiers went aboard,
Here providence and charity play such parts,
The house is like a very school of arts;
For when our soldiers, like ships driven from
sea,³⁰

With ribs all broken, and with tatter'd sides,
Cast anchor here again, their ragged backs
How often do we cover! that, like men,
They may be sent to their own homes again. ³⁴
All here are but one swarm of bees, and strive
To bring with wearied thighs honey to the hive.
The sturdy beggar, and the lazy loon,³
Gets here hard hands, or lac'd⁴ correction.
The vagabond grows staid and learns t' obey,

¹ A room in Bridewell² The allusions here really refer of course to the London Bridewell. The cardinal, duke, and prince are Campeius, Henry VIII, and Edward VI; and the other details are substantially historical³ Rascal.⁴ By whipping.

The drone is beaten well, and sent away. ⁴⁶
As other prisons are, some for the thief,
Some, by which undone credit gets relief
From bridled debtors; others for the poor,
So this is for the bawd, the rogue, the whore.
Car. An excellent team of horse!

1 Mast. Nor is it seen ⁴⁸
That the whip draws blood here, to cool the
spleen

Of any rugged bench; ⁵ nor does offence
Feel smart on spiteful or rash evidence;
But pregnant testimony forth must stand,
Ere justice leave them in the beadle's hand. ⁵⁰
As iron, on the anvil are they laid,
Not to take blows alone, but to be made
And fashion'd to some charitable use.

Duke. Thus wholsom'st laws spring from the
worst abuse.

Enter ORLANDO, [disguised as a Serving-man,] before BELLAFRONT.

Bell. Let mercy touch your heart-strings,
gracious lord, ⁵⁵
That it may sound like music in the ear
Of a man desperate, being i' th' hands of law.

Duke. His name?

Bell. Matheo.

Duke. For a robbery?
Where is he?

Bell. In this house.

Exeunt BELLAFRONT and one of the Masters of Bridewell.

Duke. Fetch you him hither—
Is this the party? ⁶⁰

Orl. This is the hen, my lord, that the cock
with the lordly comb, your son-in-law, would
crow over, and tread.

Duke. Are your two servants ready?

Orl. My two pedlars are pack'd together, my
good lord. ⁶⁵

Duke. 'Tis well; this day in judgment shall
be spent:

Vice, like a wound lanc'd, mends by punishment.
Inf. Let me be gone, my lord, or stand un-
seen;

'Tis rare when a judge strikes and that none
die,

And 'tis unfit then women should be by. ⁷⁰

1 Mast. We'll place you, lady, in some pri-
vate room.

Inf. Pray do so.

Exi. [with a Master, who returns alone].

Orl. Thus nice dames swear, it is unfit their
eyes

Should view men carv'd up for anatomies.⁶
Yet they'll see all, so they may stand unseen;
Many women sure will sin behind a screen. ⁷⁵

Enter LODOVICO.

Lod. Your son, the Lord Hippolito, is ent'red.

Duke. Tell him we wish his presence. A word,
Sforza;

On what wings flew he hither? ⁷⁹

Lod. These:—I told him his lark whom he
loved, was a Bridewell-bird; he's mad that

⁵ Tavern loafers.⁶ Subjects for dissection.

this cage should hold her, and is come to let her out.

Duke. 'Tis excellent: away, go call him hither. *Exit LOBOVICO.* ¹³⁵

Re-enter one of the Governors of the House; BELLAFRONT after him with MATHEO; after him the Constable; enter at another door LOBOVICO and HIPPOLITO. ORLANDO steps forth and brings in two [of his Servants disguised as] Pedlars.

Duke. You are to us a stranger, worthy lord; 'T is strange to see you here.

Hip. It is most fit
That where the sun goes, atomies ¹ follow it.

Duke. Atomies neither shape nor honour bear:

Be you yourself, a sunbeam to shine clear. — ²
Is this the gentleman? Stand forth and hear
Your accusation.

Mat. I'll hear none; I fly high in that rather than kites shall seize upon me, and ³
pick out mine eyes to my face, I'll strike my talons through mine own heart first, and spit my blood in theirs. I am here for shaming those two fools of their sinful pack. When those jackdaws have caw'd over me, then must I cry ⁴
guilty, or not guilty. The law has work enough already and therefore I'll put no work of mine into his hands, the hangman shall ha't first. I did pluck those ganders, did rob them.

Duke. 'T is well done to confess. ¹⁰⁴

Mat. Confess and be hanged, and then I fly high, is 't not so? That for that; a gallows is the worst rub ² that a good bowler can meet with; I stumbled against such a post, else this night I had play'd the part of a true son in ¹⁰⁰ these days, undone my father-in-law; with him would I ha' run at leap-frog, and come over his gold, though I had broke his neck for 't: but the poor salmon-trout is now in the net.

Hip. And now the law must teach you to fly high. ¹¹⁴

Mat. Right, my lord, and then may you fly low; no more words: — a mouse, mum, you are stopp'd.

Bell. Be good to my poor husband, dear my lords.

Mat. Ass! ¹¹⁹
Why shouldst thou pray them to be good to me, When no man here is good to one another?

Duke. Did any hand work in this theft but yours?

Mat. O yes, my lord, yes: — the hangman has never one son at a birth, his children always come by couples. Though I cannot give ¹²⁵ the old dog, my father, a bone to gnaw, the daughter shall be sure of a choke-pear. — Yes, my lord, there was one more that fiddled my fine pedlars, and that was my wife.

Bell. Alas, I? ¹³⁰

Orl. [Aside.] O everlasting, supernatural, superlative villain!

All. Your wife, Matheo?

Hip. Sure it cannot be. ¹³⁴

Mat. Oh, sir, you love no quarters of mutton

¹ Atoms.

² Obstruction.

that hang up, you love none but whole mutton. She set the robbery, I perform'd it; she spurr'd me on, I gallop'd away.

Orl. My lords, —

Bell. My lords, — fellow, give me speech, — if my poor life ¹⁴⁰

May ransom thine, I yield it to the law.

Thou hurt'st thy soul, yet wip'st off no offence, By casting blots upon my innocence.

Let not these spare me, but tell truth; no, see Who slips his neck out of the misery, ¹⁴⁵

Though not out of the mischief. Let thy servant That shar'd in this base act accuse me here,

Why should my husband perish, he go clear?

Orl. [Aside.] A good child, hang thine own father!

Duke. Old fellow, was thy hand in too? ¹⁵⁰

Orl. My hand was in the pie, my lord, I confess it. My mistress, I see, will bring me to the gallows, and so leave me; but I'll not leave her so. I had rather hang in a woman's company, than in a man's; because if we should go to hell together, I should scarce be letten in, for all the devils are afraid to have any women come amongst them. As I am true thief, she neither consented to this felony, nor knew of it. ¹⁵⁴

Duke. What fury prompts thee on to kill thy wife?

Mat. It is my humour, sir, 'tis a foolish bag-pipe that I make myself merry with. Why should I eat hemp-seed at the hangman's thirteen-pence halfpenny ² ordinary, and have this whore laugh at me, as I swing, as I totter? ¹⁶⁵

Duke. Is she a whore?

Mat. A six-penny mutton pasty, for any to cut up.

Orl. Ah, toad, toad, toad. ¹⁶⁹

Mat. A barber's cittern ⁴ for every serving-man to play upon; that lord, your son, knows it.

Hip. I, sir? Am I her bawd then?

Mat. No, sir, but she's your whore then.

Orl. [Aside.] Yea, spider; dost catch at great flies?

Hip. My whore? ¹⁷⁵

Mat. I cannot talk, sir, and tell of your rems and your rees and your whirligigs and devices: but, my lord, I found 'em like sparrows in one nest, billing together, and bullying of me. I took 'em in bed, was ready to kill him, was up ¹⁸⁰ to stab her —

Hip. Close thy rank jaws: — pardon me, I am vex'd. —

Thou art a villain, a malicious devil; Deep as the place where thou art lost, thou liest. Since I am thus far got into this storm, ¹⁸⁵ I'll through, and thou shalt see I'll through untouched, When thou shalt perish in it.

Re-enter INFELI.

Inf. 'T is my cue
To enter now. — Room! let my prize ⁵ be play'd;

³ The amount of the hangman's fee.
⁴ Musical instruments hung in the barbers' shops of the period.
⁵ Bout. A term in fencing.

I ha' lurked in clouds, yet heard what all have said;

What juy more can prove sh'as wrong'd my bed,

Than her own husband? She must be punished.

I challenge law, my lord; letters and gold
And jewels from my lord that woman took.

Hip. Against that black-mouth'd devil,
Against letters and gold,

And against a jealous wife, I do uphold

Thus far her reputation; I could sooner

Shake th' Appenine and crumble rocks to dust

Than, though Jove's shower rain'd down, tempt
her to lust.

Bell. What shall I say?

Orl. (*discovers himself.*) Say thou art not a [300

whore, and that's more than fifteen women

amongst five hundred dare swear without lying,

this shalt thou say — no, let me say 't for thee,

— thy husband's a knave, this lord's an honest

man; thou art no punk, this lady's an honest

lady. Pacheco is a thief as his master is, but old

Orlando is as true a man as thy father is. I ha'

seen you fly high, sir, and I ha' seen you fly low,

sir, and to keep you from the gallows, sir, a

blue coat have I worn, and a thief did I turn. [210

Mine own men are the pedlars, my twenty

pounds did fly high, sir, your wife's gown did

fly low, sir. Whither fly you now, sir? You ha'

scap'd the gallows, to the devil you fly next, sir.

Am I right, my liege?

Duke. Your father has the true physician

play'd

Mat. And I am now his patient.

Hip. And be so still;

'Tis a good sign when our cheeks blush at ill.

Const. The linen-draper, Signor Candido,

He whom the city terms the patient man,

Is likewise here for buying of those lawns

The pedlars lost.

Inf. Alas, good Candido!

Duke. Fetch him; and when these payments

up are cast, *Exit Constable*

Weigh out your light gold, but let's have them

last.

Enter CANDIDO and Constable, [who presently

goes out.]

Duke. In Bridewell, Candido?

Cand. Yes, my good lord.

Duke. What make you here?

Cand. My lord, what make you here?

Duke. I'm here to save right, and to drive

wrong hence.

Cand. And I to bear wrong here with patience.

Duke. You ha' bought stol'n goods.

Cand. So they do say, my lord,

Yet bought I them upon a gentleman's word,

And I imagine now, as I thought then,

That there be thieves, but no thieves, gentlemen.

Hip. Your credit's crack'd, being here.

Cand. No more than gold,

Being crack'd, which does his estimation hold.

I was in Bedlam once, but was I mad?

They made me pledge whores' healths, but am

I bad

Because I'm with bad people?

Duke. Well, stand by;
If you take wrong, we'll cure the injury.

Re-enter Constable, after him Bots, after them
two Beadles, one with hemp, the other with a
*beetle.*¹

Duke. Stay, stay, what's he? A prisoner?

Const. Yes, my lord.

Hip. He seems a soldier?

Bots. I am what I seem, sir, one of fortune's

bastards, a soldier and a gentleman, and am

brought in here with master constable's band of

billmen, because they face me down that I

live, like those that keep bowling alleys, by the

sins of the people, in being a squire of the body.

Hip. Oh, an apple-squire.²

Bots. Yes, sir, that degree of scurvy squires;

and that I am maintained by the best part

that is commonly in a woman, by the worst

players of those parts; but I am known to all

this company.

Lod. My lord, 'tis true, we all know him;

'tis lieutenant Bots.

Duke. Bots, and where ha' you served, Bots?

Bots. In most of your hottest services in the

Low-countries at the Groyne I was wounded

in this thigh, and halted upon 't, but 'tis now

sound. In Cleveland I mist but little, having

the bridge of my nose broken down with

two great stones, as I was scaling a fort. I ha'

been tried, sir, too, in Gelderland, and scap'd

hardly there from being blown up at a breach:

I was fired, and lay i' th' surgeon's hands

for 't, till the fall of the leaf following.

Hip. All this may be, and yet you no soldier.

Bots. No soldier, sir? I hope these are serv-

ices that your proudest commanders do venture

upon, and never come off sometimes.

Duke. Well, sir, because you say you are a

soldier,

I'll use you like a gentleman. — Make room

there,

Plant him amongst you; we shall have anon

Strange hawks fly here before us. If none light

On you, you shall with freedom take your flight;

But if you prove a bird of baser wing,

We'll use you like such birds, here you shall

sing

Bots. I wish to be tried at no other weapon.

Duke. Why, is he furnisht with those imple-

ments?

1 *Master.* The pander is more dangerous to a

State

Than is the common thief; and though our laws

Lie heavier on the thief, yet that the pander

May know the hangman's ruff should fit him

too,

Therefore he's set to beat hemp

Duke. This does savour

Of justice; basest slaves to basest labour.

Now pray, set open hell, and let us see

The she-devils that are here.

Inf. Methinks this place

Should make e'en *Lais* honest.

1 *Master.* Some it turns good,

¹ A heavy mallet.

² A pander.

But as somemen, whose hands are once in blood,
Do in a pride spill more, so, some going hence
Are, by being here, lost in more impudence. ²⁹¹
Let it not to them, when they come, appear
That any one does as their judge sit here;
But that as gentlemen you come to see,
And then perhaps their tongues will walk more
free. ²⁹⁵

Duke. Let them be marshall'd in. — [*Exeunt*
Masters, Constable, and Beadles.] — Be
cover'd all,

Fellows, now to make the scene more comical.

Car. Will not you be smelt out, Bots?

Bots. No, your bravest whores have the worst
noses.

*Re-enter two of the Masters; a Constable after
them, then DOROTHEA TARGET, brave; after
her two Beadles, the one with a wheel, the other
with a blue gown.*

Lod. Are not you a bride, forsooth? ³⁰⁰

Dor. Say ye?

Car. He would know if these be not your
bride-men.

Dor. Vuh! yes, sir: and look ye, do you
see? the bride-laces that I give at my wedding,
will serve to tie the rosemary to both your coffins
when you come from hanging — Scab! ³⁰³

Orl. Fie, punk, fie, fie, fie!

Dor. Out, you stale, stinking head of garlic,
foh, at my heels.

Orl. My head's cloven. ³¹⁰

Hip. O, let the gentlewoman alone, she's go-
ing to shrift.

Ast. Nay, to do penance.

Car. Ay, ay, go, punk, go to the cross and be
whipt. ³¹⁵

Dor. Marry mew, marry muff, ² marry, hang
you, Goodman dog. Whipt? do ye take me
for a base, spital-whore? In troth, gentlemen,
you wear the clothes of gentlemen, but you
carry not the minds of gentlemen, to abuse ^[320]
a gentlewoman of my fashion.

Lod. Fashion? Pox a' your fashions! Art
not a whore?

Dor. Goodman slave.

Duke. O fie, abuse her not, let us two talk,
What mought I call your name, pray? ³²⁵

Dor. I'm not ashamed of my name, sir; my
name is Mistress Doll Target, a Western gentle-
woman. ³²⁹

Lod. Her target against any pike in Milan.

Duke. Why is this wheel borne after her?

1 Mast. She must spin.

Dor. A coarse thread it shall be, as all threads
are.

Ast. If you spin, then you'll earn money here
too? ³³⁴

Dor. I had rather get half-a-crown abroad,
than ten crowns here.

Orl. Abroad? I think so.

Inf. Dost thou not weep now thou art here?

Dor. Say ye? weep? Yes, forsooth, as you
did when you lost your maidenhead. Do you ^[340]
aot hear how I weep? *Sings*

¹ Finely attired.

² A term of contempt

Lod. Farewell, Doll.

Dor. Farewell, dog.

Exit.

Duke. Past shame: past penitence! Why is
that blue gown? ³⁴⁶

1 Mast. Being stript out of her wanton loose
attire,

That garment she puts on, base to the eye,
Only to clothe her in humility.

Duke. Are all the rest like this?

1 Mast.

No, my good lord

You see, this drab swells with a wanton rein. ³⁵⁰
The next that enters has a different strain.

Duke. Variety is good, let's see the rest.

Exit 1 Master.

Bots. Your grace sees I'm sound yet, and no
bullets hit me.

Duke. Come off so, and 'tis well.

All. Here's the second mess. ³⁵⁶

*Re-enter the two Masters, after them Constable,
after him PENELOPE WHOREHOUND, like a
Citizen's Wife; after her two Beadles, one
with a blue gown, another with chalk and a
mullet.*

Pen. I ha' worn many a costly gown, but I
was never thus guarded ³ with blue coats, and
beadles, and constables, and —

Car. Alas, fair mistress, spoil not thus your
eyes. ³⁶⁰

Pen. Oh, sweetsir, I feel the spoiling of other
places about me that are dearer than my eyes;
if you be gentlemen, if you be men, or ever came
of a woman, pity my case! Stand to me, stick
to me, good sir, you are an old man. ³⁶⁸

Orl. Hang not on me, I prithee; old trees
bear no such fruit.

Pen. Will you bail me, gentlemen?

Lod. Bail thee? Art in for debt? ³⁶⁹

Pen. No; God is my judge, sir, I am in for no
debts; I paid my tailor for this gown, the last
five shillings a-week that was behind, yesterday.

Duke. What is your name, I pray?

Pen. Penelope Whorehound, I come of the
Whorehounds. How does lieutenant Bots? ³⁷⁵

All. Aha, Bots?

Bots. A very honest woman, as I'm a soldier
— a pox Bots ye.

Pen. I was never in this pickle before; and
yet if I go amongst citizens' wives, they ^[380]
jeer at me; if I go among the loose-bodied
gowns, ⁴ they cry a pox on me, because I go civ-
illy attired, and swear their trade was a good
trade, till such as I am took it out of their ^[384]
hands. Good lieutenant Bots, speak to these
captains to bail me.

1 Mast. Begging for bail still? You are a
trim gossip. Go give her the blue gown, set
her to her chare. Work, ⁵ huswife, for your
bread, away. ³⁹⁰

Pen. Out, you dog! — a pox on you all! —
women are born to curse thee — but I shall live
to see twenty such flat-caps shaking dice for
a penny-worth of pippins. Out, you blue-eyed
rogue! *Exit.* ³⁹⁵

³ A play upon the word, which also signifies
"trimmed."

⁴ Prostitutes.

⁵ Chore, task work.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Duke. Even now she wept, and pray'd; now does she curse?

1 Mast. Seeing me; if still she had stay'd, this had been worse. ⁴⁰⁰

Hip. Was she ever here before?

1 Mast. Five times at least, And thus, if men come to her, have her eyes Wrung, and wept out her ball.

All. Bots, you know her?

Bots. Is there any gentleman here, that knows not a whore, and is he a hair the worse for that? ⁴⁰⁵

Duke. Is she a city-dame? She's so attired.

1 Mast. No, my good lord, that's only but the veil

To her loose body. I have seen her here In gayer masking suits, as several saucers ⁴¹⁰ Give one dish several tastes, so change of habits In whores is a bewitching art to-day She's all in colours to besot gallants, then In modest black, to catch the citizen, And thus from their examination's drawn ⁴¹⁵ Now shall you see a monster both in shape And nature quite from these, that sheds no tear Nor yet is nice, 'tis a plain ramping bear; Many such whales are cast upon this shore. ⁴¹⁹

All. Let's see her.

1 Mast. Then behold a swaggering whore. *Exeunt* [Masters and Constable].

Orl. Keep your ground, Bots.

Bots. I do but traverse to spy advantage how to arm myself.

Re-enter the two Masters first; after them the Constable; after them a Beadle beating a basin,¹ then CATHERINA BOUNTINALL, with Mistress HORSELEECH; after them another Beadle with a blue head guarded² with yellow.

Cat. Sirrah, when I cry, hold your hands, hold, your rogue-catcher, hold. — Bawd, are ⁴²⁵ the French chilblains in your heels, that you can come no faster? Are not you, bawd, a whore's ancient,³ and must not I follow my colours?

Mis. H. O Mistress Catherine, you do me wrong to accuse me here as you do, before ⁴³⁰ the right worshipful. I am known for a motherly, honest woman, and no bawd.

Cat. Marry foh, honest? Burnt⁴ at fourteen, seven times whipt, six times carted, nine times duck'd, search'd by some hundred and ⁴³⁵ fifty constables, and yet you are honest? Honest Mistress Horseleech, is this world a world to keep bawds and whores honest? How many times hast thou given gentlemen a quart of wine in a gallon pot? How many twelve-penny fees, nay two shillings fees, nay, when any ⁴⁴¹ ambassadors ha' been here, how many half-crown fees hast thou taken? How many carriers hast thou bribed for country wenches? How often have I rinsed your lungs in *aqua vitae*, and yet you are honest? ⁴⁴⁶

Duke. And what were you the whilst?

¹ At the carting of hawds and prostitutes they were preceded by a mob beating basins and performing other rough music. (Rhys.)

² Head-dress trimmed.

³ Ensign.

⁴ Branded.

Cat. Marry hang you, master slave, who made you an examiner?

Lod. Well said! belike this devil spares no man. ⁴⁵¹

Cat. What art thou, prithee? [To Bots.]

Bots. Nay, what art thou, prithee?

Cat. A whore, art thou a thief? ⁴⁵⁴

Bots. A thief, no, I defy⁵ the calling, I am a soldier, have borne arms in the field, been in many a hot skirmish, yet come off sound.

Cat. Sound, with a pox to ye, ye abominable rogue! You a soldier? You in skirmishes? ⁴⁵⁹ Where? Amongst pottle pots in a bawdy-house? Look, look here, you Madam Worm-eaten, do you not know him?

Mis. H. Lieutenant Bots, where have ye been this many a day?

Bots. Old bawd, do not discredit me, seem not to know me. ⁴⁶⁶

Mis. H. Not to know ye, Master Bots? As long as I have breath, I cannot forget thy sweet face.

Duke. Why, do you know him? He says he is a soldier. ⁴⁷¹

Cat. He a soldier? A pander, a dog that will lick up sumpence. Do ye hear, you master swines'-snout, how long is't since you held the door for me, and cried, "To't again, no ⁴⁷⁵ body comes!" Ye rogue, you?

All. Ha, ha, ha! y'are smelt out again, Bots.

Bots. Pox run her nose for't! An I be not revenged for this — um, ye bitch!

Lod. D'ye hear ye, madam? Why does your ladyship swagger thus? You're very brave, ⁴⁸¹ methinks.

Cat. Not at your cost, master cod's-head; Is any man here blear-eyed to see me brave?

Asi. Yes, I am, ⁴⁸⁵

Because good clothes upon a whore's back Is like fair painting upon a rotten wall.

Cat. Marry muff, master whoremaster, you come upon me with sentences.

Ber. By this light, has small sense for't. ⁴⁹⁰

Lod. O fie, fie, do not vex her! And yet methinks a creature of more scurvy conditions should not know what a good petticoat were.

Cat. Marry, come out; you're so busy ⁴⁹⁴ about my petticoat, you'll creep up to my placket, an ye could but attain the honour: but an the outsides offend your rogue-ships, look o' the lining, 'tis silk.

Duke. Is't silk 'tis lined with, then? ⁴⁹⁹

Cat. Silk? Ay, silk, master slave, you would be glad to wipe your nose with the skirt on't. This 'tis to come among a company of cod's-heads⁶ that know not how to use a gentlewoman.

Duke. Tell her the duke is here. ⁵⁰⁸

1 Mast. Be modest, Kate, the duke is here.

Cat. If the devil were here, I care not. Set forward, ye rogues, and give attendance according to your places! Let bawds and whores ⁵⁰⁹ be sad, for I'll sing an the devil were a-dying.

Exit with Mistress HORSELEECH and Beadles.

⁵ Duadain.

⁶ Fools.

Duke. Why before her does the basin ring ?

1 Mast. It is an emblem of their revelling.

The whips we use let forth their wanton blood,
Making them calm ; and, more to calm their
pride,

Instead of coaches they in carts do ride. 515

Will your grace see more of this bad ware ?

Duke. No, shut up shop, we'll now break up
the fair.

Yet ere we part — you, sir, that take upon ye
The name of soldier, that true name of worth,
Which, action, not vain boasting, best sets forth,
To let you know how far a soldier's name 521
Stands from your title, and to let you see
Soldiers must not be wrong'd where princes be;
This be your sentence : —

All. Defend yourself, Bots. 525

Duke. First, all the private sufferance that
the house

Inflicts upon offenders, you, as the basest,
Shall undergo it double, after which
You shall be whipt, sir, round about the city,
Then banisht from the land. 530

Bots. Beseech, your grace !

Duke. Away with him, see it done. Panders
and whores

Are city-plagues, which, being kept alive,
Nothing that looks like goodness ere can thrive.
Now good Orlando, what say you to your bad
son-in-law ? 535

Orl. Marry this, my lord, he is my son-in-law,
and in law will I be his father : for if law can
pepper him, he shall be so parboil'd, that he
shall stink no more i' th' nose of the common-
wealth. 540

Bell. Be yet more kind and merciful, good
father.

Orl. Dost thou beg for him, thou precious
man's meat, thou ? Has he not beaten thee,

kickt thee, trod on thee, and dost thou fawn [544
on him like his spaniel ? Has he not pawn'd thee
to thy petticoat, sold thee to thy smock, made
ye leap at a crust, yet wouldst have me save
him ?

Bell. Oh yes, good sir, women shall learn of me,
To love their husbands in greatest misery ; 550
Then show him pity, or you wrack myself.

[Orl.] Have ye eaten pigeons, that you're
so kindhearted to your mate ? Nay, you're a
couple of wild bears, I'll have ye both baited
at one stake : but as for this knave, the gal- [565
lows is thy due, and the gallows thou shalt have.
I'll have justice of the duke, the law shall have
thy life. — What, dost thou hold him ? Let go
his hand. If thou dost not forsake him, a [559
father's everlasting blessing fall upon both
your heads ! Away, go, kiss out of my sight,
play thou the whore no more, nor thou the thief
again ; my house shall be thine, my meat shall
be thine, and so shall my wine, but my money
shall be mine, and yet when I die, so thou dost
not fly high, take all ; 568

Yet, good Matheo, mend.

Thus for joy weeps Orlando, and doth end.

Duke. Then hear, Matheo all your woes are
stayed

By your good father-in-law : all your ills 570
Are clear purg'd from you by his working
pills. —

Come, Signor Candido, these green young wits,
We see by circumstance, this plot have laid
Still to provoke thy patience, which they find
A wall of brass ; no armour's like the mind. 575
Thou hast taught the city patience, now our
court

Shall be thy sphere, where from thy good report,
Rumours this truth unto the world shall sing,
A patient man's a pattern for a king. *Exeunt.*

THE MALCONTENT

BY

JOHN MARSTON

BENIAMINO JONSONIO, POETAE ELEGANTISSIMO, GRAVISSIMO, AMICO SVO, CANDIDO
ET CORDATO, IOHANNES MARSTON, MVSARVM ALVMNVS, ASPERAM HANC SVAM
THALIAM D.D.

[Members of the Company of His Majesty's Servants appearing in the INDUCTION

W SLY
SINKLO,

D BURBADGE
H. CONDELL.

J LOWIN.
A Tire-man.]

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

GIOVANNI ALTOFRONTO, disguised as MALEVOLE, some-
time Duke of Genoa
PIETRO JACOMO, Duke of Genoa
MENDOZA, a minion to the Duchess of Pietro Jacomo.
CELSo, a friend to Altofronto
BILIOSO, an old choleric marshal.
PREPASSO, a gentleman-usher.
FERNEZE, a young courtier, and enamoured on the
Duchess
FERRARDO, a minion to Duke Pietro Jacomo

EQUATO, } two courtiers.
GUERRINO, }
PASSARELLO, fool to Biliosa.

AURELIA, Duchess to Duke Pietro Jac o.
MARIA, Duchess to Duke Altofronto
EMILIA, } two ladies attending on Aurelia.
BIANCA, }
MAQUERELLE, an old panderess.

[THE SCENE. — *Genoa.*]

TO THE READER

I AM an ill orator; and, in truth, use to indite more honestly than eloquently, for it is my justom to speak as I think, and write as I speak.

In plainness, therefore, understand that in some things I have willingly erred, as in supposing a Duke of Genoa, and in taking names different from that city's families: for which some may wittily accuse me but my defence shall be as honest as many reproofs unto me have been most malicious, since, I heartily protest, it was my care to write so far from reasonable offence, that even strangers, in whose state I laid my scene, should not from thence draw any disgrace to any, dead or living Yet, in despite of my endeavours, I understand some have been most unadvisedly over-cunning in misinterpreting me, and with subtlety as deep as hell have maliciously spread ill rumours, which, springing from themselves, might to themselves have heavily returned. Surely I desire to satisfy every firm spirit, who, in all his actions, proposeth to himself no more ends than God and virtue do, whose intentions are always simple: to such I protest that, with my free understanding, I have not glanced at disgrace of any, but of those whose unquiet studies labour innovation, contempt of holy policy, reverend, comely superiority, and establish unity for the rest of my supposed tartness, I fear not but unto every worthy mind it will be approved so general and honest as may modestly pass with the freedom of a satire. I would fain leave the paper; only one thing afflicts me, to think that scenes, invented merely to be spoken, should be enforcedly published to be read, and that the least hurt I can receive is to do myself the wrong. But, since others otherwise would do me more, the least inconvenience is to be accepted. I have myself, therefore, set forth this comedy; but so, that my enforced absence must much rely upon the printer's discretion: but I shall entreat slight errors in orthography may be as slightly over-passed, and that the unhandsome shape which this trifle in reading presents, may be pardoned for the pleasure it once afforded you when it was presented with the soul of lively action.

*Sine aliqua dementia nullus Phoebus.*¹

¹ Some copies of Q₁ read *Me mea sequuntur fata*.

[THE INDUCTION¹

TO

THE MALCONTENT, AND THE ADDITIONS² ACTED BY THE KING'S MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

WRITTEN BY JOHN WEBSTER

Enter W. SLY, a Tire-man following him with a stool.

Tire-man. Sir, the gentlemen will be angry if you sit here.

Sly. Why, we may sit upon the stage at the private house. Thou dost not take me for a country gentleman, dost? Dost think I fear hissing? I'll hold my life thou tookest me for one of the players.

Tire-man. No, sir.

Sly. By God's shld,³ if you had, I would have given you but sixpence for your stool. Let them that have stale suits sit in the galleries. Hiss at me! He that will be laught out of a tavern or an ordinary, shall seldom feed well, or be drunk in good company. — Where's Harry Condell, Dick Burbadge, and William Sly? Let me speak with some of them.

Tire-man. An't please you to go in, sir, you may.

Sly. I tell you, no: I am one that hath seen this play often, and can give them intelligence for their action. I have most of the jests here in my table-book.⁴

Enter SINKLO.

Sinklo. Save you coz!

Sly. O, cousin, come, you shall sit between my legs here.

Sinklo. No, indeed, cousin: the audience then will take me for a viol-de-gambo, and think that you play upon me.

Sly. Nay, rather that I work upon you, coz.

Sinklo. We stayed for you at supper last night at my cousin Honeymoon's, the woollen-draper. After supper we drew cuts for a score of apricocks, the longest cut still to draw an apricock: by this light, 't was Mistress Frank Honeymoon's fortune still to have the longest cut. I did measure for the women. — What be these, coz?

Enter D. BURBADGE, H. CONDELL, and J. LOWIN.

Sly. The players. — God save you!

Burbadge. You are very welcome

Sly. I pray you, know this gentleman, my cousin; 'tis Master Doomsday's son, the usurer.

Condell. I beseech you, sir, be cover'd.

Sly. No, in good faith, for mine ease. Look

¹ The Induction appears first in Q₂.

² The Additions are enclosed in brackets throughout.

³ Corruption of (eye)-lid.

⁴ Note-book.

you, my hat's the handle to this fan. God's so, what a beast was I, I did not leave my feather at home! Well, but I'll take an order with you. *Puts his feather in his pocket.*

Burbadge. Why do you conceal your feather, sir?

Sly. Why, do you think I'll have jests broken upon me in the play, to be laught at? This play hath beaten all your gallants out of the feathers. Blackfriars hath almost spoiled Blackfriars for feathers.

Sinklo. God's so, I thought 't was for somewhat our gentlewomen at home counsell'd me to wear my feather to the play. yet I am loth to spoil it.

Sly. Why, coz?

Sinklo. Because I got it in the tilt-yard; there was a herald broke my pate for taking it up, but I have worn it up and down the Strand, and met him forty times since, and yet he dares not challenge it.

Sly. Do you hear, sir? this play is a bitter play.

Condell. Why, sir, 't is neither satire nor moral, but the mean passage of a history: yet there are a sort of discontented creatures that bear a stingless envy to great ones, and these will wrest the doings of any man to their base, malicious aplyment; but should their interpretation come to the test, like your marmoset, they presently turn their teeth to their tail and eat it.

Sly. I will not go so far with you; but I say, any man that hath wit may censure, if he sit in the twelve-penny room, and I say again, the play is bitter.

Burbadge. Sir, you are like a patron that, presenting a poor scholar to a benefice, enjoins him not to rail against anything that stands within compass of his patron's folly. Why should not we enjoy the ancient freedom of poesy? Shall we protest to the ladies that their painting makes them angels? or to my young gallant that his expense in the brothel shall gain him reputation? No, sir, such vices as stand not accountable to law should be cured as men heal tetters, by casting ink upon them. Would you be satisfied in anything else, sir?

⁵ The meaning is that in *The Malcontent*, which had been originally acted in Blackfriars Theatre, the practice of wearing feathers had been so ridiculed that the feather-makers of Blackfriars had suffered injury in their business. See V. iv. (Bullen)

⁶ Application.

⁷ Judge.

⁸ Bot.

⁹ Scabs.

Sly. Ay, marry, would I: I would know how you came by this play?

Condell. Faith, sir, the book was lost; and [95] because 't was pity so good a play should be lost, we found it, and play it.

Sly. I wonder you would play it, another company having interest in it.

Condell. Why not Malevole in folio with [100] us, as Jeronimo in decimo-sexto with them?¹ They taught us a name for our play; we call it *One For Another*.

Sly. What are your additions?

Burbadge. Sooth, not greatly needful; only [105] as your salad to your great feast, to entertain a little more time, and to abridge the not-received custom of music in our theatre. I must leave you, sir. *Exit.*

Sinklo. Doth he play the Malcontent? [110]

Condell. Yes, sir.

Sinklo. I durst lay four of mine ears the play is not so well acted as it hath been

Condell. O, no, sir, nothing *ad Parmenonis* *sum.*² [115]

Lowin. Have you lost your ears, sir, that you are so prodigal of laying them?

Sinklo. Why did you ask that, friend?

Lowin. Marry, sir, because I have heard of a fellow would offer to lay a hundred-pound [120] wager, that was not worth five baubees;³ and in this kind you might venture four of your elbows; yet God defend⁴ your coat should have so many!

Sinklo. Nay, truly, I am no great censor;⁵ and yet I might have been one of the college of critics once. My cousin here hath an excellent memory, indeed, sir.

Sly. Who? I? I'll tell you a strange thing of myself; and I can tell you, for one that [130] never studied the art of memory, 'tis very strange too.

Condell. What 's that, sir?

Sly. Why, I'll lay a hundred pound, I'll walk but once down by the Goldsmith's [135] Row in Cheap, take notice of the signs, and tell you them with a breath instantly.

Lowin. 'T is very strange.

Sly. They begin as the world did, with Adam and Eve. There 's in all just five and fifty. [140] I do use to meditate much when I come to plays too. What do you think might come into a man's head now, seeing all this company?

¹ *I. e.* Why should not the King's company of grown up (folio) actors play *The Malcontent* (which was the property of the children's company playing at Blackfriars), since the children (16mo actors) have appropriated *The Spanish Tragedy*, in which the King's company had rights?

² " 'T is reported that Parmeno, being very famous for imitating the grunting of a pig, some endeavoured to rival and outdo him. And when the hearers, being prejudiced, cried out, 'Very well, indeed, but nothing comparable to Parmeno's sow,' one took a pig under his arm and came upon the stage; and when, tho' they heard the very pig, they still continued, 'This is nothing comparable to Parmeno's sow,' he threw the pig among them to show that they judged according to opinion and not truth." (*Plutarch's Symposium*, V. I., cited by "L. S." and Bullen.)

³ Halfpennies.

⁴ Forbid.

⁵ Judge.

Condell. I know not, sir.

Sly. I have an excellent thought. If some [145] fifty of the Grecians that were cramm'd in the horse's belly had eaten garlic, do you not think the Trojans might have smelt out their knavery?

Condell. Very likely.

Sly. By God, I would [they] had, for I [150] love Hector horribly.

Sinklo. O, but, coz, coz!

"Great Alexander, when he came to the tomb of Achilles,

Spake with a big loud voice, O thou thrice blessed and happy!"⁶

Sly. Alexander was an ass to speak so well [155] of a filthy cullion.⁷

Lowin. Good sir, will you leave the stage? I'll help you to a private room

Sly. Come, coz, let's take some tobacco. — Have you never a prologue? [160]

Lowin. Not any, sir.

Sly. Let me see, I will make one extempore.

Come to them, and fencing of a congee⁸ with arms and legs, be round with them.

Gentlemen, I could wish for the women's sakes you had all soft cushions; and gentlewomen, I could wish that for the men's sakes you [165] had all more easy standings.

What would they wish more but the play now? and that they shall have instantly.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I⁹

SCENE I.¹⁰

The vilest out-of-tune music being heard, enter BILIOSO and PREPASSO.

Bil. Why, how now! Are ye mad, or drunk, or both, or what?

Pre. Are ye building Babylon there?

Bil. Here 's a noise in court? You think you are in a tavern, do you not?

Pre. You think you are in a brothel-house, do you not? — This room is ill-scented.

Enter One with a perfume.

So, perfume, perfume: some upon me, I pray thee.

The duke is upon instant entrance; so, make place there!

SCENE II.¹¹

Enter the DUKE PIETRO, FERRARDO, COUNT EQUATO, COUNT CELSO before, and GUERRINO.

Pietro. Where breathes that music?

Bil. The discord rather than the music is heard from the malcontent Malevole's chamber.

Fer. [calling.] Malevole!

Mal. (out of his chamber.) Yaugh, god-a- [170]

⁶ Petrarch's 153rd Sonnet, trans. by John Harvey.

⁷ Rascal.

⁸ Salute.

⁹ In the margin of the Qq. here: *Vocat censura columbas*

¹⁰ Palace of the Duke of Genoa.

¹¹ The e.

man, what dost thou there? Duke's Gany-made, Juno's jealous of thy long stockings. Shadow of a woman, what wouldst, weasel? Thou lamb o' court, what dost thou bleat for? Ah, you smooth chunn'd catamite!¹

Pietro. Come down, thou rugged² cur, and snarl here; I give thy dogged sullenness free liberty; trot about and bespurtle³ whom thou pleasest.

Mal. I'll come among you, you goat-¹⁵ ish-blooded toderers,⁴ as gum into taffeta, to fret, to fret. I'll fall like a sponge into water, to suck up, to suck up. Howl again;⁵ I'll go to church and come to you. [*Exit above.*]

Pietro. This Malevole is one of the most,¹⁰ prodigious affections that ever conversed with nature: a man, or rather a monster, more discontent than Lucifer when he was thrust out of the presence. His appetite is insatiable as the grave; as far from any content as from¹⁵ heaven. His highest delight is to procure others vexation, and therein he thinks he truly serves heaven; for 't is his position, whosoever in this earth can be contented is a slave and damned; therefore does he afflict all in²⁰ that to which they are most affected.⁶ The elements struggle within him, his own soul is at variance [within herself];⁷ his speech is halter-worthy at all hours. I like him, faith: he gives good intelligence to my spirit, makes²⁵ me understand those weaknesses which others' flattery palliates. Hark! they sing.

SCENE III.⁸*A Song.**Enter MALEVOLE after the song.*

[*Pietro.*] See, he comes. Now shall you hear the extremity of a malcontent: he is as free as air; he blows over every man.—And, sir, whence come you now?

Mal. From the public place of much dissimulation, [the church].⁹

Pietro. What didst there?

Mal. Talk with a usurer; take up at interest.

Pietro. I wonder what religion thou art [of]?⁹

Mal. Of a soldier's religion.

Pietro. And what dost thou think makes most infidels now?

Mal. Sects, sects. I have seen seeming Piety change her robes off, that sure none but some arch-devil can shape her a new petticoat.

Pietro. O, a religious policy.

Mal. But, damnation on a politic religion! I am weary: would I were one of the duke's hounds now!

Pietro. But what's the common news abroad, Malevole? Thou dogg'st rumour still.

¹ Male prostitutes. ² Q, ragged. ³ Bespatter

⁴ Nares suggests "dealers in wool or mutton," i. e. mutton-mongers, lascivious fellows.

⁵ Bullen prints *Howls again* as a stage direction.

⁶ Which they care most for.

⁷ Q, omits.

⁸ The same

⁹ Q, omits.

Mal. Common news? Why, common words are, "God save ye," "Are ye well;" common¹⁵ actions, flattery and cozenage, common things, women and cuckolds.—And how does my little Ferriard? Ah, ye lecherous animal!—my little ferret, he goes sucking up and down the palace into every hen's nest, like a weasel:—²⁰ and to what dost thou addict thy time to now more than to those antique painted drabs that are still affected of²⁰ young courtiers, Flattery, Pride, and Venery?

Fer. I study languages. Who dost think to be the best linguist of our age?

Mal. Phew! the devil: let him possess thee; he'll teach thee to speak all languages most readily and strangely; and great reason, marry, he's travel'd greatly i' the world, and is every-²⁵ where.

Fer. Save i' th' court

Mal. Ay, save i' th' court.—(To BILIOSO.) And how does my old muckhill, overspread with fresh snow? Thou half a man, half a³⁰ goat, all a beast! how does thy young wife, old huddle?

Bi. Out, you improvident rascal!

Mal. Do, kick thou hugely-horn'd old duke's ox, good Master Make-pleas.

Pietro. How dost thou live nowadays, Malevole?

Mal. Why, like the knight, Sir Patrick Penlohan, with killing o' spiders for my lady's monkey.

Pietro. How dost spend the night? I hear thou never sleep'st.

Mal. O, no; but dream the most fantastical! O heaven! O fubbery, fubbery!

Pietro. Dream! What dream'st?

Mal. Why, methinks I see that signior pawn his footcloth,¹² that metrezee¹³ her plate: this madam takes physic that t' other monsieur may minister to her. here is a pander jewel'd; there a fellow in shift of satin this day, that⁶⁰ could not shift a shirt t' other night: here a Paris supports that Helen; there's a Lady Guinever bears up that Sir Lancelot. Dreams, dreams, visions, fantasies, chimeras, imaginations, tricks, conceits!—(To PREPASSO.) Sir

[*Tristram, Trimtram, come aloft, Jack-an-apes,*¹⁴ with a whim-wham: here's a knight of the land of Catito shall play at trap¹⁵ with any page in Europe; do the sword-dance with any morris-dancer in Christendom; ride at the ring till¹⁶ the fin¹⁶ of his eyes look as blue as the welkin; and run the wildgoose-chase even with Pompey the Huge.

Pietro. You run!

Mal. To the devil. Now, signior Guerrino, that thou from a most pitted prisoner shouldst grow a most loath'd flatterer!—Alas, poor Celso, thy star's oppress: thou art an honest lord: 't is pity.

¹⁰ Liked by.

¹² Housings of his horse.

¹³ Decent.

¹⁴ Ital., mistress.

¹⁵ The ape-leader's call to his monkey

¹⁶ A game played with a ball, a bat, and a wooden trap.

¹⁷ Lid.

Eguato. Is 't pity? 85
Mal. Ay, marry is 't, philosophical Eguato; and 'tis pity that thou, being so excellent a scholar by art, should be so ridiculous a fool by nature. — I have a thing to tell you, duke — bid 'em avaunt, bid 'em avaunt. 90

Pietro. Leave us, leave us.
Exeunt all saving PIETRO and MALEVOLE.

Now, sir, what is 't?
Mal. Duke, thou art a becco,¹ a cornuto.²
Pietro. How!
Mal. Thou art a cuckold 95
Pietro. Speak, unshale³ him quick
Mal. With most tumbler-like unbleness.
Pietro. Who? By whom? I burst with desire. 99

Mal. Mendoza is the man makes thee a horn'd beast; duke, 't is Mendoza cornutes thee.

Pietro. What conformance? ⁴ Relate, short, short.

Mal. As a lawyer's beard. 103
 There is an old crone in the court, her name is Maquerelle,
 She is my mistress, sooth to say, and she doth ever tell me.

Blirt⁵ o' rhyme, blurt o' rhyme! Maquerelle is a cunning bawd, I am an honest villain; thy wife is a close drab,⁶ and thou art a notorious cuckold. Farewell, duke. 111

Pietro. Stay, stay.

Mal. Dull, dull duke, can lazy patience make lame revenge? O God, for a woman to make a man that which God never created, never made? 116

Pietro. What did God never make?

Mal. A cuckold⁷ to be made a thing that's hoodwinkt with kindness, whilst every rascal fillips his brows; to have a coxcomb with ¹²⁰ egregious horns pinn'd to a lord's back, every page sporting himself with delightful laughter, whilst he must be the last must know it. Pistols and poniards⁸ pistols and pomards!

Pietro. Death and damnation! 125

Mal. Lightning and thunder!

Pietro. Vengeance and torture!

Mal. Catso!⁹

Pietro. O, revenge!

Mal. ¹³⁰ Nay, to select among ten thousand fairs

A lady far inferior to the most,
 In fair proportion both of limb and soul;
 To take her from austerer check of parents,
 To make her his by most devoutful rites,
 Make her commandress of a better essence ¹³⁵
 Than is the gorgeous world, even of a man;
 To hug her with as rais'd an appetite
 As usurers do their delv'd-up treasury
 (Thinking none tells⁹ it but his private self);
 To meet her spirit in a nimble kiss, ¹⁴⁰
 Distilling panting ardour to her heart;

¹ Ital., cuckold.

² A horned one.

³ Unshell.

⁴ Corroboration

⁵ Outburst.

⁶ Secret harlot.

⁷ Exclamation of contempt.

⁸ Q₁ omits these forty-five lines.

⁹ Counts.

True to her sheets, nay, diets strong his blood,
 To give her height of hymeneal sweets, —
Pietro. O God!

Mal. Whilst she lisps, and gives him some court-quelquechose, ¹⁴⁵

Made only to provoke, not satiate:
 And yet, even then, the thaw of ner delight
 Flows from lewd heat of apprehension,
 Only from strange imagination's rankness,
 That forms the adulterer's presence in her soul, ¹⁵⁰

And makes her think she clips the foul knave's loins

Pietro. Affliction to my blood's root!

Mal. Nay, think, but think what may proceed of this; adultery is often the mother of incest. ¹⁵⁵

Pietro. Incest!

Mal. Yes, incest: mark: — Mendoza of his wife begets perchance a daughter. Mendoza dies, his son marries this daughter: say you? nay, 'tis frequent, not only probable, but no ¹⁶⁰ question often acted, whilst ignorance, fearless ignorance, clasps his own seed.

Pietro. Hideous imagination!

Mal. Adultery! Why, next to the sin of simony, 't is the most horrid transgression under the cope of salvation ¹⁶⁵

Pietro. Next to simony!

Mal. Ay, next to smony, in which our men in next age shall not sin

Pietro. Not sin! why? ¹⁷⁰

Mal. Because (thanks to some churchmen) our age will leave them nothing to sin with. But adultery, O dullness! should show ¹⁷⁵ exemplary punishment, that intemperate bloods may freeze but to think it.] I would damn him ¹⁸⁰ and all his generation: my own hands should do it; ha, I would not trust heaven with my vengeance anything.

Pietro. Anything, anything, Malevole: thou shalt see instantly what temper my spirit ¹⁸⁵ holds. Farewell, remember I forget thee not, farewell. *Exit PIETRO.*

¹² *Mal.* Farewell.

Lean thoughtfulness, a fallow meditation,
 Suck thy veins dry! Distemperance rob thy sleep! ¹⁸⁵

The heart's disquiet is revenge most deep.
 He that gets blood, the life of flesh but spills,
 But he that breaks heart's peace, the dear soul kills.

Well, this disguise doth yet afford me that
 Which kings do seldom hear, or great men use, — ¹⁹⁰

Free speech: and though my state's usurpt,
 Yet this affected strain gives me a tongue
 As fetterless as is an emperor's.
 I may speak foolishly, ay, knavishly, ¹⁹⁴
 Always carelessly, yet no one thinks it fashion
 To pose¹³ my breath; for he that laughs and strikes

¹⁰ Under heaven (?) In spite of which a man can purchase salvation (?)

¹¹ Q₁ reads *shue, should*.

¹² Q₁ omits the rest of this scene.

¹³ Weigh seriously.

Is lightly felt, or seldom struck again.
Duke, I'll torment thee now. my just revenge
From thee than crown a richer gem shall part
Beneath God, naught's so dear as a calm
heart.]

SCENE IV.¹

Enter CELSO.

Celso. My honour'd lord, —

Mal. Peace, speak low, peace! O Celso, constant lord,

(Thou to whose faith I only rest discovered,
Thou, one of full ten millions of men,
That lovest virtue only for itself;
Thou in whose hands old Ops² may put her
soul)

Behold forever-banish't Altofront,
This Genoa's last year's duke. O truly noble!
I wanted those old instruments of state,
Dissemblance and suspect. I could not time it,
Celso;

My throne stood like a point in midst of a
circle,

To all of equal nearness; bore with none;
Rein'd all alike, so slept in fearless virtue,
Suspectless, too suspectless; till the crowd,
(Still likerous of³ untried novelties)
Impatient with severer government,
Made strong with Florence, banish't Alto-
front.

Celso. Strong with Florence! ay, thence your
mischiefs rose;

For when the daughter of the Florentine
Was match'd once with this Pietro, now duke,
No stratagem of state untried was left,
Till you of all —

Mal. Of all was quites bereft:
Alas, Maria too, close prisoned,
My true faith'd duchess, i' the citadel!

Celso. I'll still adhere: let's mutiny and die.

Mal. O, no, climb not a falling tower, Celso,
'Tis well held desperation, no zeal,
Hopeless to strive with fate. Peace! Tem-
porize!

Hope, hope, that never forsak'st the wretched'st
man,

Yet bid'st me live, and lurk in this disguise!
What, play I well the free-breath'd discontent?
Why,⁴ man, we are all philosophical mon-
archs

Or natural fools. Celso, the court's a-fire;
The duchess's sheets will smoke for't ere't be
long:

Impure Mendoza, that sharp-nos'd lord, that
made

The cursed match that linkt Genoa with Flo-
rence,
Now broad-horns the duke, which he now
knows.

Discord to malcontents is very manna.
When the ranks are burst, then scuffle, Alto-
front.

Celso. Ay, but durst, —

¹ The same.² The goddess of plenty.³ Having an appetite for.⁴ Qq print the rest of this speech as prose, perhaps rightly.

Mal. 'Tis gone; 'tis swallowed like a min-
eral.

Some say 'twill work; pheut, I'll not shrink:
He's resolute who can no lower sink.

[⁵ BILIOSO entering, MALEVOLE shifteth his
speech.

O the father of May-poles! did you never see a
fellow whose strength consisted in his breath, [⁶
respect in his office, religion in his lord, and love
in himself, why, then, behold!

Bil. Signior, —

Mal. My right worshipful lord, your court
night-cap makes you have a passing high fore-
head.

Bil. I can tell you strange news, but I am
sure you know them already: the duke speaks
much good of you.

Mal. Go to, then: and shall you and I now
enter into a strict friendship?

Bil. Second one another?

Mal. Yes.

Bil. Do one another good offices?

Mal. Just what though I call'd these old ox,
egregious wittol, broken-bellied coward, rotten
mummy? yet, since I am in favour —

Bil. Words of course, terms of disport. His
grace presents you by me a chain, as his grate-
ful remembrance for — I am ignorant for [⁷
what, marry, ye may impart: yet howsoever —
come — dear friend; dost know my son?

Mal. Your son!

Bil. He shall eat wood-cocks, dance jigs,
make possets, and play at shuttle-cock with [⁸
any young lord about the court: he has as sweet
a lady, too, dost know her little bitch?

Mal. 'Tis a dog, man.

Bil. Believe me, a she-bitch. O, 'tis a good
creature! thou shalt be her servant. I'll [⁹
make thee acquainted with my young wife too:
what! I keep her not at court for nothing. 'Tis
grown to supper-time; come to my table: that,
anything I have, stands open to thee.

Mal. (*Aside to CELSO.*) How smooth to him
that is in state of grace,

How servile is the rugged'st courtier's face!
What profit, nay, what nature would keep down,
Are heav'd to them are minions to a crown.

Envious ambition never sates his thirst,
Till, sucking all, he swells and swells, and
bursts.

Bil. I shall now leave you with my always-
best wishes; only let's hold betwixt us a
firm correspondence, a mutual friendly-reciprocal
kind of a steady-unanimous-heartily-
leagued —

Mal. Did your signorship ne'er see a pigeon-
house that was smooth, round, and white with-
out, and full of holes and stink within? Ha' ye
not, old courtier?

Bil. O, yes, 'tis the form, the fashion of
them all.

Mal. Adieu, my true court-friend; farewell,
my dear Castilio.⁶

Exit BILIOSO.]

⁵ Q₁ omits ll. 44-98⁶ An allusion to Castiglione, author of *The Courtier*.

Celso. Yonder 's Mendoza.

Describes MENDOZA.

Mal. True, the privy-key. ⁵⁰

Celso. I take my leave, sweet lord.

Mal. 'Tis fit; away! *Exit CELSO.*

SCENE V.¹

Enter MENDOZA with three or four Suitors.

Men. Leave your suits with me; I can and will. Attend my secretary; leave me.

[Exeunt Suitors.]

Mal. Mendoza, hark ye, hark ye! You are a treacherous villain. God b' wi' ye!

Men. Out, you base-born rascal!

Mal. We are all the sons of heaven, though a tripe-wife were our mother! ah, you whore-son, hot-rein'd he-marmoset! Aegisthus! didst ever hear of one Aegisthus?

Men. Gisthus?

Mal. Ay, Aegisthus! he was a filthy incontinent flesh-monger, such a one as thou art.

Men. Out, grumbling rogue!

Mal. Orestes, beware Orestes!

Men. Out, beggar!

Mal. I once shall rise!

Men. Thou rise!

Mal. At the resurrection.

No vulgar seed but once may rise and shall;
No king so huge but 'fore he die may fall. ⁵⁰

Exit.

Men. Now, good Elysium! what a delicious heaven is it for a man to be in a prince's favour! O sweet God! O pleasure! O fortune! O all thou best of life! What should I think, what say, what do to be a favourite, a minion? ⁵⁵ to have a general timorous respect observe ² a man, a stateful silence in his presence, solitariness in his absence, a confused hum and busy murmur of obsequious suitors training ³ him; the cloth held up, and way proclaim'd be- ⁵⁰ fore him; petitionary vassels licking the pavement with their slavish knees, whilst some odd palace-lampreels ⁴ that engender with snakes, and are full of eyes on both sides, with a kind of insinuating humbleness, fix all ⁵⁵ their delights upon his brow. O blessed state! what a ravishing prospect doth the Olympus of favour yield! Death, I cornute the duke! Sweet women! most sweet ladies! nay, angels! by heaven, he is more accursed than a devil ⁶⁰ that hates you, or is hated by you; and happier than a god that loves you, or is beloved by you. You preservers of mankind, life-blood of society, who would live, nay, who can live without you? O paradise! how majestic is your ⁶⁵ auster presence! how imperiously chaste is your more modest face! but, O, how full of ravishing attraction is your pretty, petulant, languishing, lasciviously-composed countenance! these amorous smiles, those soul- ⁷⁰ warming sparkling glances, ardent as those flames that singed the world by heedless Phaeton! in body how delicate, in soul how witty, in

discourse how pregnant, in life, how wary, in favours how judicious, in day how sociable, and ⁵⁵ in night how — O pleasure unutterable! indeed, it is most certain, one man cannot deserve only to enjoy a beauteous woman: but a duchess! In despite of Phoebus, I'll write a sonnet instantly in praise of her. *Exit.* ⁶⁰

SCENE VI.⁵

Enter FERNEZE ushering AURELIA, EMILIA and MAQUERELLE bearing up her train, BIANCA attending; then exeunt EMILIA and BIANCA.

Aurel. And is't possible? Mendoza slight me! Possible?

Fer. Possible!

What can be strange in h' that's drunk with favour,

Grows insolent with grace? — Speak, Maquerelle, speak. ⁵

Mag. To speak feelingly, more, more richly in solid sense than worthless words, give me those jewels of your ears to receive my enforced duty. As for my part, 'tis well known I can put up anything (*FERNEZE privately feeds MA- ¹⁰ QUERELLE's hands with jewels during this speech*); can bear patiently with any man but when I heard he wronged your precious sweetness, I was enforced to take deep offence. 'Tis most certain he loves Emilia with high appetite: ¹⁵ and, as she told me (as you know we women impart our secrets one to another), when she repulsed his suit, in that he was possessed with your endeared grace, Mendoza most ingrat- ²⁰ fully renounced all faith to you.

Fer. Nay, call'd you — Speak, Maquerelle, speak.

Mag. By heaven, witch, dri'd biscuit; and contested blushlessly he lov'd you but for a spurt or so.

Fer. For maintenance. ²⁵

Mag. Advancement and regard.

Aurel. O villain! O impudent Mendoza!

Mag. Nay, he is the rustiest-jaw'd, the foulest mouth'd knave in railing against our sex: he will rail again' women — ³⁰

Aurel. How? how?

Mag. I am asham'd to speak 't, I.

Aurel. I love to hate him: speak.

Mag. Why, when Emilia scorn'd his base unsteadiness, the black-throated rascal scolded, and said — ³⁵

Aurel. What?

Mag. Troth, 'tis too sh—less.

Aurel. What said he?

Mag. Why, that, at four, women were ⁴⁰ fools; at fourteen, drabs; at forty, bawds; at fourscore, witches; and [at] a hundred, cats. *Aurel.* O unimitable impudency!

Fer. But as for poor Fernoze's fixed heart, Was never shadeless meadow drier sweetest ⁴⁵ Under the scorching heat of heaven's dog, Than is my heart with your enforcing ey—

Mag. A hot simile.

¹ The same.

² Pay obsequious attention to.

³ Following.

⁴ Lampreys.

⁵ The same.

Fer. Your smiles have been my heaven, your frowns my hell:

O, pity, then! grace should with beauty dwell. ⁵⁰
Mag. Reasonable perfect, by 'r lady.

Aurel. I will love thee, be it but in despite
Of that Mendoza — witch! Ferneze, — witch! —
Ferneze, thou art the duchess' favourite:
Be faithful, private. but 't is dangerous. ⁵⁵

Fer. His love is lifeless that for love fears
breath:
The worst that 's due to sin, O, would 't were
death!

Aurel. Enjoy my favour. I will be sick instantly and take physic. therefore in depth of night visit —

Mag. Visit her chamber, but conditionally
you shall not offend her bed: by this diamond! ⁶⁰

Fer. By this diamond. *Gives it to Mag.*
Mag. Nor tarry longer than you please: by
this ruby! ⁶⁵

Fer. By this ruby. *Gives again.*

Mag. And that the door shall not creak.

Fer. And that the door shall not creak.

Mag. Nay, but swear.

Fer. By this purse. *Giving her his purse.*

Mag. Go to, I'll keep your oaths for you: I'll
remember, visit.

Enter MENDOZA, reading a sonnet.

Aurel. Dried biscuit! — Look where the base
wretch comes. ⁷⁴

Men. "Beauty's life, heaven's model, love's
queen," —

Mag. That's his Emilia.

Men. "Nature's triumph, best of earth," —

Mag. Meaning Emilia. ⁷⁹

Men. "Thou only wonder that the world
hath seen," —

Mag. That's Emilia.

Aurel. Must I, then, hear her pr 'd? —
Mendoza!

Men. Madam, your excellency is graciously ⁸⁵
encount' red: I have been writing passionate
flashes in honour of — *Exit FERNEZE.*

Aurel. Out, villain, villain!

O judgment, where have been my eyes? what
Bewitch'd election made me dote on thee? ⁹⁰

What sorcery made me love thee? But, be gone;

Bury thy head. O, that I could do more

Than loath thee! hence, worst of ill!

No reason else, ¹ reason is our will.

Exit with MAQUERELLE.

Men. Women! nay, Furies; nay, worse; ⁹⁵

for they torment only the bad, but women good

and bad. Damnation of mankind! Breath, hast

thou prais'd them for this? and is 't you, Fer-

neze, are wriggled into smock-grace? Sit sure.

O, that I could rail against these monsters ¹⁰⁰

in nature, models of hell, curse of the earth,

women! that dare attempt anything, and what

they attempt they care not how they accom-

plish; without all premeditation or prevention;

rash in asking, desperate in working, impa- ¹⁰⁵

tient in suffering, extreme in desiring, slaves

to appetite, tresses in dissembling, only

constant in unconstancy, only perfect in counter-
feiting; their words are feigned, their eyes
forg'd, their sighs dissembled, their looks ¹¹⁰
counterfeit, their hair false, their given hopes
deceitful, their very breath artificial; their
blood is their only god, bad clothes and old age
are only the devils they tremble at. That I
could rail now! ¹¹⁵

SCENE VII.²

Enter PIETRO, his sword drawn.

Pietro. A mischief fill thy throat, thou foul-
jaw'd slave!

Say thy prayers.

Men. I ha' forgot 'em.

Pietro. Thou shalt die.

Men. So shalt thou. I am heart-mad.

Pietro. I am horn-mad.

Men. Extreme mad.

Pietro. Monstrously mad.

Men. Why? ¹

Pietro. Why! thou, thou hast dishonoured

my bed. ⁵

Men. I! Come, come, sit; here's my bare

heart to thee,

As steady as is the ⁸ centre to this ⁴ glorious

world:

And yet, hark, thou art a cornuto, — but by

me? ¹⁰

Pietro. Yes, slave, by thee.

Men. Do not, do not with tart and spleenful

breath

Lose him can lose thee. I offend my duke!

Bear record, O ye dumb and raw-arr'd nights,

How vigilant my sleepless eyes have been

To watch the traitor! Record, thou spirit of

truth,

With what debasement I ha' thrown myself ¹⁵

To under offices, only to learn

The truth, the party, time, the means, the

place,

By whom, and when, and where thou wert dis-

grac'd!

And am I paid with "slave"? Hath my intru-

sion ²⁰

To places private and prohibited,

Only to observe the closer passages,

Heaven knows with vows of revelation,

Made me suspected, made me deem'd a villain?

What rogue hath wrong'd us?

Pietro. Mendoza, I may err.

Men. Err! 't is too mild a name: but err and

err, ²⁵

Run giddy with suspect, 'fore through me thou

know

That which most creatures, save thyself, do

know:

Nay, since my service hath so loath'd reject,

'Fore I'll reveal, shalt find them clipt ³⁰

together.

Pietro. Mendoza, thou know'st I am a most

plain-breasted man.

Men. The fitter to make a cuckold: would

your brows were most plain too!

¹ *ask.*

² *The* ³ *Qq. this.* ⁴ *Qq. the* ⁵ *Emb* ⁶ *ed.*

Pietro. Tell me · indeed, I heard thee rail —
Men. At women, true: why, what cold
 phlegm could choose, ³⁵
 Knowing a lord so honest, virtuous,
 So boundless loving, bounteous, fair-shap'd,
 sweet,
 To be contemn'd, abus'd, defam'd, made cuck-
 old?
 Heart! I hate all women for 't sweet sheets, ³⁹
 wax lights, antique bedposts, cambrie smocks,
 villanous curtains, arras pictures, oil'd hinges,
 and all ye tongue-tied lascivious witnesses of
 great creatures' wantonness, — what salvation
 can you expect?

Pietro. Wilt thou tell me? ⁴⁵

Men. Why, you may find it yourself; observe,
 observe.

Pietro. I ha' not the patience. Wilt thou de-
 serve me, tell, give it.

Men. Take 't. why, Ferneze is the man, ⁵⁰
 Ferneze: I'll prove 't, this night you shall take
 him in your sheets. Will 't serve?

Pietro. It will; my bosom's in some peace:
 till night —

Men. What?
Pietro. Farewell.

Men. God! how weak a lord are you!
 Why, do you think there is no more but so? ⁵⁵

Pietro. Why!

Men. Nay, then, will I presume to counsel
 you
 It should be thus. You with some guard upon
 the sudden

Break into the princess' chamber: I stay be-
 hind,

Without the door, through which he needs must
 pass: ⁶⁰

Ferneze flies; let him: to me he comes; he's
 kill'd

By me, observe, by me · you follow: I rail,
 And seem to save the body. Duchess comes,

On whom (respecting her advanced birth, ⁶⁴
 And your fair nature), I know, nay, I do know,
 No violence must be us'd; she comes · I storm,

I praise, excuse Ferneze, and still maintain
 The duchess' honour; she for this loves me.

I honour you; shall know her soul, you mine ·
 Then naught shall she contrive in vengeance ⁷⁰

(As women are most thoughtful in revenge)
 Of her Ferneze, but you shall sooner know 't

Than she can think 't. Thus shall his death
 come sure,

Your duchess brain-caught: so your life se-
 cure.

Pietro. It is too well: my bosom and my
 heart ⁷⁵

When nothing helps, cut off the rotten part.

Exit.

Men. Who cannot feign friendship can ne'er
 produce the effects of hatred. Honest fool duke!
 subtle lascivious duchess! silly novice Ferneze!
 I do laugh at ye. My brain is in labour till it ⁸⁰
 produce mischief, and I feel sudden throes,
 proofs sensible, the issue is at hand.

As bears shape young, so I'll form my device,
 Which grown proves horrid: vengeance makes
 men wise. *[Exit.]*

[SCENE VIII.]¹

[Enter MALEVOLE and PASSARELLO.]

Mal Fool, most happily encount'ed: canst
 sing, fool? ²

Pass. Yes, I can sing, fool, if you'll bear the
 burden, and I can play upon instruments, scur-
 vily, as gentlemen do. O, that I had been ⁵
 gelded! I should then have been a fat fool for
 a chamber, a squeaking fool for a tavern, and a
 private fool for all the ladies.

Mal. You are in good case since you came to
 court, fool. what, guarded, ² guarded! ¹⁰

Pass. Yes, faith, even as footmen and bawds
 wear velvet, not for an ornament of honour,
 but for a badge of drudgery; for, now the duke
 is discontented, I am fain to fool him asleep
 every night. ¹⁵

Mal. What are his griefs?

Pass. He hath sore eyes.

Mal. I never observed so much.

Pass. Horrible sore eyes; and so hath every
 cuckold, for the roots of the horns spring in ²⁰
 the eyeballs, and that 's the reason the horn of
 a cuckold is as tender as his eye, or as that
 growing in the woman's forehead, twelve years
 since, that could not endure to be touch'd. ²⁵
 The duke hangs down his head like a columbine.

Mal. Passarello, why do great men beg
 fools? ³⁰

Pass. As the Welshman stole rushes when
 there was nothing else to filch, only to keep
 begging in fashion.

Mal. Pooh, thou givest no good reason; thou
 speakest like a fool.

Pass. Faith, I utter small fragments, as your
 knight courts your city widow with pugging of
 his gilt spurs, ³⁵ advancing his bush-coloured
 beard, and taking tobacco: this is all the mir-
 ror of their knightly complements. ⁴⁰ Nay, I shall
 talk when my tongue is a-going once; 't is like
 a citizen on horseback, evermore in a false
 gallop.

Mal. And how doth Maquerelle fare nowa-
 days?

Pass. Faith, I was wont to salute her as our
 English women are at their first landing in
 Flushing; ⁴⁵ I would call her whore but now
 that antiquity leaves her as an old piece of
 plastic to work by, I only ask her how her
 rotten teeth fare every morning, and so leave
 her. She was the first that ever invented per-
 fum'd smocks for the gentlewomen, and ⁵⁰
 woollen shoes, for fear of creaking for the visi-
 tant. She were an excellent lady, but that her
 face peebleth like Muscovy glass. ⁵⁵

¹ The same Q₁ omits this scene.

² With facings on his coat, such as fools wore.

³ An extant pamphlet records this monstrosity

⁴ Seek to be made guardians to idiots, in order to en-
 joy their revenues.

⁵ Some copies read *something of his gull* some ad-
 vancing his high-colored.

⁶ Accomplishments.

⁷ Flushing was in the hands of the English as secur-
 ity for a loan, and presumably the garrison was unpop-
 ular with the townspeople. ⁸ Tale.

Mal. And how doth thy old lord, that hath wit enough to be a flatterer, and conscience enough to be a knave?

Pass. O, excellent. he keeps beside me fifteen jesters, to instruct him in the art of fooling, and utters their jests in private to the duke and duchess. He'll lie like to your Switzer or lawyer, he'll be of any side for most money.

Mal. I am in haste, be brief.

Pass. As your fiddler when he is paid. — He'll thrive, I warrant you, while your young courtier stands like Good Friday in Lent; men long to see it, because more fatting days come after it; else he's the leanest and pitifullest actor in the whole pageant. Adieu, Malevole.

Mal. O world most vile, when thy loose vanities,

Taught by this fool, do make the fool seem wise!

Pass. You'll know me again, Malevole.

Mal. O, ay, by that velvet.

Pass. Ay, as a pettifogger by his buckram bag. I am as common in the court as an host-ess's lips in the country; knights, and clowns, and knaves, and all share me; the court cannot possibly be without me. Adieu, Malevole

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I.¹

Enter MENDOZA, with a scone,² to observe FERNEZE's entrance, who, whilst the act is playing, enters unbraced, two Pages before him with lights; is met by MAQUERELLE and convey'd in; the Pages are sent away.

Men. He's caught, the woodcock's head is i' th' noose.

Now treads Ferneze in dangerous path of lust,
Swearing his sense is merely³ defied.
The fool grasps clouds, and shall beget Centaurs:

And now, in strength of panting faint delight,
The goat bids heaven envy him. — Good goosee,
I can afford thee nothing

But the poor comfort of calamity, pity.

Lust's like the plummets hanging on clock-lines,

Will ne'er ha' done till all is quite undone; ¹⁰
Such is the course salt sallow lust doth run;
Which thou shalt try. I'll be reveng'd. Duke,
thy suspect;

Duchess, thy disgrace; Ferneze, thy rivalry;
Shall have swift vengeance. Nothing so holy,
No band of nature so strong, ¹⁵

No law of friendship so sacred,

But I'll profane, burst, violate, 'fore I'll

Endure disgrace, contempt, and poverty.

Shall I, whose very "Hum" struck all heads bare,

Whose face made silence, creaking of whose shoe ²⁰

Forc'd the most private passages fly ope,

¹ Chamber in the Duke's Palace.

² Lantern,

³ Absolutely.

Scrape like a servile dog at some latch'd door?
Learn how to make a leg, and cry "Beseech ye,
Pray ye, is such a lord within?" be aw'd
At some odd usher's scoff'd toalmality? ²⁵

Fust sear my bians! *Unde cadis non quo, refert,* ⁴

My heart cries, "Penish all!" How! how! what fate

Can once avoid revenge, that's desperate? ³⁰

I'll to the duke, if all should ope — If! tush.

Fortune still dotes on those who cannot blush.

[*Exu.*]

SCENE II.⁵

Enter MALEVOLE at one door, BIANCA, EMILIA, and MAQUERELLE at the other door.

Mal. Bless ye, cast⁶ o' ladies! — Ha, Dipsas! how dost thou, old coal?

Mag. Old coal!

Mal. Ay, old coal; methinks thou hest like a brand under these billets of green wood. He⁷ that will inflame a young wench's heart, let him lay close to her an old coal that hath first been fir'd, a panderess, my half-burnt hut, who though thou canst not flame thyself, yet art able to set a thousand virgin's tapers afire ¹⁰ — And how does Janivere thy husband, my little periwinkle? Is he troubled with the cough o' the lungs still? Does he hawk o' nights still? He will not bite.

Bian. No, by my troth, I took him with ¹⁵ his mouth empty of old teeth.

Mal. And he took thee with thy belly full of young bones: marry, he took his main by the stroke of his enemy. ²⁰

Bian. And I mine by the stroke of my friend.

Mal. The close stock! ⁷ O mortal wench! Lady, ha' ye now no restoratives for your decayed Jasons? Look ye, crab's guts bak'd, distill'd ox-pith, the pulverized hairs of a lion's upper-lip, jelly of cock-sparrows, he-mon-²⁵ key's marrow, or powder of fox-stones? — And whither are all you ambling now?

Bian. Why, to bed, to bed.

Mal. Do your husbands lie with ye?

Bian. That were country fashion, i' faith. ³⁰

Mal. Ha' ye no foregoers about you? Come, whither in good deed, la' now?

Mag. In good indeed, la now, to eat the most miraculously, admirably, astonishable compos'd posset with three curds, without any drink. ³⁵ Will ye help me with a he-fox? — Here's the duke. *Exeunt Ladies.*

[*Mal.* Fri'd frogs are very good, and French-like too.] ⁸

SCENE III.⁹

Enter DUKE PIETRO, COUNT CELSO, COUNT EQUATO, BILIOSO, FERRARDO, and MENDOZA.

Pietro. The night grows deep and foul: what hour is 't?

Celso. Upon the stroke of twelve.

⁴ "It is whence you fall, not whither, that matters."

⁵ Chamber in the Duke's Palace.

⁶ Pair.

⁷ Stuck, stoccado, a thrust.

⁸ Q₁ omits.

⁹ The same.

Mal. Save ye, Duke!

Pietro. From thee; begone, I do not love [5
thee! Let me see thee no more; we are dis-
pleas'd.

Mal. Why, God b' wi' thee! Heaven hear
my curse,—may thy wife and thee live long
together! 10

Pietro. Begone, sirrah!

Mal. "When Arthur first in court began,"—
Agamemnon—Menelaus—was ever any duke
a cornuto?

Pietro. Begone, hence! 15

Mal. What religion wilt thou be of next?

Men. Out with him!

Mal. With most servile patience.—Time will
come

When wonder of thy error will strike dumb
Thy bezzled¹ senses.— 20

Slaves! ay, favour ay, marry, shall he rise:
Good God! how subtle hell doth flatter vice!
Mounts him aloft, and makes him seem to fly,
As fowl the tortoise mock'd, who to the sky
The ambitious shell-fish rais'd! The end of all
Is only, that from height he might dead fall. 25

[*Bil.* Why, when? Out, ye rogue! begone,
ye rascal!

Mal. I shall now leave ye with all my best
wishes. 30

Bil. Out, ye cur!

Mal. Only let's hold together a firm corre-
spondence.

Bil. Out!

Mal. A mutual-friendly-reciprocal-perpetual
kind of steady-unanimous-heartily-leagued — 35

Bil. Hence, ye gross-jaw'd, peasanly — out,
go!

Mal. Adieu, pigeon-house; thou burr, that
only stickiest to nappy fortunes. The serpig², [40
the strangury, an eternal une etual priapism
seize thee!

Bil. Out, rogue!

Mal. May'st thou be a notorious wittolly pander
to thine own wife, and yet get no office, [45
but live to be the utmost misery of mankind, a
beggarly cuckold!] *Exit.*

Pietro. It shall be so.

Men. It must be so, for where great states
revenge,

'T is requisite the parts be closely dogg'd, 50
(Which piety and soft respect forbears).⁴
Lay one into his breast shall sleep with him,
Feed in the same dish, run in self-faction,
Who may discover any shape of danger;
For once disgrac'd, displayed in offence, 55
It makes man bluishless, and man is (all confess)
More prone to vengeance than to gratefulness.
Favours are writ in dust; but stripes we feel
Depraved nature stamps in lasting steel.

Pietro. You shall be leagu'd with the duchess.

Egualto. The plot is very good. 61

Men. You shall both kill, and seem the corpse
to save.

¹ Drunken. ² Q, omits ll 27-47. ³ An eruption

⁴ Bullen's emend. Qq. read

¹ 'T is requisite, the parts with piety
And soft respect forbears, be closely dogg'd.
or soft, other copies read left, lost.

Fer. A most fine brain-trick.

Celso. (*Aside.*) Of a most cunning knave. 64

Pietro. My lords, the heavy action we intend
Is death and shame, two of the ugliest shapes
That can confound a soul, think, think of it.
I strike, but yet, like him that 'gainst stone
walls

Directs, his shafts rebound in his own face;
My lady's shame is mine, O God, 't is mine! 70
Therefore I do conjure all secrecy:
Let it be as very little as may be,

Pray ye, as may be,
Make frightless entrance, salute her with soft
eyes,

Stain nought with blood; only Ferneze dies, 75
But not before her brows. O gentlemen,
God knows I love her! Nothing else, but this:—
I am not well, if grief, that sucks veins dry,
Rivels⁵ the skin, casts ashes in men's faces,
Be-dulls the eye, unstrengthens all the blood, 80
Chance to remove me to another world,
As sure I once must die, let him succeed:
I have no child; all that my youth begot
Hath been your loves, which shall inherit me:
Which as it ever shall, I do conjure it, 85
Mendoza may succeed: he's nobly born;
With me of much desert.

Celso. (*Aside.*) Much!

Pietro. Your silence answers, "Ay."

I thank you. Come on now. O, that I might
die 90

Before her shame's display'd! Would I were
forc'd

To burn my father's tomb, unheal⁶ his bones,
And dash them in the dirt, rather than this!
This both the living and the dead offends: 94
Sharp surgery where naught but death amends.
Exeunt.

SCENE IV.⁷

*Enter MAQUERELLE, EMILIA, and BIANCA with
a posset.*

Mag. Even here it is, three curds in three regions
individually distinct, most methodically
according to art compos'd, without any drink.

Bian. Without any drink!

Mag. Upon my honour. Will ye sit and eat?

Emil. Good; the composure, the receipt,
how is 't?

Mag. 'T is a pretty pearl; by this pearl (how
does 't with me? ⁸) thus it is: Seven and thirty
yolks of Barbary hens' eggs; eighteen spoon- [10
fuls and a half of the juice of cock-sparrow
bones; one ounce, three drams, four scruples,
and one quarter of the syrup of Ethiopian
dates; sweetened with three quarters of a pound
of pure candied Indian eringoes; strewed [15
over with the powder of pearl of America,
amber of Cataia, and lamb-stones of Muscovia.

Bian. Trust me, the ingredients are very
cordial, and, no question, good, and most power-
ful in restoration. 20

Mag. I know not what you mean by res-
toration; but this it doth,—it purifieth the

⁵ Wrinkles.

⁶ Uncover.

⁷ The same.

⁸ How does it become ?

blood, smootheneth the skin, enliveneth the eye, strengtheneth the veins, mundifieth¹ the teeth, comforteth the stomach, fortifieth the back, [25 and quickeneth the wit; that's all.

Emil. By my troth, I have eaten but two spoonfuls, and methinks I could discourse most swiftly and wittily already.

Mag. Have you the art to seem honest? 30

Bian. Ay, thank advice and practice.

Mag. Why, then, eat me o' this posset, quicken your blood, and preserve your beauty. Do you know Doctor Plaster-face? by this curd, he is the most exquisite in forging of veins, [25 sprightening of eyes, dying of hair, sleeking of skins, blushing of cheeks, surphling² of breasts, blanching and bleaching of teeth, that ever made an old lady gracious by torchlight; by this curd, la. 40

Bian. Well, we are resolved, what God has given us we'll cherish.

Mag. Cherish anything saving your husband; keep him not too high, lest he leap the pale: bat, for your beauty, let it be your saint; [45 bequeath two hours to it every morning in your closet. I ha' been young, and yet, in my conscience, I am not above five and twenty: but, believe me, preserve and use your beauty; for youth and beauty once gone, we are like bee- [50 hives without honey, out-o'-fashion apparel that no man will wear: therefore use me your beauty.

Emil. Ay, but men say —

Mag. Men say! let men say what they [55 will. life o' woman! they are ignorant of our wants. The more in years, the more in perfection they grow; if they lose youth and beauty, they gain wisdom and discretion: but when our beauty fades, good-night with us. There [60 cannot be an uglier thing than to see an old woman: from which, O pruning, pinching, and painting, deliver all sweet beauties!

[*Music within.*]

Bian. Hark! music! 64

Mag. Peace, 'tis i' the duchess' bed-chamber. Good rest, most prosperously-graced ladies.

Emil. Good night, sentinel.

Bian. Night, dear Maquerelle.

Exeunt all but MAQ.

Mag. May my posset's operation send you my wit and honesty; and me, your youth and [70 beauty; the pleasing'st rest! *Exit.*

SCENE V.³

A Song [within].

Whilst the song is singing, enter MENDOZA with his sword drawn, standing ready to murder FERNEZE as he flies from the duchess' chamber. — Tumult within. 40

All [within.] Strike, strike!

Aur. [within.] Save my Ferneze! O, save my Ferneze!

¹ Cleanseth.

² Treating with cosmetics.

³ The e.

Enter FERNEZE in his shirt, and is receiv'd upon MENDOZA's sword.

All [within.] Follow, pursue!

Aur. [within.] O, save Ferneze!

Men. Pierce, pierce! — Thou shallow fool, drop there!

He that attempts a princess' lawless love
Must have broad hands, close heart, with Argus' eyes,

And back of Hercules, or else he dies.

Thrusts his rapier in FER.

Enter AURELIA, PIETRO, FERRARDO, BILIOSO, CELSO, and EQUATO.

All. Follow, follow!

Men. Stand off, forbear, ye most uncivil lords!

Pietro. Strike!

Men. Do not; tempt not a man resolv'd: 10
MENDOZA bestrides the wounded body of FERNEZE, and seems to save him.

Would you, inhuman murderers, more than death?

Aur. O poor Ferneze!

Men. Alas, now all defence too late!

Aur. He's dead.

Pietro. I am sorry for our shame. — Go to your bed: 15

Weep not too much, but leave some tears to shed
When I am dead.

Aur. What, weep for thee! my soul no tears shall find.

Pietro. Alas, alas, that women's souls are blind!

Men. Betray such beauty! 20

Murder such youth! Contemn civility!

He loves him not that rails not at him.

Pietro. Thou canst not move us: we have blood enough. —

And please you, lady, we have quite forgot

All your defects: if not, why, then — 25

Aur. Not.

Pietro. Not the best of rest: good-night.

Exit PIETRO, with other Courtiers.

Aur. Despite go with thee!

Men. Mad, you ha' done me foul disgrace; you have wrong'd him much loves you too much: go to, your soul knows you have. 31

Aur. I think I have.

Men. Do you but think so?

Aur. Nay, sure, I have: my eyes have witnessed thy love: thou hast stood too firm for me. 36

Men. Why, tell me, fair-cheek'd lady, who even in tears art powerfully beautiful, what unadvised passion struck ye into such a violent heat against me? Speak, what mischief wrong'd us? What devil injur'd us? Speak.

Aur. The thing ne'er worthy of the name of man, Ferneze;

Ferneze swore thou lov'st Emilia;

Which to advance, with most reproachful breath 45

Thou both didst blemish and denounce my love.

Men. Ignoble villain! did I for this bestride

Thy wounded limbs? for this, rank opposite
Event to my sovereign? for this, O God, for this,⁴⁹
Sunk all my hopes, and with my hopes my life?
Ripp'd bare my throat unto the hangman's
axe? —

Thou most dishonour'd trunk! — Emilia!

By life, I know her not — Emilia —!

Did you believe him?

Aur. Pardon me, I did.

Men. Did you? And thereupon you graced
him?⁵⁰

Aur. I did.

Men. Took him to favour, nay even clasp'd
With him?

Aur. Alas, I did!

Men. This night?

Aur. This night.

Men. And in your lustful twines the duke
took you?

Aur. A most sad truth.

Men. O God, O God! how we dull honest
souls,⁶⁰

Heavy brain'd men, are swallowed in the bogs
Of a deceitful ground, whilst nimble bloods,
Light-jointed spirits, speed,¹ cut good men's
throats,

And scape! Alas, I am too honest for this age,
Too full of phlegm and heavy steadiness;⁶⁵
Stood still whilst this slave cast a noose about
me;

Nay, then to stand in honour of him and her,
Who had even slic'd my heart!

Aur. Come, I did err,

And am most sorry I did err.

Men. Why, we are both but dead: the duke
hates us;

And those whom princes do once groundly²
hate,

Let them provide to die, as sure as fate.

Prevention is the heart of policy.

Aur. Shall we murder him?

Men. Instantly?

Aur. Instantly; before he casts a plot,

Or further blaze my honour's mach-known blot,
Let's murder him.

Men. I would do much for you: will ye marry
me?

Aur. I'll make thee duke. We are of Med-
icis;⁸⁰

Florence our friend; in court my faction
Not meanly strengthening, the duke then dead;
We well prepar'd for change; the multitude
Irresolutely reeling; we in force;
Our party seconded; the kingdom maz'd;⁸⁵
No doubt of³ swift success all shall be grac'd.

Men. You do confirm me, we are resolute:
To-morrow look for change: rest confident.
'Tis now about the immodest waist of night:
The mother of moist dew with pallid light⁹⁰
Spreads gloomy shades about the numbed
earth.

Sleep, sleep, whilst we contrive our mischief's
birth.

This man I'll get inhum'd. Farewell: to bed;

Ay, kiss thy pillow, dream the duke is dead.

So, so, good night.

Exit AURELIA.

How fortune dotes on impudence!⁹⁵

I am in private the adopted son

Of yon good prince.

I must be duke: why, if I must, I must.

Most silly lord, name me! O heaven! I see

God made honest fools to maintain crafty

knaves.¹⁰⁰

The duchess is wholly mine too; must kill her
husband

To quit her shame. Much! then marry her! Ay.

O, I grow proud in prosperous treachery!

As wrestlers clip, so I'll embrace you all,

Not to support, but to procure your fall.¹⁰⁵

Enter MALEVOLE.

Mal. God arrest thee!

Men. At whose suit?

Mal. At the devil's. Ah, you treacherous,
damnable monster, how dost? how dost, thou
treacherous rogue? Ah, ye rascal! I am ban-¹¹⁰
ished the court, surah.

Men. Prithce, let's be acquainted; I do love
thee, faith.

Mal. At your service, by the Lord, la: shall's
go to supper? Let's be once drunk together,¹¹⁵
and so unite a most virtuously-strength'ned
friendship: shall's Huguenot? shall's?

Men. Wilt fall upon my chamber to-morrow
morn?

Mal. As a raven to a dunghill. They say¹²⁰
there's one dead here: prick't for the pride of
the flesh.

Men. Ferneze: there he is; prithce, bury him.

Mal. O, most willingly: I mean to turn pure
Rochelle churchman, I.¹²⁵

Men. Thou churchman! Why, why?

Mal. Because I'll live lazily, rail upon au-
thority, deny kings' supremacy in things indif-
ferent, and be a pope in mine own parish.

Men. Wherefore dost thou think churches
were made?¹³¹

Mal. To scour plough-shares: I ha' seen oxen
plough up altars; *et nunc seges ubi Sion fuit.*⁵

Men. Strange!

Mal. Nay, monstrous! I ha' seen a sumptu-
ous steeple turned to a stinking privy; more
beastly, the sacredest place made a dogs' ken-
nel; nay, most inhuman, the stoned coffins of
long-dead Christians burst up, and made hogs'
troughs: *hic finis Prami.*⁶ Shall I ha' some¹⁴⁰
sack and cheese at thy chamber? Good night,
good mischievous incarnate devil; good night,
Mendoza; ah, ye inhuman villain, good night!
night, fub.¹⁴⁴

Men. Good night: to-morrow morn? *Exit.*

Mal. Ay, I will come, friendly damnation, I
will come. I do desery cross-points; honesty
and courtship straddle as far asunder as a true
Frenchman's legs.

Fer. O!

Mal. Proclamations! more proclamations!¹⁵⁰

Fer. O! a surgeon!

⁴ I. e. a Huguenot

⁵ Ovid, *Her. Epist.* l. 53, with *Troja* for *Sion*.

⁶ Virgil, *Aeneid*, ii 554.

⁷ Cheat.

¹ Dodsley's emend. *Q₁ pent*; *Q₂ spent*.

² Thoroughly. ³ *fy.*

Mal. Hark! lust cries for a surgeon. What news from Limbo? How does the grand cuckold, Lucifer?¹³⁵

Fer. O, help, help! conceal and save me.

FERNEZE stirs, and MALEVOLE helps him up and conveys him away

Mal. Thy shame more than thy wounds do grieve me far:

Thy wounds but leave upon thy flesh some scar;
But fame ne'er heals, still rankles worse and worse;

Such is of uncontrolled lust the curse.¹⁶⁰

Think what it is in lawless sheets to lie;

But, O, Ferneze, what in lust to die!

Then thou that sh^e respect'st, O, fly converse

With women's eyes and hisping wantonness!¹⁶⁴

Stick candles 'gainst a virgin wall's white back,

If they not burn, yet at the least they'll black.

Come, I'll convey thee to a private port,

Where thou shalt live (O happy man!) from court.

The beauty of the day begins to rise,

From whose bright form night's heavy shadow flies.¹⁷⁰

Now 'gin close plots to work; the scene grows full,

And craves his eyes who hath a solid skull.

Exeunt.

ACT III

SCENE I.¹

Enter PIETRO, MENDOZA, EQUATO, and BILIOSO.

Pietro 'Tis grown to youth of day, how shall we waste this light?

My heart's more heavy than a tyrant's crown.
Shall we go hunt? Prepare for field.

Exit EQUATO.

Men. Would ye could be merry!

Pietro. Would God I could! Mendoza, bid 'em haste.

*Exit MENDOZA.*⁵

I would fain shift place; O vain relief!

Sad souls may well change place, but not change grief.

As deer, being struck, fly thorough many soils,²

Yet still the shaft sticks fast, so —

Bil. A good old simile, my honest lord.¹⁰

Pietro. I am not much unlike to some sick man

That long desired hurtful drink; at last

Swills in and drinks his last, ending at once

Both life and thirst. O, would I ne'er had known

My own dishonour! Good God, that men should desire¹⁵

To search out that, which, being found, kills all

Their joy of life! to taste the tree of knowledge,

And then be driven from out paradise! —

Canst give me some comfort?

Bil. My lord, I have some books which²⁰

have been dedicated to my honour, and I ne'er

read 'em, and yet they had very fine names,

Physic for Fortune, Lozenges of Sanctified Sincerity; very pretty works of curates, scriveneis, and schoolmasters. Marry, I remember one²⁵ Seneca, Lucius Annaeus Seneca —

Pietro. Out upon him! he writ of temperance

and fortitude, yet lived like a voluptuous epicure, and died like an effeminate coward. —

Haste thee to Florence³⁰

Here, take our letters, see 'em seal'd; away!

Report in private to the honour'd duke

His daughter's forc'd disgrace; tell h' at length

We know too much: due compliments³ advance

There's naught that's safe and sweet but ignorance.

*Exit.*³⁵

[*Enter*⁴ BIANCA.

Bil. Madam, I am going ambassador for Florence; 't will be great changes to me.

Bian. No matter, my lord, you have the lease of two manors come out next Christmas;

you may lay your tenants on the greater rack⁴⁰ for it and when you come home again, I'll

teach you how you shall get two hundred pounds

a-year by your teeth.

Bil. How, madam?

Bian. Cut off so much from house-keep-⁴⁵

ing that which is saved by the teeth, you know,

is got by the teeth.

Bil. Fore God, and so I may, I am in wondrous credit, lady.

Bian. See the use of flattery: I did ever⁵⁰

counsel you to flatter greatness, and you have

profited well: any man that will do so shall be

sure to be like your Scotch barnacle,⁵ now a

block, instantly a worm, and presently a great

goose: this it is to rot and putrefy in the bosom

of greatness⁵⁵

Bil. Thou art ever my politician. O, how

happy is that old lord that hath a politician to

his young lady! I'll have fifty gentlemen shall

attend upon me. marry, the most of them⁶⁰

shall be farmer's sons, because they shall bear

their own charges; and they shall go apparelled

thus, — in sea-water-green suits, ash-colour

cloaks, watchet stockings, and popinjay-green

feathers: will not the colours do excellent?⁶⁵

Bian. Out upon 't! they'll look like citizens

riding to their friends at Whitsuntide; their

apparel just so many several parishes.

Bil. I'll have it so; and Passarello, my fool,

shall go along with me; marry, he shall be in

velvet.⁷⁰

Bian. A fool in velvet!

Bil. Ay, 'tis common for your fool to wear

satyn; I'll have mine in velvet.

Bian. What will you wear, then, my lord?⁷⁵

Bil. Velvet too; marry, it shall be embroidered, because I'll differ from the fool somewhat.

I am horribly troubled with the gout; nothing

grieves me, but that my doctor hath forbidden

me wine, and you know your ambassador⁸⁰

³ So Q₂. Q₁ *complains*. ⁴ Q₁ omits ll. 30-170.

⁵ A kind of wild geese were supposed to grow from barnacles.

¹ A room in the Duke's Pal

² Stre s.

m t d k. Didst thou ask thy doctor what was good for the gout?

Bian. Yes; he said, ease, wine, and women, were good for it.

Bil. Nay, thou hast such a wit! What was good to cure it, said he?

Bian. Why, the rack. All your empiries could never do the like cure upon the gout the rack did in England, or your Scotch boot.¹ The French harlequin will instruct you.

Bil. Surely, I do wonder how thou, having for the most part of thy lifetime been a country body, shouldst have so good a wit.

Bian. Who, I? why, I have been a courtier thrice two months.

Bil. So have I this twenty year, and yet there was a gentleman-usher called me coxcomb t' other day, and to my face too: was 't not a backbiting rascal? I would I were better travelled, that I might have been better acquainted with the fashions of several countrymen: but my secretary, I think, he hath sufficiently instructed me.

Bian. How, my lord?

Bil. "Marry, my good lord," quoth he, [105 "your lordship shall ever find amongst a hundred Frenchmen forty hot-shots; amongst a hundred Spaniards, three-score braggarts; amongst a hundred Dutchmen, four-score drunkards; amongst an hundred Englishmen, four-score [110 and ten madmen; and amongst an hundred Welshmen"]

Bian. What, my lord?

Bil. "Four-score and nineteen gentlemen."²

Bian. But since you go about a sad embassy, I would have you go in black, my lord.

Bil. Why, dost think I cannot mourn, unless I wear my hat in cypress,³ like an alderman's heir? That's vile, very old, in faith.

Bian. I'll learn of you shortly: O, we should have a fine gallant of you, should not I instruct you! How will you bear yourself when you come into the Duke of Florence's court?

Bil. Proud enough, and 't will do well enough. As I walk up and down the chamber, I'll [125 spit frowns about me, have a strong perfume in my jerkin, let my beard grow to make me look terrible, salute no man beneath the fourth button; and 't will do excellent.

Bian. But there is a very beautiful lady [130 there; how will you entertain her?

Bil. I'll tell you that, when the lady hath entertained me: but to satisfy thee, here comes the fool.

Enter PASSARELLO.

Fool, thou shalt stand for the fair lady.

Pass. Your fool will stand for your lady most willingly and most uprightly.

Bil. I'll salute her in Latin.

Pass. O, your fool can derstand no Latin.

Bil. Ay, but your lady can.

Pass. Why, then, if your lady take down

your fool, your fool will stand no longer for your lady.

Bil. A pestilent fool! 'fore God, I think the world be turned upside down too.

Pass. O, no, sir, for then your lady and all the ladies in the palace should go with their heels upward, and that were a strange sight, you know.

Bil. There be many will repine at my preferment.

Pass. O, ay, like the envy of an elder sister, that hath her younger made a lady before her.

Bil. The duke is wondrous discontented.

Pass. Ay, and more melancholic than a [135 usurer having all his money out at the death of a prince.

Bil. Didst thou see Madam Floria to-day?

Pass. Yes, I found her repairing her face to-day, the red upon the white showed as if [140 her cheeks should have been served in for two dishes of barberries in stewed broth, and the flesh to them a woodcock.

Bil. A bitter fool! Come, madam, this night thou shalt enjoy me freely, and tomorrow [145 for Florence.

Pass. What a natural fool is he that would be a pair of bodies⁶ to a woman's petticoat, to be trussed and pointed to them! Well, I'll dog my lord; and the word is proper: for when I [150 fawn upon him, he feeds me; when I snap him by the fingers, he spits in my mouth. If a dog's death were not strangling, I had rather be one than a serving-man; for the corruption of coin is either the generation of a usurer or a lousy [155 beggar. *Ezeunt BIANCA and PASSARELLO.*]

SCENE II.⁶

Enter MALEVOLE in some frieze gown, whilst BILIOSO reads his patent.

Mal. I cannot sleep; my eyes' ill-neighbouring lids

Will hold no fellowship. O thou pale sober night,

Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense dost steep;

Thou that giv'st all the world full leave to play,

Unbend'st the feeble veins of sweaty labour!

The galley-slave, that all the toilsome day

Tugs at his oar against the stubborn wave,

Straining his rugged veins, snores fast;

The stooping scythe-man, that doth barb⁷ the

field,

Thou mak'st wink sure: in night all creatures

sleep;

Only the malcontent, that 'gainst his fate

Repines and quarrels,—alas he's goodman

tell-clock!

His shallow jaw-bones sink with wasting moan;

Whilst others' beds are down, his pillow's

stone.

Bil. Malevole!

Mal. Elder of Israel, thou honest defect of

¹ A form of torture.

² Welshmen were notoriously proud of their pedigree.

³ Crape.

⁴ Qq. *fool*. Perhaps a pun.

⁵ Pair of stags, bodice.

⁶ The same.

⁷ Shave, here, mow.

wicked nature and obstinate ignorance, when did thy wife let thee lie with her?

Bil. I am going ambassador to Florence.

Mal. Ambassador! Now, for thy country's²⁰ honour, prithee, do not put up mutton and porridge i' thy cloak-bag. Thy young lady wife goes to Florence with thee too, does she not?

Bil. No, I leave her at the palace.

Mal. At the palace! Now, discretion shield, man! For God's love, let's ha' no more cuckolds! Hymen begins to put off his saffron robe¹ keep thy wife i' the state of grace. Heart o' truth, I would sooner leave my lady singled in a bordello than in the Genoa palace.

Sin there appearing in her sluttish shape, Would soon grow loathsome, even to blushes' sense;

Surfeit would choke² intemperate appetite, Make the soul scent the rotten breath of lust. When in an Italian lascivious palace,

A lady guardianless, Left to the push of all allurements, The strongest incitements to immodesty, To have her bound, incens'd with wanton sweets,

Her veins fill'd high with heating delicacies,⁴⁰ Soft rest, sweet music, amorous masquerers, Lascivious banquets, sin itself gilt o'er, Strong fantasy tricking up strange delights, Presenting it dress'd pleasingly to sense, Sense leading it unto the soul, confirm'd⁴⁵ With potent examples, pudent custom, Entic'd by that great bawd, Opportunity; Thus being prepar'd, clap to her easy ear Youth in good clothes, well-shap'd, rich, Fair-spoken, promising, noble, ardent, blood-⁵⁰ full,

Witty, flattering, — Ulysses absent, O Ithaca, can chastest Penelope hold out?

Bil. Mass, I'll think on't. Farewell.

Mal. Farewell. Take thy wife with thee. Farewell.

To Florence; um! it may prove good, it may! And we may once u ask our brows.⁵⁵

SCENE III.³

Enter Count Celso.

Celso. My honour'd lord—

Mal. Celso, peace! how is't? Speak low: pale fears

Suspect that hedges, walls, and trees, have ears:

Speak, how runs all?

Celso. I' faith, my lord, that beast with many heads,

The staggering multitude, recoils apace: Though thorough great men's envy, most men's malice,

Their much-intemperate heat hath banish'd you,

Yet now they find envy and malice ne'er Produce faint reformation.

The duke, the too soft duke, lies a block

¹ The usual costume of Hymen in q .

² So Bullen. *Qq. cloake, cloke.*

³ e same

For which two tugging factions seem to saw; But still the iron through the ribs they draw.

Mal. I tell thee, Celso, I have ever found

Thy breast most far from shifting cowardice¹⁵ And fearful baseness: therefore I'll tell thee,

Celso,

I find the wind begins to come about;

I'll shift my suit of fortune.

I know the Florentine, whose only force,⁴

By marrying his proud daughter to this prince,²⁰

Both banish'd me and made this weak lord duke,

Will now forsake them all; be sure he will.

I'll lie in ambush for convenience,

Upon their severance to confirm myself.

Celso. Is Ferneze interr'd?

Mal. Of that at leisure: he lives.

Celso. But how stands Mendoza? How is't with him?

Mal. Faith, like a pair of snuffers, snibs filth in other men, and retains it in himself.

Celso. He does fly from public notice, mends, as a hare does from hounds; the feet whereon he flies betray him.

Mal. I can track him, Celso.

O, my disguise fools him most powerfully!

For that I seem a desperate malcontent, He fain would clasp with me: he's the true

slave

That will put on the most affected grace

For some vile second cause.

Enter MENDOZA.

Celso. He's here.

Mal. Give place.

Exit CELSO.

Illo, ho, ho, ho! art there. old truepe y? Where hast thou spent thyself this morning?

I see flattery in thine eyes, and d nation in thy soul. Ha, ye huge rascal!

Men. Thou art very merry.

Mal. As a scholar, *futuens gratis*. How does the devil go with thee now?

Men. Malevole, thou art an arrant knave.

Mal. Who, I? I have been a sergeant, ⁵⁰ man.

Men. Thou art very poor.

Mal. As Job, an alchemist, or a poet.

Men. The duke hates thee.

Mal. As Irishmen do bum-cracks.

Men. Thou hast lost his amity.

Mal. As pleasing as maids lose their virginity.

Men. Would thou wert of a lusty spirit! Would thou wert noble!

Mal. Why, sure my blood gives me I am noble, sure I am of noble kind; for I find myself possessed with all their qualities;—love

dogs, dice, d drabs, scorn wit in stuff-clothes; have beat my shoemaker, knocked my seam-

stress, cuckold[ed] my 'pothecary, and undone my tailor. Noble! why not? since the stoic⁵

said, *Neminem servum non ex regibus, neminem regem non ex servis esse oriundum*; only busy

Fortune touses, and the provident Chances ¹

⁴ Whose force alone.

⁵ *neca, Eptel. xlv.*

blend them together. I'll give you a simile - did you e'er see a well with two buckets, whilst one comes up full to be emptied, another goes down empty to be filled? Such is the state of all humanity. Why, look you, I may [75 be the son of some duke, for, believe me, intemperate lascivious bastardy makes nobility doubtful. I have a lusty daring heart, Mendoza.

Men. Let's grasp; I do like thee infinitely. Wilt enact one thing for me?

Mal. Shall I get by it? (*MEN. gives him his purse.*) Command me; I am thy slave, beyond death and hell.

Men. Murder the duke.

Mal. My heart's wish, my soul's desire, my fantasy's dream, my blood's longing, the only height of my hopes! How, O God, how! O, how my united spirits throng together, to strengthen my resolve!

Men. The duke is now a-hunting.

Mal. Excellent, admirable, as the devil would have it! Lend me, lend me, rapier, pistol, cross-bow: so, so, I'll do it.

Men. Then we agree.

Mal. As Lent and fishmongers. Come, a-capp'e, how? Inform.

Men. Know that this weak-brain'd duke, who only stands On Florence' stults, hath out of witless zeal

Made me his heir, and secretly confirm'd The wreath to me after his life's full point.

Mal. Upon what merit?

Men. Merit! by heaven, I horn him. Only Ferneze's death gave me state's life. Tut, we are politic, he must not live now.

Mal. No reason, marry: but how must he die now?

Men. My utmost project is to murder the duke, that I might have his state, because he makes me his heir; to banish the duchess, that I might be rid of a cunning Lacedaemonian, because I know Florence will forsake her; and then to marry Maria, the banished Duke Altofront's wife, that her friends might strengthen me and my faction: that is all, la.

Mal. Do you love Maria?

Men. Faith, no great affection, but as wise men do love great women, to ennoble their blood and augment revenue. To accomplish this now, thus now. The duke is in the forest, next the sea: single him, kill him, hurl him i' the main, and proclaim thou sawest wolves eat him.

Mal. Um! Not so good. Methinks when he is slain, To get some hypocrite, some dangerous wretch

'That's muffled o(e)r with feigned holiness, To swear he heard the duke on some steep cliff Lament his wife's dishonour, and, in an agony Of his heart's torture, hurl'd his groaning sides Into the swollen sea, - this circumstance Well made sounds probable: and hereupon The duchess -

Men. May well be banish'd:

O unpeerable invention! rare!

Thou god of policy! it hoonys me.

Mal. Then fear not for the wife of Alto front;

I'll close to her.

Men. Thou shalt, thou shalt. Our excellency is pleas'd

Why wert not thou an emperor? When we Are duke, I'll make thee some great man, sure.

Mal. Nay. Make me some rich knave, and I'll make myself

Some great man.

Men. In thee be all my spirit; Retain ten souls, unite thy virtual powers:

Resolve; ha, remember greatness! Heart, farewell;

The fate of all my hopes in thee doth dwell. [Exit.]

Re-enter CELSO.

Mal. Celso, didst hear? - O heaven, didst hear Such devilish mischief? Suffer'st thou the world

Carouse damnation even with greedy swallow, And still dost wink, still does thy vengeance slumber?

If now thy brows are clear, when will they thunder? [Exit.]

SCENE IV.¹

Enter PIETRO, FERRARDO, PREFASSO, and Three Pages.

Fer. The dogs are at a fault.

Cornets like horns.

Pietro. Would God nothing but the dogs were at it! Let the deer pursue safety,² the dogs follow the game, and do you follow the dogs: as for me, 'tis unfit one beast should hunt another; I ha' one chaseth me: an't please you, I would be rid of ye a little.

Fer. Would your grief would, as soon as we, leave you to quietness!

Pietro. I thank you.

Exeunt [FERRARDO and PREFASSO].

Boy, what dost thou dream of now?

1 Page. Of a dry summer, my lord; for here's a hot world towards: but, my lord, I had a strange dream last night.

Pietro. What strange dream?

1 Page. Why, methought I pleased you with singing, and then I dreamt that you gave me that short sword.

Pietro. Prettyly begged: hold thee, I'll prove thy dream true; take 't.

1 Page. My duty: but still I dreamt on, my lord; and methought, an't shall please your excellency, you would needs out of your royal bounty give me that jewel in your hat.

Pietro. O, thou didst but dream, boy; do not believe it: dreams prove not always true; they may hold in a short sword, but not in a jewel. But now, sir, you dreamt you had

¹ A forest near the sea.

² Qq. safety.

pleased me with singing; make that true, as I ha' made the other.

1 Page. Faith, my lord, I did but dream, and dreams, you say, prove not always true; they may hold in a good sword, but not in a good song. The truth is, I ha' lost my voice.

Pietro. Lost thy voice! How?
1 Page. With dreaming, faith: but here's a couple of sirenical rascals shall enchant ye. What shall they sing, my good lord?

Pietro. Sing of the nature of women: and then the song shall be surely full of variety, old crotchets, and most sweet closes; it shall be humorous, grave, fantastic, amorous, melancholy, sprightly, one in all, and all in one.

1 Page. All in one!
Pietro. By'r lady, too many. Sing: my [45 speech grows culpable of unthrifty idleness. 1 sing.

Song [by 2 and 3 Pages].

SCENE V.²

[To Pietro] Enter MALEVOLE, with cross-bow and pistol.

Pietro. Ah, so, so, sing. I am heavy: walk off; I shall talk in my sleep: walk off.

Event Pages.

Mal. Brief, brief: who? The Duke! Good heaven, that fools Should stumble upon greatness! — Do not sleep, duke;

Give ye good-morrow. I³ must be brief, duke; I am fess'd to murder thee: — start not: — Mendoza,

Mendoza hir'd me; here 's his gold, his pistol, Cross-bow, [and] sword. 't is all as firm as earth. O fool, fool, choked with the common maze Of easy idiots, credulity!

Make him thine heir! What, thy sworn murderer!

Pietro. O, can it be?

Mal. Can!

Pietro. Discover'd he not Ferneze?

Mal. Yes, but why? but why? For love to thee?

Much, much! To be reveng'd upon his rival, Who had thrust his jaws awry; Who being slain, suppos'd by thine own hands, Defended by his sword, made thee most loathsome,

Him most gracious with thy loose princess: Thou, closely yielding egress and regress to her, Madest him heir; whose hot unquiet lust Straight tous'd thy sheets, and now would scize thy state.

Politician! Wise man! Death! to be Led to the stake like a bull by the horns; To make even kindness out a gentle throat! Life, why art thou numb'd? Thou foggy dullness, speak:

Lives not more faith in a home-thrusting tongue

Than in those fencing tip-tap courtiers?

² Vanity, frivolity.

³ Q₁ omits; Q₂ you.

⁴ The same, continued.

⁵ crectly.

Enter CELSO, with a hermit's gown and beard.

[Pietro] Lord Malevole, if this be true — Mal. If! Come, shade thee with this disguise. If! Thou shalt handle it, he shall thank thee for killing thyself. Come, follow my directions, and thou shalt see strange sleights.

Pietro. World, whither wilt thou?

Mal. Why, to the devil. Come, the morn grows late:

A steady quickness is the soul of state.

E. nt.

ACT IV

SCENE I.⁶

Enter MAQUERELLE, knocking at the ladies' door.

Maq. Madam, madam, are you stirring, madam? If you be stirring, madam, — if I thought I should disturb ye —

[Enter Page.]

Page. My lady is up, forsooth.

Maq. A pretty boy, faith: how old art thou?

Page. I think fourteen.

Maq. Nay, an ye be in the teens — are ye a gentleman born? Do you know me? My name is Madam Maquerelle; I lie in the old Court.

Enter BIANCA and EMILIA.

[Page.] See, here the ladies.

Bian. A fair day to ye, Maquerelle.

Emil. Is the duchess up yet, sentinel?

Maq. O ladies, the most abominable mischance! O dear ladies the most piteous disaster! Ferneze was taken last night in the duchess' chamber. Alas, the duke catcht him and kill'd him!

Bian. Was he found in bed?

Maq. O, no; but the villanous certainty is, the door was not bolted, the tongue-tied hatch held his peace: so the naked troth is, he was found in his shirt, whilst I, like an arrant beast, lay in the outward chamber, heard nothing; and yet they came by me in the dark, and yet I felt them not, like a senseless creature as I was. O beauties, look to your busk-points; if not chastely, yet charily. be sure the door be bolted. — Is your lord gone to Florence?

Bian. Yes, Maquerelle.

Maq. I hope you'll find the discretion to purchase a fresh gown fore his return. — Now, by my troth, beauties, I would ha' ye once wise. He loves ye; pish! He is witty; bubble! Fair-proportioned; new! Nobly-born; wind! Let this be still your fixed position. esteem me every man according to his good gifts, and so ye shall ever remain most worthy to be most dear ladies.

⁶ Q₁ Cel. ⁶ Palace of the Duke

⁷ The tags of the laces fastening the "busk," the whale-bone in the front of the stays.

Emil. Is the duke returned from hunting yet? ⁴⁰

Mag. They say not yet.

Bian. 'Tis now in midst of day.

Emil. How bears the duchess with this blemish now?

Mag. Faith, boldly; strongly defies defame, as one that has a duke to her father. And ⁴⁵ there's a note to you 'be sure of a stout friend in a corner, that may always awe your husband. Mark the behaviour of the duchess now: she dares defame; cries, "Duke, do what thou canst, I'll quit mine honour:" nay, as one ⁵⁰ confirmed in her own virtue against ten thousand mouths that mutter her disgrace, she's presently for dances.

Enter FERRARDO.

Bian. For dances!

Mag. Most true. ⁵⁵

Emil. Most strange. See, here's my servant, ¹ young Ferrardo. How many servants thinkest thou I have, Maquerelle? ²

Mag. The more, the merrier. 'T was well ⁵⁰ said, use your servants as you do your smocks; have many, use one, and change often; for that's most sweet and courtlike.

Fer. Save ye, fair ladies! Is the duke return'd?

Bian. Sweet sir, no voice of him as yet in court.

Fer. 'Tis very strange. ⁶⁵

Bian. And how like you my servant, Maquerelle?

Mag. I think he could hardly draw Ulysses' bow; but, by my fidelity, were his nose narrower, his eyes broader, his hands thinner, ⁵⁰ his lips thicker, his legs bigger, his feet lesser, his hair blacker, and his teeth whiter, he were a tolerable sweet youth, i' faith. And he will come to my chamber, I will read him the fortune of his beard. *Cornets sound.* ⁷⁰

Fer. Not yet return'd! I fear—but the duchess approacheth.

SCENE II.³

Enter MENDOZA supporting the Duchess and GUERRINO: the ladies that are on the stage rise: FERRARDO ushers in the Duchess, and then takes a lady to tread a measure.⁴

Aur. We will dance: music!—we will dance.

Guer. *Les quanto,*⁵ lady, *Pensez bien, Passa regis, or Bianca's brawl?*

Aur. We have forgot the brawl.

Fer. So soon? 'Tis wonder. ⁵

Guer. Why, 'tis but two singles on the left, two on the right, three doubles forward, a traverse of six round: do this twice, three singles side, galliard trick-of-twenty, coranto-pace; a

¹ Lover.

² This speech should probably be given to Bianca.

³ The same, continued.

⁴ A slow dance.

⁵ Dyce cites *Les Guanio* from Munday as the name of a courtly dance.

figure of eight, three singles broken down, ¹⁰ come up, meet, two doubles, fall back, and then honour.

Aur. O Daedalus, thy maze! I have quite forgot it.

Mag. Trust me, so have I, saving the falling-back, and then honour. ¹⁵

Enter PREPASSO.

Aur. Music, music!

Prep. Who saw the duke? the duke?

Enter EQUATO.

Aur. Music!

Equato. The duke? is the duke returned? ²⁰

Aur. Music!

Enter CELSO.

Celso. The duke is either quite in 'ible, or else is not.

Aur. We are not pleased with your intrusion upon our private retirement; we are not ²⁵ pleased: you have forgot yourselves.

Enter a Page.

Celso. Boy, thy master? Where's the duke?

Page. Alas, I left him burying the earth with his spread joyless limbs: he told me he was heavy, would sleep; bade me walk off, ³⁰ for that the strength of fantasy oft made him talk in his dreams. I straight obeyed, nor ever saw him since: but whereso'er he is, he's sad.

Aur. Music, sound high, as is our heart! Sound high! ³⁵

SCENE III.⁶

[To them] enter MALEVOLE, and PIETRO disguised like an hermit.

Mal. The duke,—peace!—the duke is dead.

Aur. Music!

Mal. Is 't music?

Men. Give proof.

Fer. How? ⁴⁰

Celso. Where?

Prep. When?

Mal. Rest in peace, as the duke does: quietly sit: for my own part, I beheld him but dead; that's all. Marry, here's one can give you a ⁴⁵ more particular account of him.

Men. Speak, holy father, nor let any brow Within this presence fright thee from the truth:

Speak confidently and freely.

Aur.

We attend.

Pietro. Now had the mounting sun's all-ripping wings ⁵⁰ Swept the cold sweat of night from earth's dank breast,

When I, whom men call Hermit of the Rock, Forsook my cell, and clambered up a cliff, Against whose base the heady Neptune dash'd His high-curl'd brows; there 't was I eas'd my limbs: ⁵⁵

When, lo! my entrails melted with the moan

Some one, who far 'bove me was climb'd, did make —

I shall offend.

Men. Not.

Aur. On.

Pietro. Methinks I hear h yet:—"O female faith!

Go sow the ingrateful sand, and love a woman! And do I live to be the scoff of men?

To be their wittol-cuckold, even to hug

My poison? Thou knowest, O truth!

Sooner hard steel will melt with southern wind,

A seaman's whistle calm the ocean,

A town on fire be extinct with tears,

Than women, yow'd to bluishless impudence,

With sweet behaviour and soft mimioning

Will turn from that where appetite is fix'd.

O powerful blood! how thou dost slave their

soul!

I wash'd an Ethiop, who, for recompense,

Sullied my n e: and must I, then, be forc'd

To walk, to live thus black? Must I must! fie!

He that can bear with 'must,' he cannot die."

With that he sigh'd so passionately deep,

That the dull air even groan'd. at last he cries,

"Sink shame in seas, sink deep enough!" so

dies;

For then I viewed his body fall, and souse

Into the foamy main. O, then I saw,

That which methinks I see, it was the duke;

Whom straight the nicer-stomach'd sea belch'd

up:

ut then —

Mal. Then came I in; but, 'las, all was too

late!

For even straight he sunk.

Pietro. Such was the duke's sad fate.

Celso. A better fortune to our Duke Mendoza!

Omnes Mendoza! Cornets flourish.

Men. A guard, a guard!

Enter a Guard.

Men. We, full of hearty tears,

For our good father's loss,

(For so we well may call him

Who did beseech your loves for our succession),

Cannot so lightly over-jump his death

As leave his woes revengeless. — (To AURELIA.)

Woman of shame,

We banish thee for ever to the place

From whence this good man comes; nor per

On death, unto thy body any ornament;

But, base as was thy life, depart away.

Aur. Ungrateful!

Men. Away!

Aur. Villain, hear me!

PREFASSO and GUERRINO lead away AU LIA.

Men. Begone! My lords,

Address to¹ public council; 't is most fit:

The train of fortune is borne up by wit.

Away! our presence shall be sudden; haste.

All depart saving MENDOZA, MAL-

EVOLE, and PIETRO.

Mal. Now, you egregious devil! Ha, ye mur-

dering politician! How dost, duke? How dost look now? Brave duke, i' faith.

Men. How did you kill him?

Mal. Slatted his brains out, then soused him in the briny sea.

Men. Brained him, and drowned him too?

Mal. O 't was best, sure work; for he that

strikes a great man, let him strike home, or

else 'ware, he 'll prove no man. Shoulder not

a huge fellow, unless you may be sure to lay

him in the kennel.

Men. A most sound brain-pan! I 'll make you

both emperors.

Mal. Make us Christians, make us Christians.

Men. I 'll hoist ye, ye shall mount.

Mal. To the gallows, say ye? Come. *prae-*

*mium incertum petit, certum scilus.*² How stands

the progress?

Men. Here, take my ring unto the citadel;

[Giving ring]

Have entrance to Maria, the grave duchess

Of banish'd Altofront. Tell her we love her;

Omit no circumstance to grace our person. do't.

Mal. I 'll make an excellent pander: duke,

farewell; 'diou, adieu, duke.

Men. Take Maquerelle with thee; for 't is

found

None cuts a diamond but a diamond.

Exit MALEVOLE.

Her 't,

Thou art a man for me, my confessor:

O thou selected spirit, born for my good,

Sure thou wouldst make

An excellent elder in a deform'd church.

Come, we must be inward,³ thou and I all one.

Pietro. I am glad I was ordained for ye.

Men. Go to, then; thou must know that Mal-

evole is a strange villain; dangerous, very

dangerous: you see how broad 'a speaks; a

gross-jawed rogue: I would have thee poison

him: he 's like a corn upon my great toe, I cannot

go for him; he must be cored out, he must.

Wilt do 't, ha?

Pietro. Anything, anything.

Men. Heart of my life! thus, then. To the

citadel;

Thou shalt consort with this Malevole;

There being at supper, poison him. It shall be laid

Upon Maria, who yields love or dies.

Scud quick.

Pietro. Like lightning: good deeds crawl,

but mischief flies. Exit.

Re-enter MALEVOLE.

Mal. Your devilship's ring has no virtue:

the buff-captain, the shallow Westphalian gam-

mon-faced zaza cries, "Stand out!" must have

a stiffer warrant, or no pass into the castle

of comfort.

Men. Command our sudden letter. — Not enter!

sha't; what place is there in Genoa but

thou shalt? Into my heart, into my very heart:

come, let's love: we must love, we two, soul

and body.

² Adapted from Seneca, *Phoen* 632. "He see

uncert reward, but certain guilt."

³ Inti te.

¹ Prepare for.

Mal. How didst like the hermit? A strange hermit, sirrah.

Men. A dangerous fellow, very perilous. He must die. 131

Mal. Ay, he must die.

Men. Thou 'st kill him. We are wise; we must be wise.

Mal. And provident. 135

Men. Yea, provident: beware an hypocrite; A churchman once corrupted, O, avoid! A fellow that makes religion his stalking-horse.¹ He breeds a plague. Thou shalt poison him.

Mal. O, 't is wondrous necessary: how? 140

Men. You both go jointly to the citadel; There sup, there poison him: and Maria, Because she is our opposite,² shall bear The sad suspect; on which she dies or loves us.

Mal. I run. *Exit.*

Men. We that are great, our sole self-good still moves us. 146

They shall die both, for their deserts crave more Than we can recompense: their presence still Imbraids³ our fortunes with beholdingness, Which we abhor; like deed, not doer: then conclude, 150

They live not to cry out "Ingratitude!" One stick burns t' other, steel cuts steel alone: 'Tis good trust few; but, O, 'tis best trust none! *Exit.*

SCENE IV.⁴

Enter MALEVOLE and PIETRO, still disguised, at several doors.

Mal. How do you? How dost duke?

Pietro. O, let

The last day fall! drop, drop on our curs'd heads!

Let heaven unclasp itself, vomit forth flames.

Mal. O, do not rave, do not turn player; [⁵ there's more of them than can well live one by another already. What, art an infidel still?

Pietro. I am amazed, struck in a swoon with wonder: I am commanded to poison thee—

Mal. I am commanded to poison thee at [¹⁰ supper—

Pietro. At supper—

Mal. In the citadel—

Pietro. In the citadel.

Mal. Cross capers! tricks! Truth o' [¹⁵ heaven! he would discharge us as boys do elderm guns, one pellet to strike out another. Of what faith art now?

Pietro. All is damnation; wickedness extreme:

There is no faith in man. 20

Mal. In none but usurers and brokers; they deceive no man: men take 'em for blood-suckers, and so they are. Now, God deliver me from my friends!

Pietro. Thy friends! 25

Mal. Yes, from my friends; for from mine enemies I'll deliver myself. O, cut-throat friendship is the rankest villainy! Mark this

Mendoza; mark him for a villain: but heaven will send a plague upon him for a rogue. 30

Pietro. O world!

Mul. World! 'tis the only region of death, the greatest shop of the devil; the cruellest prison of men, out of the which none pass without paying their dearest breath for a fee, [³⁵ there's nothing perfect in it but extreme, extreme calamity, such as comes yonder.

SCENE V.⁵

Enter AURELIA, two halberts before and two after, supported by CELSO and FERRARDO; AURELIA in base mourning attire.

Aur. To banishment! led on to banishment!

Pietro. Lady, the blessedness of repentance to you!

Aur. Why, why, I can desire nothing but death,

Nor deserve anything but hell. 5

If heaven should give sufficiency of grace To clear my soul, it would make heaven graceless:

My sins would make the stock of mercy poor; O, they would tire heaven's goodness to reclaim them!

Judgment is just, yet from that vast villain, 10 But, sure, he shall not miss sad punishment 'Fore he shall rule.—On to my cell of shame!

Pietro. My cell 'tis, lady; where, instead of masks,

Music, tilts, tourneys, and such court-like shows,

The hollow murmur of the checkless winds 15

Shall groan again; whilst the unquiet sea

Shakes the whole rock with foamy battery.

There usherless the air comes in and out:

The rheumy vault will force your eyes to weep,

Whilst you behold true desolation. 20

A rocky barrenness shall pain your eyes,

Where all at once one reaches where he stands,

With brows the roof, both walls with both his hands.

Aur. It is too good.—Bless'd spirit of my lord,

O, in what orb so'er thy soul is thron'd, 25

Behold me worthily most miserable!

O, let the anguish of my contrite spirit

Entreat some reconciliation!

If not, O, joy, triumph in my just grief!

Death is the end of woes and tears' relief. 30

Pietro. Belike your lord not lov'd you, was unkind.

Aur. O heaven!

As the soul loves⁶ the body, so lov'd he:

'T was death to h' to part my presence, heaven

To see me pleas'd. 35

Yet I, like a wretch given o'er to hell,

Brake all the sacred rites of marriage,

To clip⁷ a base ungentle faithless villain;

O God! a very pagan reprobate—

What should I say? ungrateful, throws me out, 40

¹ Qq note on margin: *Shoots under his belly.*

² Oppon t. ³ Upbraids. ⁴ Court of the Palace.

⁵ The same.

⁶ Qq lov'd.

⁷ Emb

For whom I lost soul, body, fame, and honour.
But 'tis most fit, why should a better fate
Attend on any who forsake chaste sheets;
Fly the embrace of a devoted heart,
Join'd by a solemn vow 'fore God and man, 45
To taste the brackish¹ flood² of beastly lust
In an adulterous touch? O ravenous immodesty!
Insatiate impudence of appetite!
Look, here 's your end; for mark, what sap in
dust,

What good in sin,³ even so much love in lust. 50
Joy to thy ghost, sweet lord! pardon to me!
Celso. 'Tis the duke's pleasure this night you
rest in court.

Aur. Soul, lurk in shades; run, shame, from
brightsome skies;
In night the blind man misses not his eyes. 55

*Exit [with CELSO, FERRARDO, and
halberts].*

Mal. Do not weep, kind cuckold: take comfort, man; thy betters have been beccos⁴
Agamemnon, emperor of all the merry Greeks,
that tickled all the true Trojans, was a cornuto,
Prince Arthur, that cut off twelve kings' 60
beards, was a cornuto; Hercules, whose back
bore up heaven, and got forty wenches with
child in one night, —

Pietro. Nay, 't was fifty.

Mal. Faith, forty 's enow, o' conscience, — 65
yet was a cornuto. Patience; mischief grows
proud be wise.

Pietro. Thou pinchest too deep; art too keen
upon me.

Mal. Tut, a pitiful surgeon makes a dan- 70
gerous sore; I'll tent⁵ thee to the ground.
Thinkst I'll sustain myself by flattering thee,
because thou art a prince? I had rather follow
a drunkard, and live by licking up his vomit,
than by servile flattery. 75

Pietro. Yet great men ha' done 't.

Mal. Great slaves fear better than love, born
naturally for a coal-basket;⁶ though the common
usher of princes' presence, Fortune, ha'
blindly given them better place. I am 80
vowed to be thy affliction.

Pietro. Prithce, be:

I love much misery, and be thou son to me.

Mal. Because you are an usurping duke. —

Enter BILIOSO.

Your lordship's well returned from Florence.

Bil. Well return'd, I praise my horse. 85

Mal. What news from the Florentines?

Bil. I will conceal the great duke's pleasure;
only this was his charge: his pleasure is, that
his daughter die; Duke Pietro be banished 90
for publishing⁷ his blood's dishonour; and that
Duke Altofront be re-accepted. This is all: but
I hear Duke Pietro is dead.

Mal. Ay, and Mendoza is duke: what will
you do? 95

Bil. Is Mendoza strongest?

Mal. Yet he is.

¹ Salt, licentious

² Qq. *bloud*.

³ Qq. *sinne in good*

⁴ Cuckolds.

⁵ Probe.

⁶ "Carrying coals;" menial employment.

⁷ Delight's emend. Qq. *banishing*.

Bil. Then yet I'll hold with him.

Mal. But if that Altofront should turn
straight again? 100

Bil. Why, then, I would turn straight again.
'Tis good run still with him that has most
might.

I had rather stand with wrong, than fall with
right

Mal. What religion will you be of now?

Bil. Of the Duke's religion, when I know
what it is. 105

Mal. O Hercules!

Bil. Hercules! Hercules was the son of Jupi-
ter and Alcmena.

Mal. Your lordship is a very wit-all. 110

Bil. Wital!

Mal. Aye, all-wit.

Bil. Amphitryo was a cuckold.

Mal. Your lordship swears, your young lady
will get you a cloth for your old worship's 115
brows. (*Exit BILIOSO.*) Here's a fellow to be
damn'd this is his inviolable maxim, — flatter
the greatest and oppress the least: a whoreson
flesh-fly, that still knaws upon the lean galled
backs. 120

Pietro. Why dost, then, salute him?

Mal. Faith, as bawds go to church, for fash-
ion sake. Come, be not confounded; thou'rt
but in danger to lose a dukedom. Think this:
— this earth is the only grave and Golgotha 125
wherein all things that live must rot; 'tis but
the draught wherein the heavenly bodies dis-
charge their corruption, the very muck-hill on
which the sublunary orbs cast their excre-
ments. man is the slime of this dung pit, 130
and princes are the governors of these men; for,
for our souls, they are as free as emperors, all
of one piece; there goes but a pair of shears be-
twixt 'an emperor and the son of a bagpiper;
only the dying, dressing, pressing, glossing, 135
makes the difference.

Now, what art thou like to lose?

A gaoler's office to keep men in bonds,
Whilst toil and treason all life's good con-
founds.

Pietro. I here renounce for ever regency: 140
O Altofront, I wrong thee to supplant thy right.
To trip thy heels up with a devilish sleight!
For which I now from throne am thrown:
world-tricks abjure;

For vengeance, though 't comes slow, yet it
comes sure.

O, I am chang'd! for here, 'fore the dread
power, 145

In true contrition, I do dedicate

My breath to solitary holiness,

My lips to prayer, and my breast's care shall
be,

Restoring Altofront to regency.

Mal. Thy vows are heard, and we accept thy
faith. *Undisguiseth himself.*

Re-enter FERNEZE and CELSO.

anish amazement: come, we four m t
stand 151

⁷ Are cut out of the e cloth.

Full shock of fortune: be not so wonder-stricken.

Pietro. Doth Ferneze live?

Fer. For your pardon.

Pietro. Pardon and love. Give leave to recollect 155

My thoughts dispers'd in wild astonishment. My vows stand fix'd in heaven, and from hence I crave all love and pardon.

Mal. Who doubts of providence, That sees this change? A hearty faith to all! He needs must rise who can no lower fall: 161

For still impetuous vicissitude Touseth the world; then let no maze intrude

Upon your spirits wonder not I rise;

For who can sink that close can temporize? 165

The time grows ripe for action. I'll detect

My privat'st plot, lest ignorance fear suspect.

Let's close to counsel, leave the rest to fate.

Mature discretion is the life of state. *Exeunt.*

ACT V

[SCENE Ia.¹

Enter BILIOSO and PASSARELLO.

Bil. Fool, how dost thou like my calf in a long stocking?

Pass. An excellent calf, my lord.

Bil. This calf hath been a reveller this twenty year. When Monsieur Gundi lay here am- 15 bassador, I could have carried a lady up and down at arm's end in a platter; and I can tell you, there were those at that time who, to try the strength of a man's back and his arm, would be coistered.² I have measured calves with 10 most of the palace, and they come nothing near me; besides, I think there be not many armours in the arsenal will fit me, especially for the headpiece. I'll tell thee —

Pass. What, my lord? 15

Bil. I can eat stewed broth as it comes seething off the fire; or a custard as it comes reeking out of the oven; and I think there are not many lords can do it. A good pomander,³ a little decayed in the scent; but six grains of musk, 20 ground with rose-water, and tempered with a little civet, shall fetch her again presently.

Pass. O, ay, as a bawd with aqua-vitae.

Bil. And, what, dost thou rail upon the ladies thou wert wont? 25

Pass. I were better roast a live cat, and might do it with more safety. I am as secret to [the] thieves as their painting. There's Maquerelle, oldest bawd and a perpetual beggar — did you never hear of her trick to be known in the 30 city?

Bil. Never.

Pass. Why, she gets all the picture-makers

¹ A room in the Palace. Q₁ omits this scene.

² Meaning uncertain. "Coiled up into a small compass," Nares. "Inconvenienced," Halliwell. Deighton would read *hoistered*, "an Essex word meaning 'supported,' 'held up,' an extension of 'hoisted,' as 'hoisted' is an extension of 'hoised.'"

³ A perfume ball.

to draw her picture; when they have done, she most courtly finds fault with them one after [as] another, and never fetcheth them. They, in revenge of this, execute her in pictures as they do in Germany, and hang her in their shops. By this means is she better known to the stinkards⁴ than if she had been five times carted. 40

Bil. 'Fore God, an excellent policy.

Pass. Are there any revels to-night, my lord?

Bil. Yes.

Pass. Good my lord, give me leave to break a fellow's pate that hath abused me. 45

Bil. Whose pate?

Pass. Young Ferrardo, my lord.

Bil. Take heed, he's very valiant; I have known him fight eight quarrels in five days, believe it. 50

Pass. O, is he so great a quarreller? Why, then, he's an arrant coward.

Bil. How prove you that?

Pass. Why, thus. He that quarrels seeks to fight; and he that seeks to fight seeks to 55 die; and he that seeks to die seeks never to fight more; and he that will quarrel, and seeks means never to answer a man more, I think he's a coward.

Bil. Thou canst prove anything. 60

Pass. Anything but a rich knave; for I c flatter no man.

Bil. Well, be not drunk, good fool. I shall see you anon in the presence. *Exeunt.*]

SCENE I.⁵

Enter, from opposite sides, MALEVOLE and MAQUERELLE, singing.

Mal. "The Dutchman for a drunkard," —

Maq. "The Dane for golden locks," —

Mal. "The Irishman for usquebaugh," —

Maq. "The Frenchman for the ()," —

Mal. O, thou art a blessed creature! Had 15 I a modest woman to conceal, I would put her to thy custody; for no reasonable creature would ever suspect her to be in thy company. Ah, thou art a melodious Maquerelle, — thou picture of a woman, and substance of a beast!

[*Enter PASSARELLO with wine.*

Maq. O fool, will ye be ready anon to go 11 with me to the revels? The hall will be so pestered⁷ anon.

Pass. Ay, as the country is with attorneys.

Mal. What hast thou there, fool? 15

Pass. Wine; I have learned to drink since I went with my lord ambassador: I'll drink to the health of Madam Maquerelle,

Mal. Why, thou wast wont to rail upon her.

Pass. Ay; but since I borrowed money of 20 her, I'll drink to her health now; as gentlemen visit brokers, or as knights send venison to the city, either to take up more money, or to procure longer forbearance.

Mal. Give me the bowl. I drink a health 25 to Altofront, our deposed duke. [Drinks.]

⁴ Stinking fellows the mob.

⁵ Before the Citadel.

⁶ Q₁ omits ll. 11-43.

⁷ Crowded.

Pass. I'll take it [*drinks*]: — so. Now I'll begin a health to Madam Maquerelle. [*Drinks.*]

Mal. Pooh! I will not pledge her.

Pass. Why, I pledged your lord.

Mal. I care not.

Pass. Not pledge Madam Maquerelle! Why, then, will I spew up your lord again with this fool's finger.

Mal. Hold; I'll take it. [*Drinks.*]

Mag. Now thou hast drunk my health, [33] fool, I am friends with thee.

Pass. Art thou art?

When Griffon¹ saw the reconciled quean
Offering about his neck her arms to cast,
He threw off sword and heart's malignant spleen,²
And lovely her below the loins embrac'd —

Adieu, Madam Maquerelle. [*Exit.*]

Mal. And how dost thou think o' this trans-
formation of state now?

Mag. Verily, very well; for we women always
note, the falling of the one is the rising of the
other; some must be fat, some must be lean, some
must be fools, and some must be lords, some must
be knaves, and some must be officers; some [35]
must be beggars, some must be knights; some
must be cuckolds, and some must be citizens.
As for example, I have two court-dogs, the
most fawning curs, the one called Watch, the
other Catch. now I, like Lady Fortune, some-
times love this dog, sometimes raise that [36]
dog, sometimes favour Watch, most commonly
fancy Catch. Now, that dog which I favour I
feed; and he's so ravenous, that what I give he
never chaws it, gulps it down whole, without
any relish of what he has, but with a greedy [37]
expectation of what he shall have. The other
dog now —

Mal. No more dog, sweet Maquerelle, no
more dog. And what hope hast thou of the [38]
Duchess Maria? Will she stoop to the duke's
lure? Will she come, thinkest?

Mag. Let me see, where's the sign now?
Ha' ye e'er a calendar? Where's the sign, trow
you?

Mal. Sign! why is there any moment in that?

Mag. O, believe me, a most secret power:
look ye, a Chaldean or an Assyrian, I am sure
't was a most sweet Jew, told me, court any
woman in the right sign, you shall not miss.
But you must take her in the right vein [39]
then; as, when the sign is in Pisces, a fishmon-
ger's wife is very sociable; in Cancer, a pre-
cision's wife is very flexible; in Capricorn, a
merchant's wife hardly holds out; in Libra, a
lawyer's wife is very tractable, especially if [40]
her husband be at the term; only in Scorpio
't is very dangerous meddling. Has the duke
sent any jewel, any rich stones?

Enter CAPTAIN.

Mal. Ay, I think those are the best signs to [41]
take a lady in. By your favour, signior, I must
discourse with the Lady Maria, Altofront's
duchess; I must enter for the duke.

Capt. She here shall give you interview. I [42]
received the guardship of this citadel from the
good Altofront, and for his use I'll keep 't,
till I am of no use.

Mal. Wilt thou? O heavens, that a Christian
should be found in a buff-jerkin! Captain Con-
science, I love thee, captain. [*Exit Captain.*] 43
We attend. And what hope hast thou of this
duchess' easiness?

Mag. 'T will go hard, she was a cold creature
ever; she hated monkeys, fools, jesters, [44]
and gentlemen-ushers extremely, she had the
vile trick on 't, not only to be truly modestly
honourable in her own conscience, but she would
avoid the least wanton carriage that might in-
cur suspect, as, God bless me, she had almost
brought bed-pressing out of fashion; I [45]
could scarce get a fine for the lease of a lady's
favour once in a fortnight.

Mal. Now, in the name of immodesty, how
many maidenheads has thou brought to the
block?

Mag. Let me see · heaven forgive us our mis-
deeds! — Here's the duchess.

SCENE II.³

[*To them*] enter MARIA with Captain.

Mal. God bless thee, lady!

Maria. Out of thy company!

Mal. We have brought thee tender of a hus-
band.

Maria. I hope I have one already.

Mag. Nay, by mine honour, madam, as good
ha' ne'er a husband as a banished husband;
he's in another world now. I'll tell ye, lady,
I have heard of a sect that maintained, when
the husband was asleep the wife might law- [46]
fully entertain another man, for then her hus-
band was as dead; much more when he is ban-
ished.

Maria. Unhonest creature!

Mag. Pish, honesty is but an art to seem so:
Pray ye, what's honesty, what's constancy,
But fables feign'd, odd old fools' chat, devis'd
By jealous fools to wrong our liberty?

Mal. Molly, he that loves thee is a duke,
Mendoza; he will maintain thee royally, love [47]
thee ardently, defend thee powerfully, marry
thee sumptuously, and keep thee in despite of
Rosicler⁴ or Donzel del Phebo. There's jewels:
if thou wilt, so; if not, so.

Maria. Captain, for God's love, save poor
wretchedness

From tyranny of lustful insolence!
Enforce me in the deepest dungeon dwell,
Rather than here; here round about is hell. —
O my dear'st Altofront! where'er thou
breathe,

Let my soul sink into the shades beneath, [48]
Before I stain thine honour! 'T is⁵ thou has 't,
And long as I can die, I will live chaste.

Mal. 'Gainst him that can enforce how vain
is strife!

¹ A hero in *Oriando Furioso* (ed.)

² Bullen's emend. *Qq.* stream.

³ The same. ⁴ Heroes in *The Mirror of Knighthood*.

⁵ *Qq.* this.

Maria. She that can be enfore'd has ne'er a knife:
She that through force her l' bs with lust en-
rolls,

Wants Cleopatra's asps and Portia's coals.
God amend you! *Exit with Captain.*

Mal. Now, the fear of the devil for ever go with thee! — Maquerelle, I tell thee, I have found an honest woman's faith, I perceive, [40 when all is done, there is of women, as of all other things, some good, most bad; some saints, some sinners: for as nowadays no courtier but has his mistress, no captain but has his cock- [44 atrice, no cuckold but has his horns, and no fool but has his feather, even so, no woman but has her weakness and feather too, no sex but has his — I can hunt the letter no farther. — (*Aside.*) O God, how loathsome this toying is to me! That [48 a duke should be forced to fool it! Well, *stultorum plena sunt omnia*:¹ better play the fool lord than be the fool lord. — Now, where's your sleights, Madam Maquerelle?

Maq. Why, are ye ignorant that 't is said a squeamish affected niceness is natural to [52 women, and that the excuse of their yielding is only, forsooth, the difficult obtaining? You must put her to 't. women are flax, and will fire in a moment.

Mal. Why, was the fl put into thy mouth, and yet thou —

Thou set fire, thou inflame her!
Maq. Marry, but I'll tell ye now, you were too hot.

Mal. The fitter to have inflamed the flax, woman.

Maq. You were too boisterous, spleeny, for, indeed —

Mal. Go, go, thou art a weak pandress; now I see,

Sooner earth's fire heaven itself shall waste, [60 Than all with heat can melt a mind that's chaste. Go; thou the duke's lime-twig! I'll make the duke turn thee out of thine office: what, not get one touch of hope, and had her at such advantage!

Maq. Now, o' my conscience, now I think in my discretion, we did not take her in the right sign; the blood was not in the true vein, sure. *Exit.*

SCENE III.

[*Enter*² BILIOSO.

Bil. Make way there! The duke retur from the enthronement. — Malevole —

Mal. Out, rogue!

Bil. Malevole, —

Mal. "Hence, ye gross-jawed, peasantly [5 out, go!"³

Bil. Nay, sweet Malevole, since my return I hear you are become the thing I always prophesied would be, — an advanced virtue, a worthily-employed faithfulness, a man o' grace, [10 dear friend. Come; what! *Si quoties peccant homines*⁴ — if as often as courtiers play the

¹ Cicero, *Ad Fam.* ix. 22. (Bullen.)

² Q₁ omits ll. 1-37.

³ Q₁ omits ll. 1-37. ⁴ Cf. II. ii.

⁵ Ovid, *Tristia*, ii. 33. (Bullen.)

knaves, honest men should be angry — why, look ye, we must colloque⁵ sometimes, forswear sometimes.

Mal. Be damned sometimes.

Bil. Right: *nemo omnibus horis sapit*; "no man can be honest at all hours." necessity often depraves virtue.

Mal. I will commend thee to the duke.

Bil. Do. let us be friends, man.

Mal. And knaves, man.

Bil. Right: let us prosper and purchase: our lordships shall live, and our knavery be forgotten.

Mal. He that by any ways gets riches, his means never shames him.

Bil. True.

Mal. For impudency and faithlessness are the main stays to greatness.

Bil. By the Lord, thou art a profound lad.

Mal. By the Lord, thou art a perfect knave: out, ye ancient damnation!

Bil. Peace, peace! and thou wilt not be a friend to me as I am a knave, be not a knave to me as I am thy friend, and disclose me. Peace! cornets!]

Enter PREFASSO and FERRARDO, two Pages with lights, CILSO and EQUATO, MENDOZA in duke's robes, and GUERRINO.

Men. On, on; leave us, leave us.

Exeunt all saving MALEVOLE [*and* MENDOZA].

Stay, where is the hermit?

Mal. With Duke Pietro, with Duke Pietro.

Men. Is he dead? Is he poisoned?

Mal. Dead, as the duke is.

Men. Good, excellent: he will not blab; securesness lives in secrecy. Come hither, come hither.

Mal. Thou hast a certain strong villainous scent about thee my nature cannot endure.

Men. Scent, man! What returns Maria, what answer to our suit?

Mal. Cold, frosty; she is obstinate.

Men. Then she's but dead; 't is resolute, she dies:

"Black deed only through black deed safely flies."

Mal. Pooh! *per scelera semper scelerebus tutum est iter*.⁶

Men. What, art a scholar? Art a politician? Sure, thou art an arrant knave.

Mal. Who, I? I ha' been twice an under-sheriff, man.⁷

[Well, I will go rail upon some great man, that I may purchase the bastinado, or else go marry some rich Genoan lady, and instantly go travel,

Men. Travel, when thou art married?

⁵ Talk closely together, as if conspiring.

⁶ Seneca, *Agam.* 115. (Bullen.)

⁷ Q₂ inserts here.

Mend. *Has been with Maria?*

Mal. *As your servenice to your usurer, I have dealt about taking of this commodity, but she's cold-frosty.*

These lines seem to have been meant to take the place of ll 48-58, which were left in by mistake. Q₁ omits ll. 59-72.

Mal. Ay, 't is your young lord's fashion to do so, though he was so lazy, being a bachelor, that he would never travel so far as the university yet, when he married her, tales off, and, Catso, for England!

Men. And why for England?

Mal. Because there is no brothel-houses there.

Men. Nor courtesans?

Mal. Neither; your whore went down with the stewes, and your punk came up with your puritan.

Men. Canst thou empoison? Canst thou empoison?

Mal. Excellently; no Jew, 'potheecary, or politician better. Look ye, here's a box whom wouldst thou empoison? Here's a box [giving it], which, opened and the fume ta'en up in conduits thorough which the brain purges itself, doth instantly for twelve hours' space bind up all show of life in a deep senseless sleep: here's another [giving it], which, being opened under the sleeper's nose, chokes all the pores of life, kills him suddenly.

Men. I'll try experiments; 't is good not to be deceived.—So, so; catso!

Seems to poison MALEVOLE [who falls].

ho would fear that may destroy?
Death hath no teeth nor tongue,
And he that's great, to him are slaves,
Shame, murder, fame, and wrong. —

Celso!

Enter Celso.

Celso. y honour'd lord?

Men. The good Malevole, that plain-tongu'd man,

Alas, is dead on sudden, wondrous strangely!
He held in our esteem good place. *Celso,*
See him buried, see him buried.

Celso. I shall observe ye.

Men. And, *Celso,* prithee, let it be thy care to-night

To have some pretty show, to solemnize
Our high instalment; some music, masquery.

We'll give fair entertain unto Maria,
The duchess to the banish'd Altofront:
Thou shalt conduct her from the citadel
Unto the palace. Think on some masquery.

Celso. Of what shape, sweet lord?

Men. What! shape! Why, any quick-done fiction;

As some brave spirits of the Genoan dukes,
To come out of Elysium, forsooth,
Led in by Mercury, to gratulate
Our happy fortune; some such anything,
Some far-fet trick good for ladies, some stale
toy

Or other, no matter, so't be of our devising.
Do thou prepare 't; 't is but for fashion sake.
Fear not, it shall be grac'd, man, it shall take.

Celso. All service.

Men. All thanks; our hand shall not be close
to thee; farewell.

1 *Q^a. Whu.*

2 *Niggardly.*

[*Aside.*] Now is my treachery secure, nor can we fall:

Mischief that prospers, men do virtue call.

I'll trust no man he that by tricks gets
wreaths

Keeps them with steel; no man securely
breathes

Out of deserved ranks; the crowd will mutter,
"fool!"

Who cannot bear with spite, he cannot rule.

The chiefest secret for a man of state

Is, to live senseless of a strengthless hate. *Exit.*

Mal. [starts up and speaks.] Death of the [the] damned thief! I'll make one i' the masque; thou shalt ha' some brave spirits of the antique dukes.

Celso. My lord, what strange delusion?

Mal. Most happy, dear *Celso,* poisoned with an empty box: I'll give thee all, anon. My lady comes to court; there is a whirl of fate comes tumbling on; the castle's captain stands for me, the people pray for me, and the [the] great leader of the just stands for me: then courage, *Celso*;

For no disastrous chance can ever move him

That leaveth³ nothing but a God above him.

Exeunt.

[SCENE IV.]⁴

Enter BILIOSO and PREPASSO, two Pages before them; MAQUERELLE, BLANCA, and EMILIA.

Bil. Make room there, room for the ladies! Why, gentlemen, will not ye suffer the ladies to be entered in the great chamber? Why, gallants! and you, sir, to drop your torch where the beauties must sit too?

Pre. And there's a great fellow plays the knave; why dost not strike him?

Bil. Let him play the knave, o' God's name; thinkest thou I have no more wit than to strike a great fellow?—The music! more lights! [the] revelling-scaffolds! do you hear? Let there be oaths enow ready at the door, swear out the devil himself. Let's leave the ladies, and go see if the lords be ready for them.

Exeunt BILIOSO, PREPASSO, and Pages.

Mag. And, by my tooth, beauties, why do [the] you not put you into the fashion? This is a stale cut; you must come in fashion look ye, you must be all felt, felt and feather, a felt upon your bare hair. Look ye, these firling things⁵ are justly out of request now: and, do ye hear? you must wear falling-bands,⁶ you must come into the falling fashion: there is such a deal o' pinning these ruffs, when the fine clean fall is worth all: and again, if ye should chance to take a nap in the afternoon, your falling-band requires no potting-stick⁷ to recover his form: believe me, no fashion to the falling, I say.

³ Delighton suggests *feareth*.

⁴ The Presence-Chamber.

⁵ Head-dre s.

⁶ A part of dress, now usually called a vandyke, it fell flat upon the dress from the neck, and succeeded the stiff ruffs. (Nares.)

⁷ Or poking-stick, for setting the plaits of ruffs.

Bian. And is not Signior St. Andrew a gallant fellow now. ³⁰

Maq. By my maidenhead, la, honour and he agree as well together as a satin suit and woollen stockings.

Emilia. But is not Marshal Make-room, my servant in reversion, a proper gentleman? ³⁵

Maq. Yes, in reversion, as he had his office; as, in truth, he hath all things in reversion. he has his mistress in reversion, his clothes in reversion, his wit in reversion; and, indeed, is a sutor to me for my dog in reversion: but, ⁴⁰ in good verity, la, he is as proper a gentleman in reversion as — and, indeed, as fine a man as may be, having a red beard and a pair of warpt legs.

Bian. But, i' faith, I am most monstrously in love with Count Quidlibet-in-quodlibet. ⁴⁵ is he not a pretty, dapper, unidle, gallant?

Maq. He is even one of the most busy-fingered lords; he will put the beauties to the squeak most hideously.

Re-enter BILIOSO.

Bil. Room! make a lane there! the duke ⁵⁰ is entering: stand handsomely for beauty's sake, take up the ladies there! So, cornets, cornets!

SCENE V.

Re-enter PREFASSO, joins to BILIOSO; then enter two Pages with lights, FERRARDO, MENDOZA; at the other door, two Pages with lights, and the Captain leading in MARIA; MENDOZA meets MARIA and closeth with her; the rest fall back.

Men. Madam, with gentle ear receive my suit; A kingdom's safety should o'er-weigh slight rites; Marriage is merely nature's policy: Then, since unless our royal beds be join'd, Danger and civil tumults fright the state, ⁵ Be wise as you are fair, give way to fate.

Maria. What wouldst thou, thou affliction to our house?

Thou ever-devil, 't was thou that banished'st My truly noble lord!

Men. I!

Maria. Ay, by thy plots, by thy black strat- ¹⁰ age:

Twelve moons have suffer'd change since I be- held

The loved presence of my dearest lord. O thou far worse than Death! he parts but soul From a weak body, but thou soul from soul ¹⁵ Dissever'st, that which God's own hand did knit;

Thou scant of honour, full of devilish wit!

Men. We'll check your too-intemperate lav- ishness:

I can and will.

Maria. What canst?

Men. Go to; in banishment thy husband dies. ²⁰

Maria. He ever is at home that's ever wise.

Men. You 'st ne'er meet more: reason should love control.

¹ So Q₂. Some copies of Q₁ *windle*. Bullen suggests *wimble*, nimble.

² Outweigh.

Maria. Not meet!

She that dear loves, her love's still in her soul. ²⁴

Men. You are but a woman, lady, you must yield.

Maria. O, save me, thou innated bashfulness Thou only ornament of woman's modesty!

Men. Modesty! death, I'll torment thee. ²⁸

Maria. Do, urge all torments, all afflictions try; I'll die my lord's as long as I can die.

Men. Thou obstinate, thou shalt die.— Cap- tain, that lady's life

Is forfeited to justice: we have examin'd her, And we do find she hath empoisoned ³⁴

The reverend hermit; therefore we command Severest custody.— Nay, if you'll do's no good, You 'st do's no harm: a tyrant's peace is blood.

Maria. O, thou art merciful; O gracious devil, Rather by much let me condemned be ³⁸

For seeming murder than be damn'd for thee! I'll mourn no more, come, girt my brows with flowers:

Revel and dance, soul, now thy wish thou hast; Die like a bride, poor heart, thou shalt die chaste.

Enter AURELIA in mourning habit.

Aur. "Life is a frost of cold felicity,⁸ And death the thaw of all our vanity:" ⁴⁵

Was 't not an honest priest that wrote so?

Men. Who let her in?

Bil. Forbear!

Pre. Forbear!

Aur. Alas, calamity is everywhere: ⁵⁰ Sad misery, despite your double doors, Will enter even in court.

Bil. Peace!

Aur. I ha' done.

Bil. One word,—take heed! ⁵⁵

Aur. I ha' done.

Enter MERCURY with loud music.

Mer. Cyllenian Mercury, the god of ghosts, From gloomy shades that spread the lower ⁶⁰ coasts,

Calls four high-famed Genoan dukes to come, And make this presence their Elysium,

To pass away this high triumphal night With song and dances, court's more soft delight. ⁶⁵

Aur. Are you god of ghosts? I have a suit pending in hell betwixt me and my conscience; I would fain have thee help me to an advocate.

Bil. Mercury shall be your lawyer, lady. ⁶⁸

Aur. Nay, faith, Mercury has too good a face to be a right lawyer.

Pre. Peace, forbear! Mercury presents the masque.

Cornets: the song to the cornets, which playing the masque enters; MALEVOLE, PIETRO, FER- NEZE, and CELSO, in white robes, with duke's crowns upon laurel wreaths, pistols and short swords under their robes.

Men. Celso, Celso, court Maria for our love.— Lady, be gracious, yet grace. ⁷¹

⁸ Some copies of Q₁ give this line to aria.

⁹ From Thomas Bastard's *Chrestoleros*, 1598. (Bullen.)

¹⁰ Q₁ gives this line to Aurelia. ⁶ Regions.

Maria. With me, sir?
MALEVOLE takes MARIA to dance.
Mal. Yes, more loved than my breath;
 With you I'll dance.
Maria. Why, then, you dance with death.
 But, come, sir, I was ne'er more apt for mirth.
 Death gives eternity a glorious breath: 75
O, to die honour'd, who would fear to die?
Mal. They die in fear who live in villainy.
Men. Yes, believe him, lady, and be rul'd by him.
Pietro. Madam, with me.
PIETRO takes AURELIA to dance.
Aur. Wouldst, then, be miserable? 80
Pietro. I need not wish.
Aur. O, yet forbear my hand! away! fly! fly!
O, seek not her that only seeks to die!
Pietro. Poor loved soul!
Aur. What, wouldst court misery? 85
Pietro. Yes.
Aur. She'll come too soon:—O my grieved heart!
Pietro. Lady, ha' done, ha' done:
 Come, let us dance: be once from sorrow free.
Aur. Art a sad man? 90
Pietro. Yes, sweet.
Aur. Then we'll agree.
FERNEZE takes MAQUERELLE and CELSO, BIANCA: then the cornets sound the measure, one change and rest.
Fer. (to BIANCA.) Believe it, lady; shall I swear? Let me enjoy you in private, and I'll marry you, by my soul. 95
Bian. I had rather you would swear by your body: I think that would prove the more regarded oath with you.
Fer. I'll swear by them both, to please you.
Bian. O, damn them not both to please 100 me, for God's sake!
Fer. Faith, sweet creature, let me enjoy you to-night, and I'll marry you to-morrow fortnight, by my troth, la.
Mag. On his troth, la! believe him not; 105 that kind of cony-catching¹ is as stale as Sir Oliver Anchovy's perfumed jerkin: promise of matrimony by a young gallant, to bring a virgin lady into a fool's paradise; make her a great woman, and then cast her off;—'t is as com- 110 mon [and]² natural to a courtier, as jealousy to a citizen, gluttony to a puritan, wisdom to an alderman, pride to a tailor, or an empty hand-basket to one of these six-penny damnations: of his troth, la! believe him not; traps to 115 catch pole-cats.
Mal. (to MARIA.) Keep your face constant, let no sudden passion
 Speak in your eyes.
Maria. O my Altofront!
Pietro. (to AURELIA.) A tyrant's jealousies
 Are very nimble: you receive it all? 121
Aur. My heart, though not my knees, doth humbly fall
 Low as the earth, to thee.

¹ Deceit g.² Qq. *as*.

[*Mal.*]³ Peace! next change; no words.
Maria. Speech to such, ay, O, what will af-
 fords! 125
Cornets sound the measure over again, which danced, they unmask.
Men. Malevole!
They environ MENDOZA, bending their pistols on him.
Mal. No.
Men. Altofront! Duke Pietro! Ferneze! ha!
All. Duke Altofront! Duke Altofront!
Cornets, a flourish.—They seize upon MENDOZA.
Men. Are we surpris'd? What strange de-
 lusions mock 130
 Our senses? Do I dream? or have I dreamt
 Thus two days' space? Where am I?
Mal. Where an arch-villain is.
Men. O, lend me breath till I am fit to die!
 For peace with heaven, for your own souls' sake,
 Vouchsafe me life! 135
Pietro. Ignoble villain! whom neither heaven
 nor hell,
 Goodness of God or man, could once make
 good!
Mal. Base, treacherous wretch! what grace
 canst thou expect,
 That hast grown impudent in gracelessness? 140
Men. O, life!
Mal. Slave, take thy life.
 Wert thou defended, th(ou)rough blood and
 wounds,
 The sternest horror of a civil fight, 145
 Would I achieve thee; but prostrate at my feet,
 I scorn to hurt thee: 't is the heart of slaves
 That deigns to triumph over peasants' graves;
 For such thou art, since birth doth ne'er enroll
 A man 'mong monarchs, but a glorious soul.
 [4 O, I have seen strange accidents of state! 150
 The flatterer, like the ivy, clip the oak,
 And waste it to the heart; lust so confirm'd,
 That the black act of sin itself not sham'd
 To be term'd courtship.
 O, they that are as great as be their sins, 155
 Let them remember that th' inconstant people
 Love many princes merely for their faces
 And outward shows, and they do covet more
 To have a sight of these than of their virtues.
 Yet thus much let the great ones still conceive,⁵
 When they observe not heaven's impos'd con-
 ditions, 160
 They are no kings, but forfeit their com-
 sions.
Mag. O good my lord, I have lived in the court
 this twenty year: they that have been old
 courtiers, and come to live in the city, they 165
 are spited at, and thrust to the walls like apri-
 cocks, good my lord.
Bil. My lord, I did know your lordship in
 this disguise; you heard me ever say, if Alto-
 front did return, I would stand for him: 170
 besides, 't was your lordship's pleasure to call
 me wittol and cuckold; you must not think,
 but that I knew you, I would have put it up so
 patiently.]

³ Qq. Pietro. ⁴ Q₄ omits ll. 148-172. ⁵ Qq. *conceals*.

Mal. You o'er-joy'd spirits, wipe your long-
wet eyes *To PIETRO and AURELIA.*
Hence with this man (*kicks out MENDOZA*): an
eagle takes not flies. ¹⁷⁸
You to your vows (*to PIETRO and AURELIA*).
and thou into the suburbs ¹

To MAQUERELLE.
You to my worst friend I would hardly give;
Thou art a perfect old knave (*to BILIOSO*) all-
pleas'd live

You two unto my breast (*to CELSO and the*
Captain): thou to my heart. (*To MARIA.*)
The rest of idle actors idly part. ¹⁸¹
And as for me, I here assume my right,
To which I hope all's pleas'd: to all, good-
night.

Cornets, a flourish. Exeunt omnes.

AN IMPERFECT ODE, BEING BUT ONE STAFF

SPOKEN BY THE PROLOGUE.

To wrest each hurtless thought to private sense
Is the foul use of ill-bred impudence
Immodest censure now grows wild,
All over-running.
Let innocence be ne'er so chaste, ⁵
Yet to the last
She is defil'd
With too nice-brained cunning.

¹ The disreputable district.

O you of fairer soul,
Control ¹⁰
With an Herculean arm
This harm;
And once teach all old freedom of a pen,
Which still must write of fools, whiles 't writes
of men!

EPILOGUS

YOUR modest silence, full of heedly stillness,
Makes me thus speak: a voluntary illness
Is merely ² senseless, but unwilling error,
Such as proceeds from too rash youthful fer-
vour,

May well be call'd a fault, but not a sin: ⁵
Rivers take names from founts where they be-
gin.

Then let not too severe an eye peruse
The slighter brakes ³ of our reformed Muse,
Who could herself herself of faults detect,
But that she knows 't is easy to correct, ¹⁰
Though some men's labour. troth, to err is fit,
As long as wisdom's not profess'd, but wit.
Then till another's ⁴ happier Muse appears,
Till his Thalia feast your learned ears,
To whose desertful lamps pleased Fates impart
Art above nature, judgment above art, ¹⁵
Receive this piece, which hope nor fear yet
daunteth:

He that knows most knows most how much he
wanteth.

² Wholly.

³ a

⁴ Ben Jonson's.

A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS

BY

THOMAS HEYWOOD

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

SIR FRANCIS ACTON, Brother to Mistress Frankford.
SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD
MASTER JOHN FRANKFORD.
MASTER MALBY, friend to Sir Francis
MASTER WENDOLL, friend to Frankford
MASTER CRANWELL.
MASTER SHAFTON, false friend to Sir Charles.
OLD MOUNTFORD, Uncle to Sir Charles
MASTER SANDY.
MASTER RODER.
MASTER TIDY, Co . to Sir Charles.

NICHOLAS, ROGER BRICKBAT, } Household Servants to
JENKIN, JACK SLIME, } Frankford.
SEIGOT, Butler,
Sheriff
Keeper of Prison.
Sheriff's Officers, Serjeant, Huntsmen, Falconers,
Coachmen, Carters, Servants, Musicians.
MISTRESS ANNE FRANKFORD.
SUSAN, Sister to Sir Charles Mountford.
CICELY, Maid to Mistress Frankford.
Women Servants in Master Frankford's household.]

PROLOGUE

I COME but like a harbinger, being sent
To tell you what these preparations mean.
Look for no glorious state, our Muse is bent
Upon a barren subject, a bare scene.
We could afford this twig a timber-tree, 5
Whose strength might boldly on your favours build;
Our russet, tissue; drone, a honey-bee;
Our barren plot, a large and spacious field;
Our coarse fare, banquets, our thin water, wine;
Our brook, a sea; our bat's eyes, eagle's sight; 10
Our poet's dull and earthy Muse, divine;
Our ravens, doves; our crow's black feathers, white.
But gentle thoughts, when they may give the foil,¹
Save them that yield, and spare where they may spoil.

[ACT I]

[SCENE I.]²

Enter MASTER JOHN FRANKFORD, MISTRESS
[FRANKFORD],³ SIR FRANCIS ACTON, SIR
CHARLES MOUNTFORD, MASTER MALBY,
MASTER WENDOLL, AND MASTER CRAN-
WELL.

Sir F. Some music, there! None lead the
bride a dance?

Sir C. Yes, would she dance *The Shaking of
the Sheets*;
But that's the dance her husband means to lead
her.

Wen. That's not the dance that every man
must dance,

According to the ballad.⁴

¹ Defeat.

² Room in Frankford's house.

³ *Q.* Acton.

⁴ *The Shaking of the Sheets, or The Dance of Death,*
was a well-known ballad and dance tune.

Sir F. Music, ho! 5
By your leave, sister, — by your husb d's
leave,
I should have said, — the hand that but this
day
Was given you in the church I'll borrow. —
Sound!
This marriage music hoists me from the ground.
Frank. Ay, you may caper; you are light and
free! 10
Marriage hath yok'd my heels; pray, then, par-
don me.
Sir F. I'll have you dance too, brother!
Sir C. Master Frankford,
You are a happy man, sir, and much joy
Succeed your marriage mirth: you have a wife
So qualified, and with such ornaments 15
Both of the mind and body. First, her birth
Is noble, and her education such
As might become the daughter of a prince;
Her own tongue speaks all tongues, and her
own hand

Can teach all strings to speak in their best
grace,²⁰
From the shrill'st treble to the hoarsest base.
To end her many praises in one word,
She's Beauty and Perfection's eldest daughter,
Only found by yours, though many a heart hath
sought her.

Frank. But that I know your virtues and
chaste thoughts,²⁵
I should be jealous of your praise, Sir Charles.

Cran. He speaks no more than you approve.

Mal. Nor flatters he that gives to her her due.

Mrs. F. I would your praise could find a fitter
theme

Than my imperfect beauties to speak on !³⁰
Such as they be, if they my husband please,
They suffice me now I am married.
His sweet content is like a flattering glass,
To make my face seem fairer to mine eye ;
But the least wrinkle from his stormy brow³⁵
Will blast the roses in his cheeks that grow.

Sir F. A perfect wife already, meek and
patient !
How strangely the word husband fits your
mouth,

Not married three hours since ! Sister, 'tis
good ;³⁹

You that begin betimes thus must needs prove
Phant and duteous in your husband's love. —
Gramercies, brother ! Wrought her to 't al-
ready, —

'Sweet husband,' and a curtesy, the first day ?
Mark this, mark this, you that are bachelors,
And never took the grace¹ of honest man ;⁴⁵
Mark this, against you marry,² this one phrase :
In a good time that man both wins and woos
That takes his wife down³ in her wedding shoes.

Frank. Your sister takes not after you, Sir
Francis,

All his wild blood your father spent on you ;⁵⁰
He got her in his age, when he grew civil
All his mad tricks were to his land entail'd,
And you are heir to all ; your sister, she
Hath to her dower her mother's modesty.

Sir C. Lord, sir, in what a happy state live
you !⁵⁵

This morning, which to many seems a burden,
Too heavy to bear, is unto you a pleasure.
This lady is no clog, as many are ;
She doth become you like a well-made suit,
In which the tailor hath us'd all his art ;⁶⁰
Not like a thick coat of unseason'd frieze,
Forc'd on your back in summer. She's no chain
To tie your neck, and curb you to the yoke ;
But she's a chain of gold to adorn your neck.
You both adorn each other, and your hands,⁶⁵
Methinks, are matches. There's equality
In this fair combination ; you are both
Scholars, both young, both being descended
nobly.

There's music in this sympathy ; it carries
Consort and expectation of much joy,⁷⁰
Which God bestow on you from this first day
Until your dissolution, — that's for aye !

¹ Gained the dignity.

² In preparation for marrying.

³ Reduces her to submission.

Sir F. We keep you here too long, good
brother Frankford.

Into the hall ; away ! Go cheer your guests.

What ! Bride and bridegroom both withdrawn
at once ?⁷⁵

If you be mist, the guests will doubt their wel-
come,

And charge you with unkindness.

Frank. To prevent it,
I'll leave you here, to see the dance within.

Mrs. F. And so will I.

Exeunt [MASTER AND MISTRESS
FRANKFORD].

Sir F. To part you it were sin. —
Now, gallants, while the town musicians⁸⁰
Finger their frets⁴ within, and the mad lads
And country lasses, every mother's child,
With nosegays and bride-laces⁵ in their hats,
Dance all their country measures, rounds, and
jigs,

What shall we do ? Hark ! They're all on the
hoigh ;⁸⁵

They toil like mill-horses, and turn as round, —
Marry, not on the toe ! Ay, and they caper,
[Not]⁷ without cutting ; you shall see, to-
morrow,

The hall-floor peckt and dinted like a mill-
stone,

Made with their high shoes. Though their skill
be small,⁹⁰

Yet they tread heavy where their hobnails fall.
Sir C. Well, leave them to their sports ! —

Sir Francis Acton,
I'll make a match with you ! Meet me to-
morrow

At Chevy Chase ; I'll fly my hawk with yours.
Sir F. For what ? For what ?

Sir C. Why, for a hundred pound.⁹⁵

Sir F. Pawn me some gold of that !

Sir C. Here are ten angels ;⁸
I'll make them good a hundred pound to-mor-
row

Upon my hawk's wing.

Sir F. 'Tis a match ; 'tis done.

Another hundred pound upon your dogs ; —

Dare ye, Sir Charles ?

Sir C. I dare ; were I sure to lose,
I durst do more than that ; here is my hand,¹⁰⁰
The first course for a hundred pound !

Sir F. A match.

Wen. Ten angels on Sir Francis Acton's
hawk ;

As much upon his dogs !

Cran. I'm for Sir Charles Mountford : I have
seen¹⁰⁵

His hawk and dog both tried. What ! Clap ye
hands,⁹

Or is 't no bargain ?

Wen. Yes, and stake them down.

Were they five hundred, they were all my own.

Sir F. Be stirring early with the lark to-
morrow ;

⁴ The points where the strings of a musical instru-
ment are stopped.

⁵ Streamers.

⁶ Boisterous.

⁷ Qi But

⁸ Gold coins worth about \$2.50.

⁹ Shake hands on it.

I'll rise into my saddle ere the sun
Rise from his bed.
Sir C. If there you miss me, say
I am no gentleman! I'll hold my day.
Sir F. It holds on all sides. — Come, to-night
let's dance;
Early to-morrow let's prepare to ride:
We'd need be three hours up before the bride.

Exeunt.

[SCENE II.]¹

Enter NICHOLAS and JENKIN, JACK SLIME,
ROGER BRICKBAT, with Country Wenches,
and two or three Musicians.

Jen. Come, Nick, take you Joan Miniver, to
trace withal; Jack Slime, traverse you with
Cicely Milkpail; I will take Jane Trubkin, and
Roger Brickbat shall have Isabel Motley. And
now that they are busy in the parlour, come, [5
strike up; we'll have a crash² here in the
yard.

Nich. My humour is not compendious: dancing
I possess not, though I can foot it; yet,
since I am fallen into the hands of Cicely [10
Milkpail, I consent.

Slime. Truly, Nick, though we were never
brought up like serving courtiers, yet we have
been brought up with serving creatures, — ay,
and God's creatures, too; for we have been [15
brought up to serve sheep, oxen, horses, hogs,
and such like; and, though we be but country
fellows, it may be in the way of dancing we can
do the horse-trick as well as the serving-men.

Brick. Ay, and the cross-point too. [20

Jen. O Slime! O Brickbat! Do not you know
that comparisons are odious? Now we are odious
ourselves, too; therefore there are no comparisons
to be made betwixt us.

Nich. I am sudden, and not superfluous; [25
I am quarrelsome, and not seditious;
I am peaceable, and not contentious;
I am brief, and not compendious.

Slime. Foot it quickly! If the music overcome
not my melancholy, I shall quarrel; and if [30
they suddenly do not strike up, I shall presently
strike thee down.

Jen. No quarrelling, for God's sake! Truly,
if you do, I shall set a knave between ye.

Slime. I come to dance, not to quarrel. [35
Come, what shall it be? *Rogero?*³

Jen. *Rogero?* No; we will dance *The Beginning of the World*.

Cicely. I love no dance so well as *John come kiss me now*. [40

Nich. I that have ere now deserv'd a cushion,
call for the *Cushion-dance*.

Brick. For my part, I like nothing so well as
Tom Tyler.

Jen. No; we'll have *The Hunting of the Fox*. [45

Slime. *The Hay, The Hay!* There's nothing
like *The Hay*.

Nich. I have id, I do say, and I will say
again — [50

¹ Yard of the same.

² Frolic, bout.

³ The names of the dance-tunes here were all familiar.

Jen. Every man agree to have it as Nick says!
All. Content.

Nich. It hath been, it now is, and it shall
be —

Cicely. What, Master Nicholas? What? [55
Nich. Put on your Smock a' Monday.

Jen. So the dance will come cleanly off! Come,
for God's sake, agree of something: if you like
not that, put it to the musicians; or let me
speak for all, and we'll have *Sellenger's Round*. [60

All. That, that, that!

Nich. No, I am resolv'd thus it shall be;
First take hands, then take ye to your heels.

Jen. Why, would you have us run away? [65

Nich. No; but I would have you shake your
heels. — Music, strike up!

*They dance; NICH dancing, speak
stately and scurvily, the rest after
the country fashion.*

Jen. Hey! Lively, my lasses! Here's a turn
for thee! [70

Exeunt.

[SCENE III.]⁴

Wind horns. *Enter* SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD,
SIR FRANCIS ACTON, MALBY, CRANWELL,
WENDOLL, Falconer, and Huntsmen.

Sir C. So; well cast off! Aloft, aloft! Well
flown!

Oh, now she takes her at the souse,⁵ and strikes
her

Down to the earth, like a swift thunder-clap.

Wen. She hath struck ten angels out of my
way.

Sir F. A hundred pound from me. [75

Sir C. What, falconer!

Falc. At hand, sir!

Sir C. Now she hath seiz'd the fowl and 'gi
to plume⁶ her,

Rebeck⁷ her not; rather stand still and check
her!

So, seize her gets,⁸ her jesses,⁹ and her bells! [80
Away!

Sir F. My hawk kill'd, too.

Sir C. Ay, but 't was at the querre,¹⁰
Not at the mount like mine.

Sir F. Judgment, my masters!

Cran. Yours mist her at the ferre.¹¹

Wen. Ay, but our merlin first had plum'd
the fowl, [85

And twice renew'd¹² her from the river too.
Her bells, Sir Francis, had not both one weight,
Nor was one semi-tune above the other.

Methinks, these Milan bells do sound too full,
And spoil the mounting of your hawk.

Sir C. 'T is lost. [90

Sir F. I grant it not. Mine likewise seiz'd a
fowl

Within her talons, and you saw her paws

⁴ Chevy Chase.

⁶ Pluck.

⁵ On the descent

⁷ Call back.

⁸ Verity explains as "booty," but apparently it is
the same as jesses.

⁹ Leg-straps.

¹⁰ Quarry. "the swoop upon the bird." (N. . .)

¹¹ Not satisfactorily explained.

¹² Attacked afresh.

Full of the feathers; both her petty singles¹
And her long singles grip'd her more th
other;
The terrials² of her legs were stain'd with
blood,

Not of the fowl only, she did discomfit
Some of her feathers; but she brake away.
Come, come; your hawk is but a riffer.⁴

Sir C. How!

Sir F. Ay, and your dogs are trindle-tails⁵
and curs.

Sir C. You stir my blood.
You keep not one good hound in all your ken-
nel,

one good hawk upon your perch.

Sir F. How, knight!

Sir C. So, knight. You will not swagger,
sir?

Sir F. Why, say I did?

Sir C. Why, sir,
I say you would gain as much by swagg'ring³
As you have got by wagers on your dogs.
You will come short in all things.

Sir F. Not in this!
Now I'll strike home. [*Strikes Sir Charles.*]

Sir C. Thou shalt to thy long home,
Or I will want my will.

Sir F. All they that love Sir Francis, follow
me!

Sir C. All that affect Sir Charles, draw on
my part!

Cran. On this side heaves my hand.

Wen. Here goes my heart.

They divide themselves. SIR CHARLES
MOUNTFORD, CRANWELL, Fal-
coner, and Huntsman, fight
against SIR FRANCIS ACTON,
WENDOLL, his Falconer and
Huntsman; and SIR CHARLES
hath the better, and beats them
away, killing both of SIR FRAN-
CIS'S men. [*Exeunt all but SIR
CHARLES MOUNTFORD.*]

Sir C. My God, what have I done! What
have I done!

My rage hath plung'd into a sea of blood,
In which my soul lies drown'd. Poor inno-
cents,

or whom we are to answer! Well, 'tis done,
And I remain the victor. A great conquest.
When I would give this right hand, nay, this
head,

To breathe in them new life whom I have
slain!—

orgive me, God! 'Twas in the heat of
blood,

And anger quite removes me from myself.
It was not I, but rage, did this vile murder;
Yet I, and not my rage, must answer it.
Sir Francis Acton, he is fled the field;
With him all those that did partake his quarrel;
And I am left alone with sorrow dumb,
And in my height of conquest overcome.

¹ Toes.

² Unexplained.

³ The rest of the speech seems to refer to Mountford's
yaw.

⁴ Bungler.

⁵ Curly-tailed.

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. O God! My brother wounded 'm
the dead!

Unhappy jest, that in such earnest ends!
The rumour of this fear stretcht to my ears,
And I am come to know if you be wounded.

Sir C. Oh, sister, sister! Wounded at the
heart.

Susan. My God forbid!

Sir C. In doing that thing which he for-
bad,

I am wounded, sister.

Susan. I hope, not at the heart.

Sir C. Yes, at the heart.

Susan. O God! A surgeon, there.

Sir C. Call me a surgeon, sister, for my
soul!

The sin of murder, it hath pierc'd my heart
And made a wide wound there; but for these
scratches,

They are nothing, nothing.

Susan. Charles, what have you done?

Sir Francis hath great friends, and will pursue
you

Unto the utmost danger⁶ of the law.

Sir C. My conscience is become mine enemy,
And will pursue me more than Acton can.

Susan. Oh! Fly, sweet brother!

Sir C. Shall I fly from thee?

Why, Sue, art weary of my company?

Susan. Fly from your foe!

Sir C. You, sister, are my friend,
And flying you, I shall pursue my end.

Susan. Your company is as my eyeball
dear;

Being far from you, no comfort can be near.

Yet fly to save your life! What would I care
To spend my future age in black despair,

So you were safe? And yet to live one week
Without my brother Charles, through every
cheek

My streaming tears would downwards run so
rank,⁷

Till they could set on either side a bank,

And in the midst a channel; so my face
For two salt-water brooks shall still find place.

Sir C. Thou shalt not weep so much; for I
will stay,

In spite of danger's teeth. I'll live with thee,

Or I'll not live at all. I will not sell

My country and my father's patrimony,

Nor thy sweet sight, for a vain hope of life.

Enter Sheriff, with Officers.

Sher. Sir Charles, I am made the unwilling
instrument

Of your attach⁸ and apprehension.

I'm sorry that the blood of innocent men

Should be of you exacted. It was told me

That you were guarded with a troop of friends,
And therefore I come thus arm'd.

Sir C. Oh, Master Sheriff!
I came into the field with many friends,

⁶ L' t of liability.

⁷ Abundantly.

⁸ Arrest.

But see, they all have left me ; only one
 Clings to my sad misfortune, my dear sister.
 I know you for an honest gentleman ;
 I yield my weapons, and submit to you.
 Convey me where you please !

Sher. To prison, then, ¹⁰⁵
 To answer for the lives of these dead men.

Susan. O God ! O God !

Sir C. Sweet sister, every strain
 Of sorrow from your heart augments my pain ;
 Your grief abounds,¹ and hits against my
 breast.

Sher. Sir, will you go ?

Sir C. Even where it likes you best. ¹¹⁰
 [Exeunt.]

[ACT II]

[SCENE I.]

Enter MASTER FRANKFORD in a study.

Frank. How happy am I amongst other men,
 That in my mean estate embrace content !
 I am a gentleman, and by my birth
 Companion with a king ; a king's no more.
 I am possess'd of many fair revenues, ⁵
 Sufficient to maintain a gentleman ;
 Touching my mind, I am studied in all arts ;
 The riches of my thoughts and of my time
 Have been a good proficient ;² but, the chief
 Of all the sweet felicities on earth, ¹⁰
 I have a fair, a chaste, and loving wife, —
 Perfection all, all truth, all ornament.
 If man on earth may truly happy be,
 Of these at once possess, sure, I am he.

Enter NICHOLAS.

Nich. Sir, there's a gentleman attends with-
 out ¹⁵
 To speak with you.

Frank. On horseback ?

Nich. Yes, on horseback.

Frank. Entreat him to alight, I will attend
 him.

Know'st thou him, Nick ?

Nich. Know him ? Yes ; his name 's Wendoll
 It seems, he comes in haste : his horse is booted³
 Up to the flank in mire, himself all spotted ²⁰
 And stain'd with plashing. Sure, he rid in
 fear,

Or for a wager. Horse and man both sweat ;
 I ne'er saw two in such a smoking heat.

Frank. Entreat h⁴ in : about it instantly !
 [Exit NICHOLAS.]

This Wendoll I have noted, and his carriage ²⁵
 Hath pleas'd me much ; by observation
 I have noted many good deserts in him.
 He's affable, and seen⁵ in many things ;
 Discourses well ; a good companion ;
 And though of small means, yet a gentleman ³⁰
 Of a good house, though somewhat prest by
 want.

I have preferr'd him to a second place
 In my opinion and my best regard.

*Enter WENDOLL, MISTRESS FRANKFORD, and
 NICHOLAS.*

Mrs. F. Oh, Master Frankford ! Master Wen-
 doll here
 Brings you the strangest news that e'er you
 heard. ³⁵

Frank. What news, sweet wife ? What news,
 good Master Wendoll ?

Wen. You knew the match made 'twixt Sir
 Francis Acton
 And Sir Charles Mountford ?

Frank. True ; with their hounds and hawks.

Wen. The matches were both play'd.

Frank. Ha ? And which won ?

Wen. Sir Francis, your wife's brother, had
 the worst, ⁴⁰
 And lost the wager.

Frank. Why, the worse his chance ;
 Perhaps the fortune of some other day
 Will change his luck.

Mrs. F. Oh, but you hear not all.
 Sir Francis lost, and yet was loth to yield. ⁴⁵
 At length the two knights grew to difference,
 From words to blows, and so to banding sides ;⁶
 Where valorous Sir Charles slew, in his spleen,
 Two of your brother's men, — his falconer,
 And his good huntsman, whom he lov'd so
 well.

More men were wounded, no more slain out-
 right. ⁵⁰

Frank. Now, trust me, I am sorry for the
 knight.

But is my brother safe ?

Wen. All whole and sound,
 His body not being blemish'd with one wound.
 But poor Sir Charles is to the prison led,
 To answer at th' assize for them that's dead.

Frank. I thank your pains, sir. Had the news
 been better, ⁵⁵
 Your will was to have brought it, Master Wen-
 doll.

Sir Charles will find hard friends ; his case is
 heinous

And will be most severely censur'd⁶ on.
 I'm sorry for him. Sir, a word with you ! ⁶⁰
 I know you, sir, to be a gentleman
 In all things ; your possibilities⁷ but mean :
 Please you to use my table and my purse ;
 They're yours.

Wen. O Lord, sir ! I shall ne'er deserve it.
Frank. O sir, disparage not your worth too
 much : ⁶⁵

You are full of quality⁸ and fair desert.
 Choose of my men which shall attend on you,
 And he is yours. I will allow you, sir,
 Your man, your gelding, and your table, all
 At my own charge ; be my companion ! ⁷⁰

Wen. Master Frankford, I have oft been
 bound to you

By many favours ; this exceeds them all,
 That I shall never merit your least favour ;
 But when your last remembrance I forget,
 Heaven at my soul exact that weighty debt ! ⁷⁵

¹ Overflows.

² Have made good progress.

³ Splashed.

⁴ Versed.

⁵ Forming factions.

⁶ Judged.

⁷ Resources.

⁸ Accomplishments.

Frank. There needs no protestation; for I know you
Virtuous, and therefore grateful. — Prithee,
Nan,

Use him with all thy loving'st courtesy!

Mrs. F. As far as modesty may well extend,
It is my duty to receive your friend.

Frank. To dinner! Come, sir, from this present day,

Welcome to me for ever! Come, away!

Exeunt [FRANKFORD, MISTRESS
FRANKFORD, and WENDOLL].

Nich. I do not like this fellow by no means.
I never see him but my heart still yearns.¹
Zounds! I could fight with him, yet know not
why;

The devil and he are all one in mine eye.

Enter JENKIN.

Jen. O Nick! What gentleman is that comes
to lie at our house? My master allows him one
to wait on him, and I believe it will fall to thy
lot.

Nich. I love my master; by these hilts, I do;
But rather than I'll ever come to serve him,
I'll turn away my master.

Enter CICELY.

Cic. Nich'las! where are you, Nich'las? You
must come in, Nich'las, and help the young
gentleman off with his boots.

Nich. If I pluck off his boots, I'll eat the
spurs,
And they shall stick fast in my throat like burrs.

Cic. Then, Jenkin, come you!

Jen. Nay, 't is no boot² for me to deny it. [100
My master hath given me a coat here, but he
takes pains himself to brush it once or twice a
day with a holly wand.

Cic. Come, come, make haste, that you may
wash your hands again, and help to serve [105
in dinner!

Jen. You may see, my masters, though it be
afternoon with you, 't is yet but early days with
us, for we have not din'd yet. Stay but a little,
I'll but go in and help to bear up the first [110
course, and come to you again presently.

[SCENE II.]³

Enter MALBY and CRANWELL.

Mal. This is the sessions-day; pray can you
tell me

How young Sir Charles hath sped? Is he ac-
quit,

Or must he try the laws' strict penalty?

Cran. He's clear'd of all, spite of his ene-
mies,

Whose earnest labour was to take his life. ⁵
But in this suit of pardon he hath spent
All the revenues that his father left him;
And he is now turn'd a plain countryman,
Reform'd⁴ in all things. See, sir, here he
comes.

¹ Grieves.
² Uss.

³ The Gaol.
⁴ Changed.

Enter SIR CHARLES and his Keeper.

Keep. Discharge your fees, and you are then
at freedom.

Sir C. Here, Master Keeper, take the poor
remainder

Of all the wealth I have! My heavy foes
Have made my purse light; but, alas! to me
'T is wealth enough that you have set me free.

Mal. God give you joy of your delivery! ¹⁵
I am glad to see you abroad, Sir Charles.

Sir C. The poorest knight in England, Mas-
ter Malby.

My life has cost me all my patrimony
My father left his son Well, God forgive them
That are the authors of my penury! ²⁰

Enter SHAFTON.

Shaft. Sir Charles! A hand, a hand! At lib-
erty?

Now, by the faith I owe, I am glad to see it.

What want you? Wherein may I pleasure you?

Sir C. Oh me! Oh, most unhappy gentle-
man!

I am not worthy to have friends stirr'd up, ²⁵
Whose hands may help me in this plunge of
want.

I would I were in Heaven, to inherit there
Th' immortal birthright which my Saviour
keeps,

And by no unthrift can be bought and sold;

For here on earth what pleasures should we
trust! ³⁰

Shaft. To rid you from these contemplations,
Three hundred pounds you shall receive of
me;

Nay, five for fail.⁵ Come, sir, the sight of gold
Is the most sweet receipt for melancholy,
And will revive your spirits. You shall hold
law ³⁵

With your proud adversaries. Tush! let Frank
Acton

Wage, with his knighthood, like expense with
me,

And he will sink, he will. — Nay, good Sir
Charles,

Applaud your fortune and your fair escape
From all these perils.

Sir C. Oh, sir! they have undone me. ⁴⁰
Two thousand and five hundred pound a year
My father at his death possess me of;

All which the envious Acton made me spend;
And, notwithstanding all this large expense,

I had much ado to gain my liberty; ⁴⁵
And I have only now a house of pleasure,
With some five hundred pounds reserv'd,

Both to maintain me and my loving sister.
Shaft. [Aside.] That must I have, it lies con-
venient for me.

If I can fasten but one finger on him, ⁵⁰
With my full hand I'll gripe him to the heart.

'T is not for love I proffer'd him this coin,
But for my gain and pleasure. — Come, Sir
Charles,

I know you have need of money; take my offer.

⁵ To prevent failure.

Sir C. Sir, I accept it, and remain indebted
Even to the best of my unable¹ power.
Come, gentlemen, and see it tend² red down!³

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III.]³

Enter WENDOLL, melancholy.

Wen. I am a villain, if I apprehend⁴
But such a thought! Then, to attempt the
deed,
Slave, thou art damn'd without redemption. —
I'll drive away this passion with a song.
A song! Ha, ha! A song! As if, fond⁵ man,
Thy eyes could swim in laughter, when thy
soul
Lies drench'd and drowned in red tears of
blood!

I'll pray, and see if God within my heart
Plant better thoughts. Why, prayers are medi-
tations,

And when I meditate (oh, God forgive me!)¹⁰
It is on her divine perfections.

I will forget her; I will arm myself
Not t'entertain a thought of love to her;
And, when I come by chance into her presence,
I'll hale these balls until my eye-strings
crack.¹⁵

From being pull'd and drawn to look that way.

*Enter, over the Stage, FRANKFORD, his Wife,
and NICHOLAS [and exit].*

O God, O God! With what a violence
I'm hurried to mine own destruction!
There goest thou, the most perfectest man
That ever England bred a gentleman,
And shall I wrong his bed? — Thou God of
thunder!

Stay, in Thy thoughts of vengeance and of
wrath,

Thy great, almighty, and all-judging hand
From speedy execution on a villain, —
A villain and a traitor to his friend.²⁵

Enter JENKIN.

Jen. Did your worship call?

Wen. He doth maintain me; he allows me
largely
Money to spend.

Jen. By my faith, so do not you me: I cannot
get a cross of you.³⁰

Wen. My gelding, and my man.

Jen. That's Sorrel and I.

Wen. This kindness grows of no alli-
ce⁶
twixt us.

Jen. Nor is my service of any great acquaint-
tance.

Wen. I never bound him to me by desert.³⁵
Of a mere stranger, a poor gentleman,
A man by whom in no kind he could gain,
He hath plac'd me in the height of all his
thoughts,

Made me companion with the best and chiefest
In Yorkshire. He cannot eat without me,⁴⁰
Nor laugh without me; I am to his body

¹ Feeble.

² Paid over.

³ Frankford's ho

⁴ Conceive.

⁵ Foolish.

⁶ Relationship.

As necessary as his digestion,
And equally do make him whole or sick.
And shall I wrong this man? Base man! In-
grate!

Hast thou the power, straight with thy gory
hands,⁴⁵

To rip thy unage from his bleeding heart,
To scratch thy name from out the holy book
Of his remembrance, and to wound his name
That holds thy name so dear? Or rend his
heart

To whom thy heart was knit and join'd to-
gether? —⁵⁰

And yet I must. Then Wendoll, be content!
Thus villains, when they would, cannot repent.

Jen. What a strange humour is my new mas-
ter in! Pray God he be not mad; if he should
be so, I should never have any mind to serve [s
him in Bedlam. It may be he's mad for miss-
ing of me.

Wen. What, Jenkin! Where's your
tress?

Jen. Is your worship married?⁶⁰

Wen. Why dost thou ask?

Jen. Because you are my master; and if I
have a mistress, I would be glad, like a good
servant, to do my duty to her

Wen. I mean Mistress Frankford.⁶⁵

Jen. Marry, sir, her husband is riding out of
town, and she went very lovingly to bring him
on his way to horse. Do you see, sir? Here she
comes, and here I go.

Wen. Vanish! [*Exit JENKINS.*]⁷⁰

Enter MISTRESS FRANKFORD.

Mrs. F. You are well met, sir; now, in troth,
my husband
Before he took horse, had a great desire
To speak with you; we sought about the
house,

Halloo'd into the fields, sent every way,
But could not meet you. Therefore, he enjoin'd
me⁷⁵

To do unto you his most kind commends, —
Nay, more: he wills you, as you prize his love,
Or hold in estimation his kind friendship,
To make bold in his absence, and command
Even as himself were present in the house; ⁸⁰
For you must keep his table, use his servants,
And be a present Frankford in his absence.

Wen. I thank him for his love. —
[*Aside.*] Give me a name, you, whose infe-
rious tongues

Are tipt with gall and poison: as you would
Think on a man that had your father slain, ⁸⁵
Murd'ed your children, made your wives base
strumpets,

So call me, call me so; print in my face
The most stigmatic⁷ title of a villain,
For hatching treason to so true a friend! ⁹⁰

Mrs. F. Sir, you are much beholding to my
husband;

You are a man most dear in his regard.
Wen. I am bound unto your husband, and
you too.

⁷ Opprobrio

[*Aside.*] I will not speak to wrong a gentleman

Of that good estimation, my kind friend. 95
I will not; zounds! I will not. I may choose,
And I will choose. Shall I be so misled,
Or shall I purchase¹ to my father's crest
The motto of a villain? If I say
I will not do it, what thing can enforce me? 100
What can compel me? What sad destiny
Hath such command upon my yielding
thoughts?

I will not;—ha! Some fury pricks me on;
The swift fates drag me at their chariot
wheel,

And hurry me to mischief. Speak I must. 105
Injure myself, wrong her, deceive his trust!

Mrs. F. Are you not well, sir, that you seem
thus troubled?

There is sedition in your countenance.

Wen. And in my heart, fair angel, chaste
and wise. 100

I love you! Start not, speak not, answer not,
I love you,—nay, let me speak the rest;
Bid me to swear, and I will call to record
The host of Heaven.

Mrs. F. The host of Heaven forbid
Wendoll should hatch such a disloyal thought?

Wen. Such is my fate; to this suit was I
born. 115

To wear rich pleasure's crown, or fortune's
scorn.

Mrs. F. My husband loves you.

Wen. I know it.

Mrs. F. He esteems you,
Even as his brain, his eye-ball, or his heart.

Wen. I have tried it.

Mrs. F. His purse is your exchequer, and his
table 120

Doth freely serve you.

Wen. So I have found it.

Mrs. F. Oh! With what face of brass, what
brow of steel,

Can you, unblushing, speak this to the face
Of the espous'd wife of so dear a friend? 124

It is my husband that maintains your state.—
Will you dishonour him that in your power
Hath left his whole affairs? I am his wife,
It is to me you speak.

Wen. O speak no more;
For more than this I know, and have recorded
Within the red-leav'd table of my heart. 130

Fair, and of all belov'd, I was not fearful
Bluntly to give my life into your hand,

And at one hazard all my earthly means.
Go, tell your husband; he will turn me off,

And I am then undone. I care not, I; 135
'T was for your sake. Perchance, in rage he'll
kill me;

I care not, 't was for you. Say I incur
The general name of villain through the world,

Of traitor to my friend; I care not, I.
Beggary, shame, death, scandal, and re- 140

proach,—
For you I'll hazard all. Why, what care I?
For you I'll live, and in your love I'll die.

Mrs. F. You move me, sir, to p^{ity} and to
pity.

The love I bear my husband is as precious
As my soul's health.

Wen. I love your husband too, 145
And for his love I will engage my life.

Mistake me not; the augmentation
Of my sincere affection borne to you

Doth no whit lessen my regard to him.
I will be secret, lady, close as night; 150

And not the light of one small glorious star
Shall shine here in my forehead, to bewray

That act of night.

Mrs. F. What shall I say?

My soul is wandering, hath lost her way.

Oh, Master Wendoll! Oh!

Wen. Sigh not, sweet saint; 155
For every sigh you breathe draws from my
heart

A drop of blood.

Mrs. F. I ne'er offended yet:

My fault, I fear, will in my brow be writ.

Women that fall, not quite bereft of grace,
Have their offences noted in their face. 160

I blush, and am asham'd. Oh, Master Wen
doll,

Pray God I be not born to curse your tongue,
That hath enchanted me! This maze I am
in

I fear will prove the labyrinth of sin.

Enter NICHOLAS [behind].

Wen. The path of pleasure and the gate to
bliss, 165

Which on your lips I knock at with a kiss!

Nich. I'll kill the rogue.

Wen. Your husband is from home, your bed's
no blab.

Nay, look not down and blush!

[*Exeunt WENDOLL and MISTRESS
FRANKFORD.*]

Nich. Zounds! I'll stab.
Ay, Nick, was it thy chance to come just in the
nick? 170

I love my master, and I hate that slave;
I love my mistress, but these tricks I like
not.

My master shall not pocket up this wrong;
I'll eat my fingers first. What say'st thou,
metal? 175

Does not that rascal Wendoll go on legs
That thou must cut off? Hath he not ham-
strings

That thou must hough? Nay, metal, thou shalt
stand

To all I say. I'll henceforth turn a spy,
And watch them in their close conveyances.²

I never look'd for better of that rascal, 180
Since he came miching³ first into our house.

It is that Satan hath corrupted her;
For she was fair and chaste. I'll have an
eye

In all their gestures. Thus I think of them:
If they proceed as they have done before, 185
Wendoll's a knave, my mistress is a —

Exit.

¹ Acquire, add.

² Secret proceedings.

³ Sneaking.

[ACT III]

[SCENE I.]¹

Enter SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD and SUSAN.

Sir C. Sister, you see we are driven to hard shift,
To keep this poor house we have left unsold.
I'm now enforc'd to follow husbandry,
And you to milk; and do we not live well?
Well, I thank God.

Susan. Oh, brother! here 's a change, ⁵
Since old Sir Charles died in our father's house.

Sir C. All things on earth thus change,
some up, some down;
Content 's a kingdom, and I wear that crown.

Enter SHAFTON, with a Sergeant.

Shaft. Good morrow, morrow, Sir Charles!
What! With your sister,
Plying your husbandry? — Sergeant, stand off! —
You have a pretty house here, and a garden,
And goodly ground about it. Since it lies
So near a lordship that I lately bought,
I would fain buy it of you. I will give you —

Sir C. Oh, pardon me; this house successively ¹⁵
Hath long'd to me and my progenitors
Three hundred years. My great-great-grand-
father,
He in whom first our gentle style began,
Dwelt here, and in this ground increast this
mole-hill

Unto that mountain which my father left me.
Where he the first of all our house began, ²¹
I now the last will end, and keep this house, —
This virgin title, never yet deflower'd
By any unthrif of the Mountfords' line.
In brief, I will not sell it for more gold ²⁵
Than you could hide or pave the ground withal.

Shaft. Ha, ha! a proud mind and a beggar's
purse!
Where 's my three hundred pounds, besides the
use? ²

I have brought it to an execution ²⁹
By course of law. What! Is my money ready?

Sir C. An execution, sir, and never tell me
You put my bond in suit? You deal extremely. ³

Shaft. Sell me the land, and I'll acquit you
straight.

Sir C. Alas, alas! 'Tis all trouble hath left
me

To cherish me and my poor sister's life. ³⁵
If this were sold, our names should then be
quite

Raz'd from the bead-roll ⁴ of gentility.
You see what hard shift we have made to keep
it

Allied still to our name. This palm you see,
Labour hath glow'd within; her silver brow, ⁴⁰
That never tasted a rough winter's blast
Without a mask or fan, doth with a grace
Defy cold winter, and his storms outface.

¹ Sir Charles Mountford's house.

² Interest. ³ Extremely rigorously.

⁴ List. Properly a list of names to be prayed for.

Susan. Sir, we feed sparing, and we labour
hard,

We lie uneasy, to reserve to us ⁴⁵
And our succession this small spot of ground.

Sir C. I have so bent my thoughts to hus-
bandry,

That I protest I scarcely can remember
What a new fashion is, how silk or satin
Feels in my hand. Why, pride is grown to us ⁵⁰
A mere, mere stranger. I have quite forgot
The names of all that ever waited on me.
I cannot name ye any of my hounds,
Once from whose echoing mouths I heard all
music

That e'er my heart desir'd. What should I
say? ⁵⁵
To keep this place, I have chang'd myself
away.

Shaft. Arrest him at my suit! — Actions and
actions

Shall keep thee in perpetual bondage fast;
Nay, more, I'll sue thee by a late appeal,
And call thy former life in question. ⁶⁰
The keeper is my friend, thou shalt have irons,
And usage such as I'll deny to dogs. —
Away with him!

Sir C. You are too timorous. ⁵
But trouble is my master,
And I will serve him truly. — My kind sister,
Thy tears are of no use to mollify ⁶⁵
The flinty man. Go to my father's brother,
My kinsmen, and allies, entreat them for me,
To ransom me from this injurious man
That seeks my ruin.

Shaft. Come, irons! Come away; ⁷⁰
I'll see thee lodg'd far from the sight of day.

Susan. My heart 's so hard'ned with the frost
of grief,
Death cannot pierce it through. — Tyrant too
fell!

So lead the fiends condemned souls to hell.

Enter SIR FRANCIS ACTON and MALBY.

Sir F. Again to prison! Malby, hast thou
seen ⁷⁵

A poor slave better tortur'd? Shall we hear
The music of his voice cry from the grate. ⁶
Meat, for the Lord's sake? No, no; yet I am
not

Thoroughly reveng'd. They say, he hath a pretty
wench

Unto his sister; shall I, in mercy-sake ⁸⁰
To him and to his kindred, bribe the fool
To shame herself by lewd, dishonest lust?
I'll proffer largely; but, the deed being done,
I'll smile to see her base confusion.

Mal. Methinks, Sir Francis, you are full re-
veng'd ⁸⁵

For greater wrongs than he can proffer you.
See where the poor sad gentlewoman stands!

Sir F. Ha, ha! Now will I flout her poverty,
Deride her fortunes, scoff her base estate;
My very soul the name of Mountford hates. ⁹⁰
But stay, my heart! Oh, what a look did fly

⁵ Ed. conj. *tyrannous*.

⁶ Of the debtor's prison.

To strike my soul through with thy piercing eye!
I am enchanted; all my spirits are fled.
And with one glance my envious spleen struck dead.

Susan. Acton! That seeks our blood!

Sir F. *Runs away.* O chaste and fair! ⁹⁵

Mal. Sir Francis! Why, Sir Francis! Zounds, in a trance?

Sir Francis! What cheer, man? Come, come, how is 't?

Sir F. Was she not fair? Or else this judging eye

Cannot distinguish beauty.

Mal. She was fair. ¹⁰⁰

Sir F. She was an angel in a mortal's shape, And ne'er descended from old Mountford's line. But soft, soft, let me call my wits together! A poor, poor wench, to my great adversary Sister, whose very souls denounce stern war One against other! How now, Frank, turn'd fool ¹⁰⁵

Or madman, whether? But no! Master of My perfect senses and directest wits. Then why should I be in this violent humour Of passion and of love? And with a person So different every way, and so oppos'd ¹¹⁰ In all contractions¹ and still-warring actions? Fie, fie! How I dispute against my soul! Come, come; I'll gain her, or in her fair quest Purchase my soul free and immortal rest.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II.]²

Enter three or four Serving-men, one with a voice³ and a wooden knife, to take away all; another the salt and bread; another with the table-cloth and napkins; another the carpet;⁴ JENKIN with two lights after them.

Jen. So; march in order, and retire in battle array! My master and the guests have suppd already; all's taken away. Here, now spread for the serving-men in the hall! — Butler, it belongs to your office. ⁵

But. I know it, Jenkin. What d' ye call the gentleman that suppd there to-night?

Jen. Who? My master?

But. No, no; Master Wendoll, he's a daily guest. I mean the gentleman that came ¹⁰ but this afternoon.

Jen. His name's Master Cranwell. God's light! Hark, within there; my master calls to lay more billets⁵ upon the fire. Come, come! Lord, how we that are in office here in the ¹⁵ house are troubled! One spread the carpet in the parlour, and stand ready to snuff the lights; the rest be ready to prepare their stomachs! More lights in the hall, there! Come, Nicholas.

Exeunt [all but NICHOLAS].

Nich. I ca ot eat; but had I Wendoll's heart, ²⁰

I would eat that. The rogue grows impudent, Oh! I have seen such vile, notorious tricks,

¹ Legal transactions.

⁴ Table-cover.

² Frankford's house.

⁵ S il logs.

³ Tray for removing dishes.

Ready to make my eyes dart from my head.

I'll tell my master; by this air, I will;

Fall what may fall, I'll tell him. Here he comes. ²⁵

Enter MASTER FRANKFORD, as it were brushing the crumbs from his clothes with a napkin, as newly risen from supper.

Frank. Nicholas, what make you here? Why are not you

At supper in the hall, among your fellows?

Nich. Master, I stay'd your rising from the board,

To speak with you.

Frank. Be brief then, gentle Nicholas; My wife and guests attend⁶ me in the parlour. ³⁰

Why dost thou pause? Now, Nicholas, you want money,

And, unthrift-like, would eat into your wages

Ere you had earn'd it. Here, sir, 's half-a-crown; Play the good husband,⁷ — and away to supper!

Nich. By this hand, an honourable gentleman! I will not see him wrong'd. ³⁵

Sir, I have serv'd you long; you entertain'd me Seven years before your beard; you knew me, sir,

Before you knew my mistress.

Frank. What of this, good Nicholas?

Nich. I never was a make-bate⁸ or a knave; ⁴⁰ I have no fault but one — I'm given to quarrel, But not with women. I will tell you, master,

That which will make your heart leap from your breast,

Your hair to startle from your head, your ears to tingle.

Frank. What preparation's this to dismal news? ⁴⁵

Nich. 'Blood! sir, I love you better than your wife.

I'll make it good.

Frank. You are a knave, and I have much ado

With wonted patience to contain my rage, And not to break thy pate. Thou art a knave. ⁵⁰

I'll turn you, with your base comparisons, Out of my doors.

Nich. Do, do.

There is not room for Wendoll and me too,

Both in one house. O master, master,

That Wendoll is a villain!

Frank. Ay, saucy? ⁵⁵

Nich. Strike, strike, do strike, yet hear me! I am no fool;

I know a villain, when I see him act

Deeds of a villain. Master, master, the base slave

Enjoys my mistress, and dishonours you.

Frank. Thou hast kill'd me with a weapon, whose sharp point ⁶⁰

Hath prick'd quite through and through my shiv'ring heart.

Drops of cold sweat sit dangling on my hairs, Like morning's dew upon the golden flowers,

⁶ Await.

⁷ Economist,

⁸ ker of quarrels.

Frank. [*Aside.*] My saint's turn'd devil. —
No, we 'll none of saint.¹⁶⁰
You are best at new-cut, wife, you 'll play at that.

Wen. If you play at new-cut, I'm soonest hither of any here, for a wager.

Frank. [*Aside.*] 'Tis me they play on. —
Well, you may draw out;¹⁶⁴
For all your cunning, 't will be to your shame;
I 'll teach you, at your new-cut, a new game.
Come, come!

Cran. If you cannot agree upon the game,
To post and pair!

Wen. We shall be soonest pairs; and my good host,¹⁷⁰
When he comes late home, he must kiss the post.¹

Frank. Whoever wins, it shall be to thy cost.

Cran. Faith, let it be vide-ruff, and let's make honours!

Frank. If you make honours, one thing let me crave.
Honour the king and queen, except the knave.¹⁷⁵

Wen. Well, as you please for that. — Lift,²
who shall deal?

Mrs. F. The least in sight. What are you, Master Wendoll?

Wen. I am a knave.

Nich. [*Aside.*] I 'll swear it.

Mrs. F. I a queen.

Frank. [*Aside.*] A quean, thou should'st say.

— Well, the cards are mine:

They are the grossest pair³ that e'er I felt.¹⁸⁰

Mrs. F. Shuffle, I 'll cut: would I had never dealt!

Frank. I have lost my dealing.

Wen. Sir, the fault's in me;
This quean I have more than mine own, you see.
Give me the stock!¹⁸³

Frank. My mind's not on my game.
any a deal I've lost; the more's your shame.
You have serv'd me a bad trick, Master Wendoll.¹⁸⁸

Wen. Sir, you must take your lot. To end this strife,

I know I have dealt better with your wife.

Frank. Thou hast dealt falsely, then.

Mrs. F. What's trumps?¹⁹⁰

Wen. Hearts, Partner, I rub.

Frank. [*Aside.*] Thou robb'st me of my soul,
of her chaste love;

In thy false dealing thou hast robb'd my heart. —

Booty you play; I like a loser stand,
Having no heart, or here or in my hand.¹⁹⁵

I will give o'er the set, I am not well.

Come, who will hold my cards?

Mrs. F. Not well, sweet Master Frankford?
Alas, what ails you? 'Tis some sudden qualm.

Wen. How long have you been so, Master Frankford?²⁰⁰

Frank. Sir, I was lusty, and I had my health,

But I grew ill when you began to deal. —

Take hence this table! — Gentle Master Cranwell,

Y'are welcome; see your chamber at your pleasure!

I am sorry that this megrim takes me so,²⁰⁵
I cannot sit and bear you company. —

Jenkin, some lights, and show him to his chamber!⁴

Mrs. F. A nightgown for my husband;
quickly, there!

It is some rheum or cold.

Wen. Now, in good faith,
This illness you have got by sitting late²¹⁰
Without your gown.

Frank. I know it, Master Wendoll.
Go, go to bed, lest you complain like me! —

Wife, prithee, wife, into my bed-chamber!
The night is raw and cold, and rheumatic.

Leave me my gown and light, I 'll walk away
my fit.²¹⁵

Wen. Sweet sir, good night!

Frank. Myself, good night! [*Exit Wendoll.*]

Mrs. F. Shall I attend you, husband?

Frank. No, gentle wife, thou 'lt catch cold
in thy head.

Prithee, begone, sweet; I 'll make haste to bed.

Mrs. F. No sleep will fasten on mine eyes,
you know,²²⁰

Until you come. [*Exit*]

Frank. Sweet Nan, I prithee, go! —
I have bethought me; get me by degrees

The keys of all my doors, which I will mould
In wax, and take their fair impression,

To have by them new keys. This being com-
past,²²⁵

At a set hour a letter shall be brought me,
And when they think they may securely

play,
They nearest are to danger. — Nick, I must

rely
Upon thy trust and faithful secrecy.

Nich. Build on my faith!

Frank. To bed, then, not to rest!
Care lodges in my brain, grief in my breast.²³¹

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III.]⁵

Enter SIR CHARLES'S Sister, OLD MOUNTFORD,
SANDY, RODER, and TIDY.

Old Mount. You say my nephew is in great
distress;

Who brought it to him but his own lewd life?
I cannot spare a cross. I must confess,

He was my brother's son; why, niece, what
then?

This is no world in which to pity men.⁵

Susan. I was not born a beggar, though his
extremes

Enforce this language from me. I protest
No fortune of mine own could lead my tongue

To this base key. I do beseech you, uncle,

⁴ This line should probably be given to Mrs. F.
not, Cranwell exit here with Jenkin.

⁵ Old Mountford's house.

¹ shut out.

² Cuck.

³ Pack.